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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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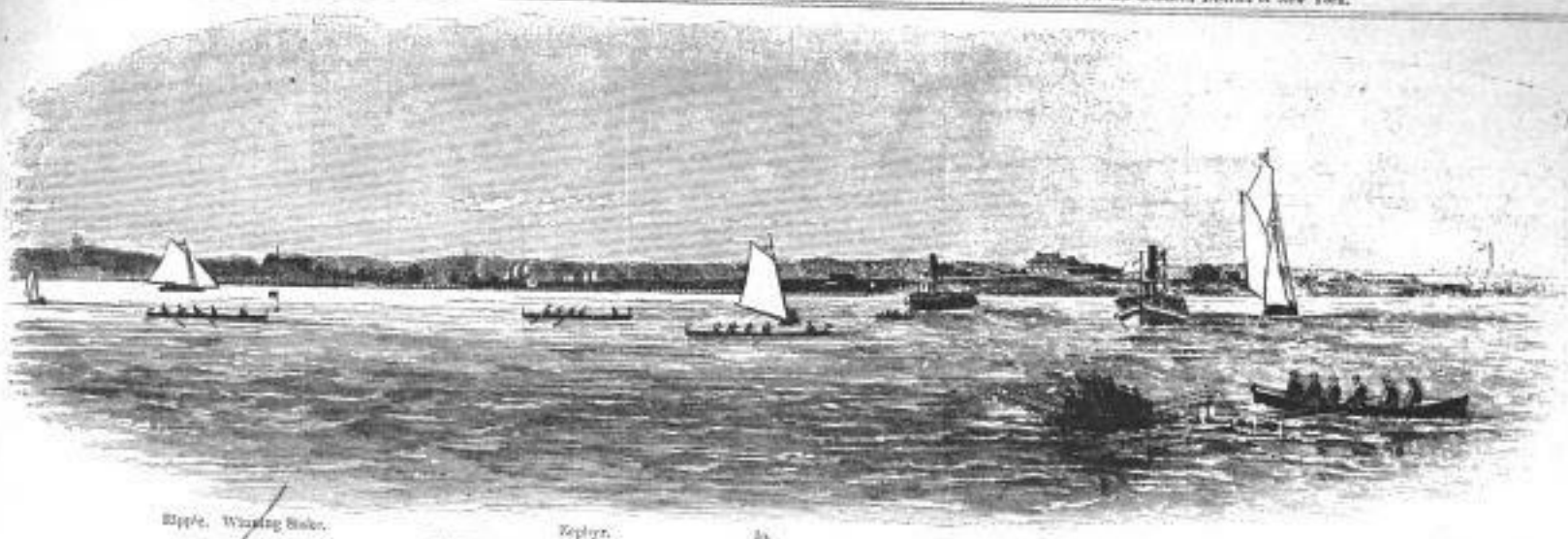


THE BALTIMORE REGATTA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANTON & BUTLER, BALTIMORE.]

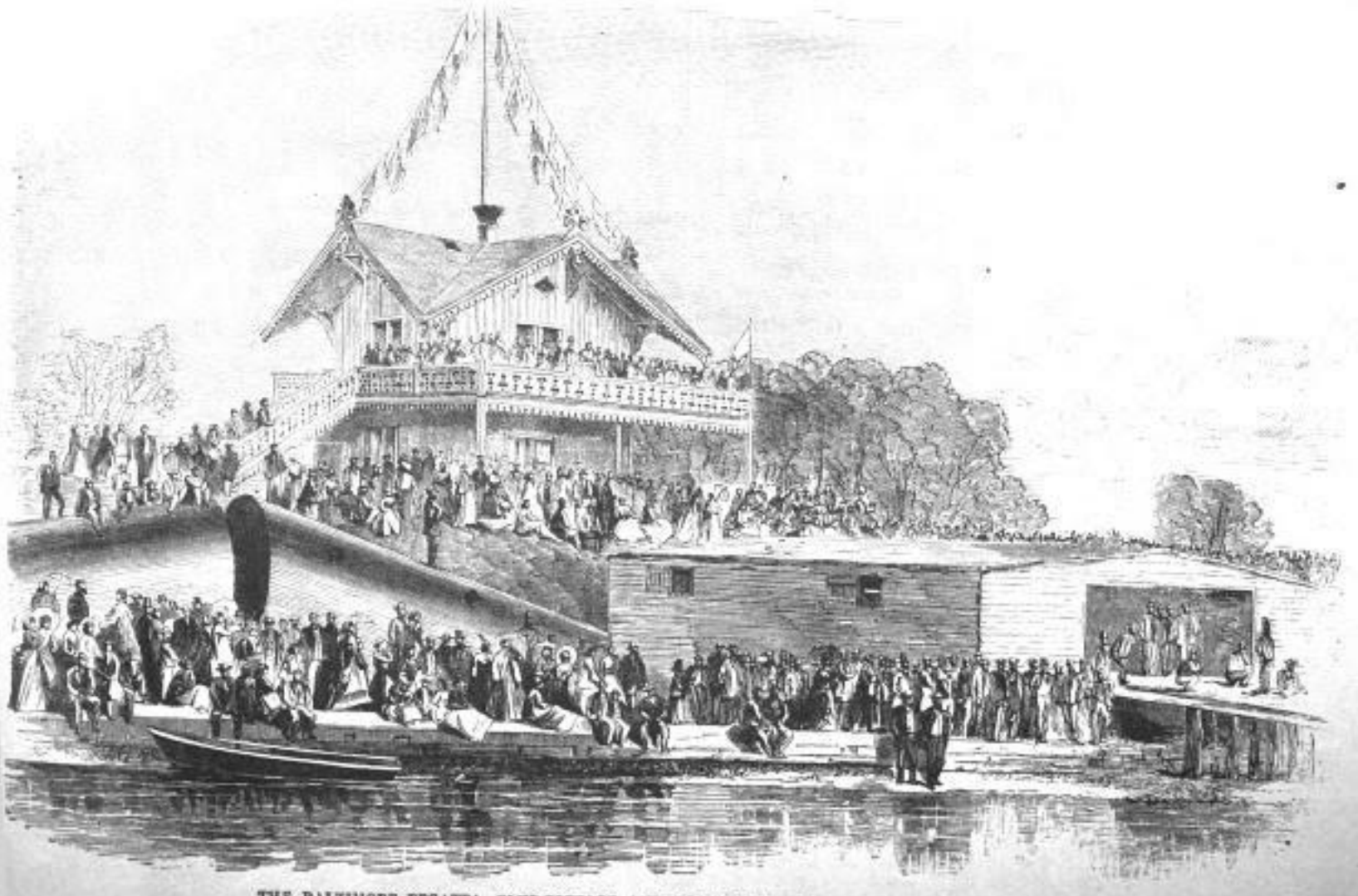
THE BALTIMORE REGATTA.

THE illustrations which we give on this page represent the June Regatta of the Baltimore Barge Clubs—Undine, Ariel, and Zephyr, which came off June 12 at Terry Bar, near the city.

Long before the hour appointed the road leading to this branch of the Patapsco was uncomfortably crowded with every description of vehicle and disinterested pedestrians; and by five o'clock there was no point commanding a view of the race course unoccupied. The long bridge and sloping banks of Cherry Shore to the right, and the wide view to the left of the boating grounds, afforded a fine view of the entire race, and were packed with people, while within the inclosure—reserved exclusively for the friends of the clubs—and around the boat-house and cottage, the scene was a most brilliant and animated one. The ladies gayly decked in the colors of their favorites, the members of the clubs in full uniform, the cottage covered with streamers, the soul-stirring strains of a full brass band, and the wide expanse of water, dotted with barges, steamers, yachts, and barges—all went to make up a picture seldom surpassed in beauty and artistic effect. And the bright eyes and fair faces of those grouped along the verge of the terrace or on the verandas of the cottage, overlooking the river, grew brighter and more animated every minute.

Just before the boats of the four-oared race came up to the starting stake the six-oared shell of the *Ariel* club capsized, about 300 feet from shore, causing considerable excitement and some delay; but the crew heavily swam ashore with their boat, and were soon ready for the second contest. In the mean time the umpire's pistol was heard, and away from the *Sarbers'* stake (to the left of the boat-yard) shot the *Ie* (Ariel club), *Zephyr* (Zephyr club), and *Ripple* (Undine club). The first and last named were old boats and rather wide, particularly the latter, which was in reality a six-oared barge—larger, wider, and heavier than either of the others, and with proportionably less chance in the contest. When about one quarter of the first mile the *Ripple* spurted ahead and steadily increased the distance to the turning stake and home, making the two miles in seventeen minutes seventeen seconds, and leading the *Zephyr* fifty-three seconds, and the *Ie* a little more.

The beating of cannon, screaming of steam-whistles, and cheers of the bankers-on announced



THE BALTIMORE REGATTA—CLUB-COTTAGE AND BOAT-HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANTON & BUTLER.]

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the result, and the crew of the *Ripple* pulled in to receive the congratulations of their friends.

The shell *Ariel*, notwithstanding her mishap, was at the stake in time and ready to strive with the six-oared, outrigged barge *Undine* for the champion colors. It was evident, however, that the upset had shaken the men's confidence in their craft and somewhat unnerved them, while the crew of the *Undine*, encouraged by the success of their four-oared barge and eager for the fray, were in far better condition and spirits. It is hardly, then, to be wondered at that the latter led, almost from the start, and was fast leaving the shell when that unfortunate boat again went over and was towed to shore. The *Undine* continued her course and made the winning stake in 15 minutes exactly.

During this six-oared race, prior to the upset, the excitement on shore was intense, particularly among the ladies; and from the various vessels lying along the course cheer after cheer greeted the race boats as they passed. The presentation of flags to the winning crews closed the regatta; and before the "shades of evening" had fairly fallen upon shore and river, "all was again quiet along the Patapsco."

Thus ended the first regular regatta of the Patapsco navy, and we trust each season may add to the number of their boats and the interest of their contests.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

THE NEXT ELECTIONS.

AS the political organization known as the Democratic party, which was so signally rebuked at the last Presidential election, and which, with the exception of Delaware, does not control a single one of the States which were loyal during the war, is preparing for another effort to recover power, it is well that Governor MORTON, of Indiana, in a late powerful speech, has recalled its history in that State. It will be well also for every man to consider what its history has been in his own State, in order that he may truly estimate its claims as a party to public confidence, and determine how safe the country would be in such hands. Of the Democrats who were faithful to the Union and Government we do not speak. Their names are well known if they are conspicuous men; and if not, they are honorably remembered by their neighbors.

But the position of the Democratic party as a party during the war was one of the severest censure of the policy of the Government, and of constant extenuation of the rebellion. Formally and technically it usually declared for the Union, while all the measures taken for its preservation were decried, and the Administration was held responsible for the war. This was natural; for the leaders of the rebellion at the South were, without exception, also leaders of the Democratic party. On the other hand, those at the North who could not conceal their joy at the disaster of Bull Run were Democrats only. Those who denied the authority of the Government to wage war—who sneered at the possibility of its success—who tried in every way to embarrass it—who fomented and excused the riots of 1863—who finally, in a national convention, adopted a platform of disgrace and surrender, framed by VALLANDIGHAM, and appealed to the loyal American people to confess themselves conquered—all these were Democrats, and this was the action of the Democratic party.

AS VALLANDIGHAM, the most notorious rebel sympathizer in the country, was the author of the Democratic platform of 1864, so ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, the lieutenant of JEFFERSON DAVIS in the rebellion against the Union, who declares that his views are unchanged, and that he is still a secessionist in principle, is the author of the Democratic platform of 1866, upon which the party newspapers and senators and representatives now stand, and upon which the country will be asked to join them in the next elections.

But as the questions now before the country are most momentous, as they are indeed virtually comprised in one—whether the Government shall remain in the hands that have saved it, and whose fidelity has been tried by fire, or be confided to those who have sought its overthrow or sympathized with the effort to destroy it—it is of the utmost importance to remember that the political contest of the autumn will be one of principles and not of men. Thus the personal character of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has not been impeached, nor his ability. But his popular election to office would be an approval of the most perilous political doctrines, and justly appall every sincere friend of the Union. What is true of Mr. STEPHENS in Georgia is true in any State of any candidate of the party which adopts his views. Such a candidate may be personally an honorable and able man, but no man is so strong as his party, and no party despotism is so strict and unscrupulous as that of the Democratic party. It is not the lantern in front, however bright its light may be and burnished its metal, but the huge driving-wheel behind, which is the important part of the locomotive.

We must look through the candidates, therefore, to those who nominate them. It is not likely that in Ohio VALLANDIGHAM will be offered to the voters, nor HORATIO SEYMOUR in New-York. Time and defeat have shown the necessity of cunning. The same spirit and principles which these leaders represent, the bitter hostility to the enlargement of liberty and equal rights, and the Tory reaction which calls itself Conservatism, will strive to conceal themselves in less offensive forms, and appeal for support in smoother phrases. The Democratic party in this country is the party of ignorance, of prejudice, of class privilege, of social disorder. It is the party of opposition to the fundamental American principle of equal liberty and law. For more than a generation it controlled the Government; and when the people, alarmed by its steady invasion and destruction of that principle, cast it out of power, it raised its hand to destroy the Government and ruin the country. It was a crime, says Governor MORTON, "for which history has no pardon, and the memories of men no forgetfulness."

Let such a party be judged by its history and by its necessary tendency, not by the personal merit of individuals whom it may nominate for office.

WHAT DO WE PAY TAXES FOR?

THE fiscal year 1865–66 will close by the time these lines are published. Enough is already known to enable the statisticians of the Treasury Department to estimate the revenue for the year. They report that the revenue from internal taxes will be not less than $305,000,000, and that the revenue from customs (which is payable in gold) will not be less than $155,000,000, equal to $205,000,000 in currency—estimating the gold at 132 per cent. In all they tell us that the public revenue will not be less than $510,000,000—a larger income than is enjoyed by any other government on the face of the earth.

This is not a subject for unmixed satisfaction. It is grand to think that our Government is the richest in the world. But, after all, these riches are drawn from the labor and profits of the citizens of the United States, and the proposition may just as well be put in another shape—namely, that the citizens of the United States are the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth. If the population of the country may be safely estimated at 32,000,000, we are paying this year at the rate of 15\frac{68}{100}$ per head, which is double the average rate of taxes paid in Europe. It is not quite so grand to realize that we pay man, woman, and child, white and colored, twice as much money to support our free republican government as is paid by the "downtrodden masses of Europe" (we are anticipating the orators of next week) to maintain their "worn-out, bloated despotisms." Our whistle is a good one, and sounds clear and shrill; but we are paying for it, seemingly.

These reflections are timely, in view of the final adjustment of the Tax and Tariff bills in Congress. The Revenue Commission urged the remission of a number of not very productive and decidedly inquisitorial taxes, and the reduction of others. Neither House of Congress has adopted its suggestions; and the Senate, under the lead of Senators FESSENDEN and SHERMAN, seems inclined to insist on maintaining the present scale of taxation. Sound economists urged upon Congress, both for the sake of tax-payers and for the sake of the revenue, a reduction of the exorbitant duties upon foreign goods. They seem more likely to be increased than diminished.

The most curious feature in the affair is that these important questions appear to be considered by Congress exclusively from the point of view of class-interest. When the internal revenue on tobacco is in question, committees are heard representing the tobacco-growers, the cigar-makers, and the tobacco vendors; no one represents the smokers. When the tax and duty on iron are on trial gentlemen appear who represent the mining interest, others who represent the importing interest, others who represent the rolling interest; nobody at all seems to represent consumers of iron. When the tax or duty on wool comes up delegations appear before the Committee to argue the question from the point of view of wool-growers, other delegations which look at it from the point of view of manufacturers of woolen cloths, and yet other delegations which represent importers of foreign wool and woolens; nobody seeks an audience on behalf of the great community which wears woolen clothes. Every body, it seems, has his say before the Committee and before Congress except the public. The public has no delegates and no friends. When the newspapers tell us that a hard fight is being waged in committee on the wool duty, we know that the question at issue is whether we—the poor, helpless public—shall be mulcted by the wool-growers, or by the woolen manufacturers, or by the importers. It is not a question whether or no we shall be mulcted. That is a foregone conclusion, and we are used to it. So we care very little which of the rival claimants for the plunder, of which we are sure to be bereft, wins the day.

It is a nice question how long this sort of thing will last, and how it will end. We remember, about five years ago, when the tariff was being altered, that a question arose about the duty on wood-screws. The duty under the existing tariff was nearly prohibitory; it was proposed to make it wholly so. The proposition was maintained by Senator SIMMONS, of Rhode Island, on behalf of the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island. There was nobody to answer him. The consumers of wood-screws hadn't a friend in Washington. A feeble protest was registered by a New York daily journal, but it had no effect. Senator SIMMONS carried his point, the duty on wood-screws was made prohibitory, and the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, is understood to have since declared dividends equal to one hundred per cent. per annum. This is only one instance among many.

The people of the United States love their Government, intend to maintain their national credit, and are able to pay taxes which would crush less prosperous nations to the earth. But the poor, purblind, stupid old tax-paying public may nevertheless be indulged to the extent of knowing how much of the taxes it pays really goes to the support of the Government, and how much to the fattening of such concerns as Mr. SIMMONS's Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island. If the law says that we must pay money to swell the dividends of Mr. SIMMONS's American Wood-Screw Company, we, as law-abiding people, will put our hands in our pocket forthwith. And so if the law says we are to pay money to Mr. SMITH, who is a wool-grower in Michigan, or to Mr. JONES, who is an iron-founder in Pennsylvania, we shall be ready with the greenbacks on the day appointed. But "when found, we shall make a note on't," as Captain Cuttle used to say. And when election-day comes round, the chances are fair that we shall draw the attention of the regular nominee to the subject, somewhat in these terms:

"Mr. BROWN or WILLIAMS (as the case may be), I calculate to vote for you as the regular nominee of the party. I expect you to support the Government of the United States, and to vote whatever taxes may be necessary to maintain its credit, and to enable it to pay its way squarely as one of the leading nations of the world. If, in order to do this, it be necessary to pay 15\frac{68}{100}$ per head, as we have paid in 1865–66, vote bravely, and we'll foot the bill. But before you vote any of my money to fill the pockets of such concerns as SIMMONS's Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, I want to know it. I who speak am a producer too. If any producers are to be fattened out of the public pouch, I claim my share and expect you to secure it. If SIMMONS's Company is to get money out of the public for making wood-screws, I claim an equal amount for raising onions. Mine are beautiful of their kind. If neighbor BROWN gets money for wool-growing, I claim an equal sum for growing potatoes. If JONES is rewarded for manufacturing cotton or woolen cloths, I demand just as much for my field of squashes, which are a credit to American agriculture. If SMITH draws money from the nation for manufacturing iron, I insist that my brother, the cobbler (who needs the money badly), receive a corresponding amount for manufacturing shoes. We don't know much about political economy down our way; but we know enough to say that if, out of the purse we make up for him each year, Uncle SAM pays any body a premium for carrying on an honest business, he ought to pay it to every one who carries on an honest business, and if you are not prepared, Mr. BROWN or WILLIAMS (as the case may be), to claim my share of the fund for my onions, potatoes, and squashes, and my brother's highlows, I guess, as soon as the reconstruction question is settled properly, I shall vote the other ticket."

Masses move slowly, and it is hard to say how much time may elapse before people generally take this view of the matter. The existing régime may go on until the contraction of the currency brings "hard times" to every door. As matters stand now, by dint of issuing money by the million a week, Government keeps up a fictitious prosperity which enables people to pay the exorbitant taxes, and nobody complains. But slowly as grind the mills of the gods they grind exceeding fine, and the day will come that the men who vote to tax the people exorbitantly for the benefit of this or that manufacturing establishment will have to look to it for their reward.

THE MINORITY REPORT.

THE Report of the minority of the Reconstruction Committee of Congress is a feeble amplification of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's opinion that, "as soon as the seceding States respectively made known their readiness to resume their former political relations with the Federal Government under the Constitution," they were to be admitted into Congress without deliberation or conditions. The minority Report asserts that certain citizens in certain States rebelled, that their rebellion has been suppressed, that the States as such were not involved, and at the moment of defeat regained every right they ever had. The Report not only denies the authority of Congress to provide for the common safety by any conditions whatever, but it demolishes the validity of the President's action. "The power to establish or modify a State Government," says the Report, "belongs exclusively to the people of the State." And unable to avoid the necessary condemnation of the President implied in the proposition, the Report meets the dilemma by saying in effect; granting that the President has usurped powers, the States concerned have acquiesced in the usurpation, and that is enough!

The one good effect of this wearisome Report, as of the testimony of STEPHENS and LEE and the Copperhead speeches in Congress and elsewhere, is to show to the people that the President and Congress, however they differ in measures, really act upon the same principle in the matter of reconstruction, and that the principle is, regard for the public safety. They differ as to what the public safety requires, but they both act from the necessity of the case. Thus when Mr. RAYMOND again falls into the old fallacy of asking what constitutional authority there is for imposing conditions upon representation, he is met by the simple truth that there is precisely the same constitutional authority for imposing conditions upon representation that there is for the Presidential appointment of Governors, and the Presidential designation of voters. For the doctrine of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the minority Report is either true or false. Either the National Government was powerless except for collecting revenues and holding district courts within every rebel State, when the insurgents surrendered, or it had exactly as much power as in its judgment was necessary to secure peace and confirm the Union.

The latter being the plain common-sense of the situation, is the doctrine of the loyal American people. It is in vain to split hairs upon the question of the exact condition of the insurgent States. It remains a pernicious abstraction. There is something amusing in the preposterous gravity with which Mr. STEPHENS and his friends in Congress inform the faithful people of this country, who freed the slaves in order to undermine the rebellion, that the rebel States, having concluded to surrender, will now by "continuous right" return to a larger share in the Government than they had before. Does Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON seriously suppose that the people who had faith enough and sense enough to suppress such a rebellion really mean that those who rebelled shall have gained political power at the expense of those who remained faithful and were victorious?

It is this issue of common-sense and not one of Constitutional hair-splitting which will go to the country in the coming elections. Nor is it a question whether loyal Representatives from any State shall be admitted, but whether any State lately in rebellion shall be represented until it has given reasonable and honorable guarantees of fidelity to the Union.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE AMENDMENT.

THE President has expressed his disapproval of the new Constitutional Amendment. It is to be regretted that he has done so, for his opinion upon the point was not asked. It is unfortunate, also, that he should suggest the doubt whether the action of Congress is in harmony with the sentiment of the people, and whether the present State Legislatures truly represent that sentiment. The truth is, that the Union Conventions of Maine, Ohio, and Vermont have just spoken very distinctly, and Governor MORTON, of Indiana, has opened the Union campaign in that State. The feeling of the dominant party in each of these States is unmistakable. Their words and resolutions ring out in the true patriotic tone. They approve most heartily the proposed Amendment, and sustain the general policy of Congress.

Besides, the words of the Constitution are very plain. "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States shall call a Convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." Here is nothing requiring the approval of the President nor the election of new Legislatures. The only case in our history of the Presidential signature to a constitutional amendment was that of the Emancipation Amendment which President LINCOLN returned, saying that he thought he had no right to sign it, but as Congress had submitted it he would not refuse. But the Senate voted that it had been sent through inadvertence, and directed that the House should not be notified that the signature of the President had been affixed. The Supreme Court of the United States considered the point too clear for argument, and the Senate in 1863, by a vote of 23 to 7, resolved that

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an amendment should not be presented for the Presidential signature. The proposition of amendment is something with which the Executive power has no concern whatever.

Familiar with this uniform practice as he must be, it is curious that the President should apparently think it an irregularity in Congress not to have submitted the Amendment to him. Nor can we see that there is any purpose whatever in the Message, except to reiterate the President's conviction that until Senators and Representatives have been admitted from the unrepresented States no Amendment ought to be proposed by Congress. That is his well-known opinion, in which he differs from the great body of loyal Union men in the country. But having amply stated it upon many occasions we had hoped that he would abide, without further debate, by the reference of the difference between himself and Congress to "the sovereign people of the nation."

As it is desirable that all possible delays should be avoided, and as there is no doubt whatever that the Legislatures of the States faithfully represent the sentiment of the people, we hope that at the earliest moment they will be convened to pass upon the Amendment. And if Tennessee shall be the first to approve it, we shall hail it as a happy omen of the national sanction.

THE EXCISE LAW.

The object of laws is public order, not private morality. Sumptuary laws, or those which undertake directly to regulate individual dress and food and drink, are properly considered unjust invasions of personal right, and may be opposed upon the soundest principles. It is, therefore, a very adroit political trick to represent a distasteful law as sumptuary. The intention is to create a prejudice founded upon a proper feeling. The trick is of the same kind as that which sought to defeat anti-slavery laws as irreligious, upon the ground that the Divine law sanctioned slavery.

It is a favorite resource of the opponents of all regulation of the liquor traffic to oppose it on the sumptuary ground. To regulate rum-selling, we are informed, is a Puritan device. It is a measure of sniveling, hypocritical, strait-laced fanaticism, which pretends to be very pious and better than its neighbors; of canters who raise their eyes to heaven and thank God they are not as the publicans, while they stick their noses into other people's business, and try to establish brotherly love by statute. An effort to promote public order by regulating this traffic, we are told, is a remnant of the remorseless and stern old policy which was announced in a godly nasal twang by crop-haired Pilgrim conventicles. And so the impressive and conclusive argument proceeds. Every man, it is claimed, has a natural and inalienable right of getting drunk. If he breaks the law, in consequence, he may be held to the penalty. But it is idle, cry the finely-indignant politicians, to think you can make men better by law. It is a stupid and natural folly of the party which assumes to monopolize all the virtues and talents.

This tom-tom is lustily beaten, and not without effect. Why, cries an orator, in a noble burst of skepticism and horror, why should that man yonder try to bite off his own nose? Nature repels the foul endeavor. That nose may be pug or aquiline; it may be a chiseled Grecian member or a purple bottle; but why—will an intelligent, sovereign people please tell me?—why should he struggle to nibble it away? The intelligent people is lost in contemptuous pity for the Quixotic fool, and wonders that people should try to do what in the nature of things can not be done. But when some spectator happens to turn to see the frantic effect of which he has been so thrillingly told, he discovers that, instead of trying to bite off his nose, the denounced individual is merely tranquilly combing his hair.

It is in this way that the recent Excise Law is denounced for doing what it does not even pretend to do. It is providing for public order, and it is denounced as a missionary enterprise. Society is of opinion that gunpowder is so dangerous a commodity that its storage and sale must be regulated by law. It is idle to say that any man has the right to make gunpowder and sell it, and that society has nothing to do with it. Society has the right of defending its order and safety, and must judge when they are threatened. It therefore justly claims to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in the interest of public order. It does so not to fill the churches, but to relieve the prisons, for whose support it is taxed. It does not say that men shall not get drunk; but it does say that the traffic in a dangerous commodity shall be regulated. It does not legislate against liquor-selling as a crime, but against dram-shops as a nuisance. Under the new Excise Law more than five thousand shops have been licensed for the sale of liquor in New York and Brooklyn. Does this look like an attempt to make men virtuous by statute? Under the late law—for the principle of the present act is not new—the majority of the men whose business leads straight to the heaviest taxation of the community evaded the law requiring them to pay for a license. Under the new law they have paid more than a million of dollars toward the police expenses.

The Excise Law, without abolishing the traffic, regulates it more stringently and produces a handsome revenue. To decry it as a Puritan blue law is merely to appeal to an ignorant prejudice. It is not in barbarous and demoralized communities, but in those which are intelligent and enlightened and progressive, that laws are passed regulating and even prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons and the storage and sale of gunpowder. It would be hard to show that a glass of bad rum is not a weapon as dangerous to society as a revolver in the pocket or a keg of powder in a store. If society, under certain conditions, may protect itself against these, it may defend itself in the same way against rum.

A CONGRESSIONAL DANGER.

Now that the French occupation of Mexico is about ending quietly, we sincerely hope that the House Committee on Foreign Affairs does not intend to strike a fine rhetorical attitude in a report upon the Monroe doctrine. But a late remark of Mr. Banks, the Chairman of the Committee, is very suspicious. He says that a bill for the expulsion of the French troops from Mexico would have his support, and he vaguely foretold a Report which would treat the question in a very lofty vein.

We trust, however, that the majority of Congress will remember that neither the Ercles nor Bobadil vein is becoming or necessary to this Government upon the Mexican or any other question. Mr. Seward has neither threatened nor cajoled in his correspondence upon Mexican affairs, but from the first he has given France to understand plainly that the people of the United States looked very jealously upon all European military movements upon this continent, and could recognize no change of government in Mexico which was not the plain and uncoerced expression of the popular will. If, however, as is alleged, he permitted the French to make purchases here and prohibited the Mexicans, he did very wrong, and misrepresented the will which he had so well stated. But this is a matter which is not verified, and is intrinsically utterly improbable.

The prolonged and bitter native opposition to the new Imperial régime, the total failure of the rebellion in this country, under cover of which Louis Napoleon undertook the Mexican expedition, the French dislike of the expedition, and the imminent European war, combine with the firm and constant tone of this Government to take Louis Napoleon out of Mexico. Is not that enough? Is it necessary to go into heroics over the Monroe doctrine? Congress has not honored itself or the country by its conduct upon the Irish raid into Canada. Is it desirable that a country which has shown its immense and exhaustless power in subduing the great rebellion, should double up both fists as it feels itself victorious, and needlessly justify the fears of the world by assuming the manners of a bully? Before we were tried the sneer of the scoffer was that one sharp strain would show the essential weakness of our system. The scoffer is discomfited upon that point. Now, he says, you will see the old story of a victorious Republic, it will make itself a nuisance to its neighbors. Shall we prove him a true prophet? Are we indeed unable to be as dignified in prosperity as in reverses? Shall the marvelous spectacle of the swift melting of enormous armies into peaceful citizens be tarnished by the swaggering rhetoric of our legislation?

A great nation can dispense with rhodomontade. The speech of Mr. Banks some time ago upon our part in the French exhibition was what sagacious school-boys call "squirt." It certainly made no man prouder of his country, and it made other people laugh at us. The Gascons were brave, but their gasconade is remembered more than their heroism. Let us be satisfied to rival their deeds, not their words. There is no living man who believes that the French intend to remain in Mexico, or that we should tolerate the establishment of a monarchy by foreign force upon our borders in despite of our neighbors. If they themselves invite it it is another matter. What then are we to gain by a resounding Report from the committee on Foreign Affairs? Our dignity and power can not be increased by quitting our present attitude of resolute expectation; and our good name and self-respect must suffer by grandiloquence. We are now so strong and vigilant, and the world is so well apprised of our vigilance and strength, that we can spare our superlatives.

HOW SHALL WE EXERCISE?

It is claimed by some at the present time that gymnastic exercise, so called, is altogether the best mode, because it brings into action all the muscles of the body; and the invention of teachers is taxed to the utmost to bring into use the greatest possible variety of attitudes and motions. Too much is made of this point. The truth is, that, for the purposes of health, any exercise that puts into action the body generally, as walking, running, active sports, etc., will answer equally well. Ordinary experience testifies this. Besides, if gymnastic exercises are exclusively relied upon, as they are in some cases, when the occasion for pursuing them has gone by there is apt to be a general neglect of exercise. The young lady who has been faithfully drilled in calisthenics at school, on going home will not follow them up alone, nor get up little companies for the purpose, even if some of her companions at school live in her neighborhood. A gymnastic teacher once set the faculty of a college and many of their acquaintances all agog about a system of exercises; but after he left, as we predicted, the exercises were given up, and the appliances which they had procured—the poles, clubs, etc.—became a part of the lumber of garrets, and there they have remained ever since.

In making exercise a part of education (and such it should be) no narrow and exclusive views of it will answer. Broad views must be taken, and gymnastic exercises must constitute a *subordinate* part of the physical training. This is quite contrary to the view ordinarily taken by those who at the present day make much of this training in education. The grand principle on this subject is this: *exercise must be so managed that a taste for it will be engendered*, so that it will be continued of choice when school-days are past. For this purpose there should be variety, and in this variety common exercises and sports should be prominent, especially that most common of all exercises, walking. One great excellence of this is that it can be made to connect physical with intellectual education. The walks of pupils can be scientific walks. This, however, can not be effected until a radical change be made in the general plan of education. As it is now, pupils are shut up mostly to language and mathematics, while the broad field of nature is ignored in the school-room. Accordingly a walk out into this field is the dull walk of ignorance. There is no exhilaration in it. It is a task—lightened, it is true, somewhat by conversation, and by an occasional scene of beauty, but on the whole dull and monotonous; and the same walks day after day become tiresome. But all nature, interpreted by science, is a vast museum, and one who has learned these interpretations need never have a dull walk. Material for most interesting observation can be found every where. To one who has learned to use his eyes, as Hugh Miller says, "the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals."

The very prevalent idea that all education is to be obtained sitting on a bench is a preposterous idea. The observation and study of nature should form a prominent part of education, and much of this can be done afoot, in field and forest, and by the way: thus abrogating the unnatural divorce of physical from mental training.

That exercise may produce its best effect upon the system it should have some degree of exhilaration connected with it. For this reason common sports are more invigorating than mere labor. And it is to be regretted that in this country these sports are very much confined to the young, being considered inconsistent with the gravity and dignity of even the middle-aged of either sex. In England, on the contrary, they are followed up to old age. We meet every now and then with references to this in notices and memoirs of prominent men. Recently, in a memoir of Sir Astley Cooper, one of the most distinguished of English surgeons, we found a reference to his being one of a club to which some other medical men belonged, called the Athletæ, and though one of the busiest of men, as the amount of labor which he performed as a practitioner and an author shows, he found time to meet with the club and engage in feats of activity, such as leaping, fencing, boxing, etc., maintaining thus his vigor even to the last of his life, which was a long one. Among females in England archery is a common sport, and we recollect reading an account of some trial of skill in this sport at which some very old lady took the palm.

We rejoice in the general use by both sexes of all ages of skating, so fashionable of late years in this country. A great change this, for in the days of our youth the putting on of skates would have fastened the obnoxious term romp or girl-boy upon any school-girl. The change should go farther, and take in sports and exercises that cover all seasons of the year. Without specifying all of the exercises proper for girls, we would say that for various reasons they should learn to swim as well as to skate.

Riding horseback is a capital exercise, and chiefly because it is so exhilarating. It is especially so to one who in his boyhood was accustomed to this use of one of the noblest of animals.

But, after all, the chief mode of exercise, the staple exercise as we may call it, for the great mass of those who are getting an education, is walking. This costs nothing, can be had at any time, alone or with others, and can be made, as we have said, the medium of connection between physical and intellectual education.

LITERARY.

"A Narrative of Andersonville," by Ambrose Spencer, of Americus, Georgia, is just published by the Harpers. The title of the book shows that it is drawn from the evidence upon the trial of Henry Wirz, but that evidence is confirmed by the personal experience of the author, who, during the war, lived within nine miles of the prison pen at Andersonville. The story is as sad as any that History records; but it is one that ought not to be forgotten, and which can never be so truly told as now. "It may be asked by the susceptible reader," says the author, "if the foregoing delineations have been given merely to excite superfluous horror? if this condensed statement of what has been verified under oath is not intended to keep alive the bitterness which occasioned the miseries described? The answer is, are the outrages committed upon defenseless prisoners of war, and the sufferings endured by the obscure soldiers of the Union, to be passed over as mere incidents of the rebellion? Are the nauseating details of their captivity, misery, and death beneath the dignity of narration?"

Mr. Spencer—whose sturdy fidelity to the Union was conspicuous through the war, who maintained in the very heart of the rebellion the inflexible loyalty to which the South must owe its future guidance, and who was a sympathizing witness of the sorrows which he records, as well as a close observer of the spirit of the population—writes with intense and sober feeling. But he does not stray from the proved facts. He makes no effort to cast individual obloquy beyond the terrible record. It is a chapter of history which should be of the truest service as illustrating the spirit of the rebellion, and showing the necessity of a real and not a delusive knowledge of the condition and sentiment of the South—a necessity as vital for the late insurgent section as it is for us.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 19:

In the Senate, a bill to grant lands in aid of the construction of a railroad from Salt Lake City to the Columbia River, in Oregon, was taken up and passed.—The Army Appropriation Bill was next considered, and after being amended was passed. Among the amendments is one appropriating over six and a half millions of dollars for the support of the Freedmen's Bureau; also, repealing the act authorizing the President to dismiss officers of the army and navy; also an amendment to the mode of selection of the Superintendent of the Military Academy from any corps of the army.—The Pacific Railroad bill was passed; yeas 28, nays 13.

In the House, the vote by which the bill to establish a Department of Education was rejected on the 8th instant was reconsidered, and the bill was passed; yeas 80, nays 44.—A minority report from the Reconstruction Committee was presented.

June 20:

In the Senate, the recommendation of the Finance Committee to fix the tax on cotton at two cents a pound was agreed to.

In the House, the bill to increase the pensions of widows and orphans was passed. The first section extends the provisions of the pension laws to provost marshals, deputy provost marshals, and enrolling officers, who have been killed or wounded in the discharge of their duties. The second section increases the pensions to widows of deceased soldiers and sailors, having children, at the rate of two dollars per month for each child under the age of sixteen.

June 21:

In the Senate, a joint resolution was passed giving fifteen hundred dollars to Mrs. Abbie Green for her services in assisting one hundred and nine Union prisoners to escape from Libby prison.

In the House, a resolution was adopted to consider the expediency of a revision of the existing law in reference to mileage, so as to make the payment of mileage more equal and more in accordance with the actual cost of travel to and from the national capital at the present time.—The Army bill was passed, 72 to 41.

June 22:

In the Senate, that section of the Tax bill granting to Railroad Companies the right to add to their fares on account of the tax, was restored.

In the House, a message was received from the President in reference to the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, stating that it had been communicated by the Secretary of State to the Governors of various States on the 16th of June, but that was a ministerial act, and not to be considered as involving the assent of the Executive to the proposed amendment. The Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up and passed.

June 23:

In the Senate, a joint resolution authorizing the hiring of buildings for the temporary accommodation of the Department of State, was passed; also, a joint resolution to provide for the publication of an official history of the rebellion.

June 25:

The Tax bill was next taken up. Mr. Henderson offered an amendment striking out the tax on cotton, which was rejected, yeas 10, nays 24. An amendment to add flax to the free list was adopted. The bill was read a third time, and passed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dr. Harris's tables show that during the week ending on June 23 there were 434 deaths in this city, and 91 in Brooklyn.

The *Boston Journal* says that the statue of Hon. Edward Everett has been completed in clay by Mr. Story, and that it will be ready for dedication in May.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, has issued a proclamation, calling the Legislature of the State to meet at Nashville the 4th of July, for the purpose of ratifying the amendment to the Constitution of the United States just proposed by Congress.

We have intelligence, by late arrivals from Europe, of the death of the late Professor Henry D. Rogers, formerly State Geologist, which took place at his residence, near Glasgow, on the 29th of May.

The Memphis *Avalanche* says affairs have reached such a pitch in that region that unless something is done the people of the country will be afraid to come to the city for fear of being murdered. The *Avalanche* says murder most foul is stalking over the country, hand in hand with robbery, arson, and every other crime in the calendar.

FOREIGN NEWS.

According to our latest foreign advices, hostilities had not formally commenced, but had been brought one step nearer by the cessation of diplomatic relations between Austria and Prussia, and by the landing of Garibaldi in Italy. The Austrians had completely evacuated Holstein, leaving that locality to be occupied by Prussian troops.

In regard to Garibaldi's campaign the London *Times* says its plan is twofold—a mountain warfare in Southern Tyrol, and a maritime expedition up the Adriatic. There are some who suppose that a landing is contemplated on the coast of Istria or Dalmatia, or even lower down in Montenegro, or in the Turkish Provinces. What sympathy or support the Italians might meet with among those half-civilized and hardly-known tribes we deem it idle to inquire. At all events it is difficult to conceive how any movement in those parts, unless it led to a general insurrection, could be made subservient to the success of the main undertaking in the Venetian main land. It would seem far more probable that a *coup de main* is intended on some point or points of the coast between Trieste and Venice. Along all that Venetian shore, up the mouths of the many streams that flow down upon it from the Alps, the Piave, the Tagliamento, the Isonzo, etc., ample field is open for the daring feats of irregular warfare. By landing now at one spot, now at another, and cutting up the roads and railroad that run along the shore, all intercourse between Venice and Trieste, and consequently Vienna, might be interrupted, and by reaching the mountains from which spring the Piave and others of those rivers, the maritime volunteers could easily place themselves in concert with those of the Cacciatori delle Stelvio and Cacciatori del Tonale who might succeed in forcing their way from the Trentino valleys into those of Bassano and Belluno. In the present frame of mind of the Venetian population, especially in the Friuli, they would be sure of as warm and cordial a welcome as they met with on the same battle-fields in the short and unfortunate, but not inglorious, campaign of 1848.

The Princess Mary was married in London, on the 12th of June, to Francis Lewis Paul Alexander Prince von Teck, of Hungary, lately an officer in the Austrian service.

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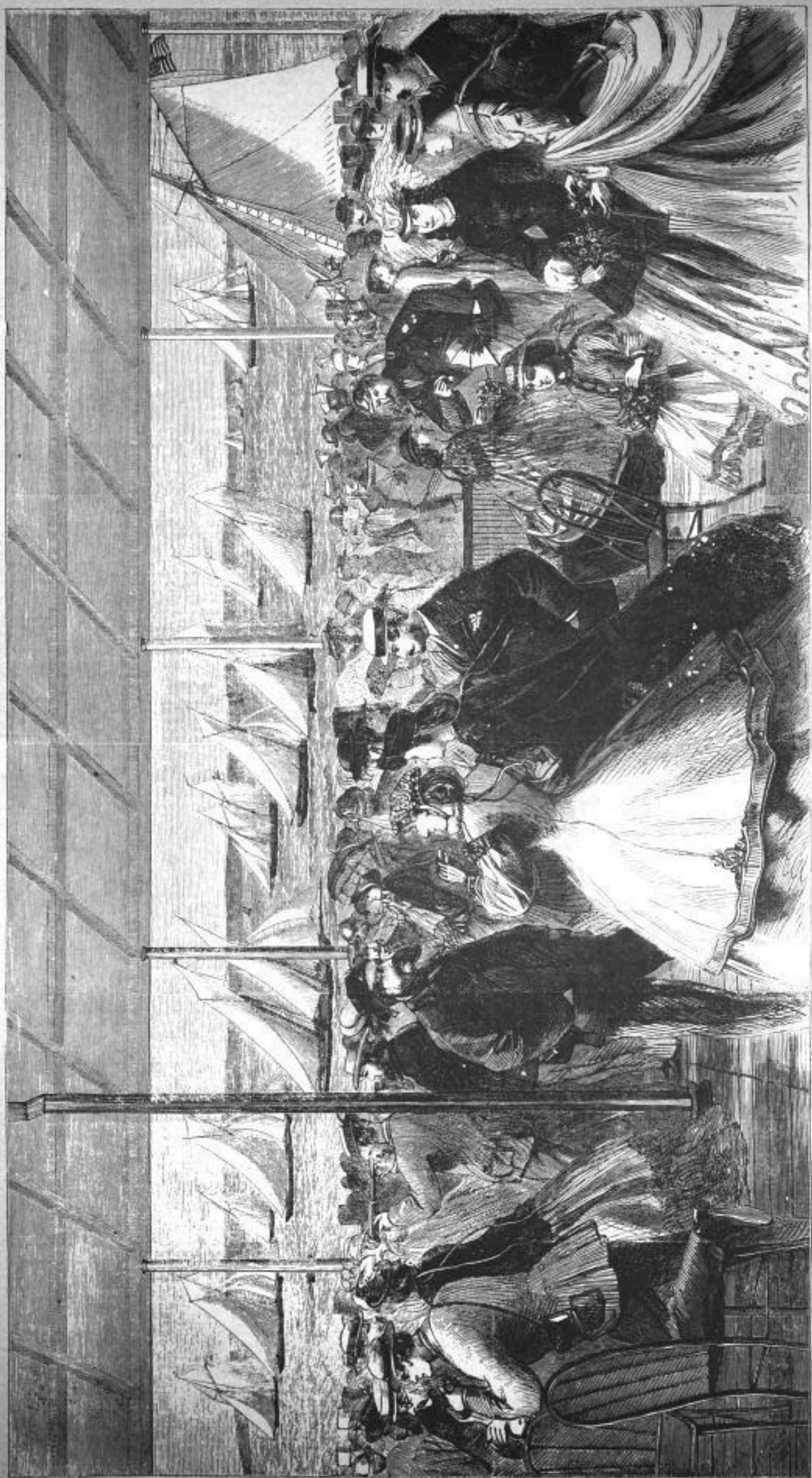

SECOND ANNUAL REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 19, 1866.

THE YACHT REVIEW.

THE annual review of the New York Yacht Club, which we illustrate on this page, took place June 19. It was understood that this exhibition of the sailing qualities of the yachts and the exchange of courtesies accompanying it should take place in the Lower Bay, and a number of the yachts, among them the *Henrietta*, *Maria*, and *Hope*, went down on Monday, lying overnight at anchorage in the Horse-shoe. On Tuesday morning the yacht *Magic* hove in sight, and presently the steamboat *River Queen* bore down with the melancholy tidings that the review was to be held in the Inner Bay, as it was concluded by the ladies, or for the ladies, that the weather was too rough outside.

This alteration of the programme was, for the ladies at least, a wise one, as it certainly was quite too turbulent outside for the enjoyment of any thing less matured than a salt of several years' standing. The threatening character of the early morning had evidently deterred many ladies from being present, as there were but few in the yachts or on board the steamers compared with other years, but those few appeared to highly enjoy the entertainment provided for them. Inshore, on the Staten Island side, were the steamers *C. W. Thomas*, *Belle*, and the *River Queen*; also the steamboats *Octoria* and *Wave*, with a like precious freight; and the yachts *Rambler*, *Phantom*, *Fleetwing*, *Widgeon*, *Magic*, *Halcyon*, *Fanny*, *Idle*, *Zoiette*, *Zip*, *Lily*, *Ella*, and many others not carrying signal-flags or other distinguishing mark of any kind.

Several hours were passed in the most agreeable manner by the yachtmen conveying their lady guests from yacht to yacht. Music, of course, was provided on many of the yachts, the *Henrietta* being especially blessed in this particular. Guns were fired in a highly boisterous manner on a great many occasions, and colors were dipped and changed in a most mysterious fashion to one whose signal-reading is limited to MARRYAT. Then there was a luxurious repast worthy of DELMONICO. The courtesies of the day lasted several hours, the affair concluding with some manœuvring by the yachts.

This review, or rather inspection, is the second that has taken place under the auspices of the Club, and had there been a more full attendance of yachts, and but for the delay arising from the necessary change of locality, would have been unexceptionable in all respects. The New York Club is the oldest and unquestionably the best on this side the Atlantic, and comprises some yachts that would put to the blush the best of the famous squadrons of England.

The *River Queen*, from whose deck our sketch was taken, was President LINCOLN'S favorite vessel. It belongs to ALFRED VAN SANTVOORD, of Albany.—The name of the *River Queen* has become historic by the fact that in her cabin the celebrated conference was held off Fortress Monroe between President LINCOLN and Secretary SEWARD on the part of the United States; and Messrs. STEPHENS, HUNTER, and CAMPBELL, in behalf of the so-called Southern Confederacy, which ended in smoke.

NITRO-GLYCERINE vs. GUNPOWDER.

ON Saturday afternoon, June 16, a series of important experiments were made by Colonel SCHAFFNER, at Washington, showing the relative explosive force of nitro-glycerine and gunpowder. We give an illustration of these experiments on the next page.

There were some five hundred gentlemen present, among whom were many officers of the army and navy. Several water torpedoes were exploded, the powder scarcely making any spray, and the nitro-glycerine raised the water over one hundred feet high. Several musket barrels were charged with the two substances, and the nitro-glycerine in each case tore the iron

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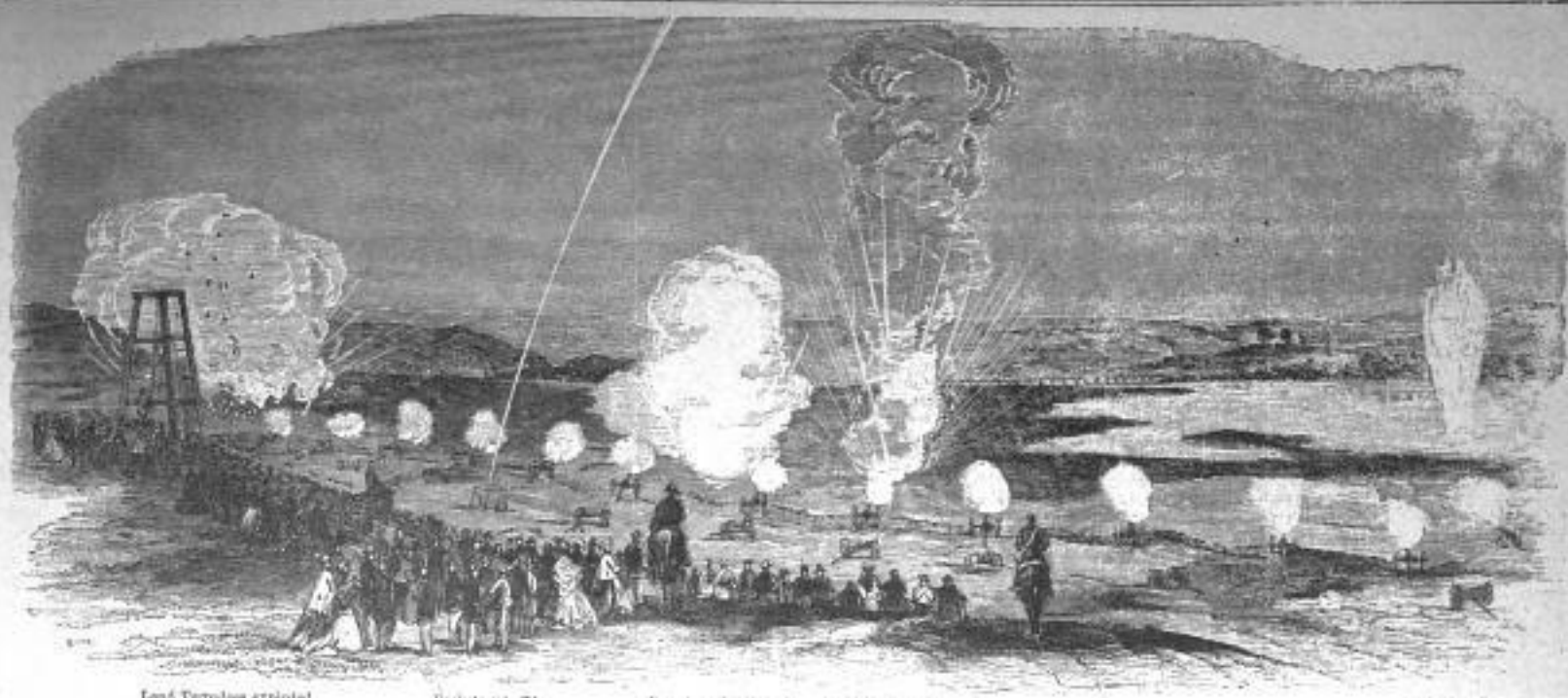

GUNPOWDER vs. NITRO-GLYCERINE—EXPERIMENTS UNDER GOVERNMENT INSPECTION, NEAR THE NAVY-YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

lets fragments. Mines were similarly constructed in the earth, and on iron plates, and with these the superior power of the other compound was forcibly shown. A wrought iron shaft twelve inches in diameter, with an strike one inch in diameter, was torn in pieces. A similar result took place with a cast iron shaft, and an experiment with powder similarly applied failed to injure the iron. Earth mines were tried, and the crater produced with powder did not exceed four feet in diameter, while the nitro-glycerine tore up the earth about twelve feet across the crater.

Colonel SHAFFNER illustrated how the San Francisco explosion occurred, by saturating sawdust with the glycerine, and many very interesting experiments proved the extraordinary power of nitro-glycerine, and how easily it can be handled and employed without incurring the danger common to gunpowder. The Government aided Colonel SHAFFNER to make the experiments with the view of promoting science.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

AN hour passes away before, Robby having told the whole story so far as he knows it, any tranquillity is restored. Filled with the most painful apprehensions, Mrs. Sorel, nevertheless, endeavors to reassure herself, as well as her companions, by all manner of hopeful conjectures. Mr. Arthur may have merely alighted somewhere, leaving his horse standing, and it may have left him; or, he may have been thrown, though not seriously hurt. But she herself and Alice too, hovering about her mother's couch pale, cold, and silent, can not but recall the singular manner in which Mr. Arthur parted from them that morning. All through their deep grief they have both felt vague apprehensions, even painful anxieties, on his behalf. Not on political grounds, for, as they both well know, there are no men so safe just now as Union men, even if Mr. Arthur's course had not been so quiet and without positive offense, as, in spite of his thoroughly known loyalty to the Union, to leave him without one embittered enemy in the world.

But Mrs. Sorel and Alice also, can not help, even in that anxious hour, remarking the silence and, if possible, deadlier pallor into which Mrs. Bowles has fallen.

"Blind, blind, blind," she says it more to herself than to Dr. Warner, now with her, Mrs. Sorel and Alice having gone for the moment out of the room. "You know it all, Dr. Warner, perhaps have known it for months, and for me, her own mother, never to have more than feared it."

"Feared it, Madam?" says Dr. Warner, with some indignation. "As to knowing it, there are few besides yourself but knew Mr. Arthur was attached to your daughter, has been devotedly attached, I dare say for years. A good many of us have fancied it exceedingly likely his affection was reciprocated."

"He never whispered such a thing. Alice never even hinted any thing of it to me," Mrs. Bowles says, feebly, and in a bewildered manner.

"Because he knew the aversion for him you, and her brother too, might have, Madam," remarks Dr. Warner, warmly. "He did not even know how she herself might regard him, being, as he knew she knew him to be, a thoroughgoing Union man. He was too honorable, Madam, to endeavor to win her affections against your wishes—too proud to desire, even, to intrude where he was not heartily welcome. Had things continued as they were, in my opinion, though most devotedly attached to Alice, he never would have taken a step as long as the world lasted."

"That so many terrible blows should fall upon me at once," moans the invalid, feebly lifting her hand to her forehead.

"You are in a weak state of health, Madam," interrupts her physician, with a good deal of firmness for him, but professional and as with a patient, "and we ought not to converse at all. Only I must say this. For all we know, Mr. Arthur is, at this moment, lying dead, either thrown from his horse or by the hand of an assassin. God forbid! But, if he lives, there is no man living I would so well be pleased to see Him, if she were old enough, the wife of. A gentleman of spotless character, of good talents, of sincere piety—one who has proved himself, during all these years of madness, true as steel, through great and unceasing pressure, to what he knew was right; not a partisan in it either, calm, mild—I declare, Madam," says Dr. Warner, with more spirit than he ever dared exhibit to his wife, "I am astonished at you." And he rubs his bald head with the palm of his left hand impatiently. But Mrs. Bowles only lies with her eyes closed, pallid, silent.

"There is one thing, perhaps, I ought not to mention," says Dr. Warner, after a very long pause, and much rubbing of his brow. "Under these peculiar circumstances, however, and it is of a nature which will make it sacred with you. Mr. Ferguson might not like it—might be very angry with me," continues he, with a very plain and frightened recollection of the character of that person; "but I know the secret is safe with you. You will pardon me, Mrs. Bowles, I speak only this once, do it to relieve your mind. You are not as rich—pardon me—Miss Alice will not inherit—oh, forgive me—" in great confusion.

"You are not intending to remind me of our poverty." Feeble as she is, not more than barely able to speak the words, the pale sufferer abashes Dr. Warner greatly by the silent dignity of her eyes fastened with surprise on his.

"You are right, pardon me. As my wife says, I always am doing something I ought not," remarks the culprit, feeling himself a huge culprit to the extremities of his disarranged neckcloth in every button-hole lacking its button, and with his head sunk into its shower-bath droop. "I only meant to say that Mr. Ferguson has placed a sum of money, a very large sum indeed, he has no child or relative, you observe—nothing else on earth to do with it," the Doctor adds with a deprecatory gesture, and by way of apology for Mr. Ferguson, "not at interest in Mr. Arthur's name. He intends the papers as a wedding gift to him on his marriage. Besides, he has made a will—"

"Dr. Warner!" Nothing but that, with its accompanying look, but it cuts the physician to the bone. There is long silence, during which he looks at his watch and administers a soothing powder, rubbing his head with vexation, but having nothing more to add.

"I am bewildered, exhausted, can not sleep as you all would have me do," murmurs Mrs. Bowles at last; "but I am still in my right mind. And I never can consent that my daughter should marry, though he had every other quality under heaven, an—an Abolitionist. That Alice should have an affection for one *kills* me."

No more than that; but oh the tone in which it is said! Mrs. Bowles closes her eyes and lies as pale and cold as marble, as much beyond Dr. Warner's reach as if she were in Heaven.

He feels it, gives over rubbing his forehead, and steps quietly out of the room, as a wrecked mariner might crawl ashore out of the waves, the storm-beaten condition of the man altogether indescribable.

He finds Alice reclining on the sofa of the next room, which is the parlor, Mrs. Sorel sitting on a low stool at her head. Alice has been, is weeping, and at a glance Dr. Warner sees that these two, at least, are in fullest sympathy with each other.

Yes, he thinks Mrs. Bowles will sleep, perhaps, if left undisturbed. Nothing from Robby yet? For Robby has gone back to send the servants out in every direction to inquire—a labor of love with them—in regard to Mr. Ar-

THE LOVERS.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

thur. Robby has not returned, has not had time as yet.

"A dozen of us will be off as soon as it is day," Dr. Warner remarks, and proceeds to prove that there is not the least possibility of any harm having befallen their friend. "Heaven has pressing need of just such a man in the new times before us, Mrs. Sorel," is the somewhat inconclusive argument, among others, which he urges, amidst much warm eulogium of Mr. Arthur. "He has been a living, powerful contrast to that man Barker, a sort of peaceful antidote to his virulent poison in Somerville for years now." Dr. Warner dwells much upon that. "There is no man living to whom I would as proudly and gladly give our 'Bin as a wife," the Doctor adds for Alice's especial benefit, drooping his head the instant after in self-reproach for having spoken the words.

Meanwhile Alice has stolen once or twice into her mother's room, and pronounces her to be resting quietly. She has just persuaded Mrs. Sorel to go to her room and lie down, when a step is heard upon the front porch and a knock follows at the door. With stealthy step, lest he should disturb the invalid, yet with beating heart, Dr. Warner hastens to the door. In deepest anxiety Alice and Mrs. Sorel hear him greeted in a voice they do not recognize. There is a low but rapid conversation upon the front porch. Then Dr. Warner introduces no less a person than Mr. Bob Withers into the room, says that gentleman will explain, and is himself gone, gone in such hurry as to forget his hat, and then, still more wonderful, his saddle-bags, after each of which he has to return.

"You will forgive my intrusion, ladies, though I believe it is not yet nine o'clock,' says Mr. Withers, declining a chair. "Thank you, no, I can stay but a moment. The fact is, I called at the Doctor's house and was told he was here. By-the-by, I should have told him to return by way of his own house. I fear his lady is in strong hysterics. The instant I told her Mr. Arthur was shot—I beg pardon," adds Mr. Withers, in dismay; for Mrs. Sorel, passing one arm around Alice, herself totters as she stands, while Alice rallies all her soul to her aid, and composes herself by desperate struggle.

"By George!" The exclamation bursts entirely of itself from Mr Withers's lips. "He isn't killed, you know, on that account. I have been shot myself twice. I dare say you have heard the circumstances, in connection, I am sorry to say, with cards. There is hardly a man in all my acquaintance—in a certain circle, of course—but has been shot at some time during his life, badly cut at least. But it is a wonder in this case. Peel or Wright, whichever one of the two it was, evidently aimed at a coat-button on the left side; buttons shattered, by George!—excuse me—to shivers, only grazed his side, you see. His horse must have started at the shot, or his coat have hung off from his body, but it was enough to knock him off. He has bled, too, badly. You observe—"

Alice can now look steadily at their visitor. She has often seen him before, knows his general character as a good-natured but dissipated man, generally esteemed, somehow, in spite of his wild courses. Mr. Withers has a frank, honest face, a little too highly colored, but he glows before Alice now, beautiful as Apollo—Bacchus rather.

"In one moment, if you please, Mr Withers," she says, and glides quietly into her mother's room. Is detained there for several minutes. "I hoped my mother was sleeping," she says, "but I found her awake. She begs that you will please come into her room, she is anxious to hear."

Excessively awkward does Mr. Withers feel as he takes a seat in the sick chamber. He is startled at the appearance of Mrs. Bowles, whom he has not seen before for a long time. It reminds him of his mother, of promises made by him to just such a pale invalid in just such a darkened chamber; promises made with passionate weeping, but, alas! how poorly kept. Mrs. Sorel has told him in a whisper of the death of Ratledge Bowles. Very quiet is Mr. Withers in his manner, having vague ideas, in addition to all else, that those present have deeper interest in Mr. Arthur than he imagined when he first came.

"You see, ladies," he says, "I was returning about noon to-day from Colonel Juggins's—been out to buy corn for my boys—in my ambulance. About a mile this side of Mr. Wright's I saw some one lying in the road—Mr. Arthur. He was waving his hand to me to make haste as far as I could see him. 'For Heaven's sake make haste, Mr. Withers!' he said, 'haste, haste!' I supposed he was anxious to get to a doctor, and placed him, as fast as I could, in the ambulance. 'Now drive for Mr. Wright's as hard as you can,' he says, 'never mind me. I am weak from loss of blood, but I can see a physician afterward. Fast, Mr. Withers, fast, fast!' he kept saying, which was unnecessary, for my boys were young; they always go when I am behind them, very fast indeed. I don't perfectly understand the thing," remarks Mr. Withers, pausing for a while, "but I will tell it all to you as it happened. All we drove along he would not say one word how he was wounded, only this: 'The instant we get to Mr. Wright's house,' he said, 'Mr Withers, leave the ambulance with me, run in and tell Mr. Wright as he loves his daughter to come out instantly, instantly! and see me one moment. You will find Dr. Peel there; don't mind him, any thing he says or does. You are a kind-hearted man, Mr. Withers, and a brave man, do as I tell you as you ever loved mother or sister,' he said; 'excuse my repeating it.'

"'Well, but what the mischief?' I began. 'I can not explain at all,' he says, 'can not, can not. Only do as I say, and that quick, for God's sake.'

"'But you may be in, by George! dying need of a doctor,' I began. 'On! on!' he only said; 'it's ten thousand times more important for me to get there in time than for me to live!'

"By that time we were at Wright's gate. There was a carriage before it. I began to suspect the thing. I dashed in and, by George! yes! There in the parlor they were! They must have gone in but that moment. Dr. Peel was on the floor, the most splendid-looking bridegroom I ever saw—broadcloth, ruffled shirt, gold chains, white satin vest, kid gloves, perfumes—in my life, big and magnificent as an emperor, handsomest fellow I ever came up with. By him was his bride, Miss Anne Wright, in a traveling dress. You know her, ladies; the least little bit of a lady, sweet and beautiful as a lily. Parson Barker had just begun when I dashed in. There was a tremendous to do, by George!" added Mr. Withers, with excitement; "it was all in a minute; I saw the couple standing there so beautiful and happy, saw Peel turn positively blue, knocked Parson Barker flat over in my hurry. I do not know how I managed it, but I had Mr. Wright out at the ambulance before he knew it. I was holding him there over Mr. Arthur lying pale as death in the bottom of the ambulance, his head on a cushion, when he seizes upon Mr. Wright's hand like a vice and waves me off, this way, with the other, serious as death.

"Wright was bewildered. Mr. Arthur drew him down and said a few quick words. Wright seemed actually frozen to the ground. I could see Mr. Arthur draw him down again and say something as rapidly and earnestly as a man could. Then he came tearing back past me, with the livid face of a devil. I never saw such a face as that before," remarked the speaker, with a shudder, "I never want to again. But Mr. Arthur beckoned me to get in. I did so. 'Now for a doctor as soon as we can, Mr. Withers, if you please,' he said; and then he added, 'I couldn't help it—he would have—God help him—what comes of it!' something like it, and fainted dead away. I put it to them boys I rather think, left him just getting out of his swoon on his bed at your house, Mrs. Sorel, came on for Dr. Warner, and that," adds Mr. Withers, passing his hand through his hair, "is all I know about it."

Without saying a word, Alice brought Mrs. Sorel her bonnet and shawl, and aided her to put them on, though with trembling hands. "I will take good care of mamma," she says, with a color in her face, a light in her eye, a tone in her voice such as sheds a new light upon Mr. Withers's mind.

First, indulging, as he eyes her, in a shrill whistle, strictly internal and inaudible, he remarks to himself: "But I don't see myself what business a preacher has with as pretty, by George! as splendid a girl as that. However, Arthur's a trump if he is a parson!" A little discontented, though.

"I am sure Mr. Withers will be kind enough to drive you home," says Alice, with beautiful eyes upon Mr. Withers.

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. Ambulance standing over at Dr. Warner's gate," replies Mr. Withers, promptly. But he lingers, with his hand upon the back of the chair upon which he has been seated. "There is one thing—I know nothing, you observe—I hope you will pardon my attending to such a matter. The fact is," says Mr. Withers at last, as by a desperate effort, "No human being ever hears about this matter from my lips. You ladies, I am sure, will never allude to it to a soul. Mr. Arthur has fixed it so the very bride, poor, poor thing! will never know the truth if her father only manages right. Mind, ladies, Mr Arthur has never whispered a syllable to me, by George! he has acted with the coolness as well as pluck of a Trojan, hasn't he? But I am satisfied, putting every thing together, perfectly satisfied that man Peel, Dr. Peel he was called, was, by George!—excuse me, it is almost impossible to believe it—was, after all, a—" The word sticks in Mr. Withers's throat. "I know the man that whispers it will be killed by Wright, as sure as I am standing here. But I am satisfied, by George!—excuse me—I *know* it now, it is the only thing that can explain it at all. Peel was a negro, a mulatto, I feel certain of it. Or was, I should say. If he is a living man this moment I am mistaken. At your service now, Madam." And Mr. Withers starts for the door, stands hesitating there a moment, and returns again.

"I hope you will be certain to excuse me, ladies, for mentioning such a matter before you—by far the most horrible thing I ever knew in, by George! my life. No other human beings besides yourselves will ever have a whisper of it from me. Fact is," continues Mr Withers, with a furtive glance at Alice, "I thought there were those here to whom all I did know about Mr. Arthur was solemnly due. Only, mind, I don't pretend to be certain, that about Peel not positively, you know. Feel morally satisfied myself, putting all things together, but couldn't undertake to swear it, by George! Ah, excuse me. Good-evening!"

"When he come rushin' out ob de back-door," the very black Parson Orange, a slock, rotund, exceedingly smooth-spoken and utterly unprincipled negro man, is saying, at that very moment, to Colonel Juggins's Jem, in the latter's cabin, "I thought de man was goin' to turn white, he was so pale! Dressed up!"—and Orange can only express the degree thereof by an exclamation often used by him in public prayer, and only suitable thereto. "Oh, yes, I had your Massa's blood-mare ready; it was my dream to do it, as I told you. Jest as it was in my dream—berry sure, berry spot, berry man rushin' out widout his hat, berry lips blue as I saw in my dream, Humph! Neber laugh at my visions again, will you?—heh, heh, heh!" nodding his wise head over the memory of it with wonder on wonder.

"Well, what den?" Jem breaks in upon Orange's ruminations.

"I'll believ in dreams from dis day out; always did. Oh, little more! 'Is dat you, Orange?' says he. 'All right'—jumps on dat mare and is gone. Jest like in a dream. Humph! I don't know but it all was a dream. Ef only your Massa can look at it in dat light 'bout his blood-mare," adds Orange, with a grin at his duller confederate. "Now see how much brighter I am dan you'd been, Jem. You would a hurried off. I didn't. No, Sir. Sot down flat on de ground; took off one shoe, and broke de string." With another grin.

"What dat for?" asks Jem, with respect.

"Listen, nigger: 'fore you could count one hundred, Mr. Wright he come tearing out after him, de white heat ob hell in his eyes, revolver cocked in his hands. Come upon me, happenin' dere fixin my shoes. 'Which way?' dat was all he said. 'Which way?' Man all dressed up, Massa? I asked. 'Which way?' dat is all he said, his pistol touchin' my nose, finger on de trigger, all de debèils in hell in his face. Dat way, Massa, dat way, I says, in a hurry, pintin dimetrically de wrong road. 'Tell Jack to follow me on Roan,' he says, and *he* is gone—exactly as in de dream."

"An' you told Jack," asks Jem, eagerly.

"Yes, Sar, de farder an' de faster *he* trabbel on dat road de better. Yes; I went on de place an' told Jack. But wasn't dere a muss in de house? Jack told me 'bout it while he was saddlin' Roan. Peel was on de floor to be married—actu'ly to be *married*, nigger, to Miss Anne. Yah! Ambulance drove up to de door; man jumped out, run in, carried de father out to it like a child. De instant he do it, Peel took out de back-door, knockin' ober de niggers crowded dere to see de ceremony; didn't eben stop for his hat. Parson, he run up stairs an' shut himself up; got to prayin' up dar, Jack said."

"Miss Anne?" asks Jem, with intensest interest.

"Jack say, when her father was hurried out one door, Peel run out ob de udder, she stood frightened out ob her wits. Sudden' her father came rushin' back, wild! Then she rushes for him, all in her bonnet and trabbling clothes an' hold him in her arms. Jack say she kept hollerin', 'I knew it, pa, I knew it; he didn't hide it; he told me he was a Union man. It was my fault; he wanted me to let him off if I would. I loved him, pa; don't kill him, don't kill him!' windin' herself about her pa like a snake, shrieking an cryin'—her pa sayin' nothin', only cursin' an' tryin' to get away. 'If you kill him kill me,' she said, Jack told me, 'I'm a Union woman; I hate de Souf; I hate de Confederacy; kill me too, me too, I love the Yankees, I hate de Secession!' Jack said it was all her pa could do to break from her, she wrapped herself all 'round him so.

"But he broke away at last, leavin' her dar on de floor in her bonnet an' things in a dead faint, poor thing! like a flower struck by lightning. Dey all lubbed her mightily, dem niggers, dey was all cryin' over her, said it would kill her dead. I 'member," added Orange, reflectively, "one day 'bout two weeks before, she was at a prayer-meeting we had over at your Massa's, Jem, you mind it? she shook hands with me in de front porch. 'I hope you'll do dem some good, Orange,' she said. Yes; an' smiled so sweet, sayin' it. Yes," adds Orange, after farther reflection, "she was for certain de sweetest an' beautifulest work of God *I* ebber see. 'Tis mighty pity!"

But time flies very fast, even though it accomplishes the greatest events as it flies. In the compass of two weeks after Mr. Arthur's wounding, the Confederacy, more like, now it has come and gone, some awful vision of inspired prophet than a reality, has, in the surrender of the last of its armies and in the capture of its Lucifer, expired from the face of the earth, only a terrible memory henceforth and forever. It is a pleasant June evening, and Mrs. Sorel and Alice are seated in Mr. Arthur's room. He is able to sit up now in an easy-chair, pale from loss of blood, but rapidly recovering. Her great affliction has left its traces upon Mrs. Sorel, if it were only in the fuller peace which has softened into a deeper, purer quiet the lines of her mouth, the light of her eyes. And Alice, seated by her lover's side as if they had been already long married, is serene of countenance, even though its paleness is heightened by the deep mourning in which she is clothed—double mourning—for at once brother and mother.

"Yes," Mrs. Sorel is saying, while Alice is silently sewing, with downcast eyes, "there is indeed the hand of a Father in it. That Mr Withers should have been able to say all that to her, and just then, how providential it was! 'I had feared, before, Mr. Arthur entertained sentiments—was one of a class whom I have been trained from infancy to regard with horror unspeakable,' she said to me when I went back to her next day. 'I have given over endeavoring to understand matters, Lizzie. I am content to leave it all in the hands of Him who doeth all things well. I withdraw now all objection in regard to Mr. Arthur. Ratledge Bowles is gone. I once regarded Mr. Arthur next to him. Though I do not, can not, in this life at least, understand matters, he must have had powerful reason for the course he pursued. You, Lizzie, and he and Alice, too, were calm and quiet while I was feverish; but we will speak no more about it,' she said, and kept repeating—you remember, Alice?—even to the end, 'He doeth all things well, doeth all things well.' You ought to love Alice very dearly, Mr. Arthur," adds Mrs. Sorel, gravely; "her mother was the truest lady I ever knew in all my life."

"God knows that I do that only too well," Mr. Arthur adds, as gravely, looking with fondest affection at Alice; "and," as she lifts her loving eyes to his, "I have loved her from the first moment I saw her with an ever-increasing affection. I will not speak of that, because no words can at all express it. My gratitude to God for giving me back at once my country and you, Alice, is unspeakable. And, of all the world, it is Brother Barker shall marry us! If I had been in his case I might have been—probably would have been—worse than he. We have both endured, darling, long and terrible trial. I hope we are fitted for the new world upon which we are entering together—a new world, Alice, with new duties, new sufferings, perhaps—who knows? But we are entering upon it together. I ask no more, love, than that!" Unconsciously to both of them, their hands lie upon the arm of the easy-chair, clasped in one. But at this moment Robby comes into the room soberly as he can, yet in greatest excitement.

"Mr. Brooks, oh, Mr. Brooks!" he exclaims, and holds up a warning hand—"Listen!"

Sure enough. The distant music of a military band. Very faint, yet they can hear it as they sit with suspended breath. Nearer now and louder. What is the air? Wait. Still nearer. And the lover takes the other hand in his, one there already. Nearer. Their eyes meet inquiringly. Still nearer the music sounds—music loud, clear, sweet exceedingly. Robby and his mother have turned, are looking the other way, attentive only in that direction, and the lips, too, of the lovers meet. For the tune is plain now. And it is not Hail Columbia. Nor the Star-Spangled Banner. Nor yet Yankee Doodle. It is—to these two of all tunes on earth!—Home, Sweet Home.

TO

The Men and the Women of the South,

OVERCOME,

but as the gallant ship is overcome, by the gales which smite it from God, only to bear it onward;

OVERCOME, NOT OF MAN,

but by the sublime Will of Heaven, too mighty for the mightiest to resist, compelling all things toward the highest welfare of the world;

TO YOU

this Book is dedicated by one, if the humblest, not the least sincere and devoted of your number.

THE IMPENDING EUROPEAN WAR.

WE give on pages 424 and 425 a very accurate and comprehensive Map of Middle Europe, which is valuable not only as including the entire areas of the European conflict, now fairly entered upon, but also as embodying the latest surveys of European engineers.

We purpose, in a few paragraphs, to give here a general survey of this all-important conflict which, whatever be its results, must materially change the dynastic relations of the great continental Powers of Europe. It will be necessary, in the first place, to allude briefly to

THE TREATY OF VIENNA,

which in 1815 made a disposition of the map of Europe that has been the basis of all Continental diplomacy in Europe for half a century. This treaty was based on the downfall of the Bonapartist dynasty, and one of its fundamental principles was the perpetual expulsion of that dynasty from the throne of France. Since 1852 this principle has been annulled by the existence of the Second Empire inaugurated by the *coup d'état* of NAPOLEON III. Besides this change in principle there have also been some considerable changes made in the map of Europe, as settled by that treaty.

The Treaty of Vienna was signed by a larger number of states than had ever before united in a settlement of European affairs, including Austria, France, England, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Coming also immediately after the wide-spread shattering of old landmarks consequent upon French conquests, the rearrangement of territories amounted almost to a reconstruction. This reconstruction was based almost exclusively on dynastic considerations, the real welfare of nations and the tendencies of what are now called "nationalities" being scarcely thought of. Every where were nations, or fragments of nations, placed under foreign sovereignties. England's gain, indeed, was fully equaled by her loss in the new plan. She kept Malta, which was essential to her position in the Mediterranean, and where her rule was not unwelcome, for the sake of Europe generally she undertook the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, now got rid of, and to satisfy royal prejudices she also preserved the kingdom of Hanover, now also got rid of. In Italy, Milan and Venice were given to Austria, and Sardinia was confirmed to Piedmont; while the duchies of Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and Placentia were recognized as sham independent sovereignties, governed by collateral branches of the Austrian Hapsburg. Austria still further obtained possession of the Tyrol, Illyria, and Dalmatia. Prussia's gains were enormous, and, unlike many of the Austrian, were acquisitions of real power. With half of Saxony, nearly all Westphalia, Swedish Pomerania, and almost all the Lower Rhine Provinces, she started afresh as a rival of Austria far more formidable than before. In the North of Europe, Russia received Finland from Sweden; as a compensation for which Sweden received Norway, which was taken from Denmark, and Denmark, who was not represented at the congress, got nothing in return. As to Poland, the three great partitioners made some fresh rectification of boundaries. The innumerable small German States which had existed before the French Revolution, and which had been what diplomatists call mediatized, or, as plain people call it, swamped at the setting up of the Bonapartist Confederation

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of the Rhine—these all remained swallowed up by their powerful neighbors. Holland, having ceded her German possessions, was consoled with the Belgic provinces, and became a kingdom; and Switzerland remained much as before.

The changes which have been made in the map of Europe since 1815 have been mostly in the second and outer circles. The wars that have taken place have been distant from the centre. The wars in Turkey, Italy, and Denmark have left the great central region unvisited. The chief theatre of the great European conflicts and conquests, and changes of boundaries, and reconstruction of dynasties, of the Thirty Years' War, of the Seven Years' War, of the wars of Napoleon, has now had fifty years' exemption from the pressure of hostile armies, and fifty years of advancement in all that conduces to the prosperity of nations and the happiness of the people.

THE IMMEDIATE OCCASIONS OF THE PRESENT CONFLICT.

Middle Europe is decorated with two opposite peninsulas. The northernmost of these is Jutland, reaching into the North Sea; the southern is Italy, extending into the Mediterranean. The actual trouble in Europe has to do immediately with these; more indirectly, however, with the dogma of separated nationalities, which, replacing the old phantom of a balance of power, is the ruling idea of nineteenth-century diplomacy. Politically, as the ancient custom went, the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg belonged to Denmark; nationally, they belonged to Germany. Politically, Venetia belonged to Austria; nationally, it cohered with Italy. And to adjust these geographical, political, and tribal considerations, Europe has been perturbed for the last twenty years, and must at last go to war to settle them.

Schleswig and Holstein have for some hundreds of years been subject, almost invariably, to the crown of Denmark, though preserving as to each other and as to the Danes a certain independence. The treaty of Kiel, 1814, gave the two provinces territorially to Denmark, but left them members of the Germanic confederation.

A new monarch, Frederick VIII., coming to the Danish crown early in 1848, found the two duchies in open revolt. The German empire had just been set up, and the people of the duchies resolved to join it in name and fact. A war followed. It lasted, with varying fortunes, until 1850, when, the Danish armies becoming decisively triumphant, Prussia and Austria intervened with large bodies of troops. The revolt was subdued, and in 1851 the Great Powers sat down at London to talk over the destinies of the duchies; and it was determined, May 8, 1852, that upon the demise of the actual wearer of the Danish crown the latter should pass to Christian, Duke of Glücksburg, and the duchies remain, as before, members of the Danish monarchy.

The demise of the Danish crown occurred in 1863; the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg were revived; a fresh conference of the Great Powers was called, for Austria and Prussia, acting in behalf of the German Confederation, had overrun the duchies with their troops, and King Christian was on hand to secure the inheritance. The conference produced no fruit. The Danes were driven into the upper peninsula; the duchies were liberated, and forgetting the claims of the Diet, the two powers took possession of the duchies, and proceeded to dispose of them. Austria sold out her rights in Lauenburg, indefinable as they were, to Prussia, but agreed to govern the larger duchies in common with the associate power. Quarrels necessarily resulted. Prussia wanted to monopolize Kiel, an important port on the Baltic side; Austria was indisposed to this; and then, taking advantage of the extreme unpopularity of the Berlin Government in the duchies, it sought to secure a desirable influence in Northern Germany, by concessions and indulgences to the emancipated communities.

This state of conflict lasted until the summer of 1865, when, as the only alternative of war, a treaty was concluded at Gastein (August 15) by which, while neither Power gave up its eventual claims in the entire plunder, Prussia was left to domineer over Schleswig, while Austria was suffered to work its sweet will with Holstein. Austria, having tried to get back a slice of Silesia in exchange for Holstein, and been snubbed, was even disposed to consult the people of that duchy on their own affairs, and when a refugee journalist or two took advantage of Holstein hospitality to denounce the tyranny of Prussia just over the border, Austria would not surrender the offenders, or silence or punish them. So Prussia continued to menace the Austrians, until the latter some three months since saw the necessity of strengthening their northern frontier, which called for corresponding activity on the part of Berlin; and so with mutual manifestoes and useless parleyings the contending powers have urged on their armaments; and as a last resort, short of the ultimate resort of all, Austria has handed over the destinies of the duchies to the Federal Diet, and summoned the Estates of Holstein—measures which the Court of Berlin, embodied in the resolute Bismarck, chooses to denounce as the equivalent of a declaration of war.

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE WAR.

But the Schleswig-Holstein question and the Italian question are but the proximate occasions, and not the real cause of this war. The real cause is to be found in the rivalry between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in the Germanic Confederation—or rather, for the supremacy over a united Germany.

The secondary states of Germany must very shortly sink into the embraces of either Prussia or Austria; and this vast booty is the stake for which the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns are gaming. Prussia is powerful, but unpopular; Austria is extremely popular with the reigning houses, but weak in finance, and also weak in its diversity of subject races and in its Italian relations. At the present time the indications are that in the approaching conflict it is Austria that will enlist the Diet and its minor members in its favor; and that while Hanover and Saxony will affect neutrality, and submit, if need be, to be fought over, Wurtemberg and Bavaria will take the field by the side of Austria.

THE GERMAN BATTLE-FIELD.

This strife for the imperial crown of Germany must have a theatre distinctly traced by the necessities of the case. Each combatant must strike, if possible, mortally; its blow must therefore be at the heart; and he will be the victor whose blow first falls. Already we hear of an Austrian corps recalled from Holstein; there they would be beyond the chances of support, or supplies, or recall. It is along the frontier of Silesia and Saxony, under the shadow of the "Giant Mountains" which form the natural northern boundary of Bohemia, and within a day's ride by rail of Dresden, that Field Marshal Benedek has massed so much of the Austrian army as is to do the German campaign; in other words, the high road to Berlin is the objective point of Austrian strategy. To repel this movement, and to make good an advance upon Vienna, is the business that brings the Prussian infantry with their needle guns face to face with the Austrians.

If the Austrians make good their entrance into Saxony, and over the fertile hills and valleys of that happy kingdom, if they attain and pass the strong positions, fortified and held by Prussia on the Saxon frontier, the march to Berlin will be a parade. The narrow territories of Saxony are therefore the lists where the possibility of an Austrian occupation of Prussia is to be determined; and it is within the bounds of probability that Jena may a second time decide the fate of the Brandenburgs.

STRENGTH OF THE COMBATANTS.

The subjoined figures exhibit as clearly as figures usually do the apparent strength of the leading parties to this German quarrel:

	Area. Sq. Miles.	Population.	Army Mat.	Navy Vessels.	Debt.
Austria	255,121	37,000,000	800,000	59	$1,500,000,000
Prussia	108,213	19,304,843	700,000	90	None.

The great majority of the Prussian population are Germans, the total number of persons of non-German nationalities being only two millions and a half. Less than one-fourth of the Austrian population is German, as will be seen from the following estimate:

Germans	8,500,000
Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovacks	6,600,000
Poles	2,300,000
Russians	2,800,000
Slavonians	1,200,000
Croats	1,270,000
Servians	1,410,000
Bulgarians	25,000
Magyars	5,000,000
Italians (inclusive of Latins and Friauls)	3,000,000
Eastern Romans	2,700,000
Members of other races	1,430,000

THE SITUATION IN ITALY.

But Austria has to contend not only against Prussia, but against Italy also. After ages of agony under Austrian rule, the Italians, encouraged by the Bonaparte on the throne of France, arose in 1859, and with splendid gallantry began the too long-deferred task of expelling the hated "Tedeschi" from the peninsula. Before the task was completed the Bonaparte, who had promised thorough work from the Alps to the Adriatic, paused at the Mincio, and made at Villafranca a peace with the enemy.

To acquire Venetia has been the single idea of the Italians from July, 1859, to this moment. To sell it, to exchange it for other territory, to part with a foot of it on any terms but of the direst necessity, Austria has invariably refused; and its redemption has only been possible through ways of war. The Schleswig embroilment has offered the Italian King an opportunity he could not decline. Minister Von Bismarck has not failed to stimulate the hesitating ambition of King Victor; the Court of Vienna asserts, and events justify the belief, that a secret treaty compels Prussia and Italy to assume the offensive simultaneously. Such has been the intense feeling of the Italians on the Venetian question that the postponement of active hostilities thus long has put the popularity of their king in peril; and to disband his enormous standing army without a blow would be to encounter the risk of a popular outbreak.

Austria has assigned some three hundred and fifty thousand men, commanded by the Archduke Albert, to the defense of Venetia. The Italians have about an equal number of regular troops confronting them, commanded in chief by General Della Marmora, with the veteran generals Cialdini and Durando as subordinates. But the most effective part of the peninsular army is the volunteer force, headed by Garibaldi, numbering already one hundred thousand of the Italian youth, drawn from every province of the kingdom, and largely reinforced by refugees from Venetia.

The province for the freedom of which the war is to be waged lies in the northeastern angle of Italy. It is bounded westerly by the River Mincio and the Lago di Garda, northerly by the Alps, southerly by the Po, while its eastern verge rests upon the Adriatic and the Austrian territories of Trieste and Dalmatia.

To defend this outlying bit of empire Austria has established on the only approachable land side a quadrangle of fortifications, so formidable as almost to forbid access. They are the great fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Legnano, and Verona; Mantua, in the centre of a low-lying district, all of which may be flooded in periods of danger, and it is flooded at present; Peschiera, at the foot of the Lago di Garda, commanding that beautiful water, and forming the northern extremity of a chain of defenses which render the Mincio from Mantua to the Lake practically impassable; Verona, with its fortified camp, and Legnano, in the rear of Peschiera and Mantua, forming the supports of the others, and intimately connected with the German frontier, and the ultimate base of Austrian defense, by the Venetian system of railroads, now used exclusively by government. The swamps of the Po debar an Italian advance by the way of the Romagna. To assault Venetia the fleet of the "gentleman King" may approach Venice, or threaten Pola and Trieste; the regular army of Della Marmora may attack the defenses of the Mincio, from which Napoleon III. recoiled; and the volunteers, swarming across the Lake, or—in keeping with the intrepid tactics of Garibaldi—turning its northern extremity—may appear on the Austrian flank.

The kingdom of Italy has an area of 98,784 English square miles, with a population, according to the last census, taken in the spring of 1864, of 21,703,710 souls. It has a seafaring population of 158,692 individuals, nearly all of whom are liable to the maritime conscription. The military organization of the kingdom is based on conscription, and the standing army consists of more than 200,000 men on a peace footing, and more than 400,000 on a war establishment. The navy of the kingdom consisted in 1865 of 98 steamers of 20,760 horse-power with 2160 guns, and 17 sailing vessels with 279 guns; altogether, 115 men-of-war with 2439 guns. Italy has a public debt of nearly eight hundred millions of dollars.

ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

The position taken by France in connection with the war is thus announced by the Emperor in a letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in which his Majesty, after detailing the efforts made in common with England and Russia to prevent an armed conflict, says:

"Had the Conference assembled my Government would have declared that France repudiated all idea of territorial aggrandizement so long as the European equilibrium remained undisturbed. France could only think of an extension of her frontiers in the event of the map of Europe being altered to the profit of a great Power, and of the bordering provinces expressing by a formal and free vote their desire for annexation. In the absence of these circumstances the French Government prefers to any territorial acquisition a good understanding with its neighbors, resulting from its respect for their independence and their nationality. We should have desired for the Germanic Confederation a position more worthy of its importance; for Prussia, better geographical boundaries; for Austria, the maintenance of her great position in Europe after the cession of Venetia to Italy in exchange for territorial compensation. The Conference has failed. Will France be led to draw the sword? The French Government thinks not. Whatever may be the result of the war which may break out, no question affecting us will be resolved without the assent of France. France, therefore, will continue to observe an attentive neutrality, confident in her right and calm in her strength."

This review of the European situation has been compiled from various sources. The best paper which has been published in this country on the subject appeared in the New York *Evening Post* for June 23. From this paper we have made extended extracts, using mainly the writer's own words without quotation.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Very Expensive Breaches—breaches of promise.

A Scotchman being asked to say what he thought "real music," answered, "Real music! hoot mon, gin ye wad hear real music, listen to the bag-pipes!"

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that greeted the amazed questioner.

A compass is said to have thirty-two points. The compass of some men's minds has no point at all.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" was asked of a pupil.—"A birch branch, sir; the master has used almost a whole tree."

A toast-begot for Drinkers.—A lady made her husband a present of a silver cup with an angel at the bottom, and when she filled it for him he used to drink it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop. "Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel." Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason. "Why," replied he, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

Tom Kirkham used to tell of a friend of his dropping in about dinner-time on an old lady who invited him to draw up to the table. There was a huge pile of the pot-order for dinner. The old lady helped him bountifully, and he being hungry, was doing justice to it. "Stranger," said the old lady, "you will find almost every sort of meat in this pie." "Yes, Madam," said he, "and fish too," as he drew from between his lips what he imagined was the back-bone of a cod horse or sucker. "Lord have mercy," exclaimed the old woman, "if there ain't our fine-tooth comb that Billy lost two weeks ago!"

A lady was told the other day, by a traveling gentleman, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government. "Is it possible?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added, "and if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to the fullest extent. The gentleman became much alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. Job Squires says he has known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet.
Her curls of jetty brightness
Were charmingly in tune
With the color on her features,
For the hue was Nature's own.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the hair that Nature gave her
Above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion,
When next we met, she wore
The expression of her features
Was sharper than before.
And standing by her side was one
Who seemed to give her pain,
As he rubbed the reddening field on
What should have held a brain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the barber's nasty liquid
Smeared on her snowy brow.

And once again I met her—
No radiant locks were there;
An ill-taken wig she wore
Instead of lovely hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
Because she looks so queer!
The barber's poison has destroyed
Her hair from ear to ear.
I saw her but a moment,
Nor want to see her now,
With those ugly proofs of folly
Above her snowy brow.

"Sir, your account has been standing for two years, and I must have it settled immediately." To which the customer replied, "Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a while."

Short visits are the best, as the fly said when he alighted on a hot stove.

An old lady who recently visited Oneida, New York, was asked on her return if the canal passed through that village? She paused a while and answered, "I guess not; I didn't see it; and if it did it must have gone through in the night when I was asleep."

Wanted—a feather from the dovetail of a carpenter.

The late Dr. Seymour was asked if he considered tight lacing bad for consumption? "Not at all; it is what it lives on." A wise and witty reply.

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he will manufacture a glove for Gen. Intelligence.

Jenkins thus describes the fixings of a New York belle: "She wore an exquisite hyphalution on her head, while her train was composed of transparent fal-de-rol, and her petticoat of crambambuli, flounced with Brussels three-ply, of A No. 1."

A jovial doctor on being asked, "How do you treat the cholera?" replied, "Treat it with unmitigated contempt."

Ahead of Uncle's Next Line.—The following advertisement appears in a Massachusetts paper:

"Notice.—The subscriber hereby forbids any person marrying Rosalinda Pratt, she having promised to marry me. Stephen Phillips."

Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy?—Because it is a fellow-feeling for a fellow-creature.

Mrs. Whiggles expressed her disappointment the other day on taking up the paper thus: "Lor' sakes! there ain't a single living person dead that I know! It seems to me there ain't no news in this 'ere paper."

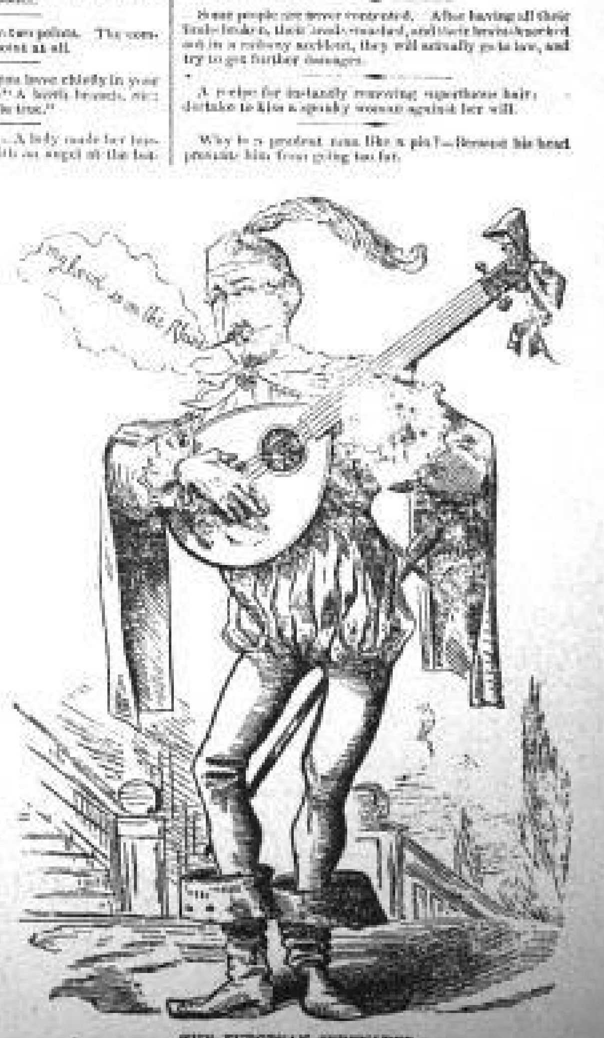
Men who fight duels generally have two seconds to live after they are dead.

To Kill Ants.—Hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

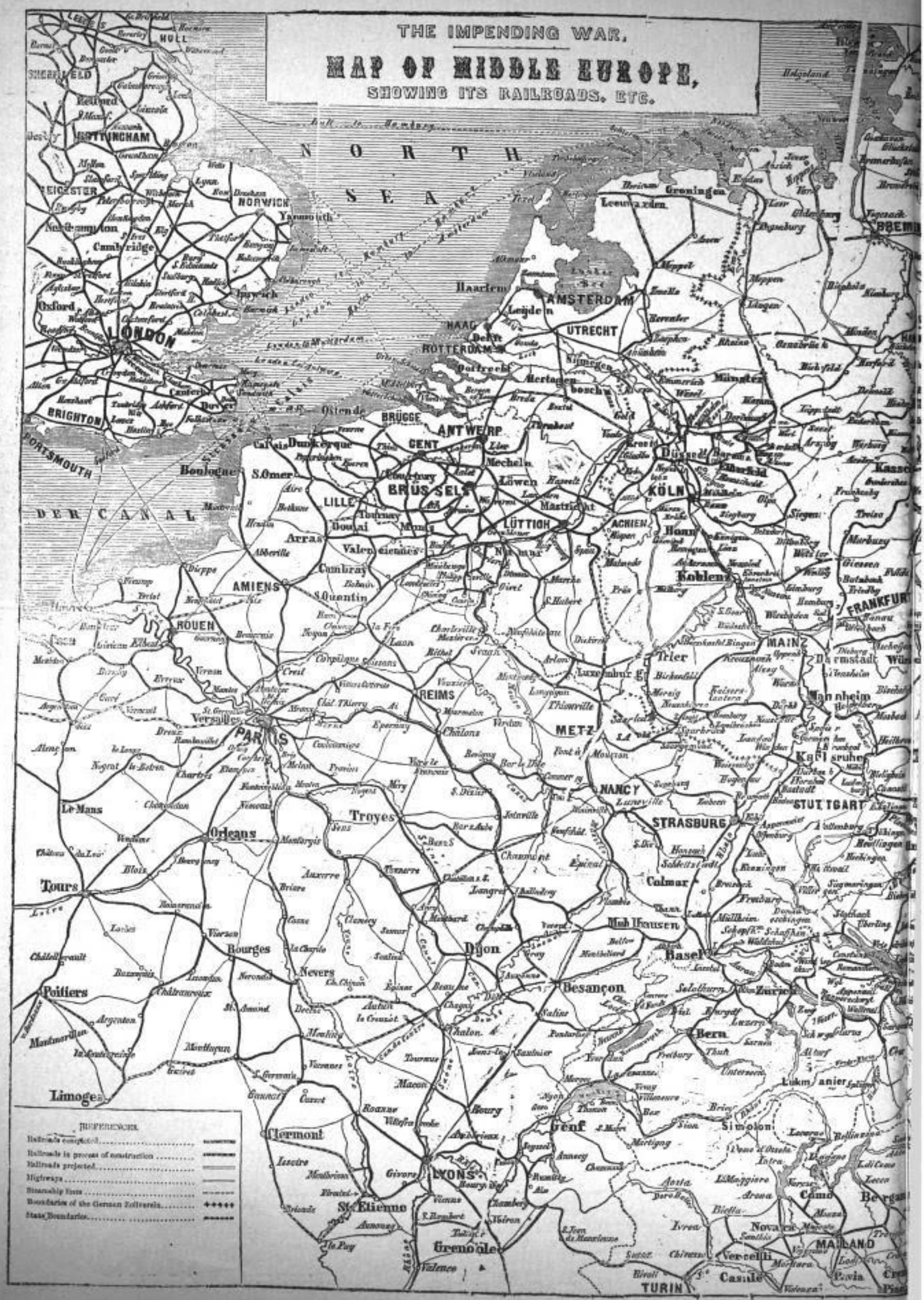
Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out in a railway accident, they will actually go to law, and try to get further damages.

A recipe for instantly removing superfluous hair: Undertake to kiss a spunky woman against her will.

Why is a prudent man like a pin?—Because his head prevents him from going too far.



THE EUROPEAN SERENADER.



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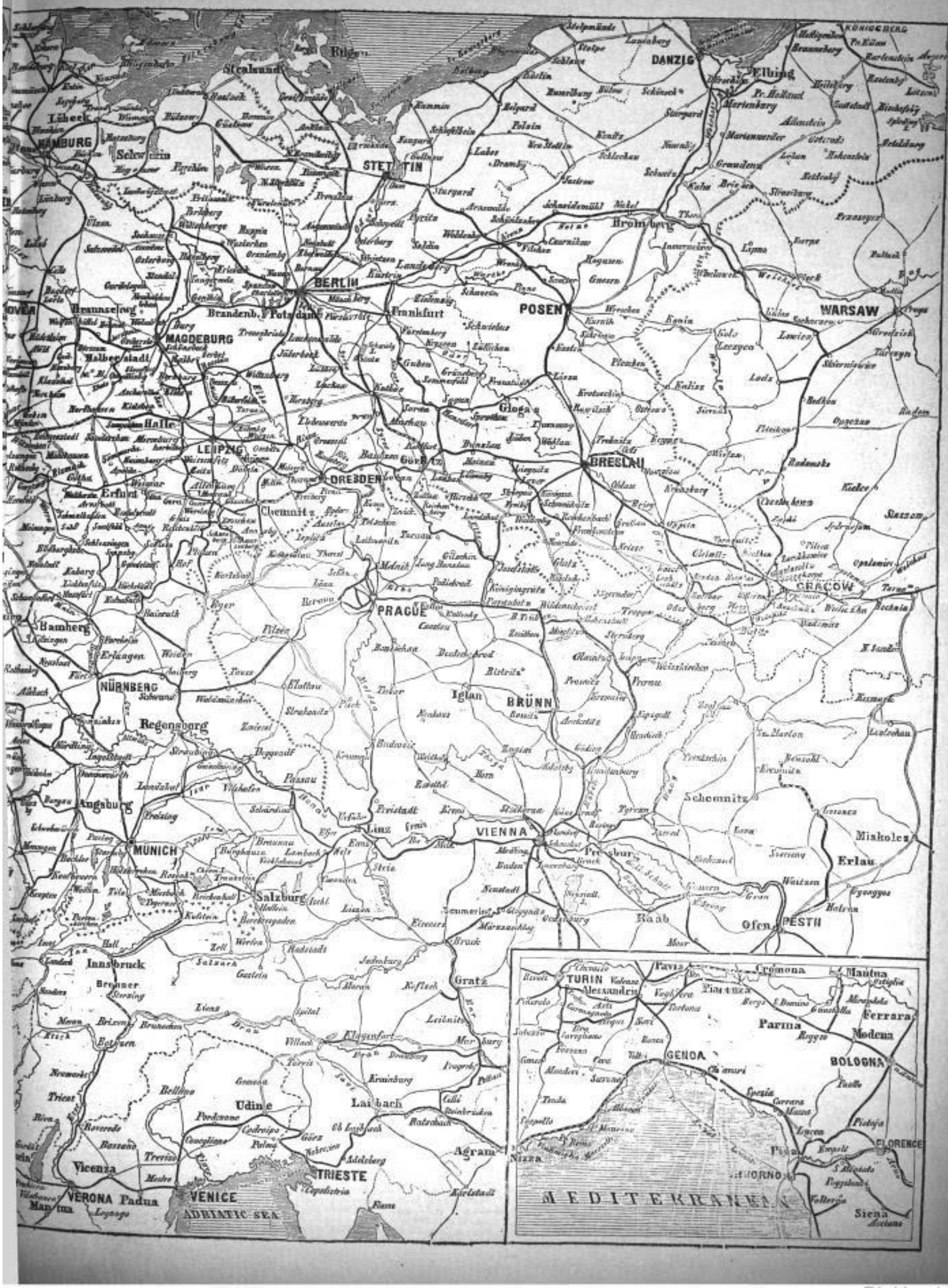

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Now if there had been any unconcerned spectator in the old work-shop that afternoon, he would have seen that so much sunshine was not without its shadow; and of all places in the world it lay on the gentle face of little Prim. Quite unnoticed, however; for Clover and Lily were too full of their own joy, and Sam too busy and interested in examining the new tools, to give heed to much else, and Prim's delight had been so very evident at first, that afterward it might well be taken for granted. No eyes were brighter than hers when the great package was first brought in, none watched more eagerly to see the wrappings taken off one by one. But when Clover and Lily had untied all their tools, and Sam was hard at work upon the third little package, Prim's face began to wear a look that was more anxious than glad. With great intentness she followed every motion of Sam's fingers, as he unfolded her small tools; just glancing at hoe and rake and spade with a look that said, plainly, "*That* is not it," passing them by in a search for something else. And when, at last, the little trowel and fork appeared, Prim gave them all one more glance and turned away. Silently she stooped down and picked up the stiff brown wrapping papers, laying them one by one together in another place, and then looked down at the bare floor at her feet, where clearly there was nothing more. But nobody saw it all; and Prim stood quite still, struggling with something that swelled her little heart almost beyond control; and when Lily said, "Let's go and show mamma," Prim hurriedly gathered up her tools and followed the others into the house. If once or twice on the way Prim's little hand made a swift dash at her eyes, all that Clover and Lily knew about it was that Prim had dropped her trowel. But Mrs. May saw the whole thing in a moment; saw the slight quiver of the child's lips as she came in, and the shining under her eyelashes that was not of joy, and the listless droop of the hands that held the new tools. It was well for Prim that the other two were so full of their own glad exclamations; and she drew back behind them, and thought herself quite hid.

"Just look! mamma," cried Lily; "did you ever see any thing so perfect? See, mamma, that's a hoe."

"Yes, I know so much as that," said Mrs. May. "And this is a spade."

"This is a spade," repeated Lily; "splendid, isn't it? Just feel how light it is! Why, Sam says one could dig all day with such a spade."

"Could one?" said Mrs. May, with a very doubtful raising of her eyebrows, as her unwonted fingers took hold of the spade (the first one they had ever touched). "It looks like a very fine tool, my dear; and I dare say you will find it quite equal to my grandmother's needles."

"And, mamma, do you see these beautiful weeding forks?" said Clover. "Sam says they're so good 'for obstinate weeds.'"

"Papa needn't have got 'em for *that*," said Lily, twirling round on both toes. "There'll never be any weeds in my garden, obstinate or compliable."

"What a charming garden!" said Mrs. May, admiringly. "Pray is that word one of Jack's importations?"

"No, mamma—Robin's."

"I think I would let Robin keep it, if I were you," said her mother. "But where are Prim's tools?"

"Here, mamma," answered a sober little voice off in the distance.

"Oh yes, you should see them, mamma," said Clover; "they're so very pretty, so small and delicate. I think Prim's tools are almost the prettiest of all. Come and show them to mamma, dear—I didn't mean to get before you so. Prim was so delighted, mamma!"

But there was no delight on the child's face as she came forward, and her mother's ear even caught a long-drawn breath that was very near being a sob; and it was with almost an air of weary relief that Prim piled the tools on her mother's lap and stood with free hands.

"Yes, this is a dear little spade," said Mrs. May as she examined them. "I do believe I could dig with this myself."

A watery little smile gleamed out on Prim's face for a minute, but she said not a word.

"Well, are these all the tools papa got for you?" said Mrs. May. "Are these enough? They seem very few to me."

"Oh yes, mamma!" said Clover.

"More than enough, *I* think," said Lily. "I don't see what we're to do with the spades myself. Sam is to dig the ground for us."

"But we want to learn how," said Clover.

No word from Primrose, but only a tight clasp of the two little hands together.

"Then I may tell papa that you are satisfied?" said Mrs. May.

"Perfectly! perfectly!" said Lily, with another twirl. "We're just as happy as it's possible to be."

"A great deal more than satisfied, mamma," said Clover, softly. "Please tell papa so."

Still little Primrose said nothing, except with that same long breath again.

"Now run off and hang up your tools in the tool house," said Mrs. May. "Prim is tired—she must stay here and rest with me a while, and then we will come out together."

"Mamma," said Lily, gathering up her tools, and dropping first the hoe and then the weeding-fork—"oh dear! mamma, what was that about your grandmother's needles?"

"Our great-grandmother's needles," corrected Clover.

"It's all the same thing," said Lily.

"But it does not sound respectful to speak as if we had nothing to do with her," said Clover.

"I'm sure *I* never had much," said Lily, "seeing she died about a hundred years before I was born. Well, mamma?"

"When I was a little girl," said Mrs. May, "I used to get into a great deal of trouble over my sewing. I never could take small stitches, and I never could finish my seam, and so on. It is not at all an uncommon case."

"Yes, I know," said Lily, hastily. "Well, mamma?"

"And when I sat sighing over my work, my grandmother used to say to me: 'Dear, what is the matter?' And I, in the deepest trouble, would answer: 'I can't ever do this, I know!' Then my grandmother would say, cheerfully, 'Oh, I must lend you one of my famous needles, that will bring it all right.' So the dear old lady would open her work-table and take out her needle-book of crimson and blue brocade—but old and faded then—and choosing from its shining store a needle that was just the proper size, she would hand it to me, saying: 'There, love, there is one of my famous needles. Now if you will put it in just right, and take it out just right, it will do every bit of the rest of the work itself.'"

"Mamma!" exclaimed Lily, quite indignantly, while Clover laughed, "I don't want my spade to be like that, I'm sure. Come, Clover, let's go hang up our tools." And away they went, leaving Primrose in her mother's lap.

"Mamma," said little Primrose, after a minute's silence, "did the needles really do as she said?"

"I think they did, when I fulfilled the conditions," said Mrs. May, smiling. "And are you quite satisfied with your new tools, dear? Shall I tell papa so?"

A little hesitation, then Primrose answered, slowly:

"They're beautiful, mamma."

"And are you perfectly satisfied?" said her mother. "Papa will be sure to ask me."

"Mamma!" said Prim, with a tone of dismay.

"I thought," said her mother, gently, "that you did not seem quite so much pleased as Clover and Lily. If any one of the tools is not just right, you know it can be changed."

"They're beautiful, mamma!" said Prim, looking distressed.

"Then you have not quite all that you want?" said her mother. "Is that it?"

"It's so ungrateful!" said poor Primrose, her lips trembling.

"What is it, love?" said her mother. "Oh yes, I must know. Is there something else you would like to have?"

"Mamma, it's *dreadful*," said Primrose. "Papa is so good, and took so much trouble."

"Then there is something else?"

Prim nodded her little head despairingly.

"What is it?" said her mother, smiling. "Not a plow, I suppose?"

"Oh no, mamma. Please don't mind," said Primrose. "I think I shall get over it."

"What then?" said her mother.

"Mamma—it was only—my little watering-pot," said Primrose. "Oh, it's so ungrateful!"

"Not a bit," said her mother, gayly; "is that all the matter? Now listen, and learn how safe it is to tell me every thing. When papa was just going away again, after he had brought home the tools, he stepped back and said to me: 'The watering-pots did not come, after all; there has been some mistake. I forgot to speak to the children about it. But they can drive over to Hickory Corner some day, and choose for themselves. There are any quantity there, at the tinman's.'"

"Mamma," said little Primrose, a while after, as she and her mother and the new tools went hand in hand along the walk to the tool-house; "don't you think papa is almost the very best person in the whole world?"

Which "almost," be it known, was put in by Primrose only to keep a place for her mother on the same platform of absolute perfection.

SUMMER BOARDING.

I HAD been spending the winter with my cousin Alice Evans, and of course had heard, every month or two, that invariable suggestion of city people: "Where *shall* we go for the summer?" And this suggestion, it seemed to me, would come at the coldest and most unsuggestive times; when the thermometer stood below zero, for instance, and "the wind was howling in turret and tree."

To one who lived in a country town, like myself, this desire "to get away from the bricks and mortar," as Uncle Ralph expressed it, was inexplicable. I liked the bricks and mortar, the warm, brilliant rooms, the crowd, the bustle, the shops, and the parties; and summer, to me, had always been a "waiting time" to this delightful season.

"I can't see, Alice, why it is you are in such a hurry to leave a convenient house like this for some little poky country bedroom!" I ejaculated out of my amazement one morning, as I dressed my hair by the great mirror in Alice's luxurious room, thinking all the time of the twelve inches of glass that swung over her dressing-table at Shell Beach last summer.

Alice was in the little dressing-closet, putting her pretty face through its morning ablutions. And she managed to sputter out in answer, between the dashes of water:

"That's because you—were—b-b-born—to the country. And"—splash, splash, "people—never appreciate their inheritance. I was born to—to—city—life; and I want a change—ju-ju-just as you did when you came here."

And here a final splash and a gasp, and my cousin emerged from the dressing-room toweling her face with an energy that left it as rosy as a milkmaid's.

"You want a change, Al? Well, I don't think much of your change. Why, it wasn't half as pleasant down at Shell Beach with your mosquitoes, and fleas, and little tucked-up rooms as it is here."

"Sara, you're a goose! Do you think we are going to stay all summer in these brick walls because they have, as the papers say, 'all the modern conveniences?'"

I laughed.

"But you needn't hurry off from them certainly as you did last summer, before the first roses had come. I'm sure it isn't a very pleasant change, to shiver in lodgings through those early June days."

Alice turned upon me through a bright maze of yellow hair which she was getting up *à la pompadour*.

"Sara, what a practical idiot you are! *Do* you suppose that the change I look for is simply of things—the bedrooms and what they contain, or don't contain? Haven't you at four-and-twenty a particle of sentiment left in you, enough to know that it is the change in faces—the people, and not the place or its things? What is that Emerson says about every new person being an event to him? That's my case exactly. Every new person is, or I expect will be"—and here she laughed archly—"an event to me. But I get tired waiting for such an event as a new person in town. I've seen the same men, or the same kind of men, for the last four winters here. They don't vary a hair. Just two types. English and Parisian. Mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache. Goodness, Sara, they are ringing the bell for the third time for us! Do put that hair-pin in for me!" And with that third bell still ringing we went down to breakfast. Uncle Ralph nodded at us over his coffee-cup. "I guess you overslept yourselves, girls," said Aunt Mary, looking up in her careless, kind way.

"So would you, mamma, if you had been kept awake by that tiresome fiddle as I was. Scrape, scrape, scrape. He was at it half the night I do believe."

"Who is *he*, pray?" asked Uncle Ralph.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's somebody in the next house—somebody who plays every night regularly. I hate a fiddle any way all by itself. And then the tunes, or the attempts at tunes! That everlasting 'Annie Laurie.' 'Ma-ax-walton's banks are bonnie,'" drawled out Alice in such comic imitation of the usual rendering, or murdering, that we all laughed. And before the laugh was over Alice said, mischievously:

"Papa, Sara wonders we don't stay here all summer. She thinks our 'modern improvements' more than enough to compensate for country air, and all that sort of thing."

"'All that sort of thing' meaning new faces, Uncle Ralph," I broke in.

"Oh yes, Say! I know the ins and outs of this young woman," Uncle Ralph returned, in his jovial way. "I know her 'tricks and her manners.'"

Then he finished his third or fourth cup of coffee—Alice used to declare there was no end to the cups of coffee her father could drink—and deliberately drawing his napkin across his lips, leaned back with one of his great comfortable sighs, and said:

"Well, girls, I believe I have found just the place for the summer."

Alice became at once in a state of the greatest excitement.

"Where in the world is it, papa?"

"Sherman told me of it—Dick Sherman. He says it's the prettiest place he knows."

"Papa, will you give us the name?" cried Alice, exasperated at his cool delay.

"Oh! Mount Heron—up there by the Wilder's place, you remember."

"To be sure I remember. And haven't I begged and entreated to be taken there at least a dozen times, and didn't you always say that it was too far off. And now, when Mr. Sherman gives it a puff for the first time, you think it is of enough importance to consider it. If it had been *Mrs.* Sherman now, you wouldn't have given it a moment's thought. Papa, you are a dear old muff!"

And Alice gave "papa" a little pinch, looking at him with delighted eyes all the time.

So it was very soon settled all about Mount Heron. And it was settled, too, that instead of my returning to Eskville I should keep on with them to the mountains. I liked this very much, for I knew something about Mount Heron too; and I knew that there was something better to be had there than little poky rooms, and that never a mosquito or a flea dared to show themselves in that region.

"You horrid, practical thing!" cried Alice, as I remarked this to her. "You're always thinking of rooms and creature-comforts. Pity you couldn't take some of these 'modern conveniences' with you that you prize so much. Now you see my mind is exalted to one anticipation. The new person who is to be an event to me." She laughed gayly as she said this, resuming in a moment: "But seriously, Sara, I do think a great deal of this change in society. One really meets very little variety here. It's all 'our set,' you know; and when a new person comes, why they seem all of the same pattern. And I do like individual people, somebody out of 'our set;' and one is sure to meet them at a summer resort."

"And one must have lots of pretty things for this meeting, Alice," I returned, quietly, but with a sly look at the yards of muslin and cambric and tissue which lay upon the bed ready to be metamorphosed into becoming peignoirs and dinner-dresses.

Alice made one of her odd little grimaces at me, and went on with her memorandum—a memorandum which we filled out the next day. Mercy, what loads of things we bought! What jackets and jockeys and organdies and "sea-sides." I wonder if all city girls buy just such things, and so many of them, for these summer resorts? I asked Alice the question, and she opened her eyes at my ignorance.

"Just such things? Yes, and ten times as many. Why I'm very economical, Sara," she answered.

I have no reason to doubt her assertion, but to my country ideas it did seem, as black Martha said, "An awful heap of things."

This was in April, and the days drew on apace when we should leave the much-abused brick-and-mortar, and start for Mount Heron. Lovely days they were of sunshine and soft airs, when we could let our windows stand open for hours. This was very delightful, and we should have enjoyed it vastly if it hadn't been for one thing. That neighbor of ours who had early in the season confined his violin practice to late evening, now, moved perhaps into more musical humor by the coming of the spring, was "at it," to use Alice's exasperated expression, "morning, noon, and night."

Well, it did seem as if we never laid down for a nap after a tiresome shopping, or attempted any thing where we wanted our nerves quiet, but what that bow would set to scraping. And whatever else he played he always wound up with "Annie Laurie." One day when he came to the line, "I'd lay me down and die," Alice grated her teeth and cried out, savagely, "Well, I wish to goodness he would!" But he didn't. He lived, and certainly throve, as that industriously handled bow could have witnessed. And we lived and bore it, now with a laugh, but oftener with abuse and anathema.

"This is the fun of living in the city in blocks, Miss Sara," Alice flung out at me more than once. "Last spring it was a baby. As soon as I got my windows open in April my ears were saluted a dozen times a day by the most terrific screams you ever heard. What could I do? The thermometer kept rising until I was nearly suffocated, and up would go my window, and, presto! up would go that baby's voice. When I saw the family moving in the fall I congratulated myself. And here, in their place—in the place of that baby—is this man with his horrid fiddle!"

I began to see that there were two sides to a question; and that the "modern conveniences" might have an offset in this close proximity of quarters, especially when it was warm enough to open one's windows. But all things come to an end, even annoyances; and by the first of June we had left the fiddle behind us, and were making our way to the great hills around and about Mount Heron.

"Now, Sara, isn't this nice?" asked Alice, as she looked about our room. Yes, it was very nice. "And you can't call this poky now, can you?" No, I acknowledged that I couldn't.

It was very nice indeed, and we prepared to enjoy ourselves vastly. And it was not hard to find enjoyment at Mount Heron. There was plenty to do, plenty to see, and, it seemed, no end to the new people who were continually coming. But it was not until the beginning of July that the place was really filled with guests. And it was about this time that Alice began to enjoy herself most thoroughly. A little of a coquette was my pretty cousin, and a little self-indulgent and epicurean. Qualities which might lead her on to a selfish end, unless that "destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," had a different ordering of some great special softening for her. I thought of this more and more every day as I watched her. She was gay and brilliant and fascinating, and a little fast in her exterior—nothing more, I am sure. And though I knew she had, as she said, a taste for "individual people," "somebody out of our set," yet somehow it always happened that she waltzed and rode and croqueted with just the two types she had designated so indifferently—the men with the mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache—the fashionable young fellows, in short, whom she professed to be tired of. One day I chaffed her about this, somewhat unmercifully I confess; asking her, satirically, if this was the way in which she carried out her fine ideas, etc., etc. She laughed, colored a little, and then answered, with a good deal more spirit than the occasion appeared to warrant:

"Sara, you must always stick so persistently to the letter of one's words. I do like individual people just as much as ever, but I don't think it is necessary for them to look unlike or seem unlike other people in society in every particular by any means. You remember how that dandy, Cursford, astonished us all by his splendid behavior in the war? And further back, Miss Sara, just think of those young heroes at Balaklava. They were dandies too, half of them, and yet, spite of their dandyism at home, they turned out to be very individual people, I think."

"Alice," and I bent forward and scrutinized that pink face under the round hat—"Alice, I believe, after all, that one of these dandies is turning out an 'event' to you; and you've come all the way to Mount Heron to find him when you had 'em by the dozen at home."

"He isn't a dandy—no such a thing; he only dresses like other people; and I hate that ridiculous affected reformatory artistic style, or whatever you call it, which some men assume to try to show themselves superior. I don't think it is an evidence of sense or wisdom. I believe in conformity in such matters, and I believe that any real individual person won't stop to fight fashion; they'll have something better to do!"

And completely out of breath Alice stopped. But she had run her tilt right into the enemy's camp and betrayed herself fairly.

"Oh, Alice, Alice, so the great event has arrived! Who is he? where is he?"

My cousin by this time had recovered herself sufficiently to see how useless it was for her to attempt denial; and so with a half-laugh, and a half-frown, and a very high color, she said:

"Now, Sara, you needn't make any more of it than is necessary, for I am not by any means engaged to any body yet; but—"

She ceased speaking so suddenly that I looked up from the fern-leaves I was painting for the reason, and found her bowing to some one outside with the most enchanting smile, and with a little lost look in her eyes which apprised me at once that the "event" was passing. I bent farther forward to the entire destruction of one of my ferns and my white muslin sleeve, and looked down, to see a tall young gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers, and the usual faultless *tout ensemble* of "our set." Alice did not stop to finish her explanation to me after this, but with a restless movement or two, a settling of the feather in her hat, and a glance at the glass, she was out of the room; and the next thing there she

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was strolling up a hill-path with the new "event." I returned to my ferns laughing inwardly, and wondering how it would end. Was Alice, this little, gay, coquettish Alice, with her fine ideas and her theories, really touched at last, and by the very type of man whom she had always affected to half despise? It looked very like it I had to confess. That evening there was a "hop" in the hall, and as I stood talking to one of the young Warehams Alice came up from a waltz with the identical gentleman.

"This is Mr. Alney, Sara; my cousin Miss Chester, Mr. Alney."

I received a very pleasant smile from the very handsome mouth shrined between those mutton-chop whiskers, and then the usual commonplaces were gone through with about the weather, and the room being warm, etc., until another waltz struck up, and another aspirant came flying across the floor to keep his engagement with Alice; and so it happened that I was left alone with Mr. Alney, for by this time young Wareham had disappeared. Again the very pleasant smile from the handsome mouth, and,

"Will you waltz, Miss Chester?"

"No, I didn't care to," and I told him so. "But pray, Mr. Alney, don't let me keep you here. There's Katy Wareham now who will be delighted to dance, I dare say; let me introduce you. See that pretty young girl in blue across there;" and saying this I had already started forward a step or two toward Katy, expecting my companion to follow. But he stopped me with his outstretched hand laid on my sleeve and the words:

"Stay a moment, Miss Chester. I can do something besides dance; and if you have no objection I won't know Miss Wareham just yet."

There was a queer, quizzical look in his face, a glimmer of fun in his eyes as he said this which made me strongly suspect that he had a suspicion of my probable estimate of him.

Well, we staid there and talked. It wasn't a very remarkable conversation. We neither of us said any thing very wonderful; yet at the end of it I knew that Mr. Alney was neither wanting in sense nor manliness. Perhaps, after all, he might turn out to be one of those strongly individual persons whom Alice affected so much. It was pretty evident that she fancied he was now. As I thought this I looked up at the immaculate neck-tie, the carefully-arranged hair, and faultless detail of elegant attire. It was too faultless by half, too careful. "I should like you better, or at least believe in your possibilities more," was the conclusion of my thought, "if you were not quite so much of a dandy."

But my thoughts were of very little consequence in this matter. There were just two people who were concerned here, and these two seemed to be perfectly well suited with the development of things. I was not surprised, therefore, when one evening Alice came up and acquainted me with the fact of her engagement to Mr. Richard Alney. I offered my congratulations in the prettiest way I could, but I couldn't quite conceal the amusement I felt at the recollection of her words about the mutton-chop-whisker-men of "our set." But then, as Alice said, I did stick so persistently to the letter of one's words.

"I know what you mean, Sara!" she exclaimed, half laughing herself as I told her I was glad that her great "event" had come to her at last. "I know you think I have come all the way to Mount Heron to find what I might have found in any drawing-room in New York—a superfine dandy. But you are mistaken. Richard is nothing of the kind, though he does wear his hair parted in the middle sometimes."

"Oh, does he?" I answered. "Well, I didn't notice that, my dear, and I'm sure I don't see why he shouldn't; it's nothing to me; but you know your great hobby has always been—"

"Yes, I know, Say, but Dick is better than my hobby." And with this confession we both of us became silent, and presently lost ourselves in sleep, which was certainly the best thing we could do, as it was almost midnight.

I was dreaming a very odd dream the next morning, where I seemed to be in our old room in town trying to shut out the sound of that baby's screams, which Alice had told me about; and in the midst of my fruitless efforts I woke up to hear—no, not "that baby," but, as you live, that fiddle! There it went, I knew it could be no other, scrape, scrape, scrape—on "Ma-ax-welton's banks." I could have shouted with laughter, but I wouldn't; I waited for Alice. Presently I heard that regular respiration suspend, then a little start, and then:

"Say, there's that fiddle, as sure as you are alive!" And at this I gave way and shouted out my laughter, wherein Alice joined.

"Oh, Say, he's certainly followed you here! I know he has. I know it's you, Say, for don't you remember, the day we left, that red-haired, red-whiskered young gentleman who came down the steps of the next house, and how he stared at you! He never once looked at me."

Again her laugh tinkled out, and again and again she reverted to the subject, calling him, in gleeful retributive malice, "my event," and looking about with mischievous eyes at the breakfast-table for the red-haired stranger.

I expected when Mr. Alney came in that she would tell him the story, but Mr. Alney was too sacred yet to be funny with; for I have noticed that your gay, mischief-loving girls are invariably the most pensive in the early days of their engagements. No, she didn't tell Mr. Alney yet; her mind was too full of other things when that handsome face appeared; and I am not sure but she would have forgotten the fiddler altogether during those days if he hadn't kept himself in mind by "Ma-ax-welton's banks" every morning.

The house we were in was built in what is called a hollow square. Our room was at the further end of a long hall; that of our fiddling friend was in the next angle—just around the corner, as it were, but of course utterly separated by the division of the halls. Situated thus, you see, though our windows were close neighbors, we entered from different ways and never encountered each other. I did think it was rather strange we never saw a face at the window; but then gentlemen are very little in their rooms at a watering-place, and this one, I knew quite well, kept very early hours; for wasn't that industrious bow scraping away some mornings by five o'clock? And every one of these mornings Alice would wake up with a grimace and the most unflattering mimicry. Then would follow the usual chaffing about my mysterious adorer.

"You'll never see him, Sara; you'll only *hear* him, I'm afraid," she said to me at one time. But we did see him sooner than she expected. It was that very day, at the close of the afternoon, we three—Alice and Mr. Alney and myself—were sitting out on the terrace. By this time Alice had come out of her clouds enough to know, and then discuss, the things pertaining to this earth, and so it happened that she began quizzing about my "mysterious adorer." A word or two of this kind pricked up Mr. Alney's ears.

"Eh? What is that? Has Miss Sara a mysterious adorer here?" he asked.

"Indeed she has, Richard; and he serenades her every morning with 'Annie Laurie' on the violin. You ought to hear it. And what is more, he has followed us away up here from New York, where for two months before our leaving he went on in the same mysterious manner next door to us. Think of his being next window to us now. Isn't it romantic?"

"Next window to you? Where is your window, pray?"

"Why, at the southeast corner, where the mulberry-trees are; and our fiddler's is just here," drawing out a little diagram on the letter she held for indication. "Do you see?" pointing her pencil at the two windows.

"Yes, I see." And Mr. Alney's look of amaze suddenly broadened into an unmistakable grin.

Alice, glancing up at him, exclaimed, "Richard, you know who it is, I am perfectly sure. Oh, tell us, tell us!"

"Wait a minute, Alice. What is the number of your house in town?"

"570."

"And the street?"

"Why, I told you the other day it was —teenth Street."

"Bless my soul! No! I thought you said—" and here his words were lost in an uncontrollable burst of laughter.

"Richard, for pity's sake what is it—who is it?" exclaimed Alice.

"What is it? Who is it?" burst through the laughing tones. "It is just this—your neighbor was, and is—" and here another great laugh broke down the words, and then he suddenly resumed: "Alice, here is a very simple explanation of the mystery. Your number in town is 570—teenth Street. Mine is 572. Your room here is at the southeast corner, by the mulberry-trees. Mine is in the adjoining angle."

"Richard! you don't mean to say that—"

"That I am the mysterious stranger who performs 'Annie Laurie' on his violin? I do mean to say just that, my dear Alice."

His eyes twinkled with the fun of the thing. As for me, I could contain myself no longer, but gave vent to the laughter that assailed me, wherein Mr. Alney joined most heartily, and after a moment Alice herself.

"To think we should have been next-door neighbors, Alice, all this time, and never known it!" he cried, merrily, as soon as words could steady themselves again. "And to think I should have serenaded you unwittingly for the last four months! Music 'o' mornings, they say it will penetrate.' *Did* it penetrate, Alice? Did your fastidious German taste, your classical 'ear,' get offended by my clumsy efforts? Confess now that you anathematized me; that you wished the fiddler would keep the peace, and have done with his murderous attempts at music!"

Alice colored so violently that all reply was needless. And I never was better pleased with Mr. Alney than when he said consolingly to her: "Come, Alice, you needn't feel badly about it at all. My cousin Sue used to declare the yelping of her poodle was melody to my scraping. She had the German 'ear,' you see, just as you have, and I haven't, little lady."

The splendid fellow, he hadn't a spark of vanity in him! And when he said next: "But I *do* like my old fiddle; it was a great friend to me in camp, and I think you'll have to let me have a far corner somewhere, Ally, where I can scrape away a little one of these days." When he said this I could have kissed him. But I didn't!

"In camp!" cried Alice. "Were you in camp?"

"To be sure I was, and on the field, which was better;" and lifting a lock of falling hair, he showed a small but deep scar, saying, with rising color and a smile, "I'm very proud of that."

"Oh, tell me all about it!" Alice exclaimed.

"There's nothing to tell, Alice. I performed no wonderful deeds; I only did my duty as a Lieutenant—that was all. You see I wasn't famous any way."

Only did his duty! The manly, simple words touched me strangely, and, looking up, I saw the tears in Alice's eyes. At this I stole away and left them.

Only did his duty! "and wasn't famous any way." To be sure. How many noble fellows might tell the same story! But they were all heroic—just the same—all possible Balaklava heroes, I thought.

Well, well, well! So this was the end of that fiddling!

We had come all the way from New York to get acquainted with a next-door neighbor!

"You think, Alice," I said afterword, "that you came up here to find your 'event,' when there was only a partition between you."

Alice was ready to laugh at any thing now, for she was very proud and very happy; and her voice sounded here in a tinkle like merry bells. "But isn't he splendid, Say?" she asked me. "And don't you think now he is one of my individual people after all?"

"After all, Alice—immaculate neck-ties, varnished boots, primrose kids, and all."

But he earned his title to individuality by something more than this. When the talk of the marriage day drew nearer he brought out a scheme of his which astonished me.

He was holding, and had held some time, an honorable government appointment, but he wished to give this up, and go out to a new country. He had a friend in Colorado who had offered him a partnership in his business. It was a life much harder, he knew, than what he would leave, but it seemed to him finer and more manly, for he hated to be a hanger-on at office. And then it seemed to him that these new countries were meant for the young men, and were better for them. This was the way he talked, and, Alice agreeing with him, he speedily put his talk into action.

"Yes; plenty of individuality, Alice," I whispered to her on her wedding-day. "But where will you put that fiddle when you are in Colorado?"

The bridegroom heard this last question; and bending down to me, he answered: "Sara, I've made it over to Tom Granger; so I dare say you'll hear it when you are at 570—teenth Street, for Tom is going to take my old room at cousin Sue's."

Reader, can you believe it? Tom Granger has actually taken possession of that room; and as I write this he is actually sawing out "Ma-ax-welton's banks are bonnie."

And furthermore, Tom Granger is the identical "red-haired" who, coming out from a call that day, stared at me so persistently.

"Music o' mornings, they say it will penetrate." I wonder if it will penetrate to Mount Heron this summer; and I wonder if I—! But I think I have wondered quite enough; and I think all such wondering had better be left for time to settle, or till another season of "Summer Boarding."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

One of the popular Magazines (Philadelphia) for July, in speaking of New York and Philadelphia, says—evidently in anticipation—"Our hot, dusty cities are beginning to look deserted." Not a bit of it. New York, at least, is as lively as a bee-hive. We can not, to be sure, assert the same to be true of Philadelphia! At mid-day, when old Sol is unusually lavish of his rays, it is not unlikely that some of the many seek a shady shelter, and enjoy a quiet siesta. But if you want to know whether our great metropolis is deserted or not, go out about six in the evening, and stroll through the streets and avenues for a couple of hours. "*Deserted!*" One would almost wish it, to escape the crowd!

In the fashionable avenue, and in the stifled alley; in the clean, grassy parks, and in the dirty, open lots, swarm the myriads who from costly mansions and from miserable hovels come forth alike to revel in the delicious cool of evening. The well-dressed, and the ill-clad; the flippant dandy, and the rough laborer; the gay coquette, and the weary washwoman; the solitary bachelor, and the social German, with all his family, form a motley yet picturesque throng. And children—such flocks!—laughing, running, jumping, crossing and recrossing your path, it requires not a little skill to make a passage through them without crushing sundry toes. Nice little masters and misses, in white *piqué* and blue ribbons, taking a prim walk with their nurses. Gay little lads and lasses, in neat plaids and muslins, joyously chatting with papa and mamma. Dirty little boys and girls, in rags and tatters, with nobody in particular but themselves, yet none the less frolicsome for all that. Pretty children and homely children—fair and dark—blue-eyed and black-eyed—rosy and pallid—healthy-looking children, and children with faces all blanched from their impure blood. And babies!—laughing babies and screaming ones—fat babies and lean ones—lace-robed babies, and babies with no robes at all to speak of—jolly-looking babies, and forlorn little creatures, wan and pale—clean babies, and ah! so many dirty ones!—"Deserted?" No, New York is not deserted yet!

For those interested in West Point the following extract, in reference to the recent "Farewell Hop," is given. It is evidently written by a looker-on:

"Beauty and fashion, particularly fashion, flaunt about the crowded halls. Talk about Broadway, Fifth Avenue, or Central Park—they are as nothing before the absurdities of to-night's display. Fashion with her curly wigs, her frizzled fronts, her huge round rats, her dainty little mice, her ponderous rolls, her tremendous waterfalls, her great big bags of braided hair, cut from the Lord knows who, her spangles and brilliants, her furbelows and hoops; and despite all the fashion beauty is here too. The ladies are dressed elegantly, and, with the exception of their heads, with great taste. Such webs of illusion, tulle, tarletan-muslin, and all that sort of thing, were never woven in the imagination of Scheherezade, or any other Oriental story-teller."

A brisk business in dogs has been going on for a week or two past. Fear of hydrophobia is reduced to a minimum in view of recent reports. The surplus population of "*curs*" is manifestly reduced, and owners of favorites are forced to keep a vigilant watch over them lest they vanish from their sight. A correspondent of the New York *Times* in remarking upon the final disposition of these animals, facetiously remarks:

"The quadrupedal corpses are placed upon barges and taken in charge by the proper contractors, and, we believe, buried, the new machine for grinding them up and extracting their fat for medical purposes having thus far proved a failure."

A certain Mrs. De Wolfe has been making quite a stir in San Francisco by appearing in the streets in a "reform dress," as she calls it—in "male attire" the courts state it. The police court fined the lady $21; but some warm-hearted advocate has espoused her cause, and discourses at length to the editor of the *Bulletin*. We have room only for a short quotation:

"This woman's offense against the community lies in boots, jacket, hat, and pantaloons. Other ladies walk the principal streets of San Francisco in tightly-fitting coats, high-heeled boots, jackets, and jockey hats, worn rowdishly on one side of the head. So far, wherein does the dress worn by her differ from that worn by the fashionable lady? Simply, pantaloons. Other ladies wear instead of pantaloons hooped skirts, and such hoops!...... Ladies appear on the streets of San Francisco in trailing dresses, dragging three-quarters of a yard of rich silk or velvet after them, performing the work of the street-sweeper. They collect on their skirts the combined filth of the streets, and with these trailing skirts envelop themselves in a cloud of dust. This fashion is disgusting to a sense of decency even; but I never heard of a lady being arrested and fined for appearing on the streets in a trailing dress. 'Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!'"

A young lady of a most respectable family, living in Rock Island, Illinois, has recently been brought into a most unfortunate position. It appears that after a few months' acquaintance with a youth named Collins, who was known as a "nice young man of good habits," she married him. By accident letters came into her hands alluding to another wife. Investigation showed Collins to be a great scamp, and that he had a wife in Canada West (No. 1), one in Michigan (No. 2), and another still in Rockford, Illinois (No. 3). Mrs. Collins, No. 4, declined any further acquaintance with the gentleman, who is likely to meet with the reward of his deeds. *Moral.*—Investigations are better before than after marriage.

Some Western writer, commenting upon the law passed not long since prohibiting the free-pass system on railroads in New York State, gives some amusing accounts of people, particularly editors, who, their passes becoming useless, were caught away from home without money. One poor fellow, who was caught a long way from home, it being on a small town on the Illinois River, nearly despaired of ever getting back again. This was his dispatch, sent by the kindness of the Telegraph Company, who granted him the free use of the wires:

"DEAR WIFE,—Sell my other clothes for what they will bring, and remit at once. Hold my linen duster for supper, and my spare shirts will have to go for lodging. May be able to make a light breakfast on a German silver comb and a pair of shoes that I chanced to have with me. Don't know when I shall get home. It will depend a good deal on the walking. Don't marry for a few months; there is a bare possibility of my getting back.

"STEPHEN."

Hartford can boast of a youthful astronomer, who has already made himself famous. A few weeks since a lad by the name of Augustus Taft, a son of Dr. Taft of that city, thirteen years of age, discovered a hitherto unknown star, in the constellation of the Crown. At first it was invisible to the naked eye, but rapidly grew brighter, till it could be seen without the aid of a glass. A day or two after young Taft's discovery, Professor Gould, of the Cambridge Observatory, discovered the same star. It proves to be one of the third magnitude.

In some English town—the exact locality of which the report does not state—a company of Spiritualists met one evening to hold communications with unseen worlds. A gentleman was asked if he should like to call a spirit. "I should," the gentleman replied. "Whom?" asked the medium. "Lindley Murray's." Lindley Murray's ghost appeared erect right through the table. The gentleman shuddered. All trembled. The medium was visibly affected. "Are you the spirit of Lindley Murray?" asked the gentleman, astonished at his own courage in addressing a visitant of the lower world. "Yes, I are!" boldly responded Lindley Murray's ghost. Poor Lindley Murray!

A good story is told of the late Cardinal Wiseman. When he was plain Dr. Wiseman of the Sardinian chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a pious friend knelt to him in confession. After the process he retired to a quiet corner and lost himself in an ecstasy of contrite fervor. When he rose from his knees at length his hat was gone; he searched far and near but nowhere could he find it. Finally betook him to Dr. Wiseman. "Father, I have lost my hat; I fear somebody has taken it." "And what were you doing when it was taken?" "Praying." "Ah! my child," said the Doctor, with a quiet smile, "you know what the Scriptures tell us, we must watch as well as pray."

An Irish journal, in describing a fight which took place in the streets of Cork, says that one of the belligerents, "named Thomas Hurley, has lost his left eye, and it is said he lost it in the same way about six months ago, and in the same house where the row commenced." A most extraordinary instance is this of the recuperative power of nature! We wonder if any where else besides in Ireland a man can be supplied by nature with a new eye in six months!

Quite a novel method has been invented out West, whereby persistent suitors can accomplish their end. The following is an instance:

A young man wanted to marry a young girl out in Wisconsin, but her rich parents forbade the match. The young man became sick—very sick—and had terrible fainting fits. The doctors were called, and said he would soon die, and he said he wanted to. The father of the girl visited the patient, and agreed with both him and the doctors. The poor fellow said that if he could marry his Mary Anne he would die happily. His dying request certainly could not be refused, and Mary Anne having no objections the minister was sent for, and the solemn ordinance of marriage was performed before the most solemn messenger of death should step in to snatch away the gasping bridegroom from time to the regions of eternity. The knot being securely tied, the patient rose from the bed a well man. It was a great cure, astonishing both the cruel "parient" and the doctors, but the bride acted as though she had expected it all the time.

An English journal divides the human race into four great classes, as follows: First, those whom every one would wish to talk to, and whom every one does talk of; these are that small minority that constitute the great. Secondly, those whom no one wishes to talk to, and whom no one does talk of; these are the vast majority that constitute the little. The third class is made up of those whom every body talks of, but nobody talks to; these constitute the knaves. And the fourth is composed of those whom every body talks to, but whom nobody talks of; and these constitute the fools.

The following singular story comes from Paris. A rich old miser, who died lately, left a will couched in these terms: "I give and bequeath all my fortune, amounting now to 613,250f. 50c. in railway shares, to the young girl who, having lost the left eye and the right leg, should please and get married to a young man of her own age, handsome, honest, and well educated." An executor was appointed who was to search for a young girl distinguished as above-mentioned; and if he could not find one, he was authorized to make a charitable disposition of the property. Not long since, however, he saw a young girl waiting in a shop who had not the use of her left eye, and he was quite delighted also to find that she had a wooden leg. The executor still further ascertained that the girl was about to be married to a young man. A week afterward when the young couple with their friends were about to terminate their nuptial evening by a modest repast, to the astonishment of all present, the executor of this strange will entered and seated himself without ceremony at the table, and made known the dispositions of the will. It is almost unnecessary to say that some additions and improvements were made in the bill of fare, and the first toast was to the memory of the testator.

A letter from Berlin says:

"Considering the enormous rise in the price of meat which the rinderpest will probably occasion within a very few months, it may be interesting to your readers to hear of the great success which has attended the introduction of horse-flesh in Berlin as an article of human food. In 1860 the number of horses slaughtered for this purpose was 613, in 1861 it was 700, but in 1864 it had increased to 1740, and in 1865 to 2241. The meat is perfectly wholesome, and very tolerably palatable, resembling rather coarse beef. Grand dinners have been given by a society interested in its introduction, at which horse-flesh alone was produced, though prepared in various ways. Old cab-horses, wall-eyed and broken-kneed, are found to be delicious eating, when treated by a really artistic hand."

We had rather be excused from attending any of these "grand" dinner-parties at present! Nobody can foretell to what straits Americans may yet be reduced. But may the day be far distant when we shall follow Berlin fashions!

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WHY HE CANNOT SLEEP.

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NEW YORK CITY DOG POUND, FOOT OF TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, EAST RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE DOG POUND.

In the earlier years of the annual raid on dogs in this city the Pound was located at the foot of Thirty-first Street and the East River, whence it travelled to Twenty-eighth Street, from which classic locality it then departed for Twenty-sixth Street and North River, where, after a short stay of a single month, it removed to Twenty-fourth Street, East River, where it reposed in peace for three years, and then removed to its present stopping-place at the foot of Twenty-fifth Street, East River.

The Dog Law went into operation June 18. From this time for three months woe be to the unmuzzled cur found meandering our streets, unless he be blessed with prompt and loving friends of the hu-

A SCENE IN THE NEW YORK MORGUE—IDENTIFICATION OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

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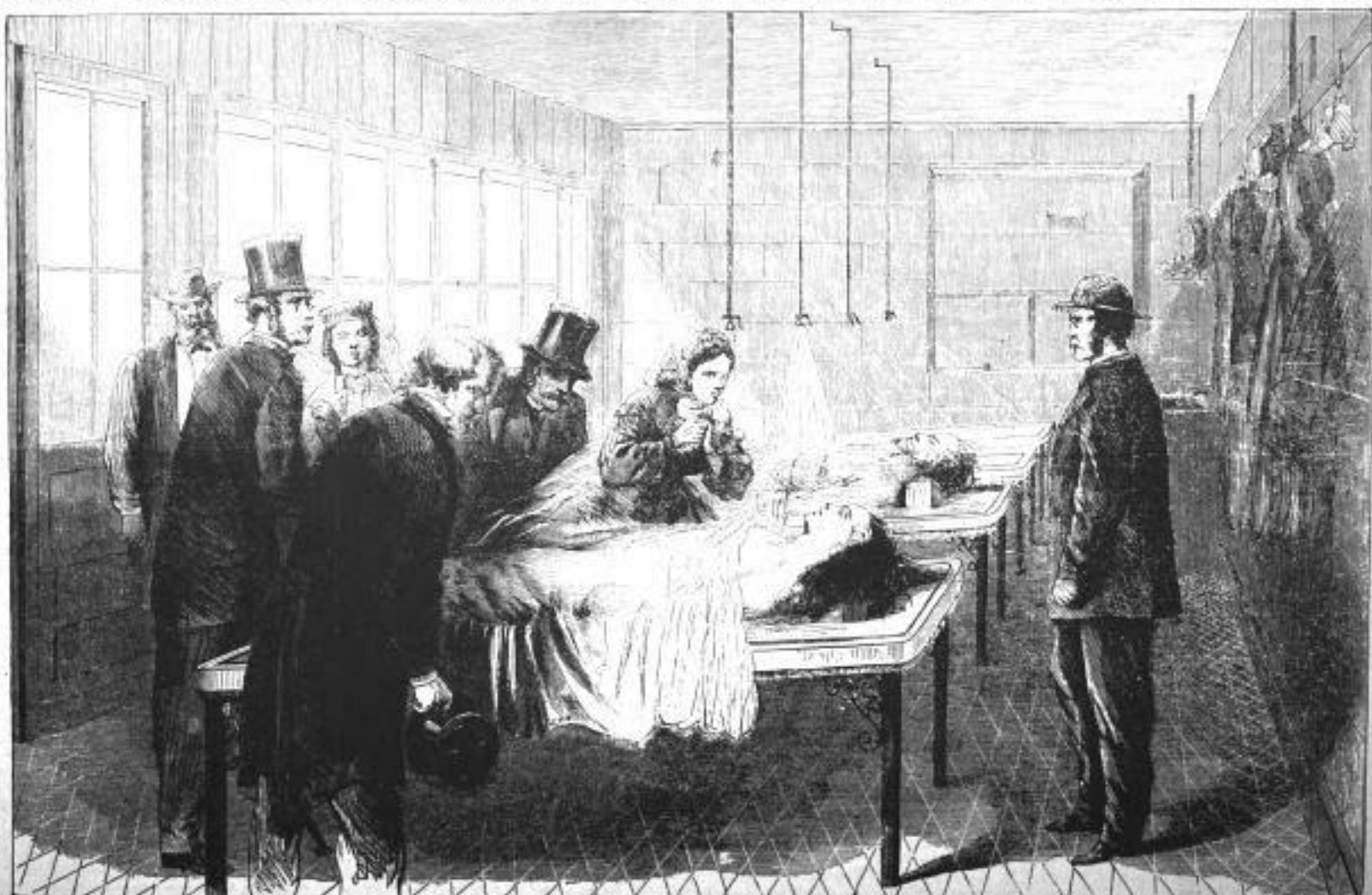

A SCENE IN THE NEW YORK MORGUE—IDENTIFICATION OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

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man species. After seizure the dogs are confined in a rough shed, where they are tied up in such close proximity that they have ample opportunity and abundant leisure for intestine conflicts. The dogs are confined twenty-four hours each, and until four o'clock every day, when, unless redeemed, or unless there be some special reason for longer preserving his life, each prisoner must prepare to take his journey to that bourne from which no drowned cur ever returns.

The city has appropriated five thousand dollars for the purpose of disposing of this surplus dog population. This sum, or the greater part of it, is disbursed to boys and men who make a regular business of finding dogs and taking them to the Pound. Half a dollar each is paid for the delivery of each one. Be he "mongrel, puppy, whelp, or hound, or cur of low degree," his price is precisely fifty cents.

The dogs are destroyed by drowning. There is provided a large water-tight square cistern, about eight feet high, ten feet long, and six feet wide. This is furnished with a cover made with open slats, and which is capable of being bolted firmly down. The contrivance will contain from sixty to eighty dogs, without their being too crowded to die comfortably. The victims are thrown into the cistern and the cover fastened down; then, by means of a hose, water is turned on until the tank is full, and kept there until emphatically "the dog is dead."

When the Pound establishment first opens its "season" there is, for a few days, a great rush, as many as three hundred dogs having been taken in during the first two days. It is then an exciting time for the boys. Rumor has it that on the first day of the operation of the law an enterprising young gentleman, of eleven years or thereabout, residing in First Avenue, had eighteen dogs secured in his cellar, ready for the earliest market. When the canine harvest is thoroughly reaped in New York the boys not unfrequently go to sister cities, where the crop has not been so well gleaned. It is by no means unusual to have dogs brought from Jersey or from Brooklyn. Of course, if this is known, the dogs are not purchased; but the trick is seldom discovered save by the confession of the culprit himself, who is particularly careful to keep his mouth shut till he has made his bargain and got his money.

THE MORGUE.

WE give on page 429 an illustration of a scene in the room for the identification of the unknown dead, in the *Morgue*, or dead-house, which has been established by the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in conjunction with the Bellevue Hospital Buildings at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, on the Bellevue Hospital grounds. This institution takes its name from a similar one in Paris which has existed for many years.

The use of the *Morgue* is not limited, as is generally supposed, to the remains of persons unknown. Sometimes, when the name and residence of the deceased are in the possession of the authorities, the body is nevertheless taken to the *Morgue*—it may be from considerations of the public health; it may be from unwillingness on the part of the landlords to receive the body; or, it may be from consideration for the family not prepared for such a spectacle; and, finally, it may be from errors in the address of the deceased. At the *Morgue*, also, are deposited the bodies of new-born children, found in the sewers or elsewhere.

The *Morgue* supplies a want long felt in this city, and will undoubtedly be the means of restoring many unknown bodies to anxious friends or relatives. Heretofore, for want of such accommodation, bodies of persons unknown have necessarily been hurried off to Potter's Field. When once consigned to the burial trenches of that place their recovery was next to impossible.

It is astonishing how many die in this city of whom absolutely nothing is known; and it is a disgrace to the metropolis that until now no adequate provision has been made for their identification.

The coroners under whose charge such cases first come have exerted themselves to remedy the evil. Application was made by them to the State Legislature and to the Board of Supervisors for the means of advertising such persons, but without avail; and it was not until a short time since that Councilman GEORGE H. MACKAY took the matter in hand, and procured an appropriation for that purpose. Since that time (April 18), thirty-five unknown bodies have been advertised.

The *Morgue* is a large square apartment, well lighted from two sides. It has stone walls, and the floor, which is laid with tile, is some three feet beneath the ground level. On one side are arranged four slate-tables, about three by six feet in size; from each table is an India-rubber tube, terminating in a vase, through which the Croton water constantly passes, and is distributed over the table. Behind the tables, on the wall, are rows of hooks. The bodies are here exposed to view, and by the arrangement spoken of are kept constantly showered with the water. The hooks are intended to hang the clothes of the deceased persons upon. A glass partition shuts off the tables from the rest of the apartment, and prevents any odor that may arise from the bodies escaping. Connected with the *Morgue* are offices for the coroners, and a room for autopsies under their direction. There is also on the same floor an autopsy-room for the use of the hospital. The whole arrangement is admirable, and contrasts strongly with the miserably close, confined, dirty rooms before used for the same purpose.

THE DOCTOR.

A PHYSICIAN, who was well known in St. Petersburg for his eminent skill and extensive practice, was summoned one winter day by a servant to attend the wealthy Prince "Soundso," who had just arrived from Moscow, and was stopping at the first hotel in our city, No. 6.

The Doctor, who knew the Prince by reputation, instantly responded to the call, and in a few moments mounted the well-known steps and reached the door of the ante-chamber, where, having rung the bell, he was received by two lackeys in gold-laced livery, who relieved him of his fur cloak. Another servant now came forward, and, politely saluting him, requested him to be seated while he announced his visit to the Prince. He then left the room on tiptoe. A long time elapsed, until finally the Doctor became impatient and went to the door, where he listened for a moment, but hearing no sound he advanced as far as the ante-room, from which, however, the servants had disappeared. Still his suspicion was not aroused, and he proceeded to the inner apartments, which he found brilliantly lighted but unoccupied. He came at last to a back-door, which stood wide open, and retraced his steps with a heart filled with a sad presentiment. His costly fur was nowhere to be seen. He rang the bell violently and shouted with a loud voice, which soon brought up the terrified host, who declared that he knew nothing more than that the apartments had been engaged only an hour previously by three gentlemen. He lent his own cloak to the Doctor, who, being a philosopher, went home quite satisfied with his good luck in having retained his purse and watch.

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Bursting from the pitiless cloud,
Spending its impetuous power
On the great tree, strong and proud.
And the great tree murmur'd loud
As it caught the summer shower—
Turn'd it to a diamond dower.
When the cloud, its passion spent,
Broke and drifted, pale and rent,
Like a king refresh'd with wine,
Shone the tree. O heart of mine!
Pass through passion's frequent stress
With a like strong steadfastness.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Rushing through the sobbing air;
Beating on the lily-flower,
Till she trembled in despair
For her blossom, white and fair.
But in silence bent the flower,
Yielding perfume through the hour,
Till the sunbeams came and shed
A new glory on her head,
On her robes, more dazzling white,
And her crown more golden bright.
Thus—my heart!—is patience tried,
Thus is meekness glorified.

Down it came—the summer rain—
Dashing through the darken'd sky,
On the green and tender grain;
Which received it with a sigh,
Quiver'd in each blade, and nigh
Bow'd unto the earth with grief.
But a whisper of the sheaf
Raised its head, and so it stood,
Swelling into bounteous food;
And ere yet the rain was o'er
Glist'ning gladder than before.
Thus—my heart!—may dire distress
But increase thy fruitfulness.

A GREAT TUSCAN HOUSE.

SEVERAL times during the summer of last year I went down by rail from Florence about thirty-five miles to visit some friends who were living in a fine old villa or castle, a portion of which had been fitted up for their accommodation. The pleasure derived from these visits was of so rare a quality, and the house itself the seat of such agreeable hospitality, is so extraordinary in its character, that I deem both worthy of a passing word of description. The house is remarkable for its size, but it is also interesting for its antiquity, its imposing architecture, and the grand vicissitudes of its history. The region in which it stands, near the confines of the ancient Duchy of Lucca, is one of the most garden-like in its rich cultivation, as well as charming on account of its varied picturesque beauty, of any in all Italy. The plain which stretches quite to the sea-coast, near which the ancient mart of Pisa stood, and upon which the modern port of Leghorn stands, is screened on the north by the bold ridges of the Apennine Chain, which, running toward the west, soon unite with the Maritime Alps. In a picturesque valley, between two spurs of this wall of mountains, lies the quiet little town of Pescia. It bears many traces of antiquity; but like many Tuscan towns, is tidy and in good repair. It is the abode of contentment, and its whole aspect is that of peace. If there is one whose heart sorrow has broken, let him come here. If there is a soul which the world has wronged, or which has wronged itself by staining itself with crime, that would escape from the frowns of the society which it had offended, and devote itself to repentance and purification, in this sanctuary among the mountains, it will find the repose for which it sighs. If two beings whom love has united would enjoy their bliss withdrawn from the profane gaze of the world, here is the spot of all others upon which Nature has bestowed congenial charms.

Before the rails of which connects Florence with Lucca was built, not many travelers ever passed through the region which I am describing. Now and then only a rich foreigner in his luxurious traveling carriage bowled along those fine roads, journeying from the maritime cities toward the Tuscan capital. On one side of the route the eye rests upon broad, fertile levels, crowded with fig, mulberry, and olive trees, and grape-vines loaded with juicy fruits sweeping in graceful festoons from one dwarf maple to another. In the opposite direction the vision is solaced with a view of the mountains, half hid under the purple and silver brume of an Italian atmosphere.

In this region, and but a few miles from the now favorite resort of Monte Catini, the visitor will observe across the country a pile of gray mediæval buildings, with an aspect so imposing as to awaken a curiosity to learn something of its name and history. It is "*Bella Vista*," one of the mansions of the Buondelmonti and Ferroni families, which, united by marriage several centuries ago, were among the richest and most powerful of the Florentine nobility. The house has the castellated solidity of warlike times. It is an irregular parallelogram of three lofty stories, stretching several hundred feet in extreme length, with a depth of well toward a hundred feet. The structure is flanked at the angles by octagonal towers, with summits carried considerably above the level of the general mass. From the second story a projecting terrace of stone is continued quite around the building, forming a walk of nearly a mile in extent. There are more than a hundred windows in the house covered with heavy bars of iron. The porches are massive and lofty, and of proportions so ample as to harmonize with the grand scale of the interior of the house to which they conduct.

The mansion has hardly been inhabited for forty years. The family which built it has long been in decay; indeed one branch, the Buondelmonti, long since became extinct. The large tracts of fertile lands which belonged to it in its day of pride, including eighty-five little *poderi*, or farms, which formed the domain around this great house, have passed into the hands of many small proprietors. The artificial terrace, or mole, upon which the house is built, is not less than four acres in extent. Under it are the vaults, constructed with great solidity, in which were stored the corn, oil, and wine produced by the many fertile acres belonging to the estate.

An American gentleman and lady from our metropolitan city, whose daughter is married in Florence, have found it pleasant to pass several years in Tuscany. One of the noblest of the ancient palaces of Florence has been their residence, and several summers have been passed at the superb old villa of *Bella Vista*. It is a retreat of refined tranquillity for which a poet-hermit might sigh, and a baronial house of such proud historic memories that the most favored son of fortune might covet it as the home of his ambitious hopes.

My American friends had seen the house in their excursions in that part of Tuscany, and, with the feelings which belong to the sumptuous life of our nation, were determined to live in it. An arrangement was made, and summer furniture was put into a sufficient number of rooms to accommodate the family, a few guests, and the domestics of a first-class city establishment. The house contains more than sixty great chambers, or *stanzas*, as the Italians call them. The walls of most of these, though for so long a time empty and desolate, are clean and unbroken. The massive partitions, and the floors of masonry, are as well-preserved as if but a single generation, instead of several centuries, had passed since they were constructed. The frescoes on the ceilings and walls of many of the rooms are scarcely injured by the wear of time. The blended family arms, whether carved or painted, still ornament the walls. The great hall in the centre of the house rises to the full height of the roof, and its lofty doors open upon the principal porch on one side, and upon an elevated terrace on the other. The dimensions of this room are so great that in it could be placed a first-class Fifth Avenue house, that type of modern splendor and modern magnificence. Into this vast hall the suits of apartments in each of the wings open. With the great outer doors thrown wide in summer, the cool breezes from the mountains on one side, and the gentle odors of the cultivated plains on the other, refresh the inhabitants of the villa. In this great cool cloister exercise is taken at mid-day, unexposed to the heats of the sun's glare. Besides the great staircase of ceremony in the centre there are others in the four towers, leading from the foundation to the summit of the house. If there were a hundred guests it would be easy to be alone, in one of the remote silent chambers, near the roof, or hide to read or dream upon a balcony, on the shady side of one of the turrets, with a prospect before the eye of thirty miles over the plain.

What a seat of generous hospitality this house has been in the olden time! The proudest lords and ladies of Tuscany have lodged in these chambers, danced in the saloons, and eaten at tables of luxury spread in the great hall. There are traces on the walls where silken tapestries were hung, and the two state bedchambers with raised platforms in ample niches, on which stood beds elaborately decorated with carved and gilded ornaments. There is the spacious vaulted kitchen in which twenty fires blazed—fires long since gone out. But once more they are kindled at the bidding of those come from that mysterious Western World to which the Tuscan gave his name.

The lady and gentleman whose guest I was were for three summers the sole tenants of this patrician house. Except the six domestics of the city establishment, none others slept beneath the roof when no visitors were at the villa. As I wandered through the great vaulted chambers, or lingered on the grand staircase, I thought of the time when that noble roof had given shelter to scores of guests. The lords and ladies of Florence, in the proudest time of its history, had partaken of the hospitality of the munificent Buondelmonti. All the culture and social refinement of that period had had from time to time their representations there. The gay laugh of the young I could easily fancy still ringing in the tapestried chambers, in the long gallery, and the vast hall; and it seemed as if the walls might still, in gentle whispers, repeat the words which they had echoed long ago. But the gay crowd was gone, and with it the equipages and the brilliant train of attendants, and all the pomp and circumstance of wealth and luxury and pride. The great stables in which a hundred horses were fed are empty and neglected. The gardens in which bloomed flowers of all hues, whose odors filled the mansion, are a scene of picturesque decay. The terraces are crumbling, the balustrades are broken; the steps have lost their original angle, and the marble coping of the basins in which fountains played has no longer its harmonious lines. The visitor may sit down upon the base of an overthrown column, with arm resting upon a fragment of what was once a graceful statue, and muse upon the changes which time and circumstance have wrought. A feeling of sweet poetic sadness steals through the mind, and a new impression is received of the vicissitudes of human affairs and the perishableness of earthly things. How vain now seems the pursuit of wealth, or power, or honor! Into how narrow a span are rounded the enjoyments of human life! Spectator of such a scene, new lessons of wisdom are learned; and it may be for the first time a profounder conviction enters the mind that the only imperishable realities are hid in that mysterious future of which we can now only vaguely dream.

Toward nightfall it was the habit of my friends of the castle to make excursions by different roads or paths into the region surrounding this ancient patrician domain. Sometimes we went on foot through the sequestered, fragrant lanes, and sometimes we drove along the public, but always quiet and well-kept, highway. The drive would be extended ten or twelve miles from the villa, but never so far that its imposing mediæval towers were not still within sight. It was the hour when the heats of the day were past, and the calm of an Italian evening was settling down upon all nature. A delicious even-tide coolness rested upon the plain, and the shadows of the neighboring mountains gave new hues to the landscape. Whichever way the eye wandered it was regaled with the bright and ever-varying tints which in these regions immediately precede and follow the day's decline. The sun shot his javelin-like rays through the gorges of the mountains, and the slant light streaming across the fertile plains gave to the leaves of the olive-trees a softer tint of silver, and to the mulberry a deeper hue of gold.

One afternoon we drove five miles to the convent, perched upon a shelf of rock overlooking the picturesque town of Pescia. The community consists of more than thirty brothers of the order of San Domenico. The edifice is a structure of the Middle Ages, built with the same massive solidity which makes most of the great religious houses of Italy possess at the same time the character of a sanctuary and a fortress—a secure retreat from the temptations of the world, as well as a shelter from its warlike strifes and persecutions. In its best days three hundred monks were lodged in this convent of Pescia. The vaulted corridors leading to long lines of cells or small chambers; the interior cloisters overlooking court, garden, or turf-covered nook; and the exterior *loggie*, from which far-extended views across the Tuscan plains are had, all go to make up this holy mansion in which centuries ago hundreds of stern devotees passed their ascetic life, and where they intoned their pious hymns and prayers, but now almost silent and deserted.

The Abbot of the monastery, who was apprised of our intended visit, came out to welcome us at the principal entrance of the mansion. After conducting us through the chapels and cloisters we were led to a *loggia*, from which the monks enjoy their finest prospects over broad plains stretching toward the sea. We were presented to some of the brothers, who received us not only with less reserve than we expected from their rigid order, but with eyes beaming with lively sympathy, and words and looks full of a genial and even gay expression. They showed us such works of art in fresco as decorate the walls of their ancient house. We inspected their store of relics—the cherished treasures of all such religious establishments—with what reverence we were able to feel. After we had wandered through the long galleries, climbed to highest terrace, and descended to deepest vault, they were sure that we needed refreshment. We were glad after our small fatigues to rest at last in the refectory. There a repast of wine, dried nuts, and figs had been spread, of which we were invited to partake. The wine was a product of plantations belonging to the convent, and its color, a lively pink tint, was unlike any I had before seen. We found its flavor as genial as its hue, and its inspiration so subtle as to linger until the sun had set, and the day's enjoyments were over. Pleased with the tranquillity of this pious retirement and the beauty of the region around, the transcendental aspirations of my earlier life were for a moment revived, and I asked the monks if I might come and pass a summer under the shelter of their sacred roof. The inquiry was accepted as made with sincerity, and the response was what I was already prepared to expect. You are welcome to become a lodger in our house for such a period as may suit your pleasure, convenience, or caprice; sharing the society, and the frugal table of our community, or be served by one of us in your own cell. I thanked the brothers for this expression of their respect and confidence, assuring them that I did not doubt that the time would come when my poetic whim would lead me back to their peaceful hermitage. Several of the brothers followed us down the mountain to the public road, where we took leave, receiving the blessing of the good Abbé, and expressing to the brothers our grateful acknowledgments for their kindness. We drove back to the villa as the evening shadows fell. That night I dreamed of cloisters, and cowl, and a monkish brotherhood.

* * * * * *

Thus was life to me in that old house a new experience. A few calm summer or autumn days passed there are so many more added to the many bright days of a prolonged sojourn in this classic land. The pleasures of the imagination are the most refined of all our enjoyments. Recollections of romantic visions inspired by breathing the atmosphere of the villa; of walks and drives through the charming region in which it stands—of tranquil evenings of sympathetic converse under the ancient porticoes, with the musical splash of the broken fountains in the ear, and glimpses of the gigantic, dilapidated statues which line the avenue before the eye, will long remain among the most agreeable memories of my Italian life.

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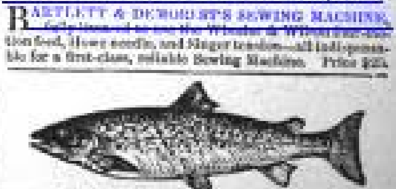

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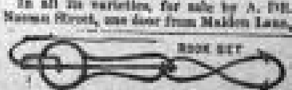

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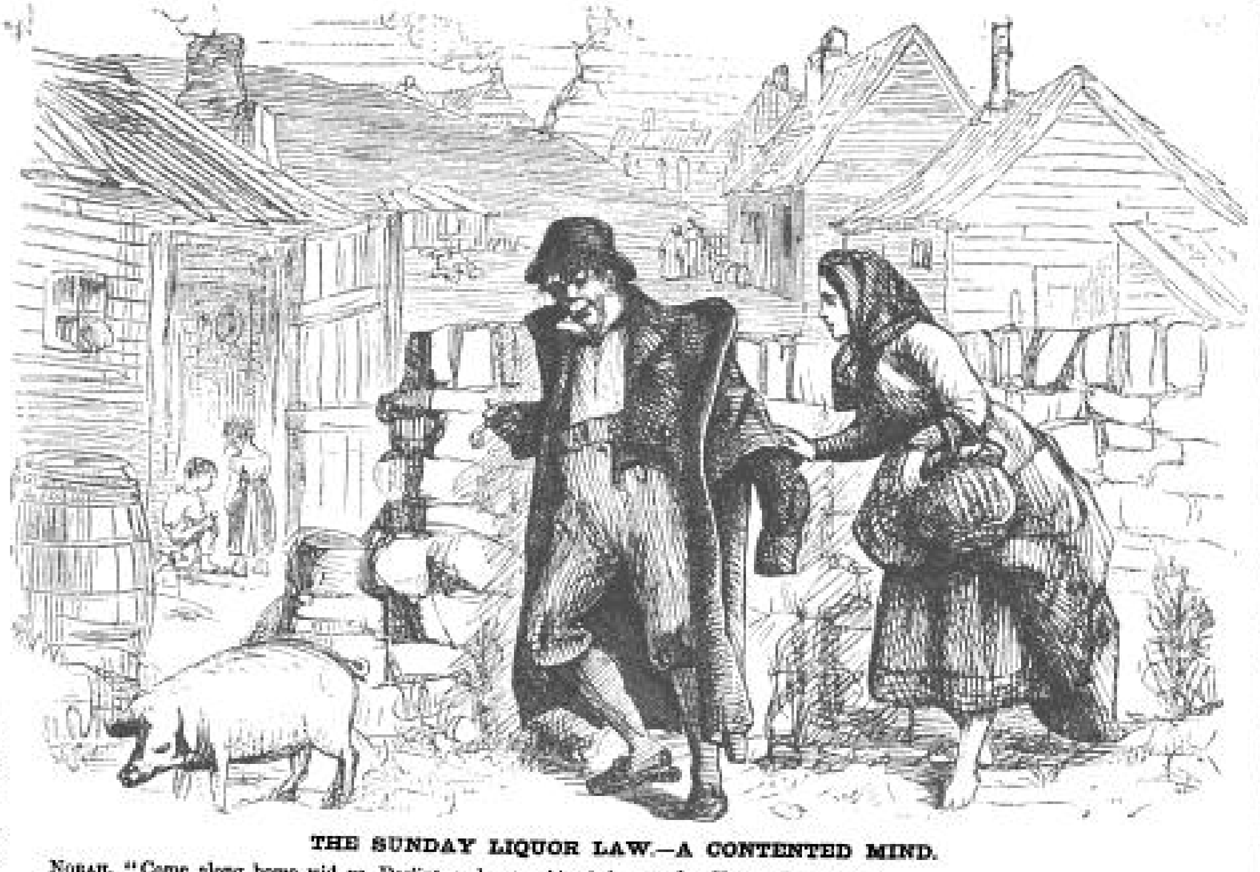

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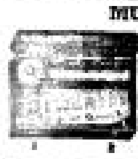

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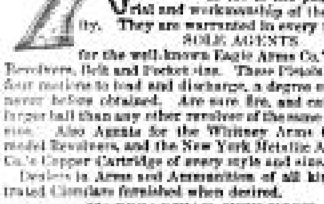

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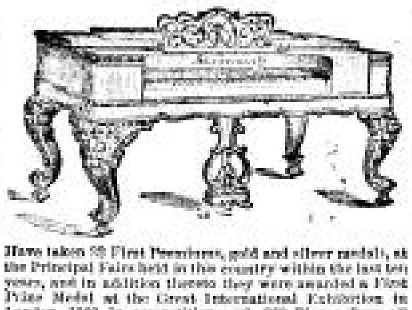

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 498.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"A PRACTICAL JOKE."

THE engraving which we give on this page is based on a story of OLIVER CROMWELL, which is thus quaintly told in OLDMIXON'S "History of England:"

"One of his (Oliver Cromwell's) domestick chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a sprightly man and a top Wit of his Court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. The young Lady did not discourage him; and this Piece of innocent Galantry in so religious a Court, cou'd not be carry'd on without spies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concern'd at it, obliging the Person who told him to be on the Watch; and if he cou'd give him any substantial Proof, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punish'd. The spy followed the matter so close that he hunted Jerry White, as he was generally term'd, to the Lady's Chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this News. Oliver, in a rage, hastened thither himself, and going in hastily found Jerry on his Knees kissing the Lady's Hand, or having just kiss'd it. Cromwell, in a Fury, ask'd what was the Meaning of that Posture before his Daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of Presence of Mind, said, 'May it please your Highness, I have a long Time courted that young Gentlewoman there, my Lady's Woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for me.' The Protector, turning to the young Woman, cry'd, 'What's the meaning of this, Hussy? Why do you refuse the Honour Mr. White won'd do you? He is my Friend, and I expect you shou'd treat him as such.' My Lady's Woman, who desir'd nothing more, with a very low Courtesy reply'd, 'If Mr. White intends me that Honour, I shall not be against him.' 'Sayest thou so, my Lass,' cry'd Cromwell, 'call Goodwyn, this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the Room.' Mr. White was gone too far to go back. The Parson came. Jerry and my Lady's Woman were marry'd in Presence of the Protector, who gave her 500 Pounds for her Portion; and that,

"A PRACTICAL JOKE."—[PAINTED BY J. HAYLLAR.]

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with the Money she had sav'd before, made Mr. White easy in his Circumstances, except in one Thing, which was that he never lov'd his Wife, nor she him, tho' they liv'd together near fifty Years afterwards. I know them both, and heard this Story told when Mrs. White was present, who did not contradict it, but owu'd that there was something in it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW PARTY.

THE President and part of the Executive Committee of the National Union Club of Washington, in concert with two Democratic Senators, have issued proposals for a new party. They invite the assembly of a Convention in Philadelphia on the 14th of August, to consult upon the state of the Union. In their call these gentlemen state several principles upon which all patriotic men agree, and they omit several which are peculiar to the Union party. The proposals for the new party are plainly hostile to the action of Congress, which was elected by an enormous majority of the Union party, and may fairly be supposed to represent its views more faithfully than Senators HENDRICKS of Indiana and NESMITH of Oregon, who opposed that party last year at the polls, and who oppose its measures in Congress.

The effort to represent this call as virtually an act of the great Union party of the country is simply dishonest. Mr. HENDRICKS and Mr. NESMITH have never assumed to belong to that party. That party, moreover, has its organization and Executive Committee, and its Conventions are legitimately called only by that Committee. The officers of the National Union Club of Washington have exactly as much right to speak for the Democratic as for the Union party; and the fact that they have hitherto acted with the Union party only shows that they now consider themselves to have withdrawn from it; for why, otherwise, should they seek separate and independent action?

It is only against false pretenses that we wish to warn our readers. The gentlemen in question have an undoubted right to their opinions upon all subjects, and an equal right to call conventions of those who sympathize with them. If they are alarmed by a prospect of "usurpation" and "centralization of power" by the National Legislature, and are indifferent to the same danger from the Executive, they may not be very wise, but they have certainly a right to hold and express that view. But if we may judge from the resolutions of Union Conventions, from the speeches of successful Union candidates, from the almost unanimous tone of the Union press, and from the impressions of private intercourse with representative Union men, Congressional usurpation is not feared by the Union party; and to represent a Convention called under such an apprehension a movement for the readjustment of that party is a gross and dangerous misrepresentation. Such a Convention can be only a bridge by which those Union men who hold with ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS that a State which has been in rebellion has "a continuing right" to assume its relations with the Union without delay or condition, may pass over to the camp in which Mr. STEPHENS's principles upon that subject prevail. But can Senator DOOLITTLE, who signs the call, be supposed to speak the sentiments of the Union party in Wisconsin, whose Legislature, controlled by that party, has asked him to resign? Or does Senator DIXON speak for the Union men of Connecticut, who elected General HAWLEY Governor, and whose Legislature made General TERRY Senator, and adopted—first of all the States—the Constitutional Amendment to which all the signers of this call are opposed?

The new party, if it is ever born, can not, of course, stand upon its own legs. It will be at once taken to the breast of the party which opposed the war for the Union, and which denounced Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON as usurpers and tyrants, and it will be carried, helpless, wherever that party chooses. There will not be three parties in the coming Congressional elections; and even if the party of the Washington Club should attempt for a time to stand as a third, it could be only to the detriment of the Union party, not of the Copperheads. The contest will finally be between those who support the amendment and those who oppose it. Those who oppose it are the late rebels, not the Union men at the South, and our friends the Chicago Copperheads at the North. The members of the Washington Club party must join these, or they must vote with their old allies of the Union party. They may disable the latter, but they can not injure the former, and we should really like to know whether Mr. RANDALL and Senators DIXON and DOOLITTLE sincerely believe that union and liberty, in this country, are safer in the hands of the late rebels and the opponents of the war than in those of the Union party, however unwise some of its measures may have been, and however foolishly some of its Congressional leaders may have spoken.

PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

THE great war now begun in Europe is, with the sole exception of the Italian part of it, as purely a war of political ambition as Europe has ever seen. We do not believe LOUIS NAPOLEON to be the only ambitious and able man in Europe, and therefore we do not hold him exclusively responsible. But doubtless the meeting of some months ago between BISMARCK and NAPOLEON had a very significant bearing upon the present situation. If they had not both been ready and willing to make war the peace would not have been broken.

The treaty which settled the Schleswig-Holstein war was signed at Vienna on the 30th October, 1864. Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg were ceded by that treaty to the joint protectorate of Prussia and Austria. Within the year following Austria sold to Prussia her rights in Lauenburg for 2,500,000 thalers, and by the Convention of Gastein of August 15, 1865, it was agreed that the joint occupation should cease, Austria taking possession of Holstein and Prussia of Schleswig. Prussia then began to press Austria to yield her rights in Holstein, which Austria refused, and referred the question to the Federal Diet of Germany. This Prussia denounced as a violation of the Convention of Gastein, and prepared to march troops into Holstein to resume the joint occupation. Thereupon Austria moved in the Federal Diet that the Federal army be put upon a war footing, for the purpose of resisting the designs of Prussia. Prussia protested that such a decision would be a dissolution of the German Confederation, and that she should regard all the States that voted for the proposal as her enemies; but the motion was adopted by a vote of nine, including Austria, to six, including Prussia. The Austrian vote represents a population of about 14,000,000, excluding Austria herself, and the Prussian, excluding Prussia, about 3,000,000. Prussia accordingly declared the Germanic Confederation dissolved, and the semi-official papers announce that henceforth the States formerly composing it will be called the Middle European group of States. On the 15th of June Prussia entered Hanover and Saxony, and the war virtually began.

This is simply a quarrel of precedence between Prussia and Austria, which have always been rival powers in the Confederation, and as Austria has stood upon the defensive in the quarrel, and has offered to refer the difference to the decision of the Diet, her attitude toward Prussia commands the sympathy of all who feel that the Schleswig-Holstein question is not really a *casus belli*.

But it is not so with Italy. The Congress of Vienna, which was a reactionary conclave of kings, gave Venetia to Austria. But Venetia is Italian in language, tradition, and sympathy. It has been held only by the Austrian strong hand, and that hand has never been more odious than in its clutch upon Italy. The history of that country since the settlement of 1815 is a story of incessant plots and conspiracies—of fervent hopes betrayed and of noble men sacrificed by Austria. The best expression of this undying national feeling of Italy and its profound resolution to throw off the German yoke is found in various poems of ROBERT BROWNING. Its living impersonation is JOSEPH MAZZINI. Later events have made GARIBALDI its representative and VICTOR EMANUEL its official leader. The fire and the force of Italy are now typified by these two men. To their call all the youth and ardor and hope of the peninsula respond. Under them an immense army is now organized and marshaled. Through their eyes Italy, wholly aroused, stands erect, and beholds in fervent expectation every inch of her soil freed from the foreigner. A day of such promise modern Italy has not seen. Thoroughly prepared for the struggle, she knows that Prussia and France are interested in her success, and that all generous hearts in the world wish her well. Austria is an enormous power, the name of a most crushing despotism. From the old tradition of GESSLER and TELL to the modern METTERNICH and SILVIO PELLICO she has been the enemy of liberty. She is now entering upon a vital struggle, and the hopes and wishes of constitutional freedom must be against her as Italy cries *Viva il re galantuomo! Viva Garibaldi!* and strikes for Italian independence and unity.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

As the political campaign for the Congressional elections opens it is essential to remember that the paramount question is still the reconstruction of the Union. The proposed tariff will be both vigorously attacked and defended within the lines of the Union party; but the tariff question, however vital to our prosperity when united, is necessarily secondary to that of Union itself. We have no right, therefore, to allow our feelings and convictions upon that subject to influence our action upon one which is more important. To vote for a candidate who is opposed to protection, or who is an absolute free-trader, but who thinks that Congress has no right to prescribe conditions for the restoration of the late rebel States to their full relations in the Union, is to prefer the lesser question to the greater. It is always possible to revise or repeal a tariff. But the conditions upon which reorganization is to be founded can neither be amended nor abolished.

The vital bond of the Union party is not financial but political. Those who hold with the *Tribune* for industrial protection, for instance, or with the *Evening Post* for industrial freedom, are both working together for certain great political results which can be achieved only by their faithful union. If, therefore, in any Union district the friends of the *Tribune* should say that they would vote only for a candidate who favored protection, and those of the *Post* that they would vote for a Copperhead rather than a Protectionist, they would give that district to the common enemy, and be responsible for the consequences.

Of course it is the duty of our friends in Congress to make our burdens of this kind light. They can not honorably forget that the Union party is neither a free trade nor a protective party. The heartiest Union men differ radically upon the tariff question. Whatever, therefore, by serious changes in the system, tends to excite feeling and acrimonious debate upon this subject tends to a division or paralysis of the party. Thus to increase the rate of duties so materially that they become virtually protective or prohibitive, and to pass the bill by a party vote, is, so far, to identify the policy of the Union party with protection, a policy which vast numbers of the party can not and will not support. Such an act is a stupendous political blunder.

But if Congress makes so gross a mistake it need not be repeated by the party itself. Every individual Union man should reflect that such an issue is not a party question, and while he would naturally prefer a Representative who sympathized with his views upon the subject, he must not forget that it is still better to take a candidate who is wrong upon the tariff than one who is wrong upon reconstruction. Our taxes must be high for many years to come. But we do not complain, because, we say, they are the price of our national unity. Let us then first certainly secure that unity, and then we can proceed to discuss how we may most easily pay the taxes.

A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THAT a proposal of the greatest public benefit should pass the Board of Councilmen of New York without a dissenting vote is a fact so astounding as to be incredible. Yet Councilman W. B. WHITE, of the Sixth District, did introduce a resolution asking for the appointment of a joint committee of the Common Council to inquire into the feasibility of establishing a free circulating library in the city, and it was passed unanimously and went to the Aldermen, where it was referred to one of the standing committees. We sincerely hope that they will report favorably at the earliest moment, and that the committee will discover that the proposition is as feasible as it is sagacious.

There are five libraries in the city already. There is the Astor, which is for special consultation at the rooms. There is the Mercantile, which is for a certain class. There is the Society, which is for subscribers. There is the Historical, which is for students. There is also, we believe, the Mechanics', which is special. But there is not yet a circulating library of standard and current literature open free to the whole public; yet it is among the most valuable of institutions.

With wise energy the Board of Health is cleansing slums and sewers, and universally washing and purifying the city. The Sewerage Board is boring and grading and building, that the foul secretions of the great metropolis may be swept away. The Board of Police are patrolling and detecting and arresting and everywhere enforcing order and law. They are all of them in various ways physical Sanitary Boards, and their good results are incontestible. They tend not only to lengthen life but to lower the taxes, for cleanliness and order are always good economy.

Besides this, the city freely educates its children, and undoubtedly lightens its taxes by doing so. Nothing is so expensive as ignorance and vice. The great anxiety of society is the preparation of various police arrangements to guard and punish those who have not had a fair chance for their minds and bodies. Whatever helps to provide this chance is a distinct public benefit, and after free schools nothing does this more effectually than a free library. The practical working of such an institution is not a matter of theory but of experience. The Public Library of Boston—a noble collection of miscellaneous literature, including also the choice, scholarly collection of THEODORE PARKER, is incessantly and most widely used, and with what good result may be inferred. Thousands and thousands of good books are in constant circulation. When they are worn out they are replaced. There is also a reading-room, in which the current periodicals are to be found. And this great institution is managed without serious expense and with no trouble from riotous visitors.

The argument for a free public library in New York is contained in the suggestion itself. The root of our national safety is public intelligence, and the free school and the free library are among the most palpable and efficient opportunities of public education. A library makes readers, as a railway makes travel. When once Mr. WHITE's proposition becomes an act, and the library is established, we shall all wonder that New York wanted it so long, and thank the wise Councilman for giving one redeeming grace to our municipal history.

IS OURS A VALID GOVERNMENT?

THOSE who demand that JEFFERSON DAVIS shall be tried, not for the purpose of securing his punishment but of obtaining a solemn decision of the Supreme Court upon the question of secession, do not seem to reflect that such a decision is not final. Another court acting upon another case can reverse it. Besides, there are but two questions upon the subject of secession; one of right, and the other of power. The nation, by a tremendous war, has settled both. Why should the matter be referred before a bench of Judges?

The question of the right of secession is the question of the existence of the Union and of the Government. Does any body mean seriously to assert that the right of this Government to exist is a question for a court to decide? Is a decision of the Supreme Court the tenure of the Union? Suppose the court should solemnly decree that secession is constitutional. What then? Are we deliberately to submit to perish? Suppose it decides it to be unconstitutional. What then? Do we feel the Government to be any stronger? If it decides one way to-day, it may decide another to-morrow. Why should we fall to pieces by a decision which may be reversed? Why should we cohere subject to a decision of dissolution? In any conceivable view the judgment of a court upon a point which the nation has decided by the last resort is superfluous and impertinent.

Let the people of this country, however, once put it into the power of the Supreme Court or of any other tribunal to declare that the Constitution is a contract at will, and the Government will be inevitably overthrown by a judicial decision. The Supreme Court was prostituted to the basest partisan, political purpose in the Dred Scott case. Is the race of TANEYS extinct? ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS frankly tells us that he and his friends believe in the right of secession. Mr. STEPHENS is a conspicuous Democratic leader. Suppose his party comes into power and the Supreme bench changed by deaths and resignations. Would it be very strange if a case were arranged so as to secure a judgment of the court favorable to the claim of State sovereignty?

There could be no more suicidal folly than to commit the decision of the validity of our national existence to any court. Is it, indeed, an open question? Did we fight only that we might discover whether we had the right to fight? Is GRANT yet to learn whether he was justified in his terrible and triumphant campaigns? Is every proud and sorrowing parent yet to hear whether his boy died in a holy or a wicked war? Yet if DAVIS be tried for treason the question must be argued and judged. He has a plea which no rebel against another Government could have—namely, that the organic law allowed him to become an alien, and consequently not liable as a traitor. Nor could his plea be overruled as irrelevant, for no student of our political history will deny that the very point which he would urge was purposely left obscure in the Constitution.

The remedy is obvious. It is not in the reversible decision of a court, but it is in the organic law as interpreted by the decision of the people. The Constitution was left purposely obscure by those who could not tell the precise strength of the dogma of State sovereignty. But that dogma has now appealed to the sword; and if the fathers doubted the children do not. They have rooted that dogma and utterly destroyed it in the field. Let them now utterly destroy every pretense it may plead in the Constitution. Let the organic law declare that no State under any plea whatever shall secede, and it will matter little whether the late rebel States revoke or rescind or repeal or annul or declare void their acts of secession, or whether the Supreme Court decides that the Government has or has not a right to exist.

PLANTING FORESTS.

MORE than ninety-five per cent. of all the public domain of the United States is absolutely without trees, and the local demand will soon exhaust the groves of the new States. Yet without trees civilization stops. "Were the pine forests around the great lakes to be swept from the earth to-night, the prairie States would stop in their career of improvement as suddenly as did LOT's wife in her journey toward the mountains." So says Mr. HUTCHINSON of Kansas in his valuable and interesting

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paper read before the Association for the Promotion of Science and Art. He proposes to double the habitable and productive surface of the country by planting the treeless plains.

Mr. DONELLY, Representative in Congress from Minnesota, has brought in a bill to encourage experiments in planting. It provides that 200,000 acres of public lands shall be granted to the Ottawa Indian University of Kansas on condition that they shall, within five years, plant at least 40,000,000 forest trees over an area of not less than 10,000 acres of public lands on the Great Plains. The House Committee on Public Lands have devoted themselves earnestly to the consideration of the practicability of this plan. Judge EDMONDS, Commissioner of the Land Office, makes a long and full report, in which he professes full faith in the success of the experiment. Mr. HUTCHINSON is the business manager of the Ottawa University, and says that the work is already begun upon their grounds. The University has this year planted one bushel of apple-seed, nine bushels of Osage orange seeds—enough for 100 miles of hedge—20,000 deciduous trees, 20,000 evergreens, and many other seeds and cuttings. The Osage orange is considered the best tree with which to begin, because it grows very rapidly, is little affected by dry weather, and has a very thick top. Sycamore, elm, soft maple, and black walnut will flourish under its protection, and are, indeed, already growing somewhat 200 miles west of the Mississippi.

It is fully believed that the Great Plains were formerly covered with trees, and would be again except for that pestilent disturber and destroyer man. If he could be banished for a few years from the prairies, says Mr. HUTCHINSON, nature would soon cover them with forests. Man brings fire. He wishes to light his pipe, or boil his pot, or toast his toes, and a continent must be scourged for his accommodation. He drops a spark or a lighted match into the dry grass, and, presto! the fire is up and away for the Rocky Mountains. But where fire does not have a chance the spread and growth of trees astonish the old farmers. We wish Mr. HUTCHINSON had mentioned how the plains chanced to be treeless when they were first seen by historic men. Were they fired by pre-historic incendiaries?

The soil of the plains is deep and rich—if the grass annually decayed on the surface, the plains would be a vast nursery bed richer than any rose garden in Flushing—and it only lacks moisture. This would come with trees. To cut down the trees in a country is to dry up the springs. Mr. MARSH, from whom Mr. HUTCHINSON quotes, has amply illustrated this fact. We must have forests to regulate the climate and seasons; to improve barren soils; to shelter crops, herds, and fruits; to furnish abodes for insect-devouring birds. Earth loves the shaggy costume of the forest. If only animals, especially of the inventive and fire-bearing kind, like man, could be banished she would every where drape her smooth outline with this soft garb. Indeed, says Mr. MARSH, forests would spontaneously spring up in the deserts of Africa if animals and fire could be excluded.

Moreover, wherever the sweep of prairie fires has been limited, there is a steady increase of timber, and Sangamon County, in Illinois, is said to have more timber growing than thirty years ago. This is an illustration that the plains are not without hope. The proposition of Mr. DONELLY, so cogently and forcibly supported by Mr. HUTCHINSON, is so promising to civilization that we hope sincerely it will be adopted.

A LETTER FROM A FARMER.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

MR. EDITOR,—Your last week's article on the subject of the Tariff was pretty sound, barring some sneers at the protectionists, which were in bad taste. I hold, with those great and good men, THADDEUS STEVENS and HORACE GREELEY, that the Government owes it to the country to protect domestic industry, and nothing is clearer than your proposition that if one kind of industry is entitled to protection all kinds are entitled to the same. The large sum of money which has been paid every year by the consumers of wood-screws to the stockholders of the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, has been well laid out, whatever you may think, inasmuch as it has firmly established that important manufacture on our native soil, and driven foreign wood-screws out of the market. And Congress is bound, by every principle of honor and honesty, to extend to every other producer throughout the land the same reward which it so justly grants to Mr. SIMMONS's Wood-Screw Company.

The tariff now before Congress proposes to levy an average tax of $22 per ton on foreign iron, and a largely increased duty per pound on foreign woolens. Every true patriot must approve these imposts. As Mr. STEVENS says, the pauper labor of Europe must be driven out of this market. With coal and iron lying side by side, and food teeming on her own soil, Pennsylvania ought, perhaps, to be able to compete with producers three thousand miles away without protection from Government. But if she is not, and her representative Mr. STEVENS says she is not, and he ought to know, I am for giving her what she asks. I am for American industry first, last, and all the time. So New England with abundant water and steam power, first-class mechanical skill, and markets at her own door, ought to be able, one would fancy, to furnish the people of the United States with woolen goods as cheaply as they can be fetched from Europe. But if she is not, and her representatives in Congress protest that she is not, I am for giving her what she asks in the way of protection. I will pay whatever may be required of me both on the iron and on the woolens which I consume, for the sake of maintaining our domestic industries against the pauper labor of Europe.

But there must be no one-sidedness in the bargain. If I pay my money to reward domestic industry in Pennsylvania and New England, the people of those sections must pay their money to reward my industry here. I am a farmer. I grow corn, potatoes, and "garden truck." I have been spending considerable money lately on manure and labor, and on the whole my farm looks well. My "peach-blows" stand three feet high from the tops of the hills; I shall have several hundred bushels for sale in September, at which time they tell me potatoes will be a drug in the market. Owing to a slight mistake of the seedsman, instead of having a couple of thousand of mush melons to sell, I shall have several barrels of cucumbers, which, if the cholera breaks out, will not command much money. My corn promises well; some, raised from Peruvian seed, imported by the Hon. E. G. SQUIER, will, I am told, grow as high as 16 or 17 feet, but without cobs, so that, unless I can sell the stalks as curiosities, my labor will be unrewarded unless Government should remunerate me. I had hoped to make something handsome from my "agriculturist" strawberries. But though the crop has been good, the soil of New Jersey is so much better adapted than ours for the growth of these berries, and we have eaten so many of them at home, that I doubt if I have realized the money I paid for plants, manure, and labor. On the whole, though nature has treated me fairly, and the season has been not unfavorable, I am not sure that my farm will yield me enough to pay the new taxes which are about to be levied on me for the protection of native industry in New England and Pennsylvania, unless Congress should levy corresponding taxes on the people of New England and Pennsylvania to reward me for the service I have rendered the country in raising such fine peach-blows, Peruvian corn, "agriculturist" berries, etc., etc.

I need not say that the protection I demand must not be by way of a customs duty. I fear no foreign competition. No tariff on corn or berries would put a dollar in my pocket. The only way in which I can be "protected" is by a system of bounties, and this, I think, will commend itself to the judgment of farmers throughout the country. Such a system could be easily adjusted. If we farmers pay 25 per cent. more for our woolens and our iron tools than we should pay under what HORACE GREELEY so justly calls the "British free-trade system," it is but fair that the people who get this 25 per cent. should pay us a corresponding bounty on the food we raise. A bounty of 10 cents a bushel on corn and potatoes, 5 cents a quart on strawberries, and 50 cents a hundred on cucumbers would, my wife calculates, about make us square this season; we should lose, of course, on my friend SQUIER's coboless Peruvian corn, but we are willing to make some sacrifices for our country. Without such a bounty we shall be robbed, and, firmly as I am wedded to the sound doctrines of the protectionists, I can't be expected to rob my family for the sake of theories.

I have written to our District Representative on the subject, and confidently expect that he will introduce into Congress a measure that will be satisfactory to us farmers. I do not want to seem to dictate to Congress as to the method in which the bounties should be paid. But the simplest plan would seem to be a new issue of legal-tender notes or National Bank currency. There is only about a thousand millions of paper-money afloat, and, as Mr. STEVENS and Mr. JOHN SHERMAN very properly observe, the country wants it all, and more too. A bounty of 10 cents a bushel on corn would require about $80,000,000, and a corresponding bounty on other products, say, $120,000,000 more; so that a beggarly $200,000,000 a year would answer the purpose. This sum might be raised by a special tax on manufactures.

I can not refrain, Mr. Editor, from congratulating you and the nation at large upon the new and grand financial policy into which we are drifting. Blind despotisms in Europe are reducing the taxes on their people to the utmost limit consistent with the maintenance of government; we are increasing our taxes year by year, taxing each separate class for the benefit of every other, and the great public at large for the benefit of each class. Blind despotisms in Europe are either sternly keeping their currency on a par with gold, or if, like us, they have in past years got off the track, are striving to regain it; we, on the contrary, are legislating against currency contraction, and providing as elaborately against the improvement of our national credit as those blind despotisms are guarding against the depreciation of theirs. This is the way in which a young and prosperous country demonstrates its superiority to precedent, and its independence of the old-fashioned laws of political economy.

I scorn and contemn the arguments which have been urged in some quarters in favor of a reduction of taxes and a return to hard money. What the country really wants is more protection and more currency. Let every industry be protected—of course at the expense of all the others; let the issues of irredeemable paper (the most convenient currency in the world, for it never can be exported) be continued as needed and as population increases, until the rate of interest at Chicago and St. Louis falls to three per cent., and a pair of boots costs $25; and then, Sir, we shall indeed begin to realize the blessings of living under a Government administered on the plan of those great statesmen, THADDEUS STEVENS, JOHN SHERMAN, and their compeers.

Respectfully yours, DICK BROWN.

TOTS HILL, STATEN ISLAND, July 4, 1866.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR,—I see that the New York *Times* ardently supports the call of Messrs. RANDALL and HENDRICKS for a National Convention. The Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND is editor of the *Times*, and he is also Chairman of the Union National Committee. Now does he mean us to understand that the RANDALL and HENDRICKS Convention is a Convention of our party? If so, why doesn't he say so? If not, why doesn't he say so?

If, as the *Times* says, the time has come for remodeling the party, does the Chairman of the National Committee advise calling in our most constant political enemies to do the job? If he does, why does he not resign? If he does not, why does he not consult with his colleagues, and call a truly National Union Convention from all the States and Territories—a Convention to which such Southern Unionists as ANDREW J. HAMILTON, of Texas, and his friends would be welcome? Or, in the judgment of the *Times*, are Governor HAMILTON and those who agree with him, and who voted against THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT in Texas, not sound and trusty Union men?

Is the true way to enlarge and nationalize the Union party to absorb the Southern Unionists or to be absorbed by the Northern Copperheads? Yours,

A LINCOLN VOTER OF '64.

LITERARY.

"Drift: a Seashore Idyl, and other Poems," by GEORGE ARNOLD. (TICKNOR & FIELDS.) In one of the "Mosses from an old Manse" HAWTHORNE imagines a letter from a friend who has lost the thread of his life by occasional insanity, and who writes a letter from London, in 1815, describing grotesquely BYRON, SHELLEY, COLERIDGE, and the other noted authors of their time, as if they were still living. In the same vein he speaks of those who are still living as dead, and says of one of them: "I remember, too, a lad just from college, LONGFELLOW by name, who scattered some delicate verses to the winds, and went to Germany, and perished, I think, of intense application at the University of Gottingen." Here, too, in this unusually beautiful little book are a handful of delicate verses scattered to the winds by a young man who, in no disordered fancy, but in sad fact, died last autumn. His friend and literary counsele, Mr. WILLIAM WINTER, in a simple and touching sketch, relates the few dates and facts of his life, which have a singular harmony with the musical melancholy of the impression that the book produces.

Mr. ARNOLD was born in the city of New York, in 1834, and at the age of three was taken by his parents to the West, and returned with them to the neighborhood of New York in 1843. In 1852 he came to New York to study painting—soon relinquished the attempt, and thenceforward, until his death, in November, 1865, was a writer for the periodical press in this city. He wrote with facility prose or verse; spirit, satire, or sentiment; living by his pen, and quietly accepting all the conditions of his profession. The best known of his writings was probably the series of McArone letters in Family Fire, but the best of them were undoubtedly the poems which Mr. WINTER has now edited. They are full of a pensive, delicate sentiment, and a graceful music, which shows how easily and naturally his receptive and tender regrets flowed into rhyme. If the poet were a Bohemian, in the vulgar sense, there is yet no touch of Bohemia in his verses. The playful attempts at cynicism are very transparent. The real thing in them is a pathetic grace, a genuine sadness. Whether this were more than the luxury of "dreamful youth" does not appear. There are hints—not, however, in Mr. WINTER's memoir—of some sorrow from which the young author never recovered. Mr. ARNOLD's poetry is in no imitative strain. It is not an echo of a familiar voice, but is truly his own, and is sure to awaken a melancholy interest in the poet. We can copy but one little song, written in a sunny mood, which is a good illustration of his rare grace and felicity:

"JUBILATE.

"Gray distance hid each shining sail,
By ruthless breezes torn from me;
And, lowering, foling, foist, and pale,
My ships went forth to sea.

"Where misty breakers rose and fell
I stood and screened hopelessly;
For every wave had tales to tell
Of wrecks far out at sea.

"To-day, a song is on my lips;
Earth seems a Paradise to me;
For God is good, and, lo! my ships
Are coming home from sea."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 26:

In the Senate, after several attempts at amendment the Freedmen's Bureau bill was passed, and sent back to the House.

In the House, the Pacific Railroad bill was passed—54 to 36.

June 27:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill called up the bill introduced by Mr. Wade on the first day of the session, to grant universal suffrage in the District of Columbia. An amendment was adopted, excluding from the right of suffrage all who voluntarily left the District to go into the rebellion. An amendment to limit the franchise to such persons as can read the Constitution of the United States and write their names was rejected. Final action on the bill was not reached.

In the House, the Senate bill to prevent smuggling was passed.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back amendments to the Tax bill, and proceeded to state the important features of the report. The amendments were separately voted on, and as the House refused to concur in several of them, a Committee of Conference was called for. Among those non-concurred in were the cotton, cigar, income, and Bank tax amendments.

June 28:

In the Senate, Mr. Brown offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for such reorganization of the civil service, especially as to the Post-office, Treasury, and Interior Departments, as will secure appointments after proper examination, and to regulate dismissals and promotions so they are regulated in the army and navy, to the end that the patronage of these Departments may not be used as engines of political power.

In the House, the Missouri contested election case was decided in favor of Mr. Krekel, the present occupant.—The Senate amendments to the House bill to continue in force and amend the act to establish the Freedmen's Bureau were taken up, the section of the 13th the amendments were non-concurred in, and a Conference Committee was asked.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the Tariff bill. Mr. Morrill addressed the House in explanation and support of the bill. He urged a higher tariff on various imported articles, especially on wool.

June 29:

In the Senate, a committee of conference was appointed on the Freedmen's Bureau bill. The points to be referred to relate to the disposition of the real estate held by the freedmen under General Sherman's order. The bill as passed by the Senate contains provisions under which the former owners may get possession of these lands, except such as have been sold for United States taxes.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dispatches from Galveston, Texas, give Mexican news to the 23d of June. Saltillo had been evacuated by the Imperialists, and occupied by the Liberals. Mejia had left for General Escobedo to receive the surrender of Matamoras. Seven hundred Liberals occupied Monterey, and a force was coming to attack Tampico.

Morton, the Republican candidate, has been elected Governor of Nebraska by 115 majority. The majority in favor of making the Territory a State was 111.

Governor Swann, of Maryland, declines calling an extra session of the Legislature to act upon the Constitutional Amendment.

The Conservatives have carried the election in Texas, and Throckmorton is elected Governor. The Union ticket seems to have polled one-third of the vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

THE German Diet at Frankfort having, on June 14, passed the act for the mobilization of the Federal army, Prussia has declared the Confederation dissolved, and that she regards as enemies all the States adhering to the act.

The vote was nine in favor to seven against the adoption of the proposal, excluding Austria, in the affirmative, representing a population of 12,500,711, and contingents of 117,[illegible] men, while the five votes excluding Prussia against the proposal represent a population of 9,500,000, and contingents of 25,500 men.

The members of the Confederation voting for the adoption of the proposal were, Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, the two Hesses, with Lichtenstein, Waldeck, Reuss-Greiz, Reuss-Gera, Schaumburg-Lippe, and Lippe-Detmold; and the seven voting against it, Prussia, Luxemburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Anhalt, Schwarzburg, Sondershausen, Lubeck, Frankfort, Bremen, and Hamburg.

The Prussian ultimatum demanding the neutrality of Saxony in the conflict, the formation of the Saxon army to a peace footing, and adhesion to the Prussian proposal for convoking a German parliament with the view of founding a new confederation, has been rejected by the Saxon Government. Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Saxony rejected the same ultimatum.

The Prussian ultimatum here on the 26 instant, with a budget of intelligence of the most startling character.

Prussia and Italy each declared war against Austria on June 19. This simultaneous declaration, by the side with the fact that Prussia has been sending gold to Italy, confirms the hypothesis that there has been all along a secret understanding between the two Governments.

The same day that war was declared the Prussians commenced hostilities by invading Saxony from the north-east and east, occupying Dresden. The King of Saxony and the royal family fled. The people were flying into Bohemia. The Prussians were levying contributions of supplies and conscripting the able-bodied men.

The capital of Hanover has been captured by the Prussians.

In Saxony there was an engagement at Frieberg, in which a Hanoverian regiment of the Federal army was cut to pieces, and the Prussians were victorious. In a cavalry engagement with the enemy the Prussians were defeated. This was only a skirmish. A great battle was expected at Frankfort on the Oder, in Silesia.

Both the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian King have issued royal manifestoes—the former to the Austrian people, the latter to the states through which his armies may pass.

A new Italian Ministry has been organized, with Ricasoli at the head. Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi have taken [illegible] field. Antonelli, the Pope's Minister, has resigned.

Turkey has announced that she will interfere in the Danubian Principalities; and France, England, and Russia have formally protested.

Russia has thrown a force on the Austrian frontier, and has given notice that in case of interference by other neutral Powers she also will interfere.

Spain has determined to withdraw from the Pacific.

The Atlantic Telegraph Expedition was to start on the 9th of July.

ENGLAND.

By advices from England of June 29 it appears that in consequence of the large majority against the Government Mr. Gladstone had put himself in connection with the Queen at Balmoral, and Parliament had adjourned until June 25.

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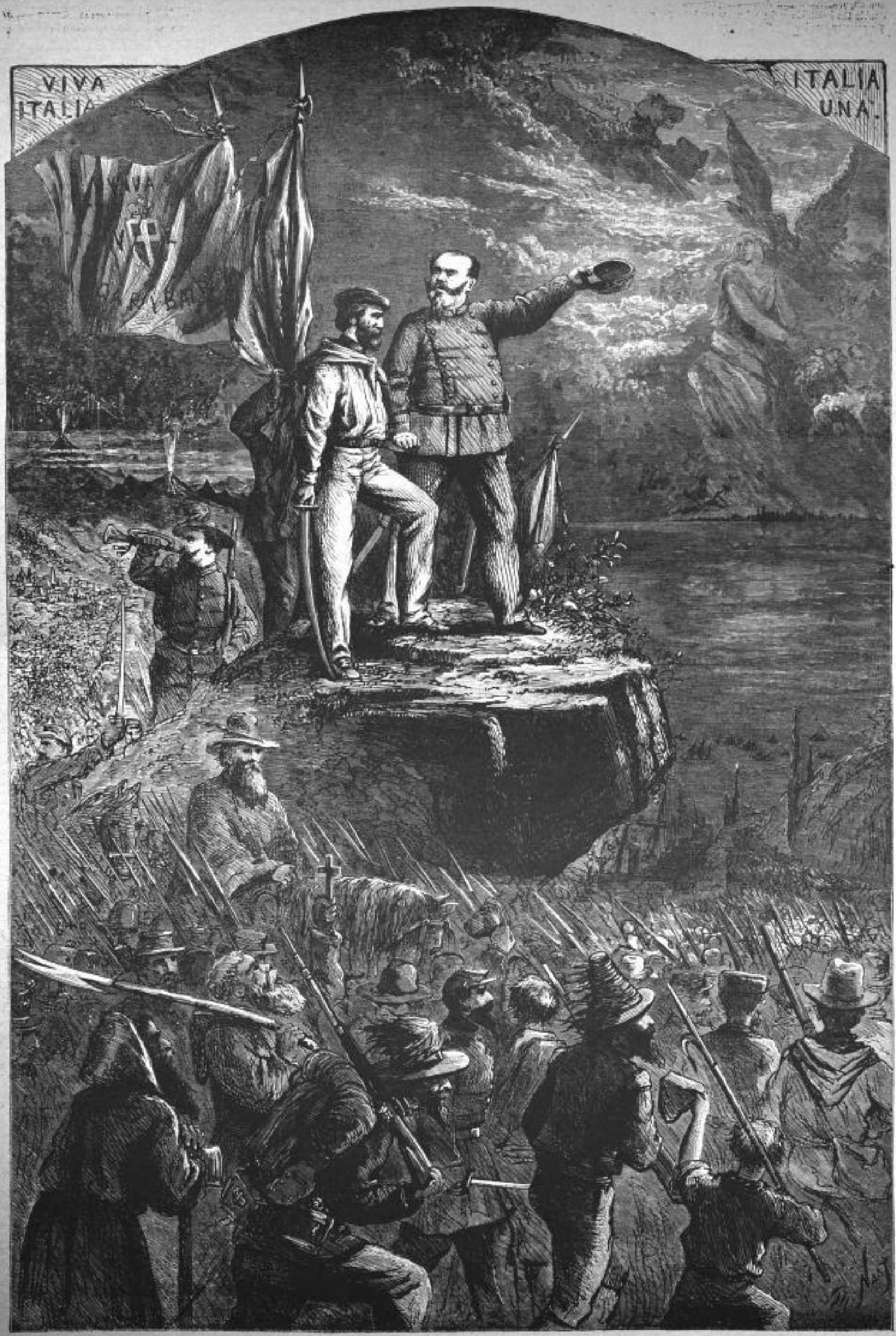

THE UPRISING OF ITALY.—[DRAWN BY MR. THOMAS NAST.]

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THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

WE were inconveniently situated, Phil and I. In a situation indeed that would have rendered more susceptible individuals in a state of mind quite unfit to enjoy the Christmas festivities so closely approaching.

Phil had been, I must say, awfully extravagant; and much as I sympathized with him, I could not blame the "gov'nor" for sending him a check for £50, with the information that he might right himself as he could, for that he (the "gov'nor") was sick of paying his bills and setting him going again, and was firmly resolved to wash his hands of the whole "affair."

The "affair," who happened to be seated beside my fire, with a glass of brandy-and-water near him, and a meerschaum in his mouth, folded up the check carefully and slipped it in his waistcoat pocket, and then tearing up the paternal letter, quietly relighted his meerschaum with it.

"It's shabby of the gov'nor, I must say," he said, with a patience that, compared with my indignant disappointment, was Job-like and beautiful. "But it's no use making a row about it, so there we are where we were before."

"It won't even pay your tailor's bill," I muttered; thinking selfishly to myself, "much less leave you a pound to lend me."

"Of course it won't; the gov'nor didn't intend it should. It's a Christmas-box," Phil answered, seriously, smoking away like a Turk.

I pointed to a little basket that lay beside my writing-table. "I don't know how full yours is," I said, solemnly, "but mine won't hold any more. I've about a dozen by each post from those confounded tradesmen, graduating in insolence."

"So have I, for that matter," interrupted Phil. "But I never read them. I never could stand being blackguarded, and that's what dunning's been allowed to reach in a country that prides itself on its freedom and its constitution. Why," continued Phil, warming with his subject, and gesticulating in a manner that lent additional grandeur to his sentiments, "don't we pride ourselves on the sacredness of the domestic hearth? Is not every man's house his castle? And yet, through the medium of this liberal, this enlightened Government, the post is allowed to invade its sanctuary, and pour on the pure white breakfast-cloth a heap of insults, sufficient to make the blood boil within one, and spoil one's digestion for the day!"

"There should be some law," added Phil, more quietly, and sinking back meditatively in his chair, "to prevent this intrusion on a man's privacy—some fine or even heavy punishment should be inflicted for transmitting, by such means, insults dishonoring equally to the British tradesman and British gentleman. Blackguarding's forbidden in the streets, why should it be permitted in our homes?"

"Never mind the whys and the wherefores," I answered, rather crossly, "the thing is, and there's an end of it. The question is, Phil, what are we to do? Do you know I'm deuedly hard up?"

My friend did not answer for at least twelve whiffs; then he said in his calmest manner:

"You're not of a reflective disposition unfortunately, Jack, or else I should recommend you to light your pipe and leave it to Fate to suggest some idea. With me the case is different. Provide me with a wood and a glass of grog, and if you were to perch me at the top of Mont Blanc, or plunge me in the depths of a coal mine, reflection would claim me as her own."

"I think then, my dear Phil," I replied, with the shadow of a sneer, "it is time you set your reflective powers to work. Fifty pounds won't do you much service, if I am rightly informed as to the extent of your liabilities."

"I am perfectly aware of that, and yet you see I am calm as a marble Jupiter. Such is the force of my self-reliance."

"Come, Phil, what's up?" I exclaimed, in a coaxing tone, for I knew enough of my friend's affairs to value his self-reliance at its proper worth.

Phil raised his glass to his lips, and for a moment there was silence. Then laying it down, he said, energetically, "Jack, I am disgusted with my kind! I feel almost Byronic."

"So do I," I grimly responded.

"There are times," continued Phil, again falling into those gesticulations which he had acquired at the best private theatricals, "when I feel that I could almost—" I thought he was going to say "commit suicide," and as I was contemplating entering the Church, I thought it an excellent opportunity to begin preaching; but he only added, after another communication with the glass beside him, "Merry!"

"Good Heavens!" I said, fervently. "At your age, Philip! Why you must be mad; besides, Blanche has not got any thing, and she's awfully extravagant, I warn you, and with not an idea of sewing even a button on a fellow's shirt. You'd better go back to the coal mine, or ascend Mont Blanc, and think again."

"Your glass must have been stiffish, Jack, you're uncommonly witty. However (not for the first time either) you're hitting a little beside the mark. I did not mean to marry Blanche, poor dear! Much as I adore her, I am perfectly aware that 'nothing a year and find yourself' would neither suit her nor me."

"Then what do you mean? I hate guessing riddles—speak out." I fear I did not speak with my usual amiability, but circumstances were trying, and so was Phil, particularly when he had on the "marble Jupiter" mood.

Instead of answering, my friend took from his pocket a small note written on delicate pink paper, and scented with the delightful odor that had once been sweeter than the rose to my senses, as pervading every article that had the felicity of belonging to Gertrude Thornly, Phil's youngest sister.

This he threw at me in a manner that, had he not been my dearest friend (and Gerty's brother), I should have quarreled with him on the spot.

Smoothing it out, for the wretch had crumpled it up in a way that he certainly would not have done Blanche's embossed notes, I cast my eyes over the dashing caligraphy, and after some difficulty, for I must say Gerty wrote with the same dash she did every thing, I made out the following:

"THORNLY HALL, *Dec.*

"MY DEAREST PHIL,—What have you been doing, you silly, extravagant boy, to pet papa so horribly out of sorts? He has not spoken a civil word to any one since he got your letter; and when I asked him how you were, and what news you gave, he spirted out some very naughty words, which made the Rev. Mr. Blink, who was dining with us, use his handkerchief vigorously. Now, my dear Phil, you really should not do whatever you have been doing, and I hope you won't again. I and Blanche were talking it over last night, when we were undressing (Blanche came over to stay a day or two, yesterday), and she thinks it may be that you have been spending too much, which of course one is apt to do when things are so dear, and dress-makers so exorbitant in their prices; and papa should not expect one to buy every thing and give to charity sermons too. And Blanche says her papa is so bad, and she only wishes for your sake and her own she was a Queen of Diamonds. By-the-by, that reminds me, the Queen of Diamonds, Miss Rowney, is coming to stay with us at Christmas; and so is Captain Johnson, and Clara, and all the Holmesses; so I hope you will manage to get away too, as you do make theatricals go off so well. And now good-by.

"Your affectionate sister,

"GERTRUDE THORNLY.

"P.S.—Don't do it any more, for papa is so cross."

I was so interested in the perusal of that note—taking me back as it did in the presence of that being, who, to my mind, was the sweetest woman I had ever met—so engrossed with the pleasant fancy, that I again heard her gay laugh and happy fresh voice, almost indeed felt the flutter of her ribbons, as during those few days of the preceding September—that I continued gazing at the writing, and forgot that my friend was waiting my comments on it.

"Well!" at length he said.

I started.

"Well!" he repeated; "do you understand now my meaning?"

"I must confess that I do not."

Philip's lip curled contemptuously, but he was too lazy to be more violently abusive.

"I suppose you can understand that Blanche Grey is not a Queen of Diamonds, however much her devotion to me, dear angel, may make her wish it."

I did understand that perfectly, knowing that Miss Grey was the daughter of one of the greatest spendthrifts going, who never had a penny to pay cash for any thing; but what all this nonsense about queens and diamonds meant I was still as much in the dark as ever, and I said so frankly.

Phil still looked contemptuous, but he condescended to be more lucid.

"Gerty writes abominably," he said, puffing out his cigar smoke in that imperial manner that Jupiter would probably have rolled out his, had the blessing of tobacco been known on High Olympus; "but she's a sensible girl for all that, and with an eye to business, which she most certainly inherits from the paternal side. She means kindly to hint to me that if I am in difficulties I could not do better than make up to Diana Rowney. She goes rather round about, and brings in Blanche in a way I do not quite like, but she means well, I dare say."

Now, knowing as I did, that Gerty Thornly was the frankest, simplest, heartiest girl in the world, and the bosom friend of Blanche Grey, I felt the translation of her letter to fit in to the suggestion of his own mercenary thoughts malicious in the extreme, and I girded myself up (figuratively of course, for it was after dinner) for a combat in her defense.

But Phil raised himself immediately, and energetically for him. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, don't! I know all you are going to say, and I am in a mood in which it would drive me to distraction. No; let us be sensible, Jack, and talk things over without any romantic sentimentalism."

"That's what I have been wishing you to do for the last hour," I answered, crossly.

Phil waved his pipe in that calm oratorical manner which I knew prefaced a rather lengthy speech; so I lay back and made myself comfortable.

"Jack," said Phil, in the way he would have said "Mr. Speaker" in addressing the House of Commons, "Jack, we are in difficulties; I may say difficulties of an intricacy which even passes our powers of solution. Those difficulties, however, all centre in the one point, want of money; and the question is how to supply this want."

"Come, Phil, you're getting prosy," I remarked.

"It's a prosy subject. I am not a Gladstone, and finance is a subject I abhor. Why not, therefore, turn it into something more romantic? Now I know Diana Rowney is not to compare with Blanche in a robe de chambre, but in her ball dress, with all her fortune flashing about her, she is perfectly dazzling. Blanche fades to a mere shadow."

"I wish you would explain who this Diana Rowney is, and what you mean about her diamonds," I interrupted a little testily, for, truth to tell, I was beginning to fear that Phil had some prize in view which I could not share.

"Why I thought the girls had told you about her. She is the daughter of some Indian merchant who made a fortune, and then just before he died turned it all into diamonds, which he left to his daughter on the condition that she did not attempt to sell them before she married. He made her take an oath, I believe, at least so she says, and she lives moderately on £60 a year, while she keeps her fortune in her jewel casket."

"How much are they worth?" I inquired, with interest; "and what kind of a girl is she?"

"You had better come down to Thornly Hall and judge for yourself."

As he spoke, Phil fixed his eye on me in a manner that I knew had a deep meaning.

"Well," I said, "what?"

"Shall we make a bargain, Jack? We've held to each through a good deal; shall we hold on still? We both want money, we both have a fancy for—well perhaps for a prettier girl than Diana Rowney; suppose we agree to toss up who is to be the sacrifice, and agree that the other shall receive a thousand pounds on the wedding-day."

"Phil, what a horrible, almost immoral idea!" I exclaimed, virtuously.

"Well, I did not say it was agreeable, or particularly moral, did I? All I say is, it is necessary for me to get money somehow, even if I have to do something as bad as marrying an heiress. There!"

And Phil reared up his great person, gave his mustache a savage pull, and prepared to put on his great-coat.

* * * * * *

The result of that conversation was that, on the 21st of December, a couple of tall (and though I say it, who should not), good-looking fellows, took first-class tickets by the Great Western down to Bridgewater.

I must also confess that on the previous night, after having passed a dreary hour looking over my entangled accounts, Philip had also contrived to beguile me into that immoral "toss up," which was to decide whether the heiress or the thousand pounds were to be mine; and I was in uncommonly good spirits from having won the money. I could still meet Gerty Thornly with a free conscience.

Phil, I must say, bore his fate with a calmness truly philosophic; but I noticed ever he avoided the subject of Blanche Grey, and if he ever mentioned love or woman, spoke of them in a Byronic manner quite painful to hear. His feelings, however, must have been rather tried when, on arriving at Bridgewater, we found a whole party from the Hall come to meet us, among whom was Miss Grey, but not the Queen of Diamonds.

They kept up the old style of things at Thornly Hall. There were plenty of servants, good table, silver plate, and Christmas festivities; and besides this there were daughters with moderate portions, timber that must not be cut, and an eldest son, who, unfortunately for himself, was not Phil. I knew all this; and I was accustomed to the ways of the place, and I went to my room to dress for dinner in a frame of mind perfectly satisfied with my own position, and indeed that of all the world.

Alas for human selfishness! I must confess I was so engrossed with my own pleasant meditations, that I had quite or almost forgotten that Phil was about to be sacrificed; and when he just poked his head into my room, and growled that "he had just had a talk with the gov'nor, who was still savage as a bear, and that he must go in for her," I scarcely remembered who the "her" was. I was a little horrified when I did remember, for I must confess I had found Gerty more charming than ever (I think winter costume, especially that black-plumed hat, becomes her even more than airy summer muslins), and it made me almost shudder to think how I had tempted Fate.

It is astonishing what a purifying effect female society has on our brutal, male natures. Ten minutes after I had been in the company of the Misses Thornly and Blanche Grey round that blazing fire, while we waited the summons to dinner, gold had become dross in my estimation; those luxuries of bachelor life I had been accustomed to consider necessaries the most insipid vanities that a man could burden himself with debt for. I grew virtuously strong; so much so, that I blushed when I thought of the object of that Christmas visit among those unsuspecting damsels, and resolved to do my best to prevent this evil-doing, even at the cost of my thousand; but even as I determined the door opened, and in came Phil, in his most *distingué* toilet, with a lady. Well, she was not handsome, unless an overdoing of every feature she possessed gave her a title to beauty. She had a very large Roman nose, very large black eyes, very, very bushy black eyebrows, very black hair, very large white teeth, and very red lips—lips and teeth which made you shudder and call to mind the old story of Red Riding-hood.

"What large teeth you have, grandmamma!"

"All the better to eat you up, my dear!"

Somehow, whenever she opened her mouth, and

"SHE GUESSED SHE HAD LOST PHIL."

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turned her head in the snappish way which seemed peculiar to her, I fancied she was going to say that.

All the ladies made a move as they entered.

"Come and sit near the fire, Diana!" exclaimed Miss Thornly.

"Here's a cozy little corner, Di," said Gerty.

"So there is here," said Edith Holmes. "Come by me, Diana."

The Queen of Diamonds seemed a great favorite even among her own sex—that was comforting. However, Diana Rowney smiled graciously, and the butler at that moment announcing dinner, she accepted Phil's arm, and we all made a move to the dining-room.

Again I must acknowledge that the charms of my own position made me insensible to the trials of my friend; and it was only when he called to me, in rather a stern voice, to pass something at the dessert, that I observed, in spite of his smiles, Phil was looking any thing but contented.

Phil was a very fascinating fellow in his way, and had brass enough to give a dash to his soft attentions and sweet speeches, which quite distinguished him. He was handsome, too, and had a peculiarity about the eyes that pleased us men, so it was not to be wondered that the women adored him.

I watched him a little after that call, and I saw that he was going through the regular process with dark Diana, and apparently with success, for her great eyes now glowing like red-hot coals—I can't say stars—and she was laughing and talking, and paying him as attentive as flattering as it was exclusive.

They grew a little noisy, too, and attracted general attention, approving I could see, from the bottom of the table, but not quite so much so from either Gerty or Blanche Grey. Indeed, the fair face of Miss Grey had looked very much puzzled ever since she had been at table; and Gerty now and then made wrong answers as a louder peal of laughter than usual came from Phil and Diana's corner.

Still, when Miss Thornly made the move, and the ladies left the room, Phil took his cambric handkerchief and passed it across his brow with a sigh, as if he had concluded some Herculean labor. He took a good deal of wine too afterward.

That evening he was very assiduous in courting dark Diana, and showed, indeed, a firmness of purpose worthy of a better cause; but whether it was that the sharp fresh air of morning cooled his ardor, or that he found Diana still less inviting with that large Roman nose protruding from under a tiny black hat, I know not; but the next morning his attention fluctuated rather, and when in the morning ride his horse fell back beside Blanche, he seemed to find it difficult to urge him forward again in the resistance of Miss Rowney, who professed to be nervous on horseback; and when we happened to loiter together in the dining-room before luncheon, he shrugged his shoulders most desperately, and whispered, "If she would but come out with them all blazing about her, it would give me courage, Jack."

Three days passed, however, and "the Queen" did not come out in the "blaze" poor Phil yearned for, as does the prisoner for sunshine. She wore a diamond brooch occasionally, which attracted our covetous gaze; but, as we both silently observed, that was not sufficiently tempting to make weight with Diana Rowney in the balance against either Gerty or Blanche.

A philosopher less interested than myself might have found a delightful combination of amusement and instruction in watching Phil's conduct those three days. He would have seen an amusing struggle between the man of the world and the man of nature: the man of wants and the man of taste. In the evening, after imbibing a certain quantity of sherry and port, Phil was Diana's slave, lounging with her in private corners, bending over her while she sang (songs which put your teeth on edge), decking her hair with camellias stolen from his sister's conservatory, and otherwise pursuing the object which brought us down to Thornly; but in the morning, somehow, he could not resist Blanche's attractions; and how, I know not, but we used constantly to fall into that same quartette, rambling through the leafless woods and roads in which we had contrived to pass so many hours of the last long vacation so satisfactorily.

I think the mornings made up to poor Blanche for all the peculiar desertion in the evening; and perhaps she believed what I heard Gerty assert one night, under cover of Diana's singing, "Phil was obliged to be attentive, to please papa, you know."

How this would have gone on—which lady would have carried the day—I know not, but I was getting rather doubtful about my thousand.

However, Christmas-eve came. There was to be a dance, and we gentlemen had gone through the usual exertion of decking the room with holly and such flowers as could be got, and we had done the usual amount of flirtation likewise. I think the day had been trying to Phil on the whole, for I must say even I thought I had never seen Blanche look prettier than she did, now peeping through dark wreaths of laurel, now bending her golden head over the shiny holly. The opportunities, too, for love-making had been very abundant, and to have to make sweet speeches to Diana, after whispering them to blushing Blanche, must have been martyrdom, more especially when connected with a guilty conscience.

Phil did seem nervous for once in his life, and I remarked that he left the society of the drawing-room much sooner than he needed to go and prepare for the dance; and on leaving myself for the same purpose half an hour afterward I saw the red spark of his cigar saunteringup and down the terrace. Now smoke is solitude proclaimed that Philip Thornly was uneasy in his mind, so I was not surprised, on descending to the hall-room some time afterward, to find that he was still absent, nor to hear from Captain Johnson that he was still smoking away like a Turk in the cold night air.

Meanwhile the room began to fill, the music to play, and the usual routine of the ball to proceed. The scene was pretty enough to please the most fastidious eye, for the decorations were perfect, the lights admirably disposed, and certainly falling on "fair women and brave men" in profusion; but it became dazzling when the door was thrown open, and Diana Rowney appeared in the blaze of all her fortune. Diamonds on her neck, diamonds in her ears, diamonds on her arms! Heavens! how she blazed beneath the lights, and how her great dark eyes shone with triumph as she saw the envious gaze fixed upon her!

Certainly, whether it was the fiend of avarice that put me on his spectacles or not I can not say; but somehow that dark woman, with her glittering jewels, *did* seem to cast the rest into the shadow. Even fair Blanche, till then the belle (except for Gerty) of the room, seemed to fade into something dim, and I must say I thought cheerfully of the thousand pounds. Why, these diamonds must be worth an immense sum!

Dark Diana was soon surrounded by an admiring crowd, but she refused all offers until Philip Thornly appeared, and then she accepted his arm and took her place in a quadrille. I do not know whether it was maliciously done or not, but she maneuvered so that for her *vis-à-vis* she had Blanche Grey.

I had watched narrowly for Phil's entrance, for I would not have lost the effect of the first view of the Queen of Diamonds upon him for the world. I should be able to judge of my chance of the thousand pounds by it.

He bore the dazzling sight, however, with admirable composure; and Diana's eyes must have been more acute than mine if she could detect either amazement, satisfaction, or admiration in the quiet glance with which he approached her and asked her to dance. Indeed, he was more careless than usual; and as he led her forward I heard him say, in an indifferent tone, "that he had a headache, and felt hardly up to dancing."

But he did dance—and with the Queen of Diamonds too—to Blanche's grievous anger and astonishment; and he took her in to supper, and plied her with Champagne, and quaffed copiously of the same himself; and then, when they came back again, they only took one waltz round the room, and retired to the conservatory.

Heavens! how that woman's eyes shone as, leaning heavily on Phil's arm, she passed through the glass door beside which I stood, with my arm round Blanche, taking breath for an instant.

"What are they going in there for?" Blanche said, quickly; and then she looked up in my face, and whether she saw any thing there ominous I know not, for I felt almost as guilty as Phil, but she drew away from me, and murmuring something about being tired, went and dropped quietly on a sofa in the corner.

I think, poor girl, she guessed all about it; and I felt quite wretched as I looked at her, watching there from her corner that fatal door. She guessed she had lost Phil.

Gerty did too, I think; for suddenly her face lost its gayety, and she went and sat down by Blanche, and wound her arm round her silently, but in a manner very protecting and sympathetic.

I was not sorry when that evening came to an end; and I must acknowledge I went to my room feeling almost as guilty as if I had abetted a Gunpowder Plot.

"Come in!" I exclaimed; and the door opened and Phil came in.

"I've done it!" he said, throwing himself on the sofa, and beginning to pull off his neckcloth as if it choked him.

"Done what?"

"Proposed to Diana Rowney: we are to be married in a month."

I was prepared for the news, and so listened silently.

"Of course," continued Phil, "it's trying—very trying; not only for poor Blanche, but for me. Champagne only could have got me through it; and I see I must send an enormous supply to wherever we fix on for the honey-moon. The honey-moon! only fancy a month of spooning on Diana, and from that to emerge into a family man! By Jove! Jack, I don't know now whether I shall have the nerve to get through it."

He took a cigar from my box as he spoke, and began to smoke vigorously.

The position was rather embarrassing, and I really scarcely knew whether to condole with my friend or congratulate him. I took a middle course—the philosophical one.

"The diamonds are magnificent, Phil, and I dare say you'll get used to domestic life in time."

"It wouldn't have been so bad with Blanche, perhaps; but Diana! And then, suppose—"

Phil hesitated, and his face grew perplexed.

"Suppose what?"

"Oh, nothing; only a ridiculous idea!" But he got up as he spoke and lit his candle, with the same expression of uncomfortable perplexity; and I knew he took himself off so hastily because he was afraid of letting out the reason of it.

He came down the next morning, though, looking very calm and composed; and neither he nor Diana displayed any of the usual embarrassment, when, in a slightly pompous manner, Mr. Thornly announced at the breakfast-table the happiness with which he contemplated adding so charming a daughter-in-law to his family circle. Certainly Blanche Grey was not there, having gone home with her father the night before; so there was no one to "forbid the bans," except Gerty, and she dared only do it by her indignant eyes.

The two went to church together, and otherwise behaved themselves like an engaged couple; and apparently all was going on in a satisfactory manner so long as I was at Thornly to keep my watch on them.

When I went back to London I left Philip still courting away firmly and philosophically, and his last words to me at the station were, "It's all right, Jack; as soon as possible, after the 14th of next month, you shall have your thousand."

I saw very little of him again till I received the important invitation. He came to my lodgings two or three times, but was always in a desperate hurry; and, beyond a hasty sentence or two that all was going on well, he seemed to avoid reference to what neither of us had much reason to be proud of. I gathered from Gerty—who I met at a friend's, to my inexpressible delight—the intelligence that, though Philip was a good deal at the Hall, Miss Rowney did not often come; she was making a round of visits among her Irish friends previous to her marriage, it was believed; but she and Phil corresponded regularly. About settlements Gerty did not know much; but she said Phil was quite satisfied, and papa had promised to allow him £300 a year.

I must say I looked forward to the 14th with some anxiety, however. In spite of things looking so easy and comfortable, I could not quite believe that the marriage would take place. That Diana Rowney would really become Philip's wife seemed impossible. But day after day passed, and I heard nothing of the affair being either broken off or delayed; and on the 12th of February I found myself traveling down to Thornly Hall to fulfill my promise of acting best man to my old friend.

The party I found gathered ready for the wedding was small, but just what it ought to have been; and, apparently, all was going a great deal smoother than the course of true love is properly supposed to do. The bridegroom elect was very attentive; the bride very calm, and not too *originate*; the bridesmaids good-tempered, and the papa ditto. We were not quite so merry, perhaps, as at Christmas, but we were very cheerful. The only time when my spirits flagged at all was when I found the bride's great black eyes fixed on me, or when she smiled at me with her "wolf" lips. Diana did not like me. Whether she suspected any thing or not I do not know; but I felt that when Miss Rowney became Mrs. Philip Thornly, I should be allowed to see very little of their domestic felicity.

I think Phil saw this too, ah! and a few other things besides; for now and then he would retire to the terrace for the solitary smoke, so indicative of mental depression. He avoided me still; and it was therefore with some surprise that I heard his heavy quick step coming along the corridor toward my door the eve of the wedding.

"I may come and have my smoke, Jack, I suppose?" he said, poking his bearded, handsome face into the room.

"Of course, old fellow, and I shall be honored by your company. You don't often favor me now," I returned, pulling my own chair toward the fire and pointing to the arm-chair opposite.

Phil seated himself and carefully lighted his pipe, and then smoked away in silence for at least ten minutes.

"I feel, Jack," at length he said, looking unutterably wretched, "as if I were come to say the last few words before execution. I had no idea matrimony required such nerve—as much, ay, more than having a tooth drawn."

"And, unfortunately, it's not so soon over," I remarked.

"No, indeed!" And the groan that followed that remark almost brought tears to my eyes.

"Must it be, Phil? have you quite made up your mind? After all a wife's a wife, and one soon spends a fortune; and then—then suppose—"

"Suppose what?" said Phil, with a start that made me jump so I let my meerschaum fall into the fender.

"Thank Heaven it is not broken!"

"Suppose what?" reiterated Phil, inconsiderately enough.

"It's real," I began, pettishly, alluding to my pipe.

"Of course it is; she would not have given it to me unless, particularly after all the fuss I made. I don't know much about gems, but—"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" I interrupted. "Your head is quite turned by Diana's diamonds. I was talking about my pipe."

"Your pipe! tush!" Phil spoke quite viciously, and I felt so offended that I became solemnly sulky for five minutes. At length, however, Phil, who was evidently longing for sympathy, could bear it no longer. "Jack," he said, "to tell you the truth, I came to consult you."

I condescended to look more affable. "I am not a philosopher or a sage, Phil; but you're welcome to my advice, such as it is," I said, with modest dignity.

"Well, look here."

As he spoke, Philip took from his pocket a tiny morocco case, and opening it, handed it to me. It contained a diamond ring elaborately set.

I must confess I do not understand gems, and, though I tried to examine it with the air of a connoisseur, I am afraid I failed signally.

"Come, Jack, you know you know no more about diamonds than I do. Don't make faces, but just listen. This afternoon Diana gave me that ring."

"Very handsome of her, I'm sure."

"Well, I don't know. We had been talking about the jewels, you see, and though I tried not to appear too much interested, I don't know that I succeeded, for she fixed her black eyes on me in an awful manner, and then, after making some excuse for keeping the best of the diamonds in her own possession, she brought me this, and begged me to accept it."

"Well?"

"Well, Jack, I must confess I do feel horribly uneasy. Ever since I have been engaged I have been haunted by an awful suspicion. Suppose, Jack, suppose those diamonds were *false*!"

He uttered this in a low, awful tone; and then, lying back, puffed away silently.

"It would be horrible," I said; "but the same idea has occurred to me."

"It has! Ah, then, that decides me! To-morrow, Jack, I shall take that ring to a jeweler at Bridgewater. I am not going to marry Diana for nothing."

As he spoke Phil rose up; and in spite of my invitation to remain a little longer, prepared to take himself off, in a mood of desperate resolution, to his own room.

"The—the ceremony doesn't take place till eleven o'clock," he said, as he gently opened the door. "I shall start early, Jack; and if I am not back before you all get to church, meet me at the western door, will you?"

"Oh, you're sure to be back; Bridgewater's not five miles off."

"I shall try, you may be sure. Good-night." And away he went.

I was prepared for some of what came to pass the next day; but not for all.

There we were, all waiting in the church; the clergyman in his surplice, the bride surrounded by her bridemaids; all waiting for the bridegroom. Phil had not appeared. A quarter of an hour lengthened into half, and still he came not; and then the three-quarters struck, and still he came not.

Mr. Thornly grew nervous, and, as usual, began to use bad language. Gerty turned pale, and the guests began to whisper. The bride alone maintained perfect composure, sitting in her pew. It was only when she caught sight of Blanche Grey (who had proudly demanded to be present at Phil's wedding) that she looked the least troubled. For my own part, I went every two minutes to the western door.

The clock had just struck the quarter to twelve when I saw a man on horseback riding quickly toward the church, and I immediately signaled the information to the rest, who thereupon placed themselves in position at the altar.

I never felt so relieved in all my life; but as I stood watching my blood grew chill. That man was not Phil Thornly!

He came up and dismounted, and then gave me a paper. I knew what it contained before I saw the words; and if the note had not been snatched from my hands by Mr. Thornly, I don't know that I should have done more than throw it down and rush off wildly.

"The ring is false. I am off to Paris.—P. T."

Mr. Thornly read out the words in a perfect fury. "What does he mean?—what the deuce does he mean?" he cried.

"I can explain, Sir," said Diana's voice, calmly, while a scornful smile spread itself over her pale face. "Your son imagines I have deceived him about my diamonds, and he has left me; he declines the alliance."

"But this is scandalous."

"It is a little more than I expected, certainly. However, come, Mr. Thornly, let us return to the Hall; and at any rate let me vindicate my honor. Send for a jeweler, if you please."

Diana looked really dignified for once; and I think she was the only one of the bridal party who left the church with any thing like dignity. As for Blanche, she was terribly flushed, and kept squeezing my arm, whispering, "I thought this horrid marriage would never come off; and then poor Philip was so dreadfully hard-up!" She was the only one, I believe, who felt she might rejoice in Philip's escape at all hazards.

We were soon all assembled in the old Hall, with Diana, still in her bridal dress, unlocking her jewel-casket solemnly, and pompously delivering jewel after jewel into Mr. Thornly's hand, to be passed by him to the jeweler (who had been sent for) to be examined. The silence was great, the excitement equally so; and I really scarcely knew whether to consider Philip and myself as villains or fools when, after careful testing, the jeweler pronounced Diana Rowney to be a Queen of true and excellent Diamonds!

She waited till the man was out of the room, and then, turning her great eyes triumphantly upon us all, she said:

"This is not the first time I have gone through a similar scene. I know men will court me, as Philip Thornly has, for my diamonds; and this is the test I put them to. The ring I gave Philip was false. This, however, has been a case of 'diamond cut diamond.'" And then, without another word, she walked out of the room, and an hour after had left Thornly in the same carriage which was to have borne her away a wife.

I telegraphed the news to Philip—whom, I believe, his father disinherited on the spot—and retired myself immediately to my own lodgings.

The Queen of Diamonds had been too much for us; and, to use Philip's words, "there we were where we were before."

Fortunately for him, two of his good aunts died a few months after all this, leaving him their savings; whereupon he returned to England, and, I believe, contemplates Blanche again. Otherwise he would be at this moment vegetating, or, as Blanche says, "pining," at Boulogne.

GEORGE PEABODY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

WE give on page 444 a sketch of the Birth-place of Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, the distinguished American banker of London, whose name has become a household word in England, on account of his princely benefaction to the London poor.

The house is located in the town of South Danvers, Massachusetts, on the "old Boston road," now Washington Street. The building, although at least one hundred years old, appears like the dwelling of a thrifty farmer of about twenty-five years ago. A barn of more antiquated appearance stands near by. The house is painted white, and is a prominent object of interest both to the citizens of this thriving town and to strangers. Mr. PEABODY's first large gift was the establishment, in this his native place, of a library, to which he contributed $100,000.

As a token of her appreciation of his gift to the poor of London, QUEEN VICTORIA, a short time since, addressed to Mr. PEABODY a letter conveying her special acknowledgment of his charity, and is now sitting for a portrait to be presented to him.

Mr. PEABODY is now in this country. It is said that his residence is so besieged by beggars of every description that he has been compelled to refuse admittance to all except such familiar friends as may venture to enter without the formality of ringing the door-bell.

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FENIANA.

I.

THE O'Mahony sits in an easy-chair
As the grand Head-Quarters in Union Square,
With rumpled hair
And an air
Of care,
And a gloomy glare
In his eye's fixed stare
As he gazed into vacancy, unaware
Of the luxuries rare
That surrounded him there.
There were mirrors in plenty and some to spare,
And the furniture—none of your common mohair—
Was brocaded and gorgeous beyond compare;
And every where,
From the foot of the stair
To the top of the roof where the flag-staff uprears
The emerald ensign of Erin the fair,
The house had been put in most thorough repair,
And the larder and cellar had each its share
Of edible and potable ware:
Not ill-cooked food to produce nightmare—
Not "*vin ordinaire*"—
But such sumptuous fare
As might satisfy aldermen feasting a may'r,
Or tempt e'en the Pope from his fasting and pray'r.
Yet the President's aspect was one of despair,
And his thoughts had wandered away elsewhere;
For the Fenian affair
Was quite "*en arrière*,"
And every thing "*à tort et à travers*."
The Senate had met and had sworn a swear
His financial functions to overbear,
And to oust himself from that easy-chair.
No wonder, then, that his face should wear
A look the reverse of debonair.

"Be the worrth o' me worrud! I vow and declare,"
Said he to himself, "it's remarkably quare,
Not to say unfair,
That thim beggarly blagyards iv Sinators dare,
In spoite o' me warnin,' to plot their nefar-
ious schemes the success of our cause to impair
By impeachin' meself. Let the thraitors beware
How they rouse up the Tiger (that's me) from his
lair!
Though I'm bothered intoirely how to prepare
An adequate scare
That shall make them forbear
For the future to meddle or interfare
In matthers that don't appertain to their sphare.
They won't be abolished, nor own my vicar-
ious power, and render my station precar-
ious—Stay! May I ne'er
Become glory's heir
But I'll write to Jim Stephens a leither severe,
Intoristin' meself and their plans layin' bare,
And ax him to thry to extinguish their flare."

So he wrote a note whose contents were:
"*Tres cher*
Confrere,—
We're a wonderful pair—
I agent *in loco*, you centre in *esse*—
And we've laid a snare
For the Saxon corsair;
And we've lighted up Erin as Liberty's pharo
(Or will when we've found an *embarcadère*).
But I give you my word that there's no *savoir faire*
To be found in the lot
Of the colleagues I've got
On this side the Atlantic. A malcontent faction,
Whose action
Would drive to distraction
Any less earnest and virtuous patriot—
Is making a great riot,
Threat'ning to let all the fat in the fire land,
And play the Old Boy with the fortunes of Ireland.
They've recalled all my bonds, they've denied my
authority,
And asserted their own senatorial priority,
And boldly assuming a *congé d'élire*,
Have vowed to cut short my triumphant career,
And depose me from office, appointing instead
One Roberts as President over my head.
Nay, more (to such rudeness you wouldn't give
credit,
Unless you'd this proof of myself having said it),
They've called on poor Killian to show his accounts,
And are raising a row over trifling amounts
Disbursed by my order for house-rent and furniture
(Why wouldn't I use the right? Didn't I earn it,
sure?)
Devil a cent
That we've spent
Or lent
But the villains have something to say anent.
To be brief, they've created, in country and city,
schisms,
And given the papers occasion for witticisms.
So, whenever you've leisure,
I'd like, if you please, your
Emphatic assurance that I'm quite immaculate,
And that if they don't yield to my sway the whole
pack you'll hate.
Hoping that soon your injunction you'll lay on, I
Remain yours fraternally,
(*Signed*) THE O'MAHONY."

* * * * * *

Oh! 'tis quoite impressin' to be witnessin'
The crowd that's pressin' in the dirty sthrates,
As bowldly defyin' the British Lion
The Sinators hie in and take their sates;
An', bedad! 'twould alarm ye, if it didn't charm ye,
To hear of the army an' the privateers
That Gineral Sweeny an' some naval Fenian
Is about convenin', with guns an' spears.

But whin they mintion the Fenian disinsion,
Oh! 'tis thin you'd thrimble for to hear with grief
Thim Boanarges a-preferrin' charges
Agin O'Mahony, their warlike chief,
An' that great civilian, B. Doran Killian,
Who conthrols each million that the coffers bear
(Sure of every sou he reserved in St. Louis,
If what they say's thrue, he tuk the best o' care).
Abuse of they two their tongues they lay to:
What's more, they say, too, they can bring their
proof.
Wid the way they're jeerin' if ye wor in hearin'
Ye'd be aisy fearin' that they'd raise the roof.
(To see, O'Mahony was afther sayin' he
Desired in Ireland to create turmoil;
While the Roberts faction finds more attraction
In immayjate action on Canayjan soil.)

Want of veracity, with incapacity
And foul rapacity, is the cry they rouse, and
Their rage is kindled, since they swear they're swin-
dled,
For the funds is dwindled to "eleven thousand."
Of O'Mah'ny's "whist, oh!" sorra word they'll list
to,
Though he puts his fist to a debotherin' tale;
An' they tell poor "Barney" to hould his blarney
Or they'll up an' sind the pair of 'em to jail.
* * * * * *

II.

As in your pre-amble you showed yourself lusty,
Again let us canter,* my Pegasus trusty!
The verse you're averse to I'll, versatile, alter:
Hibernian metre's an unstable halter,
Whose short two-foot tether
Has cribbed us together.
To pen you in suchwise might make you "ride
rusty."
Unshod with the brogue, be your feet featly back
sent:
Our shafts need no traces of Irish broad accent.

The O'Mahony sits in his chair of state;
And he feels that he's now in a desperate strait;
And he purses his lips and he scratches his pate
In search of a feasible plan
Whereby to renew Paddy's martial excitement,
And rouse the belief that at last there's a fight
meant:
For he thinks to himself, "If I can't contrive
The public confidence to revive,
And keep the sale of my bonds alive,
I'll be a ruined man."
He looks very black, for he feels very blue,
And he says to Killian, "What'll we do?
I'm afther fearin', 'twixt me and you,
That we're like two leeks in an Irish stew,
And sorra one o' me sees the way through.
Advise me, if you can."

Then up speaks Treasurer Barney D.,
And he says to his downcast chief, says he:
"Look here, old fellow,
There's Campo Bello,
A nate little island, convaynient of access,
That nayther to Saxon nor Yankee pays taxes:
A neutral ground for our canvas tints
And aisily captured with thrifling expinse,
Sign me a commission as Lieutenant-General—
Barrin' some powdher and muskets, our men are all
Ready to start by the very next train,
And display our might on the coast of Maine!"

"Arrah! Barney, you've hit it!" O'Mah'ny re-
sponds,
"'Tis yourself is a jewel, the devil a lie in it!
Maybe 'twould sind up our Fenian bonds;
Any way, honey, there's no harrum thryin' it!"

Like the monarch of France, of whose up-hill ad-
vance
A poet has told us the story,
Bold Killian sets out on his conquering route,
To add to Ould Ireland's great glory;
But, alas! like that same king of retrograde fame,
At Eastport he right about faces,
And leaving in peace Campo Bello's police,
His course to New York he retraces.
For though with all speed he's prepared for the deed,
The British somehow get there sooner;
And the Yankees make prize of his stars and supplies,
Which were sent on by sea in a schooner.

The astounded Head Centre one morning sees enter
The mansion that's named after Moffit
A turbulent pack, who have begged their way back,
And who, failing honor, want profit.
At first he says nay to their clamor for pay,
But when Walsh shuts the door to and locks it,
And bellicose Garnor with furious "demaynor"
Produces a pistol and cocks it,
And all of them vow that they'll murther him now,
And as "swindler" and "imbecile" flout him,
He wisely retracts 'neath "the logic of facts,"
And hands over what cash is about him.

Tare an' ages! Murther an' ouns!
All through the country—in cities and town—
There's a growl and a howl and a mighty uproar,
Never was heard such a tumult before!
The circles meet and the circles frown,
And they curse O'Mahony up and down.
They curse him living, they curse him dead;
They curse him at board and they curse him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
They curse him in speech, and, where spoken words
fail,
They curse him by telegraph, curse him by mail:
They curse him behind his back, curse to his face;
And when he endeavors to shift the disgrace
To Killian's mismanagement (though 'tis unfair
of 'em),
Doubling their fury, they curse at the pair of 'em.
Donnybrook Fair on a magnified scale
Would be a mere trifle—a sprat to a whale—
Compared with the strife that is ev'rywhere rife,
The abuse and recrimination.
Pot Killian calls Kettle O'Mahony black,
And O'Mahony flings a "*tu quoque*" back,
And the Fenian muses, who've quite a knack
In the art of vituperation,
Rave and revile in a furious style;
While to add to the tribulation,
Stephens, the Brotherhood's recognized chief,
To whom the culprits have looked for relief,
Only brings them to further grief
By fresh denunciation:
He says they've been false to "the men in the gap;"
Finds "weakness" and "crime" in the recent mis-
hap,
And lets O'Mahony understand
That the only course worthy of Ireland's approval
Is to put in writing "out of hand"
His own resignation and Killian's removal.

Roberts and Sweeny are blithe and gay
When they hear that their rivals are out of the way;
And they marshal retainers in goodly array
And bid them prepare with all haste for the fray:
"To death or to victory! Forward in order
To frighten the Blue Noses over the border!"

Sing, Muse of Battles! in tones loud and cheery,
The wonders of valor performed at Fort Erie!
How, led by O'Neill, the great Fenian host
Disperses a sentinel guarding the post;
How the Custom-house banner is dragged to the
ground;
How the hen-roosts are captured for miles around.
Shout, Goddess! exultant, in honor of Spear,
The hero whose soul is impervious to fear,
Who o'er Canada's red hoists Hibernia's green
With his gallant army of seventeen!
But let your voices to a whisper sink
When you tell how the Erinns homeward slink.
Let the record be made in invisible ink
Of the bloodless defeat
And the shameful retreat
Of the Celts ere the Saxon oppressor they meet.
Pass over in silence
That dreadful stampede,
And the peace-making vi'lence
Of General Meade.
How the Fenians' fervor is foolly repressed;
How Sweeny, caught napping, is put in arrest;
How the carpet knight, Roberts, who scorns bond
or bail,
Is a self-sainted martyr in Ludlow Street jail;
How Stephens is more than suspected, they say,
Of being a spy in Britannia's pay.
These things, O Muse! are unfitting your last
strophe:
Leave to Grand Jurors the final catastrophe.
Pegasus halts at the sound of woe,
And in spite of our urging no further will go.
Be the Irish Republic consigned to the courts,
And its archives preserved in police reports.

* From plagiaristic intent I so far am,
That "canter," I own, is "decantered" from Barham.
Of using it fond he's
When changing from spondees
To smooth anapestic (the measure that we're in)
If his Muse, like mine, have become hard of 'Erin.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"CRIME stalks abroad in the land." Murders are every day occurrences. Not the murder, under sudden provocation, of a single individual, but a new fashion, if we may so speak, seems to prevail. Whole families are slaughtered in cold blood—tragedies of unsurpassed horror follow each other in fearfully quick succession. But among all the awful records which have crowded the newspapers, none has sent such an indignant thrill of horror through the veins as the recent report that a *Presbyterian clergyman*, in our own State, had whipped his son, *not three years old*, so severely, *because he would not say his prayers*, that the child died two hours afterward. Furthermore, the minister—such religion has such a minister!—was *two hours* whipping the boy, who was indeed little more than a baby, using a *whipple* for the purpose!

This is more shocking than the murder of the Innocents by Herod of old. No circumstances can make such an act otherwise than in the highest degree atrocious! To force a child, by punishment, to say his prayers *among of barbaric sayn*. It is stated that several of the child's fingers were broken, to conceal which the father tied its hands behind before placing it in the coffin. While physicians were making a *post-mortem* examination, this inhuman monster sat by, coolly watching the proceedings. It is said that he justifies his horrid deed, thinking it his duty to punish the child until his *will was broken*! And the poor little victim of a father's wrath, had, according to report, lost his own mother; and his step-mother, to say the least, does not appear to have objected to the punishment.

There are many fathers and mothers—unworthy the name of parents—who are habitually cruel to their children. It is not often, we are thankful, that extreme cases occur among the educated classes. But, wherever and whoever they are who do not know enough to treat children humanely, they should be looked after by some society analogous to that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A few years ago it was reported that a little girl of five years old was "kept in" by a teacher in one of our city schools for not knowing her lesson, until she was so exhausted that she fell into a prolonged fainting fit, which ended in her death. We believe some excuse was afterward made to establish the fact that the little creature had not been well for some time previously. Very likely. And that would have been a good reason why she should have been tenderly dealt with, instead of being "kept in" to study. Helpless, dependent children often suffer more from mere thoughtlessness, carelessness, and neglect than most of us imagine.

The general health of the city, notwithstanding the heat, has been remarkable. The very few cases of cholera have been promptly reported, and attended to by the Board of Health. Almost without exception they resulted from special imprudence in diet, or extraordinary fatigue. There is good reason to believe that this disease, which has been so dreaded, will not prevail in our city. The prompt and efficient measures taken by the Board of Health for keeping the city clean have served a good purpose. We suggest, however, that all is not yet accomplished. On the western side of the city, somewhere in the vicinity of Thirty-ninth Street, there are still bone or fat boiling establishments, whose nauseous odors pollute the air. Some of these hot days scarcely a breath of air is stirring; and at evening, when a breeze springs up, we sit at the window rejoicing—when, faugh! there comes a disgusting smell from some of those nuisances. It is too bad to vitiate the fresh air which we all need, and might enjoy.

The Fourth of July—our nation's universal holiday—is undoubtedly made up, like ordinary days, of twenty-four hours. But with the boys, the "Glorious Fourth" commences about the first of June, and lingers along into the middle of July. Weeks before the great final "fizzing" ordeal one can scarcely pass through the streets without being startled by the spluttering of "fire-crackers" on the right hand or on the left; and you may be thankful if they do not chance to be directly under your feet. And long after the grand exhibitions of the Fourth "Young America" chuckles over the unexploded surplus of torpedoes and small fire-works. It is estimated that several millions of dollars' worth of fire-works are consumed every year in celebrating "Independence Day."

Prices, for the most part, "keep up" in a very unsatisfactory manner for purchasers. Many articles cost as much to-day as they did when gold was up to 250. Yet house rents have really fallen. It is said that agents have turned over a new leaf, are as complaisant and polite as could be desired, and don't even object to "children."

The mercury lost itself away up among the eighties and nineties last week, and couldn't find its way down for some days. But at length, one morning, in the blue empyrean dome above, a little cloud appeared, scarcely bigger than a man's hand at first, but all through the day growing and spreading, until, at evening, huge black columns loomed in the western sky, and amidst lightning and thunder descended the grateful showers. Thus ended our first heated term.

One of those inexplicable cases in physiology which sometimes occur to puzzle the doctors, was recently developed in the person of an old lady living in the city, who is eighty-one years old. Two days after her last birthday anniversary she was taken ill, and had some trouble with her head, but mostly with her stomach. The difficulty increasing a physician was called in, who at once discovered an unusual development of the jaw. A closer examination revealed the fact that this old lady, who has progressed much further in her life's journey than to reach the traditional threescore and ten, had cut four new front teeth!

What a delightful place must Texas be to live in! It is stated that when General Gregory went to Texas he visited a lawyer in his office, and asked him for a copy of the laws of Texas. The lawyer opened a drawer, took out a large and handsome bowie-knife, and gave it to the General. The General carefully examined it, laid it down, and said, "I desire to look at the laws of Texas." The lawyer replied, "That [the bowie-knife] is the laws of Texas. A few statutes have been passed. Nobody notices them. The only law used in this State, the only laws *here* noticed, referred to, and used are the bowie-knife. The rule is, at night, walk in the road with cocked revolver held forth; let no person come near you; if they do, shoot, and kill if you can. Any other plan will insure your own death."

The English Reviews and Journals have been quite exercised of late upon the style and cut of ladies' dresses. Some, with no very exalted opinion of the wearers, declare that the very low *corsage* is adopted for the sole purpose of display and to attract attention, and that each individual adopting it is necessarily immodest. We would rather believe—although it may not be very complimentary to the good taste or good sense of ladies—that they, for the most part, imitate the fashion without any consideration of what is involved by following it. They blindly follow their fickle, if not blind guide, and thus—unconsciously, we hope—fall into improprieties. But since certain modes of dressing are sure to expose ladies to the charge of immodesty, would they not do well to lay aside doubtful styles?

There is much truth in the brief quotation we give below:

"What are called the great afflictions of life are easier to bear than the small worries; it is positively less painful to die by a sword-thrust through the heart than by innumerable fights of Lilliputian arrows lodged in all parts of the body. Ridiculous and contemptible sorrows require a double portion of fortitude or insensibility. They have a poisonous quality, which is most injurious to the best natures."

The clergy of Edinburgh seem to consult their people with great freedom in regard to matters of dress. The ladies of the congregation of Dr. ——, in that city, lately determined to present the Doctor with a pulpit gown. The Doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church, "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I shan't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but an old lady. The Doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, Sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown." The Doctor said (and there was a significancy in the reply), "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trowsers)!" That satisfied the old lady.

There are many things pretty and new among the fashions reported from Paris. One of the pet novelties of the season is the small Marie Antoinette mantle. These mantles have the most stylish effect when made of the same material as the skirt, whether it be of *barège*, gauze, silk, or muslin. If they are made of silk, they are trimmed either with pinked-out frills or with fine silk fringe; if they are of gauze, they are trimmed with tucks, or with blonde insertion lined with colored ribbon; but if muslin is the material of which they are composed, then they are ornamented with bouillonnés and white lace. These mantles are scarcely as long as a pelerine, as they do not pass below the waist; they are worn high on the shoulders, are open in front, and are crossed over the chest; they are then tied at the back in a bow with two loops. If they are made of a light thin material the bow is a simple one, but if the material is thick the ends are generally pointed.

There is a novelty in summer dress-materials which has been christened Oriental silk gauze. It is extremely pretty, and is a sort of Chambery gauze, on which is traced a brocade of silk in brilliant and divers colors. This brocade forms a band at the edge of the skirt and round the peplum, which is usually sold with the style of dress. When this Oriental band is embroidered by hand it is still prettier and more brilliant.

A mixture of black and white in almost every article of a lady's toilet is still very noticeable. At the present moment white paletots are positively the order of the day in Paris, and they are invariably ornamented either with black guipure, braid, gimp, embroidery, or cross-cut bands, but always black. Petticoats are trimmed with narrow black velvet. The Empress follows the popular taste, and more frequently adopts a black and white dress than a colored one.

The French journals have been very proud of boasting of the superior humanity of the French laws over those of every other nation. Some horrible prison-houses, however, called the "Hells of the Bagne," have recently been brought to light. Hitherto the public have not known of their existence. These Hells of the Bagne consist of a number of subterranean cells hollowed out beneath the fosses of the fortifications of Toulon. They are just wide and long enough to contain the body of a full-grown man, who, if above the common height, has not sufficient room to stretch his legs. The convict is chained by the leg to a ring in the wall; his hands, crossed one over the other by a strong iron gyve above the wrist, remain in the same position during the whole time of his punishment, which extends to one, two, or three months, according to the gravity of the offence. He is forced to eat, to sleep, and act with his hands in the identical posture in which they were left by the blacksmith employed to rivet the double gyve on his entrance! No light is sufficient to penetrate this "Hell," and only just sufficient air to prevent its miserable inmates from being stifled. After a month or two of this punishment it seems that the man who has not meanwhile been conveyed either to the cemetery or the mad-house is found to have grown tractable to any reaching force.

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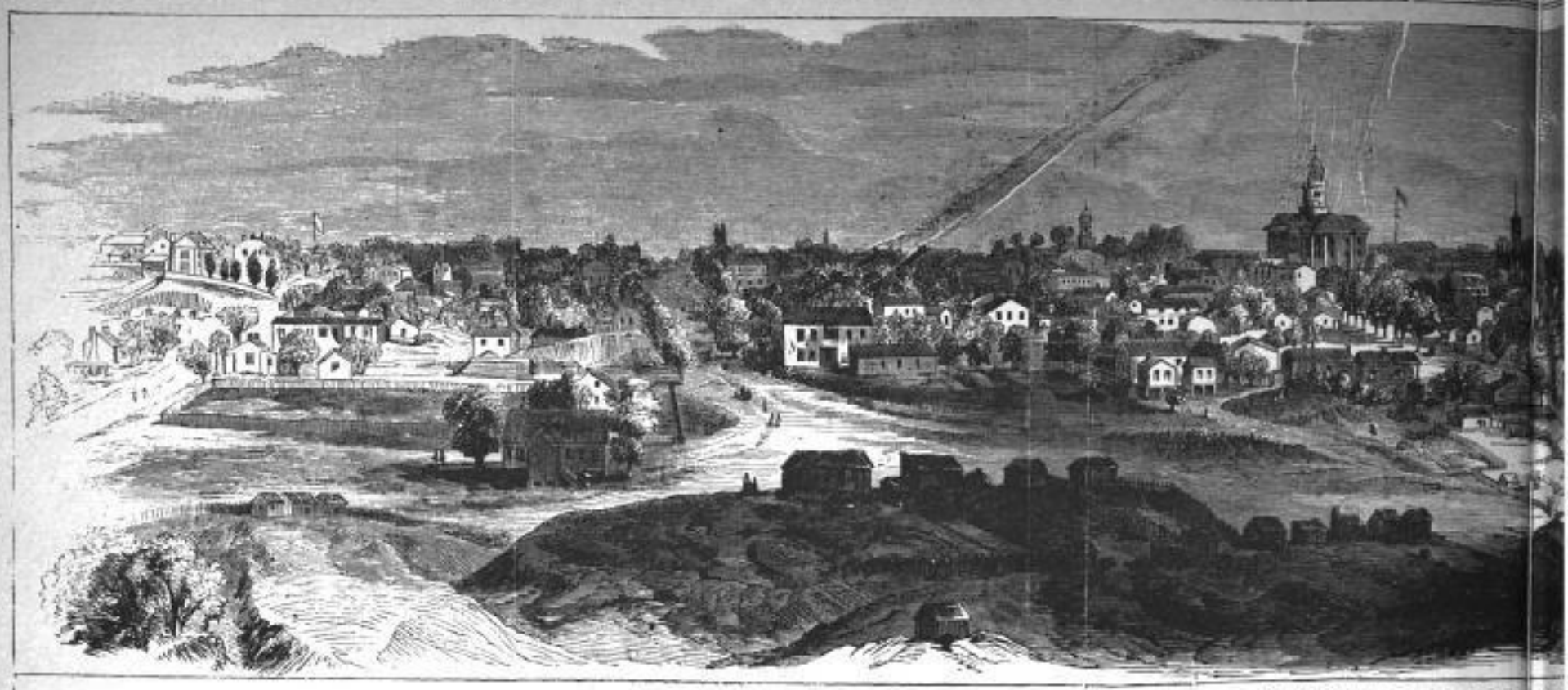
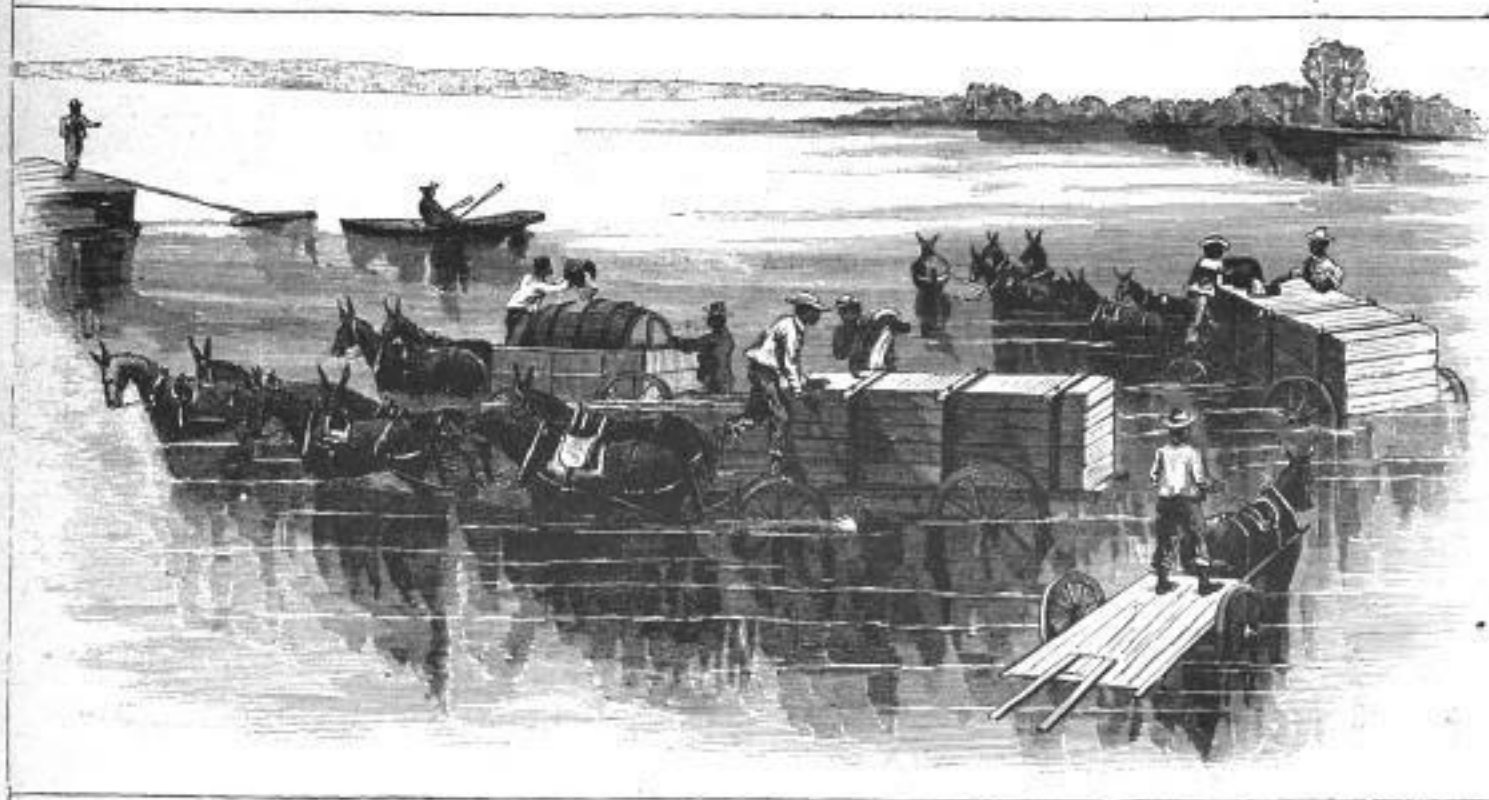
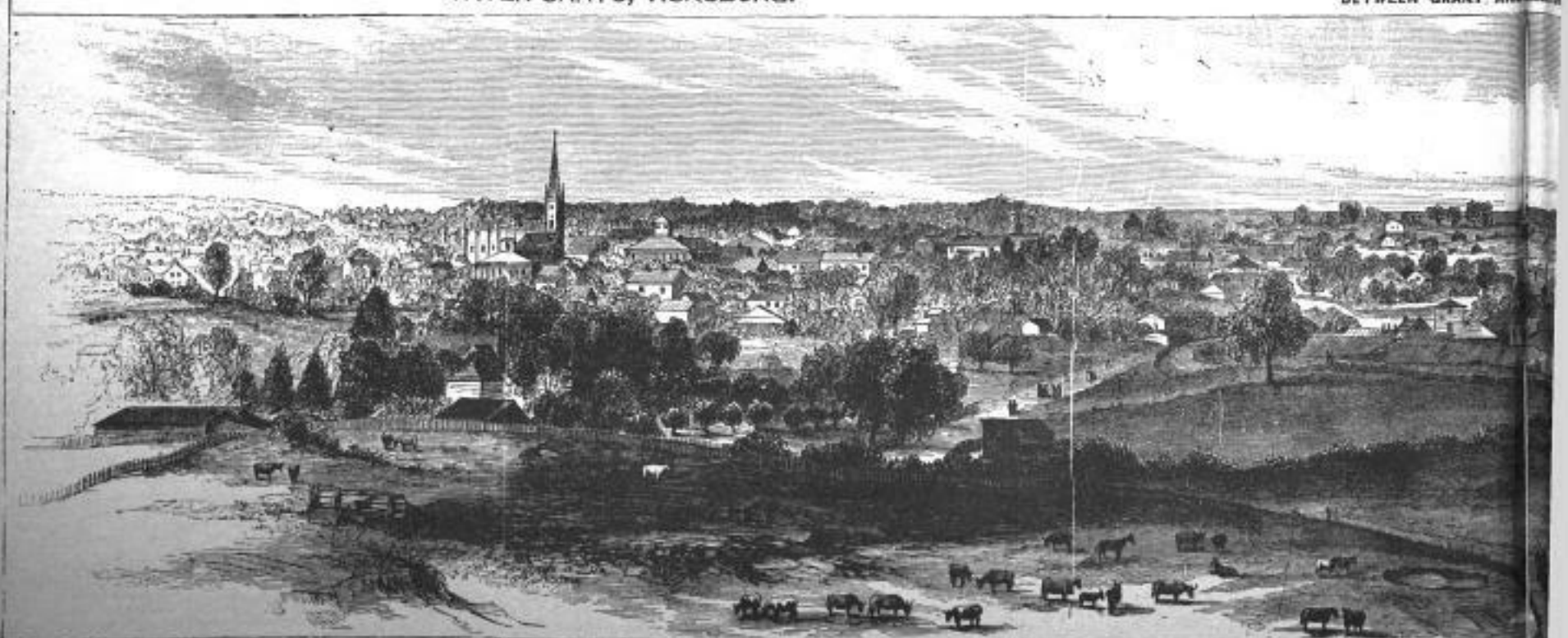


VICKSBURG, FROM TH



WATER-CARTS, VICKSBURG.

THE VICKSBURG MONUMENT—ERECTED
BETWEEN GRANT AND



NATCHEZ ON THE HILL FROM THE MARINE HOSPI

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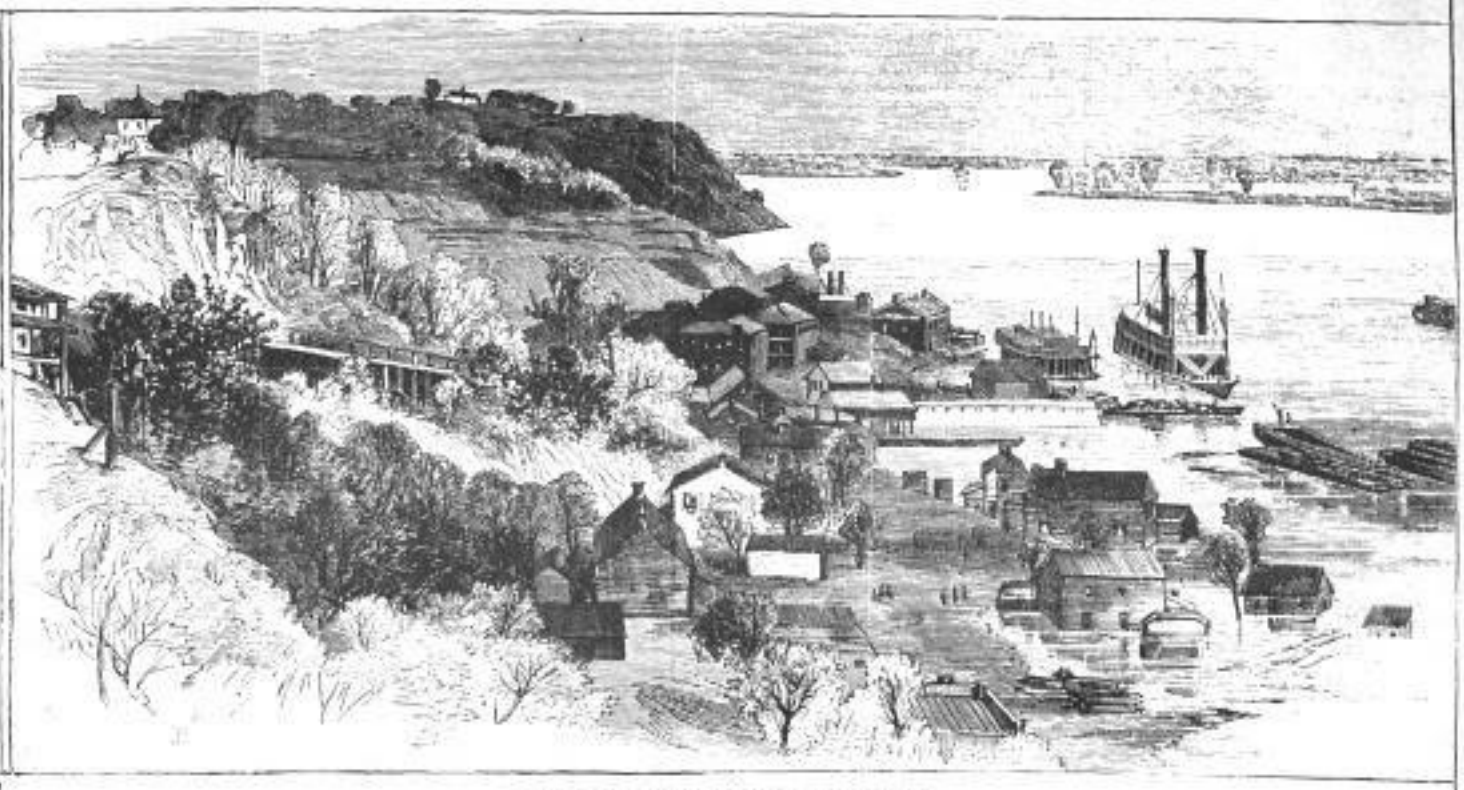
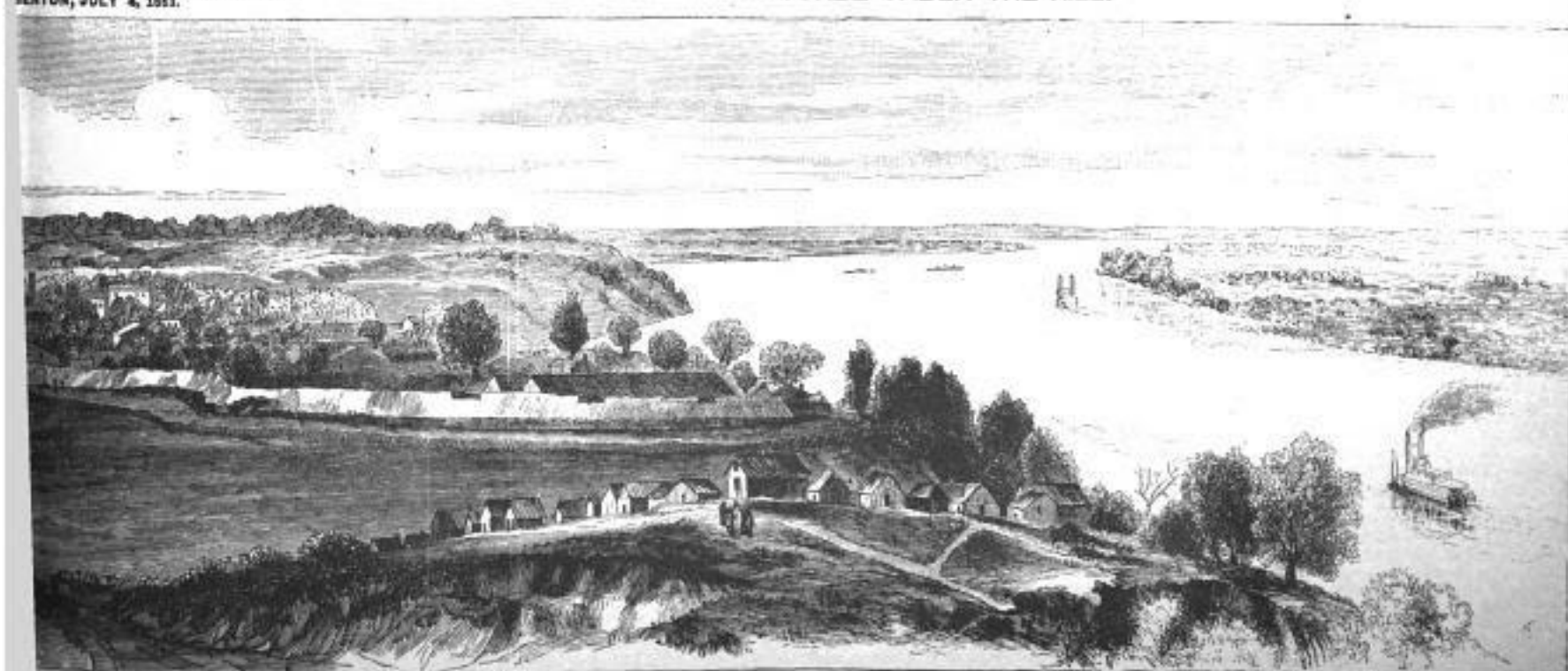
OLD SPANISH FORT.

ON THE SITE OF THE INTERVIEW
BERTON, JULY 4, 1861.



NATCHEZ UNDER THE HILL.



AL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

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THE JUNE DREAM.

A GARDEN in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly press'd,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

Oh, brave young sailor! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can have no part—
She fears the flash of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flowers
She thinks of the departed hours—
Regret her loving heart must bear,
But anguish has no portion there.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

VICKSBURG

is called the "City of Hills," but it would be equally appropriate to name it the City of Ravines. Built on one of the bluff formations of the Mississippi Valley, it presents a picturesque sight from the river and neighboring heights. The sketch is made from a hill once the site of a Spanish fort, and during the siege of Vicksburg a portion of the Confederate line of defenses. Prominent is the Court-house, still showing the marks of the peppering it got from the Yankees. Below the left façade is the house, formerly a bank, now headquarters of the Freedmen's Bureau. To the right is a flag-staff and a fort, the highest in the line, and where "Whistling Dick"—a gun well known to the Union army—had its eyrie. Another flag-staff, away to the left of the picture, shows the headquarters of the commander of the Department, that fine old warrior, General Woods. Negro-huts dot the middle distance, while to the right the river stretches off into the distance, showing a little of the opposite shore, where GRANT camped a large portion of his army and tried to make a canal.

The trees and gardens of Vicksburg give it a delightful appearance. Choice flowers and shrubs flourish almost spontaneously, blossoming even through the winter. As it rained all the time I was there I can testify to the superior capabilities of the soil in the matter of mud. At other times the inhabitants say the dust is unbearable, which, indeed, is the case in all the Mississippi towns and cities. Capacious culverts are there to carry off the water, but for all that it cuts ravines through the roads, and occasionally renders the streets impassable. One block from the Washington Hotel there was a gulley cut through the street by the rain, ten or twelve feet deep. The Post-office and a number of stores and houses were flooded by leaky roofs, without, however, disturbing the equanimity of the owners to any degree.

Vicksburg is governed about as badly as Memphis. The city government, like that of Memphis, is in the hands of foreigners, the police being among the worst specimens. All but one or two of the City Council are foreign-born, and so is the Mayor. The abuses of the New York city government all exist here, but upon a meaner and more ruffianly scale. Nothing is apparently too dirty or mean for these police; for instance, they are constantly arresting negroes on the plea of vagrancy, fining them, and letting them go; or, if they have no money, hiring them out till it is earned. Often, however, the colored man pays the fine and says no more about it. Good joke, when you think of it—vagrants paying fines! This is a trick which I find the police and constables every where play upon the negroes. If they suspect they have money they take them up and let them off again (often without examination), on black mail.

Of real beggars—negroes—I have seen none. There may be such; but all the beggars I have met were white. As slaves the negroes were loud to have few wants, and wages being good, they find it easy to satisfy them. Ignorant and used to forced labor, it is hardly to be wondered at that they love to indulge their ease, although it would be better for the country and themselves if they would work more. The Bureau is doing all it can in this department to attach them to regular labor, and a number of planters have acknowledged to me that it was an advantage to them. As an instance of the appreciation for it of the intelligent men of the South—those who wish to see their country prosper again—I may mention the case of a district above Vicksburg, where a previous officer of United States Volunteers has been engaged by the planters themselves, there being no agent of the Bureau there, to remain to the end of the year, they agreeing to pay him three thousand dollars for his services, under the rules of the Freedmen's Bureau, being a practical recognition of its usefulness in keeping the contracting parties to their duties. It is true, however, that this is an exceptional case. The majority of the people are bitterly opposed to the institution, many still hoping to yet establish a harsher system, if not one of actual slavery, as soon as the troops shall be withdrawn and the States in full possession of their former civil rights. If these men ever prevail it will only cause much trouble in the future; and it does appear as if the Government was moving too hastily in the withdrawal of the troops. It would have been decidedly better to let them remain till a calmer and more settled feeling ruled the inhabitants of the South.

The black soldiers in Vicksburg do not enjoy altogether amicable relations with the white soldiers, and with the police it is worse. They, being Irish, hate them. While I was in Vicksburg I saw several small *affairs* with the police, for which they were most to blame. One evening a policeman proposed to arrest a negro soldier for being too noisy outside the theatre. The negro claimed that he had no authority. The policeman then drew a pistol and ordered the soldier to march to the station-house, and on his refusing shot him through the neck, inflicting a probably mortal wound. The white soldiers, probably a little influenced by "fire-water," occasionally undertake to push the colored volunteers off the sidewalk. This generally causes a row, in which the negroes usually get the best of it. The people are much opposed to the possession of arms by the negroes, and they have shown, as at Memphis, that they will, if made desperate by persecution, use them.

There was, during my stay in Vicksburg, a Masonic procession, several Union officers participating. A gentleman on the sidewalk audibly expressed his disgust that d——d Yankees should be permitted to join the procession.

Your artist was severely taken to task by the ladies for holding up the Southern ladies to ridicule in pictures. The only defense open to that luckless citizen being, that if all the Southern ladies had exercised that dignity to which they have laid claim there would have been less chance to exhibit them in any light compromising their pride and self-importance.

NATCHEZ.

Having already sketched Natchez under the Hill, to make sure of it before the Mississippi had washed it into its bosom, the next thing was to take the picture of the more aristocratic portion on the bluff. So numerous are the trees and gardens that it is difficult to see much of the buildings from any point. This view from the cupola of the Marine Hospital is probably the best.

The River is a prominent as well as necessary part of the picture, as in all views of cities upon its banks. Then there is the Fort, with its inclosed buildings, surrounded by a ditch and palisade; and in front of that a knoll covered with tents, occupied, I believe, by white troops. On the left the Catholic Church is most noticeable. The Market-house, the Episcopal and other churches, can also be made out by the initiated. Natchez on the Hill was always claimed to be a very aristocratic place—in fact, the most select upon the river. As far as my observation goes it is clean, healthy, and pleasant, and appears to be more orderly than towns higher up the river. There is an ordinance against the opening of stores and places of business upon Sunday—so you do not meet a flaunting saloon on every square wide open to the street, as the custom is in so many places in Louisiana. The air of Sabbath stillness in the city of Natchez was very grateful after seeing how little the decent observance of that day obtained in other places upon the river. A number of gaps exist in the streets of Natchez, where houses have been burned, giving some parts of it a ruined appearance—probably the effects of private incendiarism, as Natchez has not suffered from any battles being fought near it, although it got bombarded once by the fleet, owing to the folly of some citizens who fired upon a boat which came ashore for ice. It is needless to state that the rapscallions who perpetrated that outrage were not property-owners, and if the inhabitants had been wise they would have given them up to the commander of the naval force. It was such tricks as this which brought destruction upon so many of the finest places along the river; although, if you ask a citizen of those parts why it happened, the answer is sure to be to the effect that it was all done in wantonness. The responsibility is mainly with those high-spirited young men who stalk away from the army to indulge in a little safe shooting from behind the bushes. Of course it is not to be denied by an impartial witness that many cases occurred where no excuse existed for destruction.

Along the edge of the bluff—a fine cliff of about 150 feet in height—the city of Natchez has reserved a strip of land, fenced in and planted with trees—a delicious place for a walk at sundown in the fresh breeze, and affording a fine view of the river, stretching away to the right and left till it disappears in the bends.

The river has been so high here that, on the other side, the deer have been driven from their accustomed coverts to the levee, and in one place some twenty lay rotting where they had been shot in mere wantonness.

SUNDAY DUEL IN NEW ORLEANS.

The last Sunday your artist was in New Orleans he selected several scenes illustrative of the day, the first being a duel, to which he was hurried out at four o'clock in the morning. This was fought at the Half-way House, on the usual ground, such little settlements being by no means uncommon in the Crescent City, although but seldom reported for the news columns of the daily papers. This one was not mentioned or noticed in any way, although known to a good many folks before the day was out. The challenger was the husband of an actress at the French Opera-House. She—young, pretty, and married but three weeks—had already caused him to regard with jealousy a young actor named HIPPOLYTE—hence the challenge. After the usual preparations the first shots were fired at fifteen paces, without results; the husband—who used his left hand, the right arm being disabled in some former duel—advanced a little, and another round followed with equally ungratifying (?) results. Infuriated husband approached still nearer, and at the third fire went down, shot through the leg. His opponent, clapping both hands on his head, fell insensible immediately after, as if struck through the brain; it was, however, but the effect of his horror at, as he supposed, having killed his man—the latter meanwhile declaring that he would have another round. It was sufficiently dramatic; and experts declared the men to have acquitted themselves very creditably. So the event proved an excellent topic for breakfast, and was revived with fresh interest at intervals throughout the day; the jealous husband meanwhile gnashing his teeth over his wounded leg and disappointed revenge—a beautiful instance of the utility of dueling!

A. R. W.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

AN old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written toward the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do any thing that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read any thing; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burned his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why can not he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment! Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid block-head? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoes, tenons and mortices, right hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the water-ing-pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh happy months when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener and hear her sing! My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said,

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be!"

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heartiness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew, by his bearing, with cruel, hard, gray eyes; and she sang, I knew it. I detected a trouble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle any thing."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good; very good. Know any thing of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play any thing. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play any thing if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry those skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease, and exactness.

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"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it;" and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so too."

How I practiced, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. Oh, that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed cobbler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening: it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began — harsh, inharmonious, out of tune — I know not why or how; but as it progressed a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit, seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say,

"I told you he would, my dear Madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you!"

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for any thing!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing, and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure, the like never was! and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit; and while I played she sang. Oh, those happy times! then she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew-tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

UNFORGOTTEN.

Sweet Lady mine, the faded rose
 Is often dearer than the flower
Fresh-gathered; so each memory grows
 More precious since the parting hour;
And all Love's artist-hand can give
 Of glowing tint and tender shade
Is with me, that your face may live
 In colors that can never fade.

And still my fancy paints you near,
 Though all the room is lone and bare;
And oft at eventide I hear
 Your phantom footstep on the stair;
A presence in the gathering gloom
 Thrills all my pulses with delight,
And seems to glorify the room
 With loveliness denied my sight.

And little reck I that long miles
 Of smiling lands and foamy sea
Divide us; love at distance smiles,
 And holds the willing winds in fee;
And every wind that racks the clouds,
 Or gently moulds them in the blue,
Bears love-thoughts in tumultuous crowds,
 Or softly wafts a prayer for you.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

Next day Lily and Primrose had gone out to the work-shop to inspect the boxes and see how the new tools looked by daylight, when Clover came running out, her face beaming with pleasure.

"Now just listen! only do but listen!" she said, holding up a little sheet of pink paper. "Here's a note from Maria Jarvis, to ask us to spend a *whole* day with her—it's to be to-morrow, and mamma says we may go."

"Splendid!" cried Lily; "was that what kept you so long?"

"Yes," said Clover, "for I had to write an answer, you know; and that took me a good while."

"But you hadn't any pink paper," said Lily, taking the note.

"No; but mamma says she thinks white is quite as pretty."

"I don't," said Lily. "What a nice note! Oh, isn't it charming?"

"Yes," said Clover; "and I think we can learn so much about flowers, because they have so many. So Maria told me, that day at the Jordans."

"'Chestnut Hill,'" said Lily, studying the note.

"Yes, we've never been that way," said Clover, "because the winter road's so bad; and the family were away too. But mamma says it's a mile or two beyond Hickory Corner, so it's at least six or eight from here. Mamma don't know exactly."

"The farther the better," said Lily. "I'd like to get *once* so far from home, for once."

"Why, Lily?" exclaimed Primrose. "And from mamma, and all?"

"Just for once," Lily repeated. "To see how it feels. Clover, I do think we're the happiest children! There were the tools last night—our dear tools, and here's this to-day. And I dare say something will come to-morrow—our seeds, maybe."

"Oh no! *they* won't be here for several days," said Clover.

"I would not expect them for at least a week more," said Sam, who came in just then.

"But why?" said Lily.

"It takes so long for letters to go and for answers to come. And then a seedsman must serve his customers in regular order; and there might have been fifty names down in his book before yours got there, and then there would be fifty packages of seed to send off before he could send yours."

"Fifty people wanting seeds!" said little Primrose, with whom the world seemed to be all turning to gardens at once.

"Ay, and a good many fifties!" said Sam, laughing. "Never mind, Prim, the fifty-first parcel will have its turn."

"But, Sam," said Lily, "do you know we're going away to-morrow?"

"I have heard. There—that box is about finished."

"And, Sam," said little Primrose, eagerly, "if we go way beyond Hickory Corner, don't you think we might stop just one minute for the watering-pots?"

"Doubtless," replied Sam, "or three minutes. Perhaps a minute for each watering-pot will not be too much. Now, young ladies, I have done my part toward your green-houses, or window-boxes, or whatever you choose to call them, you must do the rest."

"You haven't told us what to do yet," said Lily.

"These boxes," replied Sam, "have, you perceive, a sloping top made of glass. You will also observe that the panes of glass are movable. Now when the boxes are in use the sloping roof must be turned toward the sun, so as to get the light and heat. But if the heat becomes too great—in a very warm day, for instance—then a pane of glass can be lifted, so—or taken quite off, to give the plants fresh air."

"What a beautiful contrivance!" said Clover.

"But the seeds aren't to be planted just in the box, are they?" said Primrose.

"Ah!" said Sam, "that brings us to another branch of the subject. But you must come to another work-shop for that."

So Sam laid down his hammer and led the way to another little outhouse, which seemed to be for the express purpose of holding every thing that would not go any where else. Odds and ends of all sorts were piled up and strewed about; and among the rest there stood a great box of earth and a quantity of flower-pots.

"Learned people do say," observed Sam, "that beginners should never plant their seeds in pots; but when nothing else can be had beginners must do as best they can."

"What should they use?" said Lily.

"Shallow boxes or pans. But, as I said, these must do. Here are the pots all ready, you see, and here is the beginning of the earth you want to fill them."

"Why, Sam," said Primrose, "I should think that was earth enough to fill a thousand flower-pots!"

"Yes, and more too," said Lily. "Pretty large beginning, *I* should think."

"But the thing is," said Sam, "that there isn't earth here to fill *one* flower-pot—not of the right kind. This is only sand and old sifted manure. It wants earth, common earth out of the garden, and some vegetable mould out of the woods; and we can not get either till the ground thaws a little, so it's just as well the seeds are not here."

"Sam, what is vegetable mould?" said Clover.

"The earth made by decayed leaves and wood."

"What's the use of mixing so many things together?" said Lily. "It's a great deal of trouble."

"It will be some to me, for I must get the mould from the woods myself," said Sam; "but the use is, that plants grow better, just as you would not thrive half so well upon bread alone, or one kind of meat, as you do upon meat and bread and vegetables and fruit."

"Why, do plants eat?" said little Primrose.

"Of course they do; and they're almost as different in their eating as people are. Some are called 'gross feeders,' because they eat every thing before them—'exhaust the soil,' as gardeners say; some can not grow very near other plants, because they want so much; or perhaps those other plants are 'gross feeders,' and starve them out. Some must be constantly supplied with the richest soil, others pick up a living any where and any how. Some must have sand, some demand clay; some are always thirsty, others like dry weather; and some do nothing but drink for one part of the year, and then never touch a drop all the rest."

"Oh, Sam!" said Clover, "it's perfectly delightful!"

"Then I guess I'll have to be careful with my little watering-pot," said Primrose. "Because I might water something that would not like it at all!"

"Not many garden plants are so *very* particular," said Sam. "You'll see some of the notional ones in Mr. Jarvis's green-house to-morrow."

"Sam," said Clover, "are all these notions, as you call them, derived—I mean do they all come—just as the tender and hardy and half-hardy nature, from the native country of the plant?"

"*I* think," said Sam, "that it's the nature of the plant that makes its native country, or its native soil. Plants are made to be just so notional, I think, so that some one of them may grow on every spot of earth—hot or cold, wet or dry, rich or poor. We put all sorts together in a garden, and they live and flourish there after a fashion; but left to itself, each wild plant chooses its home. The seeds of water-plants will not open on the dry land, nor those of land-plants in the wet; and in the woods, where all places look so much alike to us, you will find one sort of flower blooming here and another there; and maybe not a second patch of either kind within half a mile. Now there are, for instance, two kinds of squirrel-cups—one variety chooses to grow on the north side of hills and ridges, and the other almost always on the south side."

"Oh, what are squirrel-cups?" said Primrose.

"Dear little early spring flowers—you'll see by-and-by, when we've had a little mild weather. I saw a pretty thing of that sort—talking of notions," Sam went on—"when I was at Thornbrake. There was a beautiful wild flower in the woods there, called the chimaphila; but it never grew any where but in the woods, under the pine-trees, and would not live in the garden at all. Well, three or four years before, Mr. Austin had set out a young silver pine on his lawn; and at last it was growing well. And now a little bunch of chimaphilas had suddenly come to establish themselves at the foot of this one tree, standing there on the lawn all by itself. There they grew and bloomed in its shade."

"But, Sam," *how* did they come?" said Primrose, very much interested.

"Ah! that I can't tell you," said Sam. "Some seed may have been dropped there, or have lodged in the tree roots when it was dug up. But I suppose you might have planted bushels of chimaphila seed under any other tree on the lawn, and not one would have come up."

"Sam," said Lily, suddenly, "don't you think pink note-paper is a good deal more elegant than white?"

"Pink note-paper!" ejaculated Sam; and by way of answer, he caught up Primrose to his shoulder, and rushed out of the old shed and along the gravel-walks at full speed to the house. Lily and Clover followed, laughing and out of breath.

"Now, Sam! what did that mean?" said Lily, when he had set Primrose down in the sitting-room at her mother's side.

"It means—Good-afternoon!" said her brother, walking off demurely.

"Well," said Lily, "I guess it's just as good he's gone, for you know, Clover, we've got to lay out our things for to-morrow. Mamma, what frocks shall we wear?"

"Mamma," said little Primrose, "if we go through Hickory Corner, may we go just a little earlier, so as to get the watering-pots? Three minutes would do, Sam said."

"Did Sam say that?" asked Mrs. May, smiling; "I think he was greatly mistaken."

"No, mamma, not just that—Prim didn't understand," said Clover. "Sam said three minutes would not be too much. And oh, mamma, he's been telling us such beautiful things! where plants grow, and all that—the differences between them. Mamma, do you think King David knew a great deal about flowers?"

"His son Solomon did," said Mrs. May. "I don't know how it was with David. Why, love?"

"I thought he might," said Clover, blushing and hesitating a little. "You know, mamma, what he wrote: 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all.' And Sam was telling us such wonderful things. No one could have arranged it all but God."

"'He hath made every thing beautiful in his time,'" answered her mother. "'He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains, and herbs for the food of man.' 'O Lord my God, thou art very great!'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Race for Wealth.—Jews.

The Time of Day.—An Irishman of our acquaintance, with a leaning for potheen, being asked what part of the day he liked best, answered, without hesitation, the "sma'" hours of night.

A witty Doctor of Divinity, whose physicians had ordered him for a time on a purely vegetable diet, demurred, on the ground that "he should not be able to say grace before meat."

Light as Hair.—A friend of ours who has a comic vein, describes the method of dyeing hair the fashionable color as the carrotid art-ery.

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HEARING HER SING A POPULAR SONG.

You "wish you were a bird?"
Pray, don't be so absurd.
A girl of your size and age
Wouldn't like to be in a cage,
And fed on canary seed—
A fine bird you'd make, indeed;
How would you like to be
Obliged to live in a tree,
Holding on by your feet,
With flies and worms to eat?
I'm sure you'd get no rest,
Tucked up in a nasty nest.
You'd never have new things,
But be always dressed in wings;
Out in all sorts of weather,
And not even a change of feather.
How would you manage to speak,
With such a ridiculous beak?
Or to eat without ricking your neck,
Bobbing up and down for a peck?
And as for wanting to fly
Round about in the sky,
Rubbish! it's all my eye!
Do leave off being absurd,
And wishing to be a bird.

The very polite Lord Chesterfield happened to find himself in company with the Countess of Huntingdon and Mrs. Macaulay. Lady Huntingdon, with her usual zeal, endeavored to introduce the subject of serious religion, and declared herself to be a very shocking miserable sinner, which gave his Lordship the much wished-for chance of retiring. He rose, made a most profound bow, and retired with these characteristic words: "I never yet was in any town or company where I could stay and hear the excellent Lady Huntingdon abused. I am therefore under the immediate necessity of bidding your Ladyship good-morrow. Mrs. Macaulay, your most obedient."

A landlady, who had some very weak chicken broth for dinner the other day, was asked by one of her boarders if she couldn't coax that chicken to wade through that soup once more!

Scientific Intelligence.—At the next Meeting of the Horticultural Society a Paper will be read "On the Coolness of the Cucumber."

Waste Paper.—Diplomatic Notes.

A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"

"Oh! get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

The young ladies of Swamptown have passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of Swamptown, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

A recent lecturer on common law says that, according to that code, "a woman when she married lost her identity, her distinctive character, and was like a dew-drop swallowed by a sunbeam."

An Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as mind; but, unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed:

"You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat; "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

A young chap residing not far from Red River, where high-water, with loss of fences, etc., has been the "big" excitement, hearing some one remark that Herod the Great reigned thirty-seven years, "Aunt Mary," he asked, "don't you reckon that raised the river?"

A justice in an Eastern town, better versed in law than Gospel, not long since married a couple in this way: "Hold up your hands. You solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the duties of your office, jointly and severally, according to your best skill and judgment, so help you God. That's all—fee one dollar."

The right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.

A New Bedford Friend recently explained to her new domestic, that washing day came on every Second Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to be washing every other day! Not she.

An Irishman, giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since, in a riot case, said, "Yer Honor, the first man I saw coming at me, when I got up, was two brickbats."

Sydney Smith, in writing to a friend, said, "Unfortunately the house is full of cousins—would they were once removed!"

"Do you suppose that you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply; "I have done a great many landlords."

After rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask you if you'll have a *fresh roll* for breakfast, is certainly very irritating.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as a pig remarked when contemplating the kink in his tail.

Why should there be no fine seats in a church?—Because you ought not to be made *good for nothing*.

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RESIDENCE OF MRS. VAN LEW.

Among the many points of interest to be shown to every Union man visiting Richmond there is, perhaps, no one more deserving of notice than the one selected for illustration on this page. The late war called forth many heroic characters, whose deeds have been proclaimed through the civilized world; but there are many whose works, although unobtrusive, and hitherto unheralded, have been such as to do honor to the American name—indeed, to the human race; and of that noble band no know of none more deserving of a nation's gratitude and applause than the estimable lady and her daughter who form the subject of these remarks. As long as a FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE or a GRACE DARLING are remembered with love and respect by all possessing a human heart the names of MRS. VAN LEW and her daughter will be treasured.

VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOHN VAN LEW, ON CHURCH HILL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Every Union soldier who has ever pined in the prisons of the Libby or Belle Isle will remember well and bless the very sight of these names; but for the benefit of the general reader it may be well to state who and what they are.

MRS. VAN LEW, now an aged lady, is the widow of Mr. JOHN VAN LEW, a wealthy hardware merchant of Richmond, who died, much respected and lamented, in September, 1843, after a very long residence in that city. The estimation in which he was held in that community can best be gleaned from the following obituary notice, clipped from one of the leading Richmond papers of that day:

"He sank to rest lamented by a large circle of friends, and will long be remembered alike for his useful and well-directed energies as a citizen, and for the goodness and charities of his heart. His good deeds had a reward here, but 'in the rising blossom promise more.'"

MRS. VAN LEW and her family, consisting of a son and a daughter, succeeded to large property by the energy and enterprise of her deceased husband. She is the descendant of an old Huguenot family, and is understood to have representatives, on both father's and mother's side, in the old Revolutionary War. She was always one of those who held the most intense—indeed, almost romantic—attachment to the Union of these States; and the principles she ever entertained toward her country have been profitably instilled into her no less zealous and enthusiastic daughter.

The situation of two ladies so situated during the war, and among a whole community entertaining opinions well known to be perfectly hostile to their own, is such as few in the North can even imagine. The few prominent Southern men which the war revealed of the stripe of ANDREW JOHNSON of Tennessee, PETTIGRU of South Carolina, JOHN MINOR BOTTS of Virginia, TALLIAFERRO of Louisiana, CHARLES ANDERSON (late Governor of Ohio), and A. J. HAMILTON, both of Texas, are beacon-lights of high moral and physical courage that will go down to history as heroes. But what estimate shall be put upon the moral courage of Woman when subjected to similar dangers, trials, and social proscription? Perched on their quiet and ostracized homestead, on the summit of Church Hill, overlooking the turbulent sea of frenzied passions rolling beneath their feet, there were oftentimes when these brave ladies—for merely being known to be antagonistic to the destruction of their whole country, and administering to the necessities of those who had bled and suffered in its defense—were in imminent personal peril. They were the subjects of constant espionage, and the most slanderous abuse in the public papers. They were constantly receiving the most threatening anonymous letters; their friends of long years' standing deserted them as they would lepers; and "men" have been even known to shake the forefinger upbraidingly in their faces on the public street.

How far public feeling in Richmond ran against them during the war can best be seen by the one or two following extracts from the public papers, taken from a number of similar ones:

"SOUTHERN WOMEN WITH NORTHERN SYMPATHIES.—Two ladies, mother and daughter, living on Church Hill, have lately attracted public notice by their assiduous attentions to the Yankee prisoners confined in this city.... The largest human charity can find ample scope in kindness and attention to our own poor fellows who have been stricken down while battling for our country and our rights. The Yankee wounded have been put under charge of competent surgeons and provided with good nurses. This is more than they deserve and have any right to expect; and the course of these two females in providing them with delicacies, buying them books, stationery, and paper, can not but be regarded as an evidence of sympathy amounting to an indorsation of the cause and conduct of these Northern Vandals."

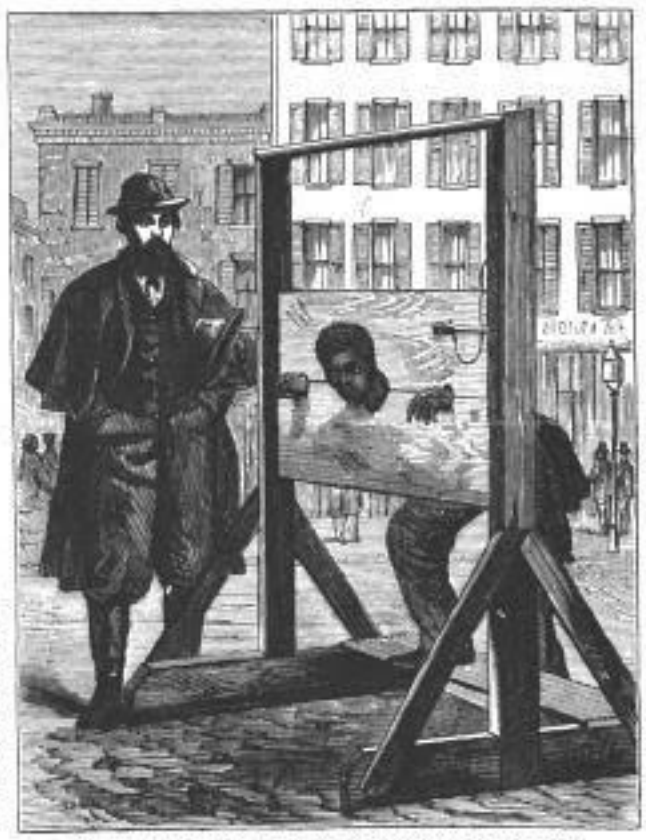
Another paper, after the grossest personal abuse of them, says:

"If such people do not wish to be exposed and dealt with as alien enemies to the country, they would do well to cut stick while they can do so with safety to their worthless carcasses."

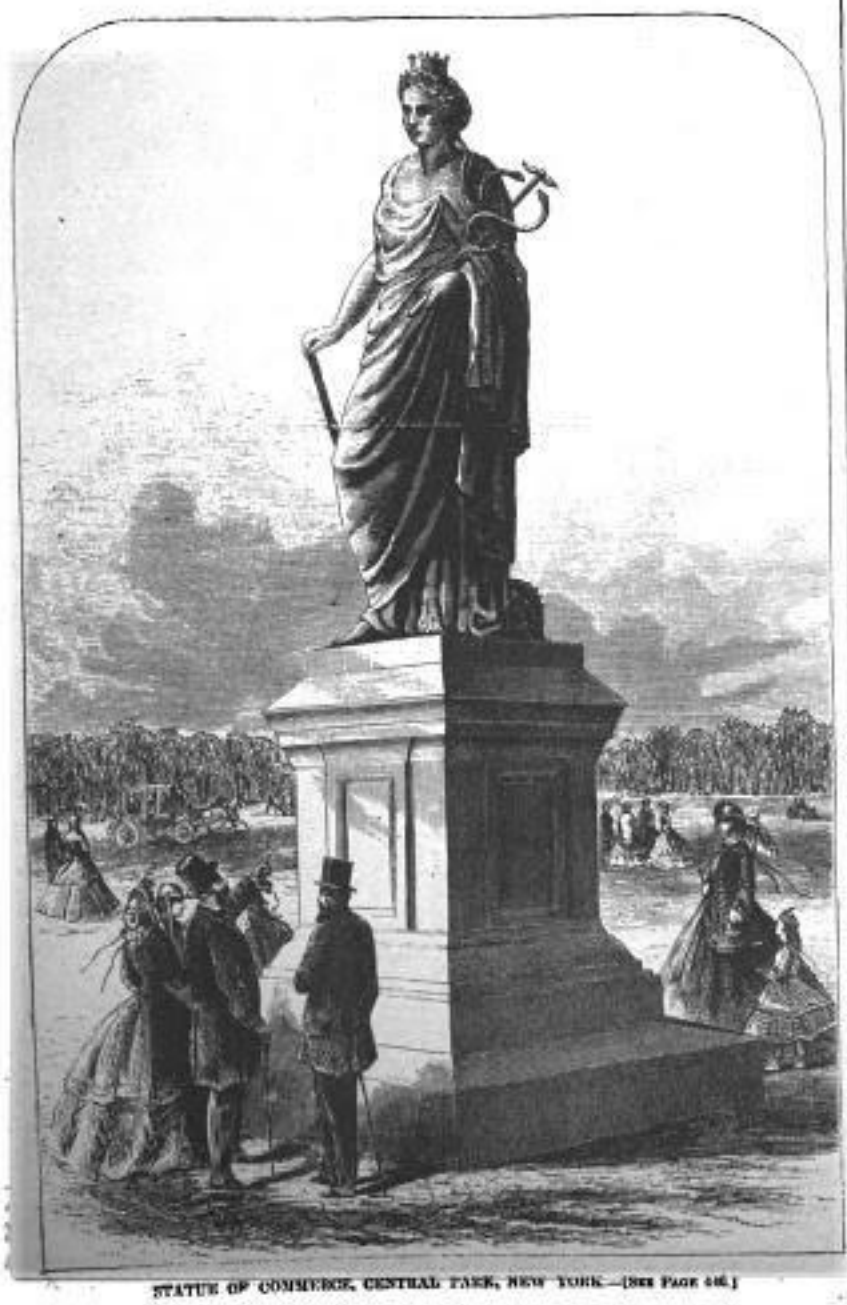
How the writers of such paragraphs, if still living, must blush at a reperusal of them in calmer and more sober moments! To them, most assuredly, can not be applied the poet's magnificent boast that they never penned

"One word which, dying, they would wish to blot."

These ladies are now living in most peaceful retirement, and spending their means—painfully reduced through the war—as they have always done, in quiet acts of individual charity. Their home is a perfect picture of rural beauty—as lovely a spot



NEGRO IN STOCKS—A SCENE IN FLORIDA.—[SEE PAGE 446.]



STATUE OF COMMERCE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 446.]

BIRTH-PLACE OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY, AT SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.—SKETCHED BY J. W. TIFFIN. [SEE PAGE 452.]

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STEPHEN VENARD, THE NEVADA DETECTIVE.

"VENARD SENT A BALL CRASHING THROUGH HIS BRAIN."

as is to be seen about Richmond, prolific as it is in beautiful sites. From its spacious gardens, exquisitely terraced along the declivity on which it is perched, a sublime and spacious view of the winding James is embraced, extending all the way to Drury's Bluff; while the magnificent shade trees, cool alcoves, and rich lawns present, in summer, one of the most tempting and delicious resorts it is possible to conceive.

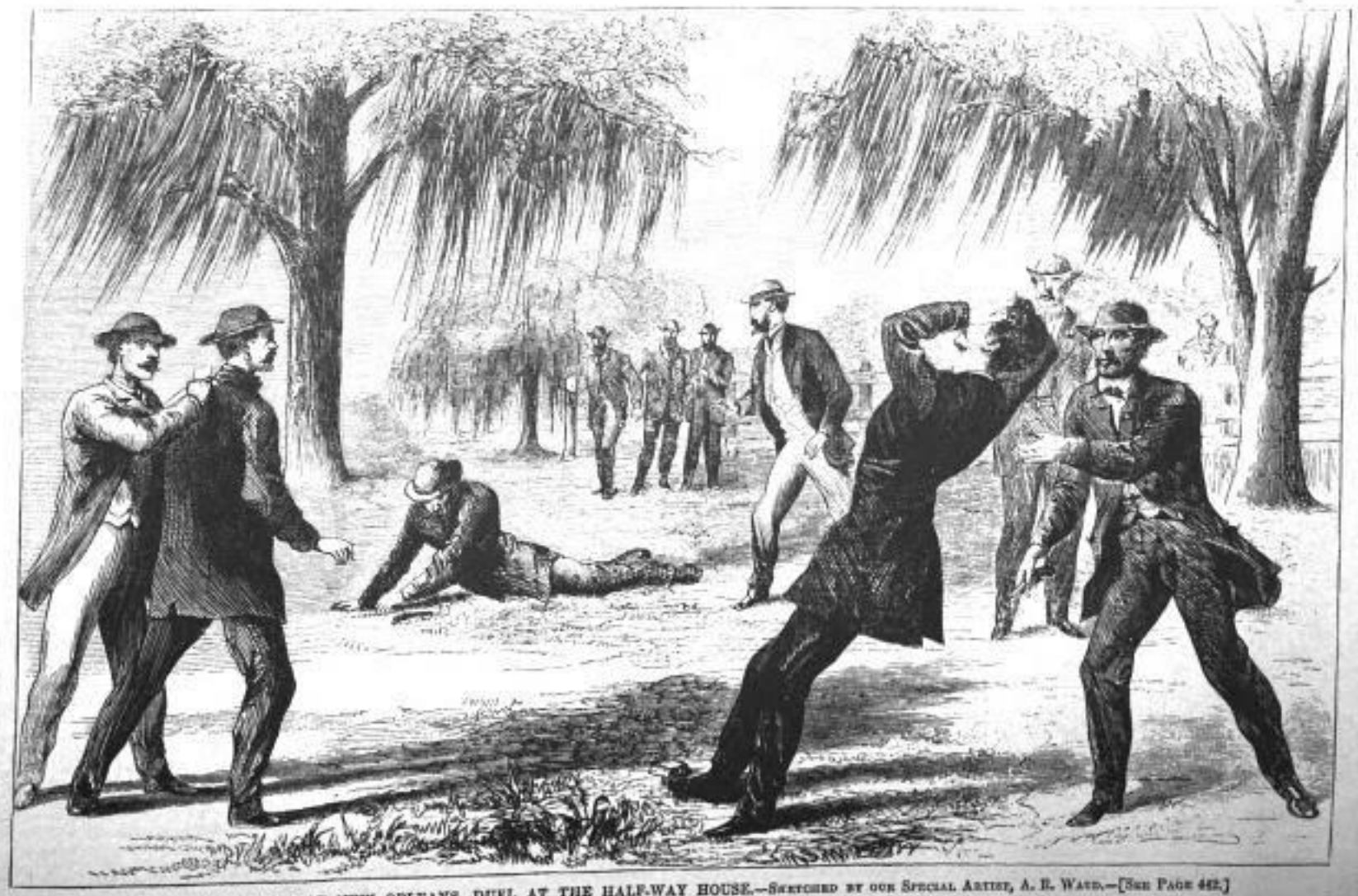
AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

THE subject of this sketch, STEPHEN VENARD, was born at Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio, in 1824. He was once elected Marshal of Nevada City, California, and for several years past has been a policeman at that place, in which occupation he acquired an enviable reputation as a man of courage, nerve, and judgment in every thing pertaining to the ferreting out and capture of desperadoes, such as infest the mining localities of California. But it was on the fifteenth day of May last that VENARD succeeded in accomplishing one of the most daring exploits that have ever been recorded.

Nevada County, famous for the productiveness of its gold mines, has for years past been infested with a number of daring highwaymen, and scarcely a day passed but that the papers chronicled some robbery on travelers, and not unfrequently the stages plying between the mountain towns were stopped, and express treasure and passengers robbed of thousands of dollars. These "road agents," as they were called, collected more toll than the toll-keepers, and they made toll roads of free roads.

At four o'clock on the morning of May 15, as the San Juan stage was within five miles of Nevada, three men armed with revolvers appeared in front of the horses and ordered the driver to halt. The passengers, eight in all, were compelled to get out of the stage, searched for their arms, marched to one side of the road, and were guarded by two of the bandits who covered the party with their revolvers. WELLS, FARGO, & Co. had $8000 in treasure on board, which was in an iron safe, built in the coach under the driver's seat. This safe they attempted to break open with a sledge but failed. They then used powder, and after trying twice, succeeded in blowing the safe open. After taking out the treasure they ordered the passengers to get in and the driver to drive on. In thirty-two minutes from the time of starting the stage arrived at Nevada City, and the news of the robbery was made known. By six o'clock Sheriff GENTRY, VENARD, and four others started for the spot, which was on the down grade near Black's Bridge, on the South Yuba. The party divided in order to scour the country. VENARD, and a man named LEE, found the trail of the robbers, which seemed likely to lead to another road crossing the Yuba, about three miles below the road above-named. LEE went back to take their horses around to the other road, and give information to others of the party if he should see the robbers, and of the course they appeared to be taking. VENARD followed the trail alone till it struck the Yuba, near the mouth of MEYER'S RAVINE. On examination he found that the robbers had not crossed the river or the ravine. The face of the country at this point was exceedingly rocky and precipitous and rapid progress was impossible. VENARD was impressed with the fact that he was in the vicinity of their retreat and proceeded cautiously. With his sixteen-shooter rifle (Henry's patent) in his hands cocked, he stepped a few feet above him on a rock. Huge rocks were above and around him, and smaller ones between. An opening or fissure in the latter led to the larger ones, and sitting at the base of the latter, and within 11 feet of him, he saw two of the robbers. Their eyes were upon him, their hands even grasping their revolvers. Not a second was to be lost, and to attempt to retreat was death. VENARD had no wish to retreat and no desire to die, and so he shot one of them through the heart. The second robber slipped into a cleft in the rocks, while his hand and pistol showed over the top, pointing at VENARD. The latter had his trusty rifle at his shoulder, aimed at the very spot where he anticipated the robber's head would appear in order to take aim. The instant his head came partly above the rocks VENARD sent a ball crashing through his brain. And here was another wonderful instance of coolness.

VENARD was aware that there was still another close by, and for aught he knew might be concealed behind some rocks and might fire upon him at any moment. He was alone. None of his comrades were within a mile of him. The thought flashed into his mind that if he should retreat from his position the third robber (and for aught he knew there might be half a dozen left yet) might take the treasure and escape with it, in which case he might be charged with murdering two innocent men. Acting upon this thought he went to the spot where the men were shot and found the treasure—the best evi-



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS AT NEW ORLEANS—DUEL AT THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 452.]

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dence of their guilt. Taking this and their revolvers he hastily covered them with some leaves near by. He then proceeded with cautious steps up a steep pitch on the other side of a torrent of water that was pouring down the ravine to discover, if possible, the remaining robber. About 100 yards off he saw him clambering up the almost inaccessible side of the mountain. He fired, and the man fell for an instant, and then continued on his way. Another shot and the robber stopped his course, stared at VESARD a moment, and then his head fell, and his body rolled down the hill about forty feet.

Shortly after this Sheriff GAVENY and his party arrived, the dead bodies were visited, and the bags of money brought to Nevada and delivered to WELLS, FARGO, & Co. before one o'clock on the same day the robbery was committed. During the afternoon a coroner's jury was summoned and went to the scene of death, accompanied by a large number of citizens. A more lonely, rough, and inaccessible spot could scarcely be conceived. The bodies were carried by hand with great difficulty for three-fourths of a mile, and then brought to town in a wagon. It is needless to add that the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide, and exonerated VESARD from all legal responsibility for the commission of the act. Immediately after the robbery was made public WELLS, FARGO, & Co. offered a reward of $5000 for the recovery of the treasure, which VESARD obtains. When we consider the circumstances of VESARD's following alone on the trail of three desperate men, fully armed, and on the alert for the avengers of the law, that they knew were on their track, tracing them to their den, miles from any human habitation, and by coolness and celerity of action saving his own life and killing these bloodsuckers of the chaparral and mountain jungle, we confess our admiration of such heroism. No romance could depict greater bravery.

The following closing notice of STEPHEN VESARD we take from a copy of the Nevada *Transcript*, published immediately after the occurrence:

"It can not be denied that this feat of STEVE VESARD's is a splendid one, and never excelled in the State. It displays a coolness, courage, and skill of a most extraordinary character. It must live as an event in the history of our country, and the criminal history of the country. A safe is robbed at half past four in the morning by three robbers of $5000. One man follows the daring villains to their den, kills them all at four shots, and restores the money to the owners at two o'clock of the same day. If this act is not worthy of reward we know of no act that is. We hope, in addition to the reward offered by WELLS, FARGO, & Co., that the Board of Supervisors will vote a handsome sum. It is but just that those who peril life for the good of society should receive the reward of their merit."

VESARD has since received an appointment as officer on the staff of the Governor of Nevada.

STATUE OF COMMERCE, CENTRAL PARK.

MR. STEPHEN B. GUION has presented to the Central Park Commissioners a bronze STATUE OF COMMERCE, to be placed in Central Park as soon as the pedestal is finished. This statue cost $20,000 in gold; and from what we learn is a splendid affair. It was on exhibition in Paris after it was finished, and was highly commended as a work of art. It is now at the Central Park.

Mr. GUION is a native of this city, but is now one of the leading merchants in Liverpool, England—of the American house of GUION & Co. at that port—and he takes this method of testifying his devotion to the place of his nativity.

NEGRO IN STOCKS.

THE illustration shows a mode of punishment common in Florida. It is copied from a photograph taken in the streets of Apalachicola. The negro was thus punished for an assault upon a white man. The white man represented in the picture is the sheriff who is carrying out the sentence of the court, according to which the negro was to be kept in the pillory for one hour and ten minutes. Is this the way in which white people are punished for assault and battery in Florida, we wonder? If not, and there is a distinct class of penalties for black men, is it not proper that Congress, if necessary, should take measures to abrogate a distinction so manifestly unjust?

THE PASTOR.

Some years ago the pulpit of St. Peter's, one of the principal German churches in St. Petersburg, was filled by Pastor B——t, who, like most of the preachers of that wealthy sect, had amassed a considerable fortune, and was much esteemed and beloved by his congregation. Not a day passed without numerous applications to him for assistance of various kinds, and none were sent away without a word of consolation or a more substantial gift.

One day, as he was compelled by indisposition to keep his room, a woman came and craved his interference. She had lately removed to St. Petersburg with her husband, who was a goldsmith, and who had succeeded in establishing himself so well that he earned an ample support for both of them; but he made her wretched by his persistent and outrageous ill-treatment, without the slightest provocation or retort on her part—all of which she had until now patiently endured.

The Pastor expressed his regret that indisposition prevented him from leaving the house.

"Bring your husband to me," said he.

"That will be no easy matter," returned the woman; "for if he suspect that a rebuke is waiting for him he will not come. No. He must know nothing of it beforehand. But if I tell him that you wish to buy something from him, then he will not fail to wait upon your reverence."

"That is a lucky thought!" said the Pastor, "for I am about to purchase a complete tea-service of silver."

"And he has just finished a very beautiful one!" exclaimed the woman.

"Very well, then, tell him to bring it."

The next day the goldsmith came with his chest, accompanied by the woman.

The Pastor was secretly surprised to see her with him, but advanced to meet him, saying: "Aha! the silver?"

"Yes, your reverence, I have brought the service as you desired."

"Very well," said the Pastor. "Be so good as to come with me into my study."

When they were alone the good clergyman began to speak urgently upon the duty of a husband, and dwelt with impressive eloquence upon the sacredness of the vow which married partners make before the altar to each other.

His listener seemed very much astonished, and several times attempted to interrupt his discourse, but the Pastor begged him to hear him to the end. "What excuse can you make for your conduct?" asked he, in conclusion. "What is the cause of it? You look so mild and so good-tempered, my friend. How comes it that you are such a bad husband?"

"But let me say just one word, your reverence. I am—"

"I know what you mean to say. You are usually as meek as a lamb, and only impetuous at certain times; but to go so far as to beat your wife!"

"You have mistaken the person, reverend Sir; I have never beaten my wife—"

"How! do you deny it?—do!"

"Because," continued the man, "I am not married!"

"Why, your wife is at this moment waiting in the next room!"

"Who? my wife? Your reverence is mistaken. I have no wife. That woman is your own housekeeper; she came to me with a commission from you to bring a service of silver for your inspection."

The Pastor began to feel uneasy. "She must be a mad-woman," said he—

"Or a thief!" exclaimed the goldsmith.

They went hastily into the next room—but it was empty! The woman had disappeared with the chest of silver, and all the efforts of the police to recover it were in vain.

This incident is calculated to give rise to many weighty considerations. The trick was so well devised and planned that it would have succeeded with the most prudent and circumspect. The goldsmith left the silver in the outer room under the charge of the supposed housekeeper, at the express desire of the Pastor; while the latter confided it to the keeping of the *ci-devant* wife of the former. Had the matter been brought under litigation whose would have been the loss? Fortunately the good Pastor had no thought of such an alternative. He felt compassion for the poor man, who gained a precarious living by his labor; and as he, on the contrary, was rich enough to bear the injury, he bore it alone.

THE HUSKING.

THE room is lofty, large, and wide
  Where we are met to husk the ears,
And heaped in rows on either side
  The yellow ripened corn appears.
The sandy lamplight softly falls
  On graceful forms and faces bright,
On cheeks where burns the roses red,
  And eyes which do outshine the light.

The fairest maidens here are met
  In all the neighboring country round,
No handsomer eyes of deepest jet,
  Of brown or blue, elsewhere are found.
A lovelier girl than Mattie Price
  Throughout the land you will not meet;
No statelier form than Alice May's
  In all the city's crowded street.

There's Maggie Grey with golden hair,
  She never was without a beau;
What stronger proof that she is fair
  Than all the lads admire her so!
And Stella Vain with hair as dark
  As are the shadows in her eyes,
And lips whose perfect shape seems formed
  To utter Love's expressive sighs.

With giddy mirth the rafters ring,
  The room resounds with shouts and laugh,
Sometimes a merry song we sing,
  The sparkling cider, too, we quaff,
And deftly strip the golden ears,
  While speed the winged hours along,
We heed not time, so swiftly flies
  The Autumn night with cheer and song.

One ear I find whose polished grains
  Are tinted red instead of gold;
The envied now of all the swains,
  Aloft the looked-for prize I hold.
Then from each maid I claim the boon,
  And last of all from Mattie Price;
I twine my arms about her waist,
  And kiss her lips once, twice, and thrice.

Oh, Mattie Price, a time will come,
  Although just now you may say "No,"
When I shall fold you to my heart,
  Never again to let you go—
Never again as Mattie Price!
  For you shall find sweet comfort there;
Already blooms the orange flower
  Which you shall twine within your hair.

THE ENGLISH EMBASSADOR.

NEW YORK is celebrated for its gangs of burglars, Paris for its pickpockets, St. Petersburg for its thieves, and London for all the three. St. Petersburg bears away the palm for comparative security from such depredations, but let it not be thought that this great city is deficient in brilliant examples of that talent which is displayed in the ingenious appropriation of other people's property.

An English embassador, some years ago, doubted the existence of this peculiar class of operators, and made a singular wager with a Russian prince upon the subject. The latter bet him a large sum of money that he should be robbed of all the orders on his breast, in the day-time, in the open street, without his perceiving it; and all that was required from him was that he should walk for three days, between the hours of twelve and one, adorned with all his decorations.

Thus warned, and resolved to avoid all suspicious contact, the nobleman commenced his promenade. Soon after setting out a laborer placed himself in his path and pointed upward to a roof, from which depended a slate tied to a string, as a sign that workmen were engaged above; and as my lord followed the gesture with his eye the man made an awkward attempt to approach him. The thought suddenly flashed upon the Embassador that this was a disguised thief, and as he hastily retreated he read plainly the disappointment of detection in the other's face. Soon after, as he was still laughing at this adventure, he was importuned by some beggar children, and just as he was giving them some coins a drunken man nearly fell upon him; but he was on his guard and stepped quickly aside, upon which the inebriate staggered off, but soon recovered his natural and steady gait.

"Aha!" thought the Englishman; "so much for the second attempt!"

Some paces further on he saw a large crowd of people, in the midst of whom the driver of a droshky was disputing with a gentleman about a trifling difference in the fare. As he was forcing his way through the throng the latter, still venting his expletives upon the extortioner, attempted, as if by accident, to come close to him, but he thrust the stranger aside with the exclamation, "Number three!" Just then the clock struck one, his ordeal for the day was over, and he reached home safely with all his orders.

In the evening he met the Prince at the English Club, and as he laughingly related the unskillful attempts which had been made upon him, he perceived that the former was evidently embarrassed and even vexed.

"Let us see what the morrow will bring forth!" said he, as he rose to leave the house.

"I see, my lord, that it will be a difficult matter to take advantage of you," said his friend, with a serious air.

The next day he was followed and surrounded by all sorts of people. Some slunk behind him, others met him and then, suddenly turning, passed close to him. One suspicious-looking person offered him a fine handkerchief and asked politely if he had not lost it. A handsome, fair-complexioned young man urgently pressed upon his notice some remarkable English publications, which he entreated him to purchase. The Embassador was passionately fond of rare books, and fell into an ecstasy over the beautiful specimens before him; but suddenly he bethought himself of his wager, and turned away from the tempter with a smile. As he was passing a garden house a window was broken near him, and he saw a boy in imminent danger of falling out. As he was about to rush to his rescue he suddenly perceived a string (skillfully concealed behind the curtain) which was tied to the little traitor's foot, and he quickly avoided the crowd, who had gathered upon hearing the child's screams, and who would evidently have taken advantage of the opportunity.

"It was a very ingenious device!" said he, that evening, to the Prince, "and quite appropriate, for the boy was so strikingly like my own son in England that I came very near forgetting myself."

"I confess myself beaten," said his adversary, in a low voice. "My accomplices have played their last trump. They have speculated in vain upon your well-known hobby of rare books, upon your paternal tenderness. They have failed, and I will pay you the bet at once."

"By no means!" answered the Englishman. "The terms have not yet been complied with. I can not consider the wager as regularly won until I have walked once more through the streets."

On the third day he commenced his last trial; but this time he met not one single suspicious countenance. He continued his walk quietly and uninjured for an hour, and had nearly reached his own residence, when a large ladder wagon, loaded with household furniture, came lumbering out of the "porte cochère" of his neighbor, a distinguished Polish Count. The wind was high, and a bolster was so open-hearted as to shed some of its contents upon the pedestrian; upon which two liveried servants, who were standing in the doorway, immediately offered their services to brush the feathers from his dress.

"Is your master at home?" asked he.

"He is, Sir," answered they, as they proceeded with the cleansing process.

"Then I will go up!"

As he entered he found the room filled with company, among others the Russian Prince, who advanced to meet him.

"What! without your orders!" exclaimed the latter, laughing.

The Englishman looked down, and rushed impetuously to a looking-glass.

"Damn it! I have lost. They are gone! But who, how, where? Not a soul has touched me except the Count's liveried servants!"

"I have no liveried servants!" said the Count. "Do not distress yourself, my lord! They were my worthy thieves."

"With all due deference for their talent," replied the Embassador, "I must say that you managed less adroitly in the beginning, for your friends of yesterday and the day before were mere bungler!"

"How unjust!" exclaimed the Prince. "They had strict orders to be as awkward as possible, in order to throw you off your guard, my lord!"

"I have learned a lesson," said the Embassador. "Here is your money, and I promise you that henceforth I shall bold in respectful admiration the thieves of St. Petersburg!"

"BUT IS IT RIGHT, FATHER?"

IN a pleasant suburb on the Surrey side of London there lived a married couple, whose early life had been passed in a very busy district of the Borough of Southwark. They were fruiterers, and had profit year to year carried on their business without ever thinking of the claims of the Sabbath. One great trouble had clouded their lives. Out of a large family only one child had survived beyond the first two years, and little Annie would most probably have laid beside her little brothers and sisters in Norwood Cemetery, but that she had been sent down to the coast of Sussex, to an aunt who lived there, and who not only had to rejoice over seeing the little sickly blossom consigned to her care grow into a blooming, active, happy child, but was successful in teaching her little charge some Divine truths, that, when received into the mind, fill it with heavenly light. Annie was, both in body and soul, a healthy child. The parents naturally pined after their darling, who was likely now to be their only treasure. Mr. Richards, the father, took a house a few miles from London, and, having established his wife there, brought his little girl, now seven years old, home to be the joy as well as treasure of the dwelling. On the very first Sunday after the child's return, she came down stairs dressed in her best, thinking that her father was going to take her with him, as her aunt had done, to church. He kissed her kindly, and, to her surprise, was going away.

"Where are you going, father?" said the child.

"Oh, I'm going to business, child."

"But it's Sunday, father."

"Yes—yes—I know that, my dear, but I'm obliged to go. I'm very sorry, but I must—now don't cry; I'll be home early, my child."

"But is it right, father?" sobbed little Annie. "Is it right? Is it *right*, father?"

"Is what right?"

"Why, going to work on Sunday, father?"

"Right—I don't know. It's very hard, that I know; but I must go—I must go."

He kissed his little girl's wet cheek fondly, and with an uncomfortable feeling that he had never felt before, he set off toward the city.

"Is it right, father?" The words kept ringing in his ears. He could not silence them. He felt that if he had told his child yes, he would have uttered a lie—taught his innocent child a most wicked lesson. No, it was not right. Was he then to keep on doing wrong, when even his little child had, by her question, convicted him?

Was he?

For hours that day these thoughts troubled him—the words, "Is it right, father!" vibrated through him, until he was brought to say, "No, it is not right, and, God helping me, I'll give up Sabbath trading—I *will*."

He got home that evening in time to hear little Annie say her evening prayers: "Make me a good girl." "Ah, child," said Mr. Richards, interrupting her, "say, also, 'Make father a good man.'" The simple words were uttered; the loving kiss given; it was the father's turn now to wipe away the tears from his eyes. He kept his resolution. From that day he closed his shop on Sundays.

"We shall have to leave our new little country dwelling," said his timid wife. No, they had not. They prospered more than ever from that time forth.

"I like to deal with a tradesman that keeps the Sabbath," said the most respectable people of the district where the shop was, "for if he won't cheat his own conscience he won't cheat me." And he still lives to testify, as he has often done, "My little girl turned me from Sabbath-breaking when she said:

'*But is it right, father?*'"

WIDOWS.

IT can not be denied that of human afflictions the loss of a husband is one of the most severe and keenly felt. Considerations which may soften the shock of death in other cases have no weight in this. Widowhood is a trial, all the crushing force of which is felt at the first.

But is the loss irreparable? Can not the tottering vine find other props? If such a loss befalls one late in life, it must have been more or less foreseen and expected, and the hope of a happy reunion before long assuages the grief of separation. In the case of one who becomes a widow at an earlier period of life, it may be that she finds an alleviation of her sorrow in the discharge of other duties—to her children, if there be any who need her care, or to the poor and suffering. But if her grief takes the form of morbid brooding over her loss, one of two things usually happens. She either allows her woe so entirely to overmaster and absorb her that only in its indulgence (by a sort of contradiction not uncommon in human nature, especially woman's) can she find any comfort; or, on the other hand, by an unconscious sort of analysis of the elements of her grief, and a perhaps equally unconscious ratiocinative process touching the means of cure, she decides upon taking another husband.

And this is the most rational remedy under the circumstances. For if the lamented Mr. Brown had been a very good husband—as the widow's grief would seem to testify—the acceptance of Mr. Smith is a compliment to his memory, plainly implying, as it does, a desire to renew and perpetuate the happiness enjoyed in the former union. If, on the contrary, Mr. Brown had been a bad husband (an idea which his widow's grief does not by any means exclude), what more reasonable than to seek, in a marriage with Mr. Smith, that happiness which a first unlucky choice had made her lose? If (in a third hypothesis) the said Brown was of the undecided character of Mother Goose's son Jack, "not very good nor yet very bad," it is evidently merely as a husband that the widow bewails him, and there can not be much difficulty in finding a successor.

We have said that this is the rational remedy. What (to take some examples from our modern literature) can be more absurd than the conduct of

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Amelia in "Vanity Fair," wearing out her days in sorrow over the death of a heartless coxcomb, while she rejects the homage and devotion of the true-hearted Dobbin? Mr. Lever's argumentative Irishman, in expostulating with his "Widow Machree," very cleverly represents to her the unbecomingness of her widow's cap, and the solitary plight of her single tea-cup, in contrast with the harmonious relations of the poker and tongs upon the hearth; and by such logic as this carries his suit to a successful issue.

The famous case of the Ephesian widow can scarcely be given as an example worthy of imitation without slight modifications! but the story may be apropos to our subject: Once upon a time a worthy lady at Ephesus had the misfortune to lose her husband—so good a husband that nothing could console her for his loss. Every day she went to the vault where his remains were deposited, there to strew his coffin with flowers, and to pour out her sorrow in tears and lamentations. One day these sounds of woe attracted the notice of a soldier who had been posted near the gate of the vault to guard the dead body of a malefactor. Lured by curiosity from his post, the sight that met the man's inquiring eyes excited other feelings. To ask the cause of so much grief, to proffer his manly sympathy, was the impulse of a moment; to find that sympathy accepted took a little more time. Finally, however, it was not rejected; and the time passed quickly by, until at length the recollection of his duty recalled the sentinel to his abandoned post. But what was his consternation to find that, in his absence, the body he had been set to guard had been stolen away! Here was a catastrophe! The soldier's life would pay forfeit for his negligence. He returned to the widow and told her of the disaster. It was a trying emergency, but woman's wit was equal to it. The corpse she had been crying over took the place of the malefactor's; and a living husband, in the person of her military comforter, was substituted for the husband she had lost.

When a widow has satisfied herself of the necessity and probable efficacy of the remedy we have been speaking of, it is wonderful how soon she succeeds in finding it. Mr. Tony Weller's apprehensiveness on the subject of "widders" is justified by observation and experience. There are numerous instances—which it would be invidious to particularize—where leading public and business men, who certainly can not be considered undesirable husbands, have offered the needed consolation in such a predicament. Abstractedly, too—though the theory may not apply to every case—the matter is intelligible enough. A man who is actively engaged in public life can not spare time for the protracted process of wooing which inexperienced young ladies consider indispensable. In such a case the experienced widow offers a safe resource. A certain amount of diplomatic caution is necessary, perhaps, but ordinarily the parties are ready to meet each other half-way. Sometimes the lady does not hesitate to pass a small fraction of even that interval, and an understanding of the most cordial character is the speedy and satisfactory result.

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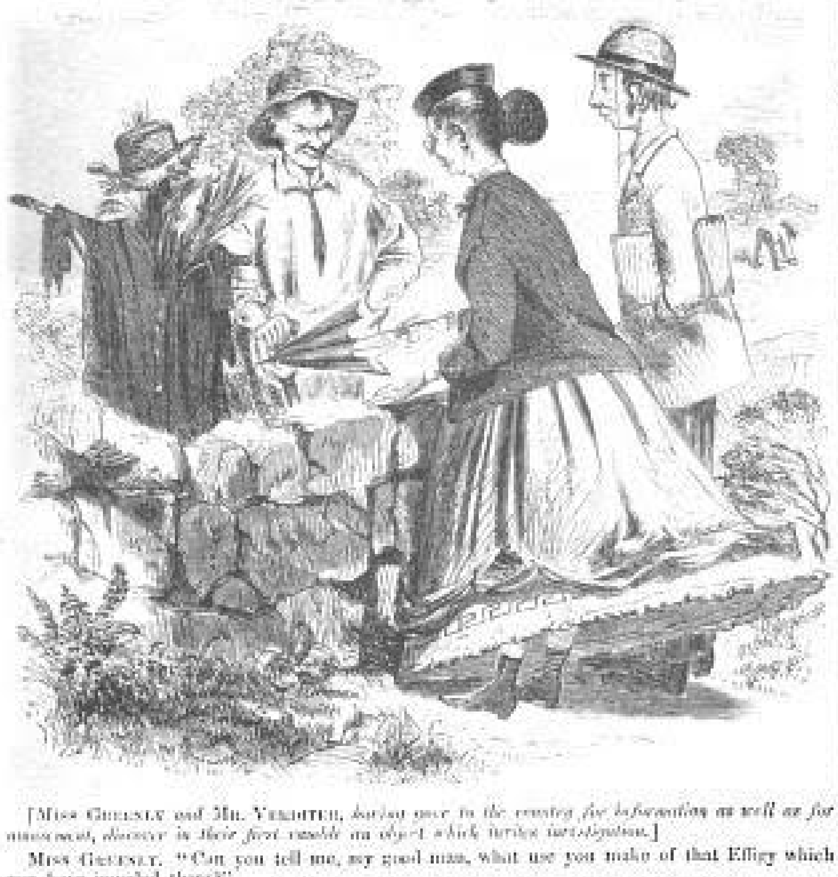

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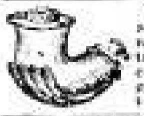

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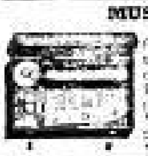

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 499.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

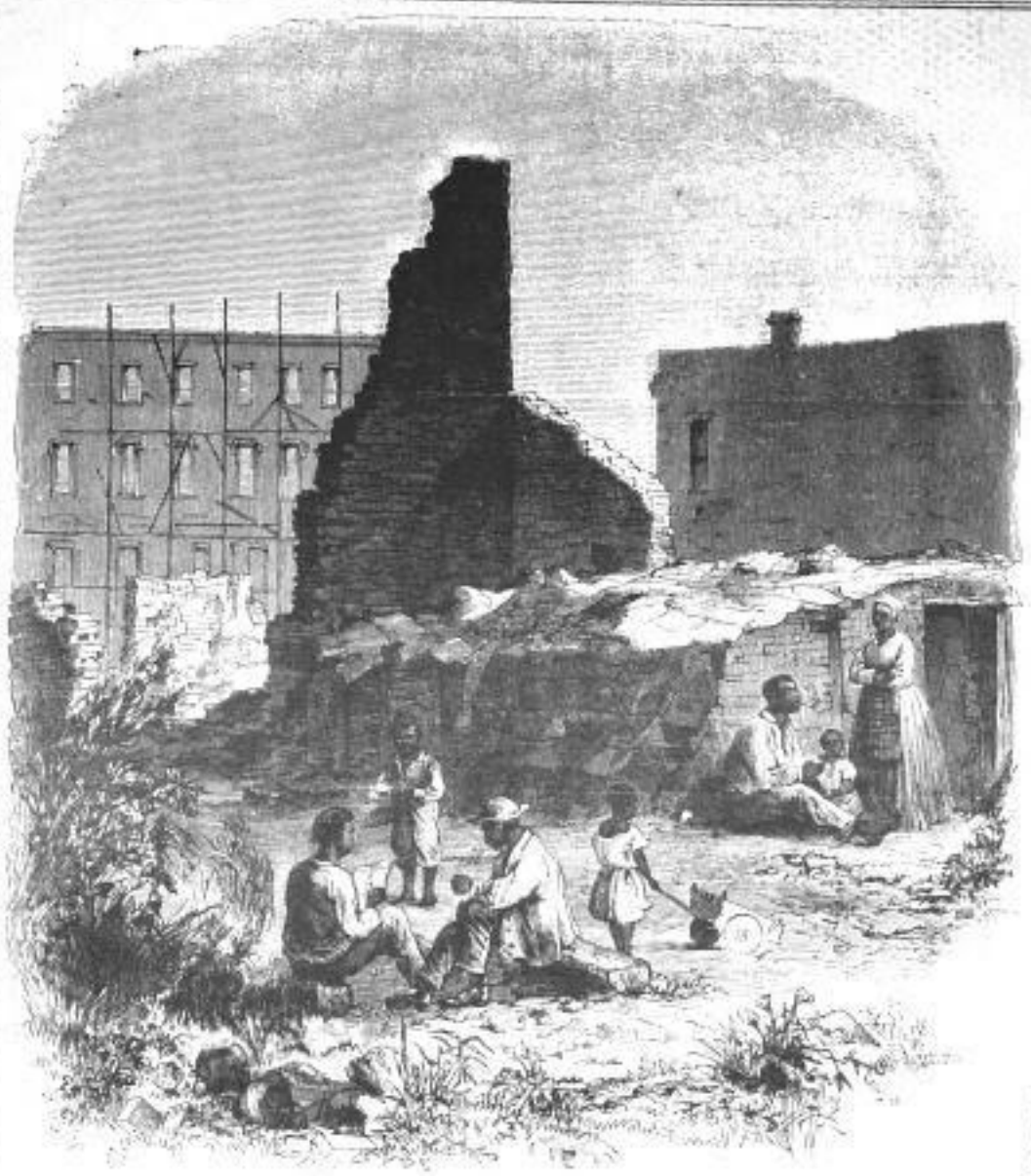
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE rapidity with which this place is being rebuilt certainly shows that there is still left in the South money and energy, with the men to remove, almost within ten years, all traces of the late struggle.

The sketch of Richardson Street, down which SHERMAN marched when he entered the city in February, 1865, is taken from a point near the ruins of the convent. A few months since one could see from this spot only the wreck which had been left by the great conflagration that took place on the night of the 17th February, 1865. Now, new buildings are going up with great rapidity. True, many of them are not so well storied as those destroyed, being roofed at one or two stories, as the owner's purse holds out.

Many of the freedmen who are laboring in this rebuilding find house rent so high that they construct for themselves, in some convenient corner, their little huts, using for their erection brick, sod, mud, and sticks, and for the roof large masses of tin, formerly the covering of some stately mansion. In these little huts large families live, all that are capable doing their portion of the labor which is to earn their scanty livelihood.—The sketch is taken near the ruins of the Court-house, in which locality there is a large number of squatters.

T. R. D.



AMONG THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

Military rule having been withdrawn from the city of New Orleans the people are once more enabled to exert their ancient rights and privileges. Among these the Sunday opening of all the markets, groceries, places of amusement, billiard and gambling-rooms, takes a prominent place. General BUTLER, among other deeds which he enacted in that city, caused the Sabbath to be observed after Christian notions of the subject; and it is only just to the New Orleanses to say that they considered it a high-handed act, and one which they have pretty effectually reversed since.

Opposite the French Market is the Cathedral; an effort to hear the services there ended in failure, owing to the noise of a neighboring billiard saloon, and a canvas-covered show, with a big drum, to which was added the constant rattle of carriages.

After the passage of a German procession, bound out of town for a day's dancing and picnicking, it became matter of grave consideration whether the horse-races or the cockpit offered the greatest attractions for a sketch. The verdict being in favor of the latter, we were driven along Esplanade Street, and not far from BEAUREGARD's mansion stopped at a place where, right upon the street, entrance-money was taken at a little ticket-office window before the spectator was admitted to the pit, where a fight between two game chickens was progressing fast and furious, the spectators around betting as furiously in English and French. Here full-blooded negroes and elegant mulattoes sat side by side with whites, and among the latter were Yankee merchants, Southern planters, professional gamblers, Mexicans, Cubans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards.

One of the unfortunate chickens being soon killed, the business of matching and weighing others occupied a little time, which our party expended in visiting the cages where the stock of fighting cocks were kept; a special privilege, the proprietor himself accompanying us in the inspection.—These, as the reporters used to say of the army, "were all aching for a fight; fine healthy birds, with no immediate occupation other than crowing lustily. Two more fights and the sketch was finished; once in a while the attendants would pick up the bleeding roosters, sprinkle water from their lips upon them, and revive them for another round.

The afternoon is a season of comparative quiet till it is cool enough for a drive out on the Shell Road. As New Orleans during the hot weather usually has a fine breeze off the Gulf this is a very pleasant trip, and all who can raise a light wagon and a pacing horse take it; trotters are quite rare, and not at all fashionable.

For those who have not means for the above amusement there are horse cars to the Half-way House, and boats—towed by men or mules indifferently—to the lake. In the evening all the theatres are open.

The creoles—by which is usually understood the light-colored ladies speaking the French language—occasionally give a theatrical entertainment at the French opera-house, where all the actors, and the greater part of the audience, have colored blood in their veins. These and the creole balls in the winter are considered quite "distingué" affairs, and it is openly said that you will find as much or more taste in dress, as rich jewels, and as good-breeding, as in the most aristocratic circles of New Orleans.

A. R. W.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

Among all the bold and romantic scenery for which our country is noted, there is none more attractive than that of the Catskill Mountains, which we illustrate on pages 456 and 457. The picturesque, wild loveliness of the falls, the ever-changing beauty of the vast landscape spread out before the persevering pedestrian on the highest peaks, the profusion and variety of foliage which covers the lofty mountains, the quiet charm of the placid lakes, are all prominent objects of interest well known to our summer pleasure-seekers, and their praises have often been made the subject of pen and brush.

Our picture shows many of the most frequently visited places, some of which will be familiar to our readers—the Kaaterskill and Haines Falls; Fawn's Leap in the Clove; the view from the North Mount-

THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—RICHARDSON STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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sin, showing the two lakes and Mountain House in the distance; also, the view from Sunset Rock. Another view is given of the Laurel House, a hotel kept by Mr. SCHUTT; and on the road up the mountain we pass the Half-Way House and the Rip Van Winkle House. At these last-mentioned houses the weary steeds need no invitation to stop, but come to a halt of their own accord, and refresh themselves with some of the sparkling water which flows over the rocks into the little spring beneath. There are other stronger beverages to be had for the thirsty travelers also. For the last few miles the ascent is so abrupt as to make it necessary to lighten as much as possible the load of the panting brews, and those who can walk generally do so. A sudden turn of the road brings us in view of the Mountain House, kept by C. L. BEACH, and a most welcome sight it is after the toilsome journey. One picture shows us sunrise among the mountains, that wondrous effect, when the clouds all lie in the valley beneath you; Mr. NAST has faithfully represented the appearance of that soft, rolling, billowy sea, and one vainly expects to hear the roar of the waves; but there is not a sound, the most solemn stillness reigns over all.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE most earnest advocates of the proposed Philadelphia Convention announce that it is to form a new party. They assert that the Republican party was purely a sectional, and the Union merely a war party. It is now necessary, therefore, in their judgment, to assemble delegates from every State and Territory, and lay down a common national platform. This is all well. This seems very simple. But declarations of intentions have always a most artless tone. The late rebel leaders, DAVIS, TOOMBS, and their allies, always insisted upon being called "National Union Democrats," and while their mouths rang with patriotic vociferation they were plotting disunion. It is necessary, therefore, to look at the facts. Is this Convention likely to represent the true and saving union sentiment of the country? Will it be composed of those who have been proved by experience to be the most faithful, intelligent, and consistent friends of the Union? If so, every honest man will rejoice. But it is not enough to say that it will be so if such men choose to send delegates. The question is, whether the terms and circumstances of the call, and the manner in which it has been received by the country, show that it is intended and likely to include such representatives.

The first significant fact, then, is, that the call is issued by the three Senators who have separated themselves from the Union majority in Congress, by the Assistant-Postmaster-General and two or three gentlemen who approve that separation, and by two Senators who have uniformly opposed the action of the Union party, and who supported the Chicago policy of surrender to the effort to destroy the Union. The second fact is, that it is urged upon the country by the whole body of what are known, for good reasons, as the Copperhead members of Congress, excepting Senators SAULSBURY and RIDDLE of Delaware, and Representative HARRIS of Maryland, and the members from New York city. The third fact is, that it is not approved by the Union members of Congress in either House, nor by the conspicuous and representative Union journals of the country.

The Convention, therefore, will be composed of three classes; *first*, those whom, not for offense but for distinction, we may call Mr. THURLOW WEED's party; *second*, the Democratic party of the North; and, *third*, the Democratic ex-rebels of the South. It will not represent such Union men as Senator FESSENDEN and ex-Governor ANDREW in New England; WARD HUNT and CHARLES J. FOLGER in New York; Senator SHERMAN and Chief Justice CHASE in Ohio; General LOGAN and Senator KIRKWOOD in the Northwest; Governor FLETCHER and Senator BROWN in Missouri; HORACE MAYNARD in Tennessee; Judge BOND in Maryland; ALEXOSE SPENCER and the original Unionists in Georgia; ANDREW J. HAMILTON and the voters against THROCKMORTON in Texas. The question is therefore plain, Is a Convention which, by the nature of its call, excludes such men and those who sympathize with them, a representative National Union Convention? Do the three classes that we have first named, the party of Mr. WEED and the old Democratic party, compose a more truly Union party than that which is now known as such?

We say that they are excluded by the call and by its general interpretation. The call is issued in intentional disregard of the equal rights of the loyal Union colored population of the Southern States, whom it proposes to abandon to those who were lately in rebellion. It does this under profession of regard for State rights, and in defiance of the truth, now terribly demonstrated, that absolute equality of individual rights before the law is vitally essential to the harmony of the national Union. Indeed, Mr. SEWARD, who favors the Convention, in his letter to Tammany Hall, speaks with perilous and reckless rhetoric of "sovereign States." Thus the Convention proposes to prefer the rights of States to the rights of citizens of the United States; or to leave the protection of the latter solely to the States, when our experience has proved that that course is nationally disastrous. Nor can the Convention point us to the Civil Rights bill, for the callers of the Convention all opposed it and supported the veto.

Composed of such representatives and holding such views, who are likely to control the Convention? Will it be Mr. THURLOW WEED and his friends, or the allied Democrats from the North and South? The question may excite a smile, but it can not suggest a doubt. But if the Democrats control it, can the Convention have any other result than a reorganization of the Democratic party? And if by reason of that reorganization and the co-operation of Mr. WEED and his friends that party should return to power, is there any reason to suppose that its old policy of subservience to its Southern wing would be changed? Clearly not, because since the beginning of the war the only hope of that party has been the return of its Southern members, and to cement the alliance it must yield to the demands of those members. In the North the Democratic party is virtually dead as a controlling force. It has, indeed, a large vote. It disputes three or four States; but it is generally defeated in them, and always in the others. The reason is, that the Democratic party is merely a permanent reaction and protest against progress and reform, and as the public opinion of the Northern States is educated and intelligent, it instinctively distrusts and rejects it. Hence, also, the steady and uniform opposition of the Democratic party to the elevation and education of the colored population at the South. Every school-house is an outpost against the "Democracy." To educate the whole population of South Carolina and Georgia and Mississippi is to emancipate those States from the "Democracy" which held its last Conventions in Chicago, and which speaks now by the lips of VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, "JACK ROGERS," HORATIO SEYMOUR, GARRETT DAVIS, the Tammany orators, and the members of Congress who approve the Philadelphia call. That Democracy, Tammany Hall itself, whenever it succeeds, succeeds by the ignorant vote. It was the slums of the city of New York that elected HORATIO SEYMOUR Governor in 1862, and which gave M'CLELLAN a local majority in 1864. Abolish the slums in the whole country, and you abolish the Democratic party.

It is a very useless folly to suppose that the spirit which has been so long dominant in our politics is destroyed. It has been rooted by argument and the ballot in one part of the country. In the other it took up arms, and having been defeated, will now betake itself there also to argument and the ballot; and it remains for the intelligence and public virtue and political faith of the country to accept the battle in this form also, and complete the victory. The Democratic party could not save slavery nor the rebellion, but it can still strike a few blows for ignorance and unequal rights. It will not change its name, and it can not change its nature. In deference to Mr. WEED and his friends at Philadelphia it may call itself Union Democratic, or Democratic National; but it will still be the Democratic party. The "Last Rose of Summer" is nothing but "The Groves of Blarney" played slowly. The party may not make Mr. BEN WOOD or his virtuous brother President of the Philadelphia Convention, and may nominate Mayor HOFFMAN or Senator MURPHY for Governor of New York. But it is still the organized reaction against the development of the American doctrine of equal liberty. It will still flatter and fawn upon the ignorance of white foreigners, and still despise and curb, if it can, the aspiring intelligence of native Americans of every race. Its present opportunity is the Philadelphia Convention. It will elect the delegates and control its policy; and, like the dextrous executioner who cut off the victim's head so exquisitely that he did not know it until he moved, so it will absorb with greedy politeness those who have sought and failed to control the Union party as they likewise sought and failed to control ABRAHAM LINCOLN's administration.

MR. GLADSTONE.

THE distance between the sneering persiflage of PALMERSTON and the earnestness of GLADSTONE was too great for England to leap at once. A country which had been contented with a Prime Minister who had a VOLTAIREAN incredulity of progress could not adapt itself comfortably to the guidance of a sincere Reformer. Therefore the fall of the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Ministry will surprise no one.

It is, however, a foolish injustice which charges Mr. GLADSTONE with reducing the liberal majority of seventy in the House of Commons to a minority of eleven. He did not do it. The present Parliament was elected upon the cry of PALMERSTON and anti-PALMERSTON, not upon any policy or principle. PALMERSTON carried the day; but he was opposed to Reform, and his policy was merely brag and inaction. He had no political convictions whatever, unless a hearty desire to maintain the existing condition can be called a principle.

The majority of seventy, therefore, was purely Palmerstonian. It represented indifference to reform and to every thing else but a disposition to drift. And when PALMERSTON died and Earl RUSSELL came in with a ministry of which Mr. GLADSTONE was the shining figure, the majority which came to scoff was invited to remain to pray, and naturally declined the unaccustomed office. Mr. ROBERT LOWE is the type of the present majority of the Commons. A sparkling sneerer, like his chief PALMERSTON, and elected as a Liberal, he will yet doubtless take office in a Tory-Conservative ministry. To accuse Mr. GLADSTONE of not having held such a majority is as if a House of Representatives elected in sympathy with Mr. THURLOW WEED were suddenly to find itself under the leadership of Governor ANDREW. If it failed to follow him he could not be accused of poor leadership, nor they of desertion of principles.

Mr. GLADSTONE is out of office, but he is not less a power in England. His temperament, his accomplishments, his powers, and his career are similar in many striking points to those of GEORGE CANNING; and GLADSTONE is as much a necessity of the English Government now as CANNING was forty-five years ago.

THE TAMMANY DOCTORS.

THE Tammany Hall orator of the Fourth of July, Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, announced that the Republic is still in peril, and can only be saved by the Democratic party. Four years ago, in the midst of the war, Mr. O'GORMAN proclaimed the same danger, and proposed the same remedy. In his judgment, every thing depended upon the election of HORATIO SEYMOUR as Governor. Two years ago, also, the country, we were told by Mr. O'GORMAN's Tammany party, had been beaten by its enemies and ought to surrender, and Mr. O'GORMAN and his friends could think of nothing so sure to save the Republic as the election of M'CLELLAN.

The reader of Mr. O'GORMAN's speeches, therefore, has little difficulty in discovering that it is not the Republic but the Democratic party which has been in such a perilous condition for the last five or six years; while the student of our history perceives that it was the Democratic policy that produced the rebellion, which was plotted and conducted by the Southern leaders of that party, and enjoyed the sympathy and indirect assistance of its Northern adherents, including Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, whose furious philippics against the war measures of the Government are by no means forgotten. The Fourth of July discourse of Mr. O'GORMAN was seconded, so to speak, by Mr. S. S. COX, a gentleman who declared, in supporting the VALLANDIGHAM platform at Chicago in 1864, that, in his opinion, "LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together." Mr. COX agrees with Mr. O'GORMAN that, unless he and his Tammany friends can return to power, the American experiment is a failure.

What, then, are the services of the Democratic party for which it should be again intrusted with the direction of the Government? The history of thirty years answers. Its service consists in having strengthened, by every appeal to passion, ignorance, and cowardice, the only aristocratic class in the United States, and an aristocracy founded upon the degradation of labor. Its service consists in a systematic debauchery of the national conscience; in a fierce denial of the fundamental principle of the Republic—the equality of rights; in an attempt, under the forms of law, and by means of blood and terror, to fasten slavery upon Kansas; and when the people, at last aroused to the fearful truth, constitutionally cast that party from power, its crowning service consists in rushing to arms, and seeking, by the most desperate and prolonged struggle, to overthrow the Government. The Democratic party, whose conspiracy against the equality of rights has been foiled both in the field and at the polls, now turns to the American people, who have been its spectators and victims, and informs them that it is the only safe and patriotic and conservative and conciliatory and Union-loving party in the land.

These being its services, what is its plea? The Democratic plea is that the Union party intends to consolidate the Government, and its argument is twofold: first, that the national authority is now more evident than ever before; and second, that the dominant party aims to destroy State rights. As to the first argument it is enough to say that the nation having been forced into a tremendous war by the party of its accusers has established a system of internal taxation to pay the cost, and that the system is necessarily complicated and requires a multitude of agents. For the second argument the simple truth is that the loyal people of the United States in Congress prefer to delay the reception of representatives from the late rebellious section until they are persuaded that they can be safely admitted; and have proposed an amendment to the Constitution providing that the late rebels shall not have gained political power by rebellion. And while these are its acts the Union party is inspired by the most earnest desire to secure equal rights before the law, and to found the Union upon the only sure basis of justice.

Such are the offenses for which the Democratic party urges that the Union party should be overthrown. It desires that citizens who rebel shall gain no political advantage by rebellion, and it wishes to defend the equal rights of all citizens of the United States. For this it is arraigned by the opponents of the war and the traducers of ABRAHAM LINCOLN; and it is to such allies that WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD gives his hand.

THE TARIFF AGAIN.

THE letter published in our last Number from "A Farmer" has induced several readers to favor us with their views on the subject of the tariff.

A New England manufacturer, following in the wake of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, pronounces the proposed new tariff "absolutely a free-trade measure," and insists that "the true interests of the country require a general further advance of 50 @ 100 per cent. in the duties, in order that every thing required by the people shall be made at home." If the views of this person should be adopted we are at a loss to discover from what source the Government would draw a revenue for the payment of interest on the public debt. If every thing required by the people be made at home nothing will be imported from abroad, there will be no customs duties, and no revenue from customs; and in addition to the indirect tax levied on the people by way of protection to native manufactures a further direct tax, yielding at least $150,000,000 in gold, or, at the present price, $225,000,000 in currency, will have to be levied in order to meet the interest on the public debt.

"A Western Schoolmaster" is somewhat dismayed at the prospect. "I understand you to intimate," says he, "that not only woolens, irons, boots and shoes, cottons, and all other manufactured articles, but likewise food and farm produce, are about to be enhanced in price by a tax levied on consumers for the benefit of producers. This may be all very well for people who produce something. If the farmer is 'protected' on his corn and potatoes, he may, perhaps, agree to 'protect' the manufacturer on his woolens and irons. But how shall I be compensated, who produce nothing, unless it be little scholars, and yet am to pay taxes for the 'protection' of every body around me?" We really can not say. As a matter of theory our schools deserve at least as much protection as our iron foundries; but how to devise a tax to meet the case we hardly see. How would it do to tax all persons of education coming here from abroad at the rate of so much a head? If it be essential to the prosperity of the United States to exclude foreign goods, it might by parity of reasoning be argued that it is equally necessary to keep out foreign learning.

"A Soldier's Widow" writes that she has five young children to feed and clothe on her scanty pittance. She has read in the papers that the new tariff proposes to double the cost of the woolen clothing which they wear, and she asks whether her pension will be increased in a corresponding ratio. We doubt it. Widows and orphans are apparently less in favor with some people at Washington than great manufacturing establishments, paying 50 @ 75 per cent. dividends, and commanding the ear of influential members. It is bad to be a widow. It is bad to have five young children who need clothing. We heartily wish that her husband were still alive, or that the children could manage with fig-leaves. Nobody out of the Bible ever heard of protecting the widow and the orphan; and wide as the protectionist mantle is being stretched by Mr. STEVENS and his friends, we don't think it will cover their case. They pay no dividends.

"An Indignant Free-trader" suggests that the very outrageousness of the demands of the manufacturers betokens their early defeat. He mentions that the French noblesse were never so arrogant as on the eve of the Revolution, nor the pro-slavery aristocracy of the South ever so insolently domineering as at the outbreak of the rebellion which destroyed them. The parallels are curious, but the inference is not strictly logical. It is quite true that the exorbitant demands of the manufacturing interest, at this session of Congress, have roused to active hostility to protection many persons who would have submitted for years to the existing high tariff; they may be said to have firmly established the free-trade party. But it does not follow that this opposition to the manufacturers is sure of success—much less of immediate success. It takes years to imbue a nation with an idea, however just it may be. See what folly is published daily on the subject of protection in the New York *Tribune*—otherwise an able and always an influential paper; before the free-traders can succeed, the bulk of the readers of the *Tribune* must be taught that the theories they now accept as sound are

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false. This will come about; but it will take time. The New York *Times*, which has opposed free trade in times past, is now feeling its way to its support. A strong free-trade sentiment is developing at the West. Even Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts shrinks appalled from the enormity of the proposed tariff, and on behalf of his section disclaims all responsibility for the proposed increase in the duties. These signs indicate the future; but the end may yet be far off.

"An Original Republican" fears that the mistakes which are being made at Washington on this tariff question will enable the Democrats to regain their old ascendency in the Government, and will ruin the Union party forever. This is, no doubt, the calculation of many Democrats both in and out of Congress. And it is not altogether without a basis. For though many good Unionists, including leading members of Congress and leading newspapers of the party, have denounced and do denounce the proposed new tariff, yet still a majority of the House of Representatives, which is overwhelmingly Union, are voting it through, paragraph by paragraph, with disciplined steadiness. For this action the Union party will be held responsible. It is the action of a majority of the recognized representatives of the party, and the protest of the minority will not exonerate the party as a whole from the responsibility. It is the height of folly to insist that the country shall regard the Union party as committed to protection.

"A Manufacturer" inquires whether increased protection may not in reality damage the interests protected? Of course it will. All legislative interference with the freedom of trade and industry is hurtful to the objects of that interference. Trade and industry thrive best when left to themselves—nay, thrive only when left to themselves. The very boon of protection now claimed of Congress by the manufacturers will prove fatal to them. As it is, our manufactures are inferior to those of England, with the single exception of machinery, which is not protected, and the few articles which we make for export, and which, of course, enjoy no protection. In countries beyond the Cape American cottons compete successfully with the Manchester article. Why? Because they are not protected, and our manufacturers know enough to make them as well and as cheaply as the English can. As regards other articles which are consumed at home, iron and steel goods, woolens, cottons, etc., our manufacturers have no such incentive to exertion. If they can make an article one half as good as the corresponding foreign article, the law of the land will compel the consumer to pay as much for the one as for the other. Why try to excel in such a case? The reason why our manufactures of cloths, hardware, etc., are now inferior to those of England is that our manufactures have always been protected, which has tended to dull the energy and quench the ambition of the makers, while foreigners, having nothing but their own merits to rely on, have sought unremittingly to command success by superior skill. If our people had had to struggle against as many obstacles as the English our goods would now have been superior to theirs. It is the old Eastern story over again. Two men were running a race, and each relying on himself alone, was straining every nerve. Presently came the Prince, who, recognizing one of the runners as a fellow-townsman, and wishing to "protect" him, ordered his rival to carry on his shoulders a bag of sand. Exulting in this advantage the Prince's townsman, made sure of victory, ceased to exert himself, and ran carelessly. His rival, on the contrary, stung by the injustice of his treatment, made superhuman efforts, and, overladen as he was, succeeded by matchless agility in winning the race. The story may explain the accounts we read of a want of prosperity in some branches of industry which have been highly protected for a generation.

PORTLAND.

There were few more beautiful cities in the country than Portland, from whose heights, covered with spacious and delightful houses standing under noble trees and surrounded by green gardens, the spectator looked to the sea or landward to the "crystal hills." Its trade is prosperous; its society cultivated; its public spirit and generosity famous; and very many of its sons are universally known and honored for conspicuous services and gifts. The great calamity which has befallen the city has awakened the widest sympathy, and no American but must be honestly proud of the solid expression of that sympathy. Boston, the nearest large city, instantly sent a large sum of money. All the other large towns and cities simultaneously stretched out their hands. Providence told its mayor to ask the mayor of Portland to draw upon him at sight for ten thousand dollars; Brooklyn and Bangor did the same. Buffalo, Philadelphia, and New York did not delay. Within a week hundreds of thousands of dollars were ready for the relief of the sufferers; and not the least pleasant fact was, that among the citizens of Portland most earnest in promoting measures for the succor of the unfortunate victims of the disaster was Mr. J. B. Brown, the head of the Sugar Works, himself by far the greatest loser of all.

The destruction of the City Hall was peculiarly a misfortune. It was one of the finest, most spacious, and convenient public buildings in New England. Its great hall was not surpassed by any in the country in all the desirable qualities of such a room. But the spirit of the noble city will not quail, we are sure, even under so dire a blow. Its prosperity was not a chance. It was the result of great natural advantages admirably improved. Those advantages and that indomitable will remain, and from them a new city will arise. *Esto perpetua!*

Our artist, who is upon the spot, has sent us a series of striking and faithful views of the great fire, which will appear in our next issue.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EXERCISE?

While with the sedentary man the question is how much exercise is requisite for the maintenance of health, with the laborer it is how much can be borne without impairing the health. The danger of excess in labor is not sufficiently appreciated, and many a man does himself vital injury in this respect almost daily who does not dream of it.

Let us look at the rationale of the matter. In all muscular action there is some wear and tear, or destruction, of the muscular substance; but repair is continually made, and especially during the hours of rest. Now if the labor be too severe, or be so protracted that the intervals of rest are not sufficiently long, there must be deficiency in the repair, and a very little lost in this way every day will at length amount to a great deficiency. The man may even be thoroughly broken down long before old age comes on.

Especially is there liability to injury from excessive labor in childhood and youth, when, besides the daily repair, there is daily growth or enlargement to be provided for. Would that this were as clearly recognized in regard to children as it is in regard to young horses. So little is it realized, that it has been found necessary in some quarters to bring in the pressure of law to prevent parents from putting their children to work at too early an age, and from keeping them at work too many hours in the day.

Much has been said of late years of the number of hours that men ought to labor. Undoubtedly ten hours are enough—if one works over that time, either he overworks, or, what is perhaps more often the case, he does really no more than he would do in the ten hours. Indeed, it is probable that laborers, as a whole, accomplish more now than when they worked twelve hours. The eight-hour plan is at least doubtful as a general plan, though it is desirable that the laborer should have more time than he now has for mental improvement, provided that he would so use it. This proviso is significant, for in the present confinement of common education to the learning of words, and forms of statement, and rules and processes, that are not understood, while the study of the things, the realities, the facts, to which all these refer, is systematically neglected, there is little encouragement for mental improvement in the laboring classes of society. We hope to see a great change in this respect, and in consequence an extensive individual adoption of the eight-hour plan, so that time may be had for carrying out the mental cultivation properly begun in the school-room. This is the effectual way of giving dignity to labor.

When labor is all of one kind much less can be done than when there is variety. There are two reasons for this. Sameness makes labor tedious, and one soon loses heart in it. And besides, the muscles acting in one way alone soon get tired out. The gardener who digs, and hoes, and rakes, etc., will not get so tired as he would with doing one thing alone, though the amount of work may be the same in either case. So the speaker who has variety in his speaking will not tire his vocal organs as readily as the monotonous speaker, and will not be so liable to debility and disease in that quarter.

With all that has been said about the necessity of exercise for persons whose occupations are sedentary, very few of them take enough of it. This is true even of those students who are quite conscientious about the matter. Walking is the chief exercise, but this is wearisome unless some objects of interest can be connected with it; and this can not be uniformly done unless the student be to some extent, as all students should be, a naturalist. If he be, all nature will be alive with interest to him, and thought upon the phenomena which are associated with the various objects he sees, and conversation about them with the companions of his walks, will banish the tedium which is so apt to attend walking when done merely for itself. But besides this general interest there may be some particular objects, as in the gathering of plants, or animals, or minerals, or the observation of some geological formation. All this does not involve the necessity of being a thorough botanist, or zoologist, or geologist. There is an amount of knowledge on such subjects which every well-informed person ought to have, and which even common education, properly conducted, is competent to give; and this knowledge would impart an interest to the daily walks of the student, which will prompt him to be a walker all the days of his life.

The diligent student often feels that he can not spare from his studies the time required for exercise. A great mistake this. The amount accomplished in study is far from being proportioned to the time employed. Sometimes as much is learned in an hour as is at other times in several hours. How often has this happened—the student, wearied with prolonged mental effort, goes forth to his diversion or his walk, and returning refreshed, grasps at once with ease what balked him entirely before. Many a student not only fails to accomplish what he ought, but does a positive and lasting injury to his mental powers by urging the mind on in prolonged efforts, when intervals of rest and diversion would remedy the difficulty. There is real philosophy in the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The incessant digging at study is a prolific source of mental dullness.

An experiment has been lately tried quite extensively in England in connection with some factories, which bears directly on this point. A half-time system of education has been adopted—that is, children have been made to spend only half the time that is usually spent in school, while the remaining hours have been spent in work. Sometimes the division has been made by days rather than by hours, every other day being devoted to the school. Now by comparison it was uniformly found that the children under this half-time system made greater attainments than those who devoted double the time to the school-room. A significant fact this, which leads us to the conclusion that, with all our boasted improvements in education in this country, not only is too little attention paid to physical culture, but in our schools and academies and colleges generally there is too much time given to mental culture—so much as to materially lessen its efficiency. It is singular that the first grand experiment on this point should have been made in such a quarter; but now that it has been made, and its results have been so clearly developed, further examinations and experiments should be prosecuted, that the subject may be fully investigated.

There is another result of this experiment which is of interest as showing the mutual influence of physical and mental culture. It was found that the half-time scholars were better workers, more alert and efficient, than either those who had been full-time scholars, or those who had not attended school at all. The testimony of employers was very decided and uniform on this point. How clear is the conclusion from it that with certain modifications of education there may be a great increase of intelligent labor, with a better state of health in the laboring classes!

LITERARY.

"The Union War Chart" (Lorenzo Dow, New York) is of great value, especially to those who have little leisure for reading official reports, or even the elaborate histories which have grown out of the war for the Union. This chart embraces the fifty months of the war. Along the top the years and months are designated. The surface is divided into vertical columns, which represent months, and by horizontal bands, which indicate Military Departments. A continuous strip at the upper part of the map is occupied by a series of important national events (with dates), such as could not be grouped under the special Departments; another at the bottom is devoted to the grand totals from different bureaus of the War Office and to sanitary statistics. The badges of the various army corps are shown on the border. This chart has been prepared with care, and in a surface of about a dozen square feet lays before the eye the entire field of operations and the events in each department. Though it will not, of course, dispense with regular histories, it will help the reader in the understanding of these. It has been highly recommended by General Grant, who says of it: "As a matter of reference it will be found valuable in every library, giving, as it does, at a glance, the date, place, etc., of every important event of the war."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 2:

In the Senate, report was made upon the condition of the Mississippi levees.—In answer to a resolution of inquiry and information, the Secretary of the Treasury says that Mr. Slaxon, newly appointed Collector at Mobile, never held office under the Confederacy, and opposed the rebellion from the start.—The Conference Committee on the Paris Exposition bill made a report, and the bill was passed.

In the House, the resolution of Mr. Clark, of Ohio, giving a quasi recognition of the Fenians as belligerents was lost without a division.—Majority and minority reports were made upon the Rousseau-Grinnell assault case. The majority recommends the expulsion of Gen. Rousseau and the censure of Mr. Grinnell; the minority recommends only that Gen. Rousseau be reprimanded.—Mr. Banks proposed a bill looking to the annexation of the British North American possessions and the assumption of their debts.

July 3:

In the Senate, a joint resolution for the purchase, at $5000, of the law library of the late James M. Petigru, of South Carolina, was passed.—The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, the question being on the Senate Finance Committee's amendments to attach the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The amendment was disagreed to.—An amendment was adopted giving $500,000 for the relief of the destitute Indians of the Southern Superintendency. The bill was passed, and went to the House for concurrence in the amendments.

In the House, Mr. Eliot, from the Committee of Conference on the Freedmen's Bureau bill, made a report and explained the various points of it. The report was then agreed to, so that the bill has now passed both Houses.—Mr. Raymond offered a concurrent resolution of thanks to the working-men of Lyons, France, for the flag presented by them in memory of the late President Lincoln. The resolution was adopted.—Mr. Hale offered a resolution, which was adopted, to appoint a Joint Committee on Retrenchment.

July 5:

In both Houses, the report of the Conference Committee on the Army Appropriation bill was presented and agreed to.

July 6:

In the Senate, the Commerce Committee reported favorably on the House resolution for the appointment of a Committee on Retrenchment.—The Conference Committee on the Tax bill then made a report, which was, after considerable debate, agreed to and sent to the House.

In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the Internal Revenue bill was presented, and, after debate, agreed to, 71 to 57.

July 7:

In the Senate, a remonstrance was presented from the New York Chamber of Commerce against the passage of the Tariff bill, which was referred to the Finance Committee.—Considerable discussion took place on a motion made to receive the minority report of the Reconstruction Committee, submitted some days since. The report was finally adopted.—Mr. Trumbull reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill to regulate appointments to and removals from office. It provides as follows:

Sec. 1. That no officer of the United States appointed on the nomination of the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall be removable, except by the same agencies which concurred in his appointment; provided, that in cases of disability or misconduct, the President may suspend the disabled or defaulting officer, and designate some other to perform the duties until the Senate shall have had an opportunity of acting on it—the President to report the facts of the case to the Senate within thirty days after its next meeting.

Sec. 2. No person appointed to an office the term of which is limited by law to a fixed period, and until a successor shall be appointed and qualified, shall be permitted to hold or exercise the duties of such office exceeding sixty days after the fixed period for which he was appointed has expired; and, whenever practicable, it will be the duty of the appointing power to appoint a successor to take possession of the office at the termination of the fixed period.

Sec. 3. Provides that in case of a vacancy during the recess of the Senate, the President shall nominate a person to fill said vacancy within thirty days after the meeting of the Senate succeeding the happening of the vacancy, and no such vacancy which has been filled by granting a commission to expire at the end of the next session of the Senate shall be filled after the close of the session, except by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and the expiration of the commission as provided by the Constitution. "At the end of the session" shall not be construed as creating a new vacancy which the President is authorized to fill without the advice and consent of the Senate.

Sec. 4. Provides that the President shall not be authorized to fill vacancies during the recess of the Senate unless they happen during the recess by death, resignation, expiration of term, or other casualty not depending on the will or action of the President.

In the House, the Conference Committee on the bill to further prevent smuggling made a report which was agreed to.—The bill to quiet land titles in California, which has been before the House for a long time, was then taken up and passed.—Consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole, and considerable progress was made. The duty on tea was fixed at twelve and a half cents a pound, and on coffee at two and a half cents.

NEWS ITEMS.

Generals Steedman and Fullerton, now in New Orleans, report affairs in Mississippi less hopeful than in all other States they have visited combined.

General Jordan, chief editor of the Memphis *Appeal*, has challenged M. A. Galloway, of the *Avalanche*, to mortal combat. The challenge was accepted, and the parties repaired to Hernando, Mississippi, where both were arrested and placed under bonds. It is thought the parties will go to Arkansas to settle the difficulty. The challenge originated from Colonel Galloway writing a severe attack against Colonel Jordon, on account of an article written by the latter for *Harper's Magazine*, in which Jordon blamed Jeff Davis for the failure of the Confederacy.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that at Memphis, on Sunday, a colored woman was allowed to kneel at the altar of Grace Episcopal Church, between two whites, and partake of the sacrament from the same bread and wine. It created a sensation.

Austin Hopkins, a soldier, whose mind had never recovered from the effects of his life at the Andersonville Prison, committed suicide at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, on Monday night, July 2.

On the evening of July 4 a fire broke out in Portland, involving, before its extinction, the destruction of half the city. The fire completely swept through the city, from the foot of High Street to North Street, on Munjoy, destroying every thing in its course so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space of one and a half miles long, by a quarter of a mile wide, appears like a forest of chimneys, with fragments of walls attached to them. More than two thousand families were rendered homeless by this conflagration.

The Senate of Tennessee has ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

The Hon. Thaddeus Stevens is named by the Lancaster *Express* as a candidate for United States Senator.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

It is scarcely possible to overestimate the advantage gained by Prussia in the conquest of Hesse-Cassel, Saxony, and Hanover. The word of war was no sooner given by Bismarck than the blow was struck, and in less than forty-eight hours Prince Frederic Charles was in possession of the three States above named and his army lay on the northern border of Austria.

At the time of the declaration of war a glance over the entire field of operation seemed to disclose a situation most favorable to Austria. In the first place Austria had on her side much the larger portion of the Federal army. This army—styled the Army of the Confederation—numbers altogether half a million of men. Of this army about 340,000, or over two-thirds, were on the side of Austria. And besides this alliance, Austria was able to bring into the field nearly a million of men. Her superiority in the cavalry arm of the service. It is true that she had a heavy debt while Prussia had none. It is true also that Prussia had the support of Italy; but the Italian army could only be available in a field where every advantage was in favor of the Austrians. Now the success of Prussia in this first stage of war has gone far toward neutralizing the advantages which seemed to be so entirely in favor of Austria.

This success has given Prince Frederick Charles the advantage of being able to attack the Austrians on their lines with a narrow front from the passes of the mountains, instead of being obliged to fight them on their own terms in an open country, as would have been the case had they been allowed to occupy this kingdom. At the present moment the Prussian patrols and pickets are pushed close up to the Austrian frontier, the line of the narrow defile which the Elbe cleaves in the Erz-Gebirge is secured, the Saxony army has retired into Bohemia, and, without pulling a trigger, the Prussian army has, by the rapid action of its chief, gained as great advantage as could have been looked for from a victorious battle in this part of the theatre of war.

Hostilities have been commenced by the Prussian army corps in Silesia. Early on Friday morning, June 22, three Prussian detachments were sent out to reconnoitre toward Zuckmantel, Freiberg, and Freiwaldau. The last of these detachments, between Breitenhart and Sandhubel, came upon an Austrian regiment of hussars. The Prussian needle-gun was very effective, and enabled the Tenth Fusilier regiment to repulse the charge of the hussars. The Austrians lost eight men killed and five wounded. No casualties occurred on the Prussian side.

It is officially announced that the Prussian alliance has been accepted by all the North German states, with the exception of Saxony, Hesse, and Nassau.

The Hanoverian army, numbering about 25,000 men, is said to have capitulated to the Prussians.

The army under the command of General Benedek is in position on the Prussian frontier on the side of Silesia, in a semicircle, of which the extremities are formed by Troppau, supported by the fortress of Theresienstadt, and by Cracow, which is strengthened by the intrenched camp lately formed there, while the centre of the arc is defended by three fortresses, of which two are very strong—Josephstadt and Olmütz. The Austrian Commander-in-Chief appears to have concentrated a great part of his army in front of Upper Silesia, by which he may commence an attack on Prussian Silesia.

The regular and volunteer Italian forces, at last accounts, were disposed as follows: The King and Della Marmora, with the main body, on the Mincio, before the Quadrilateral; Cialdini at Ferrara; Garibaldi and his volunteers in the north, near Lake Garda; another force of volunteers at Bari and Barletta; and the fleet, under Admiral Persano, in the Adriatic. The Austrians, therefore, are liable to attack upon all points.

ENGLAND.

The Queen has accepted the resignation of the Ministry. The *Times* believes Lord Derby will endeavor to construct a new Ministry, with Lord Stanley for Foreign Minister, and upon so broad a basis as to include several gentlemen who have not hitherto been attached to the Conservative Party, although they have recently acted with it in opposition to the Reform Bill.

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SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS—A CREOLE NIGHT AT THE FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS—THE COCKPIT.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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HON. JAMES H. LANE.

A FEW days ago a brief telegram told us that JAMES H. LANE had been prostrated by a paralytic stroke while sojourning in a hotel in St. Louis. Next we learned that he had arrived at his home in Leavenworth, Kansas. On the 2d inst. Representative CLARK, of Kansas, received a telegram at Washington, from Leavenworth, saying that Senator JAMES H. LANE had shot himself through the head on the Sunday night previous. Later in the day Mr. CLARK received another dispatch that Senator LANE died at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. Although a still later dispatch announced that Senator LANE was not yet dead, it gave no hope of the Senator's recovery.

The following dispatch from Leavenworth, July 2, gives the details of this melancholy event:

"Senator LANE had been acting strangely for several days, and a careful watch had been kept over him; but while riding last evening with his brother-in-law, Mr. M'CALL, and Captain ADAMS, brother of his son-in-law, got out of the wagon, which stopped at the government farm residence of Mr. M'CALL, and stepping to the rear drew a pistol and shot himself in the mouth, the ball passing out through the top of the skull. The deed was undoubtedly the result of a temporary mental derangement. This is the third member of the family who has destroyed himself. The occurrence created an unusual sadness here."

Mr. LANE was born in Indiana, and was in Congress from that State in 1853, 1854, and 1855. He went to Kansas and took a very active part in the excitements attending the settlement of that Territory. To recount his participation therein would be to rewrite almost the whole story of one of the most extraordinary periods in the history of the country. When the Territory became a State he was sent as a United States Senator for the term ending 1865. He was reelected, and his term would have expired March 4, 1871. During the late civil war he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. He was a member of the Baltimore Convention of 1864. As a Senator, his committee labors have been chiefly in agricultural and Indian affairs, and during the present session he has been quiet to a noteworthy degree, taking the floor but seldom, and always voting with the SUMNER faction.

Senator LANE has lived for the last ten years in the midst of the most exciting events of our history. In those events he has taken a prominent part. Though not always wise in his political opinions, he has always been straightforward and honest in their expression. He leaves behind him many friends—men of his own mould, harsh, stern, and unyielding—in whose hearts his memory will long be cherished.

Photographed and Engraved by Penfield. From a Statuette by John Rogers.

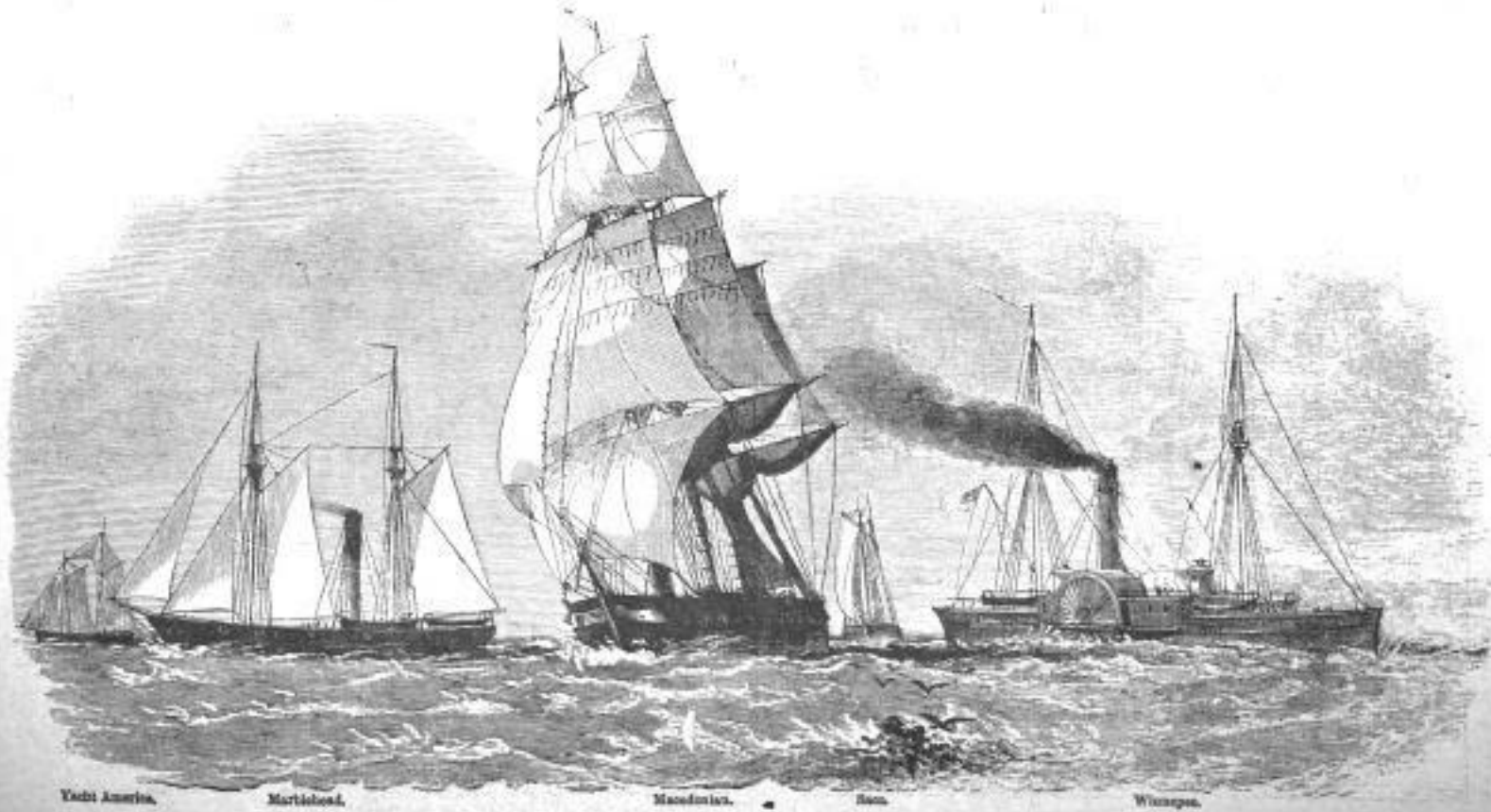
TAKING THE OATH.

THE subject of this beautiful statuette, by Mr. ROGERS, is so familiar to our readers as scarcely to need explanation. In the progress of our armies through the South supplies were freely given to such citizens as were willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. This work of art is one of the best of a large number of beautiful groups which have come from the hand of Mr. ROGERS.

THE NAVAL SCHOOL EXCURSION.

ON the 26th of June the fleet of vessels selected for the three months' summer cruise of the Naval Academy pupils left Annapolis. These vessels are the old frigates *Macedonian* and *Savannah*, the side-wheel double-ender steamer *Winnepec*, the screw-propellers *Marblehead* and *Sara*, and yacht *America*. Within the past three months such of these vessels as needed repairs have undergone thorough overhauling at the Portsmouth Navy-yard; so that all are now in good condition to enter on the duties assigned them.

Scattered through the vessels constituting the fleet are the present pupils of the Naval Academy, besides the late graduating class, numbering seventy-



UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY—SUMMER PRACTICE FLEET.—[SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBORN.]

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four members, in all some four hundred and twenty-five adolescent middies. The classes are mixed up on the various vessels, and the number on each is not uniform, but varies according to the size of the different vessels. On each ship they are arranged in divisions, for the greater convenience of instruction, and in this regard the most perfect system prevails.

The first or graduating class have decidedly the most agreeable time. Their position is that of midshipmen, and their duties those of this class of subordinate officers. They stand watch on deck, and, when on the steamers, in the engine-rooms also. On the lower classes devolves, while on the sailing vessels, the duty of going aloft and adjusting or removing the sails, and doing all the work of ordinary seamen, except cleaning the decks. Those on the steamers have to go into the fire-rooms, and, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, perform the dirty and disagreeable duty of shoveling the coal and feeding the furnaces. The theory is to familiarize all with the duties of managing sailing and steam vessels, and the fullest practical development of this theory is the paramount if not sole object of this cruise. Before the cruise terminates those now on the steamers will be transferred to the sailing vessels, and vice versa, so as to give all a chance to familiarize themselves with the minute details of the divers branches of navigation.

The graduating class now into the full-fledged costume allowed them in naval regulations—that is to say, the blue jacket, with two rows of buttons, anchors on the lappels, and stars on the sleeves. Straw-hats, white vests and pants, and the white regulation gloves are largely indulged in, with variations to the blue pants and cap, as the weather may vary. The under graduates wear the "jumper" jacket or blouse worn at the Academy, the members of the various classes being distinguishable by the length and numbers of the ornamentive tape. All these sport the naval blue pants and the Scotch cap—a recent academical innovation, but, in connection with the low turn-over collar of the blouse, forming a costume as neat and jaunty as it is striking and pleasing. Of course the full-grown middies sport swords and frock-coats as occasion may require or personal pride suggest.

The command of the yacht *America* was promised to the one of the graduating class bearing away the highest honors. The recipient of these honors was S. N. Kane, of Rhode Island, and present commander of the yacht. He is a cousin of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer. There are nineteen officers on the various ships, all having the rank of Lieutenant-Commanders. The fleet goes to Portland, Maine, and cruises up and down along the Atlantic coast.

A VENETIAN BRIDAL.

She is dancing in the palace,
 In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the sullen water
 Floweth silently.
She is radiant in her beauty,
 Pearls her ebon ringlets twine,
Rubies glisten on her finger,
 Sapphires on her bosom shine.
She is queen of every heart there,
 Envy of the beauteous train;
On her looks are fathoms pending,
 Deadliest loss and loftiest gain.
Princes for her sake are sighing;
 She is fairest, first of all
Who are dancing in the palace
 At the Doge's festival.

Dancing in the Doge's palace,
 In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the turbid water
 Rolleth sullenly.

For her love a royal bosom
 Beats with fierce desire:
Unrequited passion, burning
 Like consuming fire.
Wherefore doth she shrink and quiver
 When He breathes her name?
Wherefore is her cheek and bosom
 Dyed with crimson shame?
And her eager eye turns from him,
 Glancing far astray
For some absent one, regretful
 Of his long delay.
Fix'd upon her with dark meaning,
 Glare those baleful eyes;
Fast clutch'd, by the wrist, he holds her:
 "Thou art mine! My prize!
Vainly from the fowler's clutches
 Would the bird take flight;
'Gainst the strong is no appealing,
 Here, where might is right."

They are dancing in the Doge's
 Palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the cruel water
 Murmurs mockingly.

But her cheek grows white: he comes not,
 Comes not, whom she loves.
Drooping, vacant, 'mong the dancers
 Listlessly she moves.
Heard she not the heavy footsteps
 Cross the bridge of doom?
Nor the iron fetters clanking,
 Of the living tomb?
Hears she not a sudden splashing
 In the tide beneath?
Drown'd in tones of mirth and music
 Are the sounds of Death.

She is leaning from her casement
 O'er the dark polluted tide.
Ere the set of sun to-morrow
 She will be a prince's bride.
Little recks the royal bridegroom,
 Dreaming of her in his sleep,
How she watches at her casement
 In the dead of night, to weep.

"O thou dark and dismal channel,
 Fisher's net was never cast
In thy guilty waters, shrouding
 Bloody secrets of the past.
In the day of retribution,
 When thy waves are backward roll'd,
What an awful revelation
 Shall the startled world behold!
Yet my spirit yearneth o'er thee,
 And my envious eyes would peer
Through thy myst'ries, to recover
 All my broken heart holds dear.
What a pearl lies hid beneath thee!
 I would venture fathoms deep
To regain my stolen treasure
 Which thy gloomy caverns keep.
They have made me fast, their victim!
 But I scorn their utmost might.
I will break my chain, Beloved,
 And will be with thee to-night!"

They are waiting in the palace,
 Bridegroom, kinsmen, guests and all:
Wherefore does the lady tarry
 From the wedding festival?
What a rare and splendid pageant!
 What a scene of pomp and pride!
Nothing at the marriage feast
 Wanting, but, alas! the bride.
Hearts grow sick with hope deferred;
 Livid is the bridegroom's cheek;
Near and distant for the lady
 High and low in vain they seek.
Bridegroom 'twixt thy dreams and waking—
 Blissful dreaming of thy bride—
Heard'st thou not a splash, a ripple
 Break the stillness of the tide?
She is safe forever from thee.
 Wilt thou seek her in the deeps
Of the foul forbidden waters
 Where thy raven's rival sleeps?

Roll on, woeful, wicked waters,
 Bear them out into the sea;
Let them lie all undefiled
 In the blue immensity!

There is mourning in the palace,
 In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the doomed waters
 Throb lamentingly.

RECOMPENSE.

"Is that Oldtown church yonder, if you please, Sir?"

A girl spoke to me. I turned and looked at her. There are women of sixteen and children of sixteen. This one was a child. She wore the scantiest of cotton dresses, belted at the waist, a pair of leather boots, and a white apron. In her hand she carried a sun-bonnet, and her hair, cropped close like a boy's, curled in black rings about her head. The face was a baby's face in sweetness and in innocence, the little brown hands the hands of toil. No young lady this, yet there was nothing coarse and vulgar about her unless it were those hands.

"That is Oldtown church, my dear," I said. "Are you going there?"

"Yes, Sir, to see the wedding. Are you?"

I was, more fool I, though I did not say so to this child. The bride for whom the bells were ringing was to be mine once, would have been but for the accident which had crippled me and changed her heart. She had done nothing openly treacherous, but I saw the truth and set her free. She took her freedom gladly, and we were two. She had quite forgotten me, no doubt. I believed then I never could forget her.

I knew exactly how she would look in snowy silk and lace and coronet of pearls. I had dreamed of her in bridal robes so often.

I nodded to the little thing beside me trudging over the meadow path with the tall grass almost to her waist, and looking at me wistfully.

"I never saw a wedding," she said.

"No?"

"No, Sir. Grandfather said I might come. He didn't care himself. It's a long walk too from the tavern, and he's very old."

"Does your grandfather keep the tavern?" I asked.

"No, Sir—I wish he did!" said the child. "He has only his fiddle, and people half the time don't care for tunes. What else can *he* do though? To-night there's a dance, and he's to play for them. That's why we stopped."

A poor fiddler's untaught grandchild—as poor as decent poverty could be—yet her presence somehow cheered me. Half child, half woman, and all a child at heart. Innocent, and beautiful, and kindly. I encouraged her to linger at my side. I said to her:

"I will show you a place where you can see the bride well. It is in the gallery. Will you like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't often been to church. We pray together in lonely places, grandfather and I. Will you be there, Sir?"

"Yes."

"I know I should like it."

"Come with me then," I said, and she followed me.

I had meant to hide myself in the gallery, and see my lost love married quite unseen. This companionship had not been in my *role* at all. But I liked it. No friend, no relation, not my own sister, would I have had beside me; but this elfish thing was too innocent to fear. I led the way up the dark old stairs, and toward a spot quite sheltered from general view. Then I sat down and she stood leaning over the balustrade.

The church was full of bonnets. Here and there only a masculine head. The minister was in his seat reading, in a position taken for effect. He was a handsome man, and knew it perfectly well.

Girls whispered and giggled, matrons fanned themselves, and men yawned. Soon the soft roll of carriages on the gravel-path was heard, and the bridal party entered. I saw her at last. Aletta.

"Is that the bride?" half-sobbed the girl's voice at my side. "Is it a real lady? She looks like wax. Oh, how pretty, how beautiful! Look! look!"

She touched me with her little brown hand, and looked at me, her eyes sparkling:

"Did you ever see her before?" she asked. "Is she like that in everyday clothes? Oh, how pretty! how pretty!"

Men have no right to weep. I put my head down upon the cushion of the pew and hid my eyes. I felt the child creep close beside me.

"Poor thing, he's tired!" I heard her whisper, and put her little hand out and patted me softly by stealth.

Soon I looked down into the church again, and saw Grant Stanton kiss his bride.

"Is it over?" asked the girl.

"Yes, child," I said; "all over."

"Then I must go," she said. "Thank you for being so kind to me, Sir. Good-by."

"Good-by," I said, and her little leather shoes pattered over the aisle and down the stairs, and I had seen, as I thought, the last of her. When she was gone I missed her strangely.

I went home when the church was quite empty. It had not been so hard to bear as I had feared, and oddly enough I found myself thinking of that child's little gipsy head and those beautiful fringed eyes. I wondered at myself, but it was so.

"I should like to see the child again," I said, and as I spoke I spied a crowd about a tavern door upon the road.

It was a poor place, and poor rough people made up the group. But it was plainly no common quarrel or drinking bout which had brought them there, for their faces were all grave and their voices suppressed. I crossed the road.

"What has happened, friend?" I asked of a tinker near by.

"Only a blind fiddler dropped dead," he said. "But there's a gal there wild about it."

And then I passed him and went in. An old man lay upon the floor, and across his body a girl had flung herself. I knew the gipsy hair and the brown neck, the scant cotton dress and the sun-bonnet, flung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor; and I bent over her, touching her little despairing head.

"My child," I said, "he is happier than we are."

And she looked up.

"He was all I had," she said; "all, all!"

So had I thought when Aletta gave me back our betrothal ring. My heart ached for her. I said no other word, but I led her to an inner room, while two men bore the dead man up stairs. She wept wildly, but my presence seemed to comfort her.

After a while she drew closer to me, and, sitting on a low stool, leaned her forehead on my knee. Soon my hand rested on it, and in an hour she had sobbed herself to sleep.

I said a few words to the landlady when I arose to leave; and she promised to attend to my orders, enforced by the contents of my pocket-book.

"The girl shan't go until I hear from you, Sir," she said. "Indeed, I don't know where she would go. She seems friendless, and such a child for her age. Thank you, Sir!"

And I went on my way again, thinking not of Aletta, but of the dead fiddler's grandchild. This sun-browned waif, so simple and so ignorant, so friendless and alone.

I was young yet—not five-and-twenty—a bachelor, and likely to be one my life long. I had no proper home to take her to, and no friend to aid me. At last, in my extremity, I thought of Betty—old Betty, who had once been my nurse, and who loved me as she might her own son—and in the gloaming I made my way to her poor home. I found her trimming her vines in the bit of garden-ground, and had my usual kiss across the fence even before the gate was opened.

"I've been thinking of you," she said. "I knew it was you as soon as I heard some one coming. 'Tisn't every young gentleman would weary himself to see an old body like me. Sit down, honey, and rest."

"I come to ask a favor, Betty," I said.

"Just name it, Master Bertie."

"Will you take a boarder, Betty?"

"Bless me! In my two rooms?"

"Only a child, Betty."

"A child!—Master Albert!"

I told her of the fiddler's death, and of the girl. "I have money enough," I said, "but no female relatives. I can only come to you."

"You always were kind-hearted from a boy," she said. "I'll take the little girl, Master Bertie."

Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

"You haven't fretted, have you?" she asked.

"Fretted?" I asked. "Why?"

"Nay, why indeed?" said old Betty. "Better fish in the sea than ever were caught yet." Then in a moment more she added: "I've been to see the wedding."

I felt my face flush. "Shall I bring the girl to-morrow after her grandfather's funeral?" I asked.

"When you please," said Betty. "But, Master Albert, what do you mean to do with her? You are doing all this in a hurry. Just think a bit."

"I mean to adopt the child," I said. "It will make me happy to have a young thing to care for."

Betty laughed. "You'll have young things of your own, please God, some day," she said. "Why, at your age life is before you."

"I shall never marry, Betty," I said.

She caught my fingers in a close clasp with her horny hard-working hand.

"I wish you was back again a baby on my knee, Master Bertie," she said. "I'd like to sing you to sleep as I did then. Ah! it's a grief to us old women to see the young we've nursed grow up so tall and old, with their troubles so shut up in their own hearts that we can't comfort them. Going? Well, then, good-night! I'm ready for the child when you will. I'm ready for any thing that will cheer you, Master Bertie. I ought to say Master Albert always now, I suppose; but the old times do come back so!"

I left her leaning over her gate looking wistfully after me, knowing as a mother might the grief which I had buried in my heart. And if her words had given me a pang, it was like some ointment which makes the wound smart in its very healing. It was something to be loved so even by my old nurse.

Late the next day I led my young charge from her grandfather's grave to Betty's cottage. She kept my hand upon the road as a little child might. I had no thought but that she was one, until old Betty's cry of "Goodness, Master Bertie, I thought you said a young child! Why, this is a grown girl!" startled me into consciousness.

"It doesn't matter, does it, Betty?" I asked. She turned to the girl.

"Take off your bonnet," she said, a little grimly. "I want to look at you. What is your name?"

The girl obeyed. "I'm only Nelly Hay," she said, and stood to be looked at. Betty looked sternly at first, then pityingly.

"La, no! Master Bertie, it don't matter," she said. "I don't see any harm in her. There's a peg behind the door, child. You can hang your bonnet on that." And I left the two together.

Not long, though; every day found some new errand to take me to the cottage. I put on elderly airs, and gave advice. I had her sent to school, and went through grave examinations on Saturday afternoons. I told old Betty that when I was a man of middle age I should take my little daughter home, and she should keep house for us. And I began to fancy, very soon, that there could be no such happiness as that a parent felt. The girl was growing tall, it is true, and I was only ten years older than she was; but when she checked her light tread to keep pace with me, when the childish laugh bubbled and rippled at something which could only make me smile, I felt that years are not the only things which age us.

I was working hard at my profession too. I had hands and heart full. In a year I found that I could pass Aletta on her husband's arm without a pang. In a year more I wondered whether she had really changed, or whether I fancied black curls more than I did golden bands, for I found myself thinking my little daughter much the prettiest.

In the sultry summer evenings I used to leave red tape and parchment and go out to Betty's cottage to have tea with her and my adopted child. Then, while she polished up the cups, Nellie Hay and I used to walk down to the river side. Tall as she was growing, I had a way of holding her hand still; and we had such pleasant talks! such odd, unworldly chatter! Those walks and simple tea-drinkings rested the brain, wearied with law business, quarrels, and quibbles, and stratagems, more than I can tell.

The rough hands had grown softer now, the waist taper, the bust full. The sweep of woman's robes, the tread of women's lightly-shod feet had taken the place of clumping leather boots and scant cotton skirts.

I knew this, but Nellie was a child to me all the same. Was I not by adoption her father? Had not my early grief and the staff on which I leaned aged me before my time? Of course she always would be young to me; and why I felt so angry if by chance some gay young farmer chatted with her over the fence, or some neighbor saw her home from church, I could not tell. "An old man's temper, I suppose," I said, and sighed like a young one.

So three years passed. At the end of that time Aletta's husband died. They had quarreled, and she had made him woefully jealous, it was said; and all his property, save a mere pittance, was willed to strangers.

One day a lady in black walked into my office; when she lifted her veil I saw Aletta Stanton's face, closer to me than it had been since we parted. My heart gave no wild throb. I felt as though I were a mere stranger.

Courteously and quite calmly I heard her business. She intended to contest the will and needed advice. I gave her what I could. I referred her to a brother-lawyer as the one who would best espouse her cause. As for myself I told her truly that my time was too completely occupied to undertake any thing more, and I wished her success.

She looked at me wistfully, with her great blue eyes full of tears, as she arose to go.

"It was cruel of him," she said, "very cruel to leave me so poor; but he was never kind, never—not in the honey-moon even."

"I regret to hear it," I said.

"I could expect nothing more," she said; "I did not love him—I never loved but one, and that one—"

She paused and looked at me.

"That one I love still," she said.

And Heaven knows no feeling of revenge or petty triumph was in my heart when I looked in Aletta Stanton's eyes as if I did not understand her and courteously bowed her out.

"Did I ever care for that woman?" I thought, "or is it all a dream?"

I took my adopted child to the theatre that night and we saw the Lady of Lyons together. It was her first play-going experience, and she enjoyed it immensely. She wore a white dress and bonnet and the coral drops I had fastened a few days before in her little ears. I was very proud of her. I could not help looking into her eyes, touching her hand with mine. When I left her I kissed her.

"Good-night, my child," I said.

And she answered, "Good-night," with a cheek dyed on the instant deeper scarlet, and ran away as Betty came out to chat with me.

From that night I dated an odd change. My adopted child seemed shy of letting me keep her hand—shy even of chatting as she did. She was graver, more womanly. I fancied she did not care for me as she did. Perhaps some of those farmers who leaned over the gate at sunset, some of those young fellows who so often escorted her home from church, had won her from me. I grew a little moody. I found myself in brown studies when I should have been at work. At last I determined to discover whether I was really to lose my child,

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and went down to the cottage. I found her there sitting at work with Betty.

After all, it was no easy task. I could not do it as I had hoped. I tried jesting, and spoke of one and of the other of the young fellows near. "We shall have Nellie stolen from us, I suppose?" I said. "There is nothing so easily lost from a family as a pretty daughter. But who is to have you, Nellie?"

She looked at me as children look before they burst into tears—her chin quivering, her throat swelling—then she dropped her work, and stole from the room without answering me.

"What ails the child, Betty?" I asked. "Have I offended her?"

Old Betty stood before me sturdy and stern—a look in her face I had never yet seen there.

"Master Albert," she said, "whatever she was when she came here, Nellie is no child now. Oh, Master Albert, I can't believe you've done it on purpose! You couldn't—such a sweet, innocent thing!—but it's done. All I can say is, go away, or let her go, and maybe the wound will heal. I ought to have spoken in time. I was an old fool. Oh, how could you, Master Albert?—how could you?"

"What have I done?" I cried. "I would rather die than harm her."

"And yet you've made her love you," said Betty, sternly. "You who knew you never would love her. You've been very selfish, Master Albert."

A new light dawned upon me, a radiance brilliant beyond my hopes.

"Betty," said I, "you are dreaming. She must think me old enough to be a grandfather, with my long face and bald crown and this crutch. I've had one dream broken: don't set me dreaming again for Heaven's sake!"

Old Betty looked at me; then caught my face in both hands and kissed me.

"Master Bertie," said she, "I sha'n't tell you a word more. The child is under the grape-vine out yonder; go and find out what you want to know for yourself. You silly, handsome, good-for-nothing fellow!"

I found my child under the grape-vine, her face wet with tears. I sat down by her and put my arm about her waist.

"Nellie," said I, "don't shrink from me. I am your true friend. Your friend, whatever answer you may give me now. I am older than you. I am not vain enough to think myself a young girl's hero-ideal. But I love you dearly, Nelly. Can you love me enough to be my wife? If you can not, if another claims your heart, do not say yes from gratitude. Tell me the truth, and still retain a father's, a brother's, a friend's affection. Nellie?"

I bent over her, and my life seemed in her keeping. Until that moment I had not known myself. I loved her madly. I felt it now better, far better, than in my youth I had loved Aletta Stanton.

She spake no word.

"Nellie?" I said, "Nellie?" and a brown hand was laid of its own accord in mine, and beneath my gaze the dark eyes dare not lift themselves, but hid their sweetness on my breast. Nellie was mine.

I sat with her beating heart so near my own, and thought it all over. I remembered the child in her cotton gown standing in the gallery of the church on that wedding morn. I remembered the child whom I had taught; the girl with whom I had passed such happy hours. And I felt that this living love, sprang, phœnix like, from the ashes of the dead one, was the purest feeling of my life.

So my old fancy of keeping house with my child came true at last; only when she crossed the threshold of my home with me I called her wife. And still the touch of her brown hand brings comfort with it; still her sweet voice is better to me than all the music in the world. And, as in my youth I fancied myself old, surely in my age I shall believe myself young, for while we love and are beloved youth can never die, and while we live I and my Nellie must love each other.

HALF A BREATH.

At an upper window of a beetle-browed building, in a certain manufacturing town, there is, or there was, a man of solemn and unwinking look, perched on a platform before a desk; a man of more than Roman integrity, not to be seduced by the clamor of the street below, to so much as the blink of an eye, aside from the ledger, in which he eternally wrote, through all hours of the day and night; a wooden St. Simeon Stylites, in cutaway coat and lank trousers; object of much childish speculation on my part; subject, also, of a current legend, which though no one was ever to be caught in telling, yet in some mysterious way was perfectly known to all our townsfolk.

The legend is of two wooden men. One, the Stylites just described; the other walked about on two legs that could bend, and did; and if you had poked him, I have no doubt your finger would have dented his flesh; a most respectable man also, as our townsfolk will assure you when I name I. T. Minor; and yet, I maintain, a man of wood. He lived in the nineteenth century, and behaved in it like Gen. Hamilton's goose on the track. After an entire train had passed over her, sitting between the rails, "she arose, looked over her shoulder, as who should say, seems to me I heard something, and waddled off with placid but evident contempt for all such flummery." He used his little shred of life as the Chinese tailor did the new trousers, which he patched precisely where the old ones were patched. Wooden! why if the legend be true, the Stylites was infinitely the most impressionable of the two. I say if the legend be true, for I vouch only for my two men of wood.

One night, lying in his bed, I. T. Minor heard himself loudly called—I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! It was not an hour at which people are apt to be called; half past twelve by the little clock on the mantle; and the voice sounded from without; within the house was silent; besides the night was wild with rain and wind, coming with voices that clamored, and voices that wailed, and bursting against the house with a wet rush, like waves and breaking surf; and yet I. T. Minor felt himself irresistibly compelled to get up out of his warm bed and peep, shivering, out into the wet street; and as he stood at the window came the voice again: I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! more loudly and imperatively than before; and though Mr. Minor certainly intended to get back to bed at once he got into his boots instead; and though assuredly he would never venture out on such a night and at such an hour, he found himself pulling on his trowsers, and urged by the terrible voice, and in spite of himself, he buttoned his great-coat and took down his hat, though groaning all the time.

"Oh dear! I wish it would stop. I shall be obliged to go! I can't stop myself! Oh dear! what will the neighbors think, hearing my name shouted all over town? And why *don't* somebody wake up?"

As if people ever waked when wanted, and the wife of your bosom, or friend of your heart, did not always snore straight through your visitations of toothache and ghosts! The voice rang out on the night like the heavy stroke of a fire-alarm, yet nobody stirred. No windows were opened on the opposite side; no night-capped heads peeped out after Mr. I. T. Minor as he unwillingly stepped from his door into the street; but then, inconsistently enough, from shame and confusion, at the public nature of this mysterious summons, he fell to wishing that they would look out and stop him if they could. He remembered certain garroting legends, and looked suspiciously at areas and alley-ways, inky head-quarters of the blackness about him. He observed to himself that it was at once disgraceful and ridiculous for a respectable man of regular habits to be prowling about after midnight of the worst night of the season. Also, that an incredulous world, not to mention Mrs. Minor, would lend a doubting ear to stories of ghostly voices and irresistible impulses; finally, that he was going back at once—in spite of all which he went steadily forward.

To his astonishment he presently discovered that he was not alone. Familiar front-doors opened, one after the other, and familiar great-coats came tramping heavily down the steps: Codger and Screwsby, Box and Cox, almost every man in the row, in fact. I. T. Minor rubbed his eyes with

"Why, where the deuce are you going, Codger?"

"Don't you hear it?" returned Codger, with an air of listening. "I thought it would wake the whole town with its David Codger! David Codger! Hillo, Screwsby! what brings you out?"

"Don't you hear it?" cried Screwsby, with the same air of listening. "Tom Screwsby! Tom Screwsby! I tried to stay in bed but I couldn't, so here I am!"

And they marched on together, while Minor stared incredulously after them, doubting his senses, all the time more front-doors opening, more people crowding into the street, till Minor was hustled and jostled on all sides by a crowd, for which I must use capital letters to express how Utterly and Entirely Respectable they were, made up of the very Best Men, speaking after Mammon, each and all answering, when questioned, as Codger and Screwsby had done, each wrapped in himself and unconscious of his neighbor, with the same air of listening clearly to his own call, and deaf to the others, as Minor heard only and continually I. T. Minor, above all the stir; and all, urged by the same mysterious impulse, pressing onward—where?

Minor was asking himself that with some perturbation, when he found himself in front of his own warehouse, at whose upper window stood the Wooden Man at his desk. How it was that he could see distinctly in that pitchy darkness; how it was that the Wooden Man had raised his head and stood looking straight at the crowd; how it was that he no longer wrote in his ledger but held up a hand as if in appeal with the pen still clasped between its painted fingers, or what brought that pale girl there on the platform beside him, I. T. Minor did not even ask. He accepted it all as in sleep we do the unnatural conditions of a dream, and understood that here was a court of inquiry: that here in the ledger was a record against him; that here, in the pale girl, was a witness against him and the other highly respectable gentlemen on trial with him. What he did not comprehend was of what he and they could have been guilty. He glanced at his neighbors, but Codger, Screwsby, and the rest, were intent on the pale girl about to speak. A half recognition stirred in I. T. Minor's mind. Where had he seen her?

"I am sorry," commenced the girl, nervously. "I do not desire to complain. I did not come here of free-will, and I hope gentlemen will not remember it against me, for though my salary is small I should not like to lose it. I have a bed-ridden brother and a mother to support; and though teaching five days out of seven is certainly wearing work, yet I have continual reason to be thankful that I am in possession of such a resource; and I quite believed the gentlemen when they told us at the end of the quarter that there was positively no money in the treasury, and they were sorry to make us wait. But it was a bitter disappointment to those not so poor as we; and to us, who have always to struggle so—gentlemen who are not obliged to think three times over every penny can hardly tell how bitter!" continued the girl, warmly. "I have ninety-three dollars a quarter, out of which I lay aside so much for rent, and so much for fire. With the rest we buy of course just flour enough, just oil, just sugar, just every thing enough to last till relief comes again, that is, next pay-day, and patch, and watch our shoes, and dresses, and fuel, and flour, and lights, lest any thing should give out before; so you understand how it is that every thing runs out together just before pay-day. There is no more medicine for the sick one, you are half-way down your last pail of coal, you have kneaded your last quart of flour, you are at the bottom of your oil can, you have promised to pay back the money you borrowed to-morrow, and to settle certain bills, and can hardly, perhaps, keep the old shoes on your feet in which you go for the money that you have earned by three months' hard work; and—the city has built a new hall, or a tower, or the proper appropriation has not been made, and gentlemen give us drafts, payable in—what matter does it make to the eager, anxious ones at home how many months, when they have already strained endurance to its utmost tension and can wait no longer? Gentlemen will cash our drafts at a discount—that means seven, or ten, or fifteen dollars off, as the case may be; but when it is hardly possible to keep alive on ninety-three dollars, all told, how is it possible to do it on seven or ten dollars less? Shall we wait, then, till the promised pay-day, and live on credit? That means, gentlemen, getting behindhand every day a little and a little more. Impossible to economize, and use discretion and die——"

"And if it is," burst in I. T. Minor, who with deep indignation had recognized in the girl a teacher in a school of whose board he was a member, "a pretty cause for which to rout men like us out of their beds at midnight! What can we do about it? Is it our fault if the proper appropriations are not made?"

"We are very sorry—"

"Yes, very sorry," echoed Codger & Co.; "but what can we do?"

"Do?" cried the Wooden Man. "What would you have done, if in your salaried days—for I take it, most of you, at one time or other, have been glad enough to receive a salary—I say what would you have done if, after three months' faithful labor, your employer had softly said he was 'very sorry,' as he presented you with a draft, due three months from date, because he really would not have the money before? How if your employer was 'very sorry' in this manner, once and again, sometimes for three quarters running, as has happened to this girl and hundreds of men and women in similar positions—and what you would have done for yourselves, is it not your duty, Christian men, to do for your brothers, and still more for those who, being women, especially appeal to you, as weaker than yourselves? If the laborer is worthy of his hire, then, when he fails to get it, there is a wrong somewhere, and it is your duty to find it out; and that the girl has spoken within the bounds of truth I bear witness; for here, as I stand above your heads, I write down, day after day, the sighs, the struggles, the patience, the disappointments, the suspense, of men and women in positions like hers; and the dullness, blindness, hardness, and stupidity toward them of men like you. Rouse you out of your beds, indeed! Why, it has roused a Wooden Man to speech. I protest I am heartily glad of the condemnation that has come upon you!"

At the word "condemnation," Codger, Screwsby, I. T. Minor, and the rest, looked blankly at each other, while the pale girl made a deprecating motion, instantly checked by the Wooden Man.

"There has been lately," he went on, in his dry, hard voice, "a deficit of air unparalleled since the earliest days of the world. Of the cause I am unable to speak, but I can confidently assure you that the deficiency will be supplied in three days' time at the least. Meantime, by accurate computation, it has been discovered that there is not sufficient air about the globe to supply each individual with his usual quota, and it has been decided, for very evident reasons, that the atmospheric dearth shall fall principally on you gentlemen here assembled."

Here there was a murmur and commotion in the crowd, quickly silenced by the Wooden Man, who continued with an unpleasant chuckle:

"We are aware that you are fully entitled to as much air as will sufficiently inflate your lungs at every breath; but what can the Board of Winds and Currents do? We have not the air on hand; and we can only pledge you our honor that in three days' time matters will return to their usual course. Meantime you will receive but half the usual amount of air at each breath. You will, also, occasionally find yourself entirely without any breath at all, and will then be obliged to borrow of some more fortunate neighbor—say, some teller of interminable stories, or an incurable scold. We are very sorry, but really, gentlemen, we are doing for you the best we can."

"Shameful!" commenced I. T. Minor, indignantly; but his protest was cut short by a new and disagreeable sensation—not precisely that of choking, but a continual impression and apprehension that he should shortly come to that. He inflated his chest to its utmost, opened his mouth at its widest, but the result was quite as unsatisfactory as before. He looked about on his neighbors; they were gasping like himself. He glanced appealingly at the Wooden Man, but he was again as stolidly intent on his ledger as ever.

Day was breaking when Minor reached his house, but nobody had observed his absence; neither did any one at breakfast perceive that he was in a half-strangled condition. Going down-town at business-hours, from force of habit, he found no one sharper-sighted than at home, till suddenly, while talking prices in his warehouse, as the Wooden Man had warned him, he lost breath entirely.

"Heart alive, man! what is the matter with you?" cried old Brown, who was talking with him, jumping backward in a fright.

"Give—give—" gurgled Minor; but not another word could he get out till, catching a chance breath of his alarmed companion, he recovered as suddenly as he had been seized.

"Singular attacks—very!" remarked old Brown, suspiciously.

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing—subject to it—hereditary, you know!" explained Minor, confusedly; but a few moments after he was seized again—breath entirely gone, and black in the face. Men ran on all sides to find remedies and a physician.

"No; air—air!" gasped Minor, faintly.

"Yes, yes; give him air," said every body, getting away from him, and so removing from the unlucky man all chance of borrowing a breath, and he kicked and struggled in a frenzy of despair. Just then Codger passed by, but, as Minor looked imploringly at him, shook his head—had not breath enough for himself, poor fellow! and if it had not been for a friendly puff of wind the next paragraph would have been I. T. Minor's obituary. As it was, he lost his bargain, his wealthy customer not having time to wait, and gained the desirable reputation of being subject to fits.

"I shall be ruined—ruined and dead before the three days are half over," said Minor, mournfully, to himself, trying to make half a breath answer for a whole one, and quaking in anticipation of no breath at all, when he felt himself seized by the shoulder, and heard Mrs. Minor's voice:

"Why, I. T., wake up! wake up, I say! What are you groaning about?"

At least that is the way in which friends of the family try to blunt the point of the story: rather call it nightmare, you see, than admit, as some say, that I. T. Minor was actually wandering abroad all night, and came home at daybreak, haggard and nearly dead, declaring that he had lived three horrible days in one night. To this ending I incline, but, as an impartial historian, give both versions. Take your choice. I vouch but for two things—and those, as I said in the beginning, my two wooden men. For two things? No. For three: for the sad truth of that pale girl's trembling story also.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POLICE "INTELLIGENCE."—There isn't any!

Why are the ladies of the ballet very kind to their relations?—Because they are so fond of their grand-pas.

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

Milton was asked, "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next meeting of the Zoological Society a Paper will be read "On the Pace of the Snail," with a rider "On its Gallop."

At an extraordinary meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society a Paper will be read "On an Infusion of New Blood."

The last dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw-mill. In the course of the tussel one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued to fight and whipped the other dog.

STRIKING TO THE LAST.—The cobblers of Nantes have recently been on strike because the name of their patron saint, Crispin, was not included in the Almanac Nantais. The authorities, out of regard for the sides of the people, expunged the calendar, and the pride of the craft was healed. The disturbance was thus allayed, and the cobblers, who threatened to come to blows, returned to their wax.

KISSING.

"Oh, quit—get out—now don't you—
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh, quit—will you?—get out!
You know you ought to shouldn't.

"There, now, you've got it—oh, be still!
You shn'n't have any more;
You've got—oh, take away your face!—
What we mean got before.

"Once more?—there—that'll do—don't,
You've rumpled up my hair;
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take it—there—there—there!"

NEW TAXES.

For each curl on a lady's head above ten, five cents.
For wearing a low-necked dress, one dollar.
For wearing hoops larger than eight feet in diameter, eight cents for each hoop.
For sleeping in church, ten dollars.
Seeing a lady home from church, twenty cents.
For every flirtation, ten cents.
For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.
Each pretty lady to be taxed from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty.
Old bachelors over thirty are taxed ten dollars, and sentenced to banishment to Utah.

A wag thus concludes his musical attainments: "I know two tunes; the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't; I always sing the latter."

When are two potatoes precisely alike?—When they're peeled.

The best of men are but men at the best.

BREWERS' LANGUAGE.—He brews.

A PARTING INVITATION.—A decree in the Divorce Court.

You needn't have such reverence for truth as always to stand at an awful distance from it.

A MAN MORE OFTEN TO CONVICTION.—The prisoner at the bar.

—A petroleum family has lately started in fashionable life, whose parlor is said to be so brilliantly furnished that they look at it only once a month, and then they do it through smoked glass.

Man, says the anatomist, changes entirely every seven years; "therefore," says Jones, "my tailor should not ask me for the bill I contracted in 1859—I am not the same person—hence I owe him nothing."

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause." "Ah, Sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think what I didn't say."

"Why do you drive such a painful-looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him, Pat?" "A heavier coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

"Who's there?" said Robinson, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street-door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste of yours, ain't it? But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

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IN THE WOODS

THE LAST MILE OR SO

CHILDREN'S PLAYING GROUND.

ARRIVING.

HALF WAY HOUSE

KAUTERSKILL FALLS.

VIEW FROM NORTH MOUNTAIN.

THE RIP VAN WINKLE HOUSE

THE PIAZZA

CATSKIL

DIFFICULT TRAVELLING

THE STAIRS TO THE FALLS.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE LAUREL

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N THE ROAD.

DEPARTING.

IN THE CLOUDS.

THE ARTIST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE BEAR AT THE LAUREL HOUSE.

VIEW FROM SUNSET ROCK.

HAINES FALL.

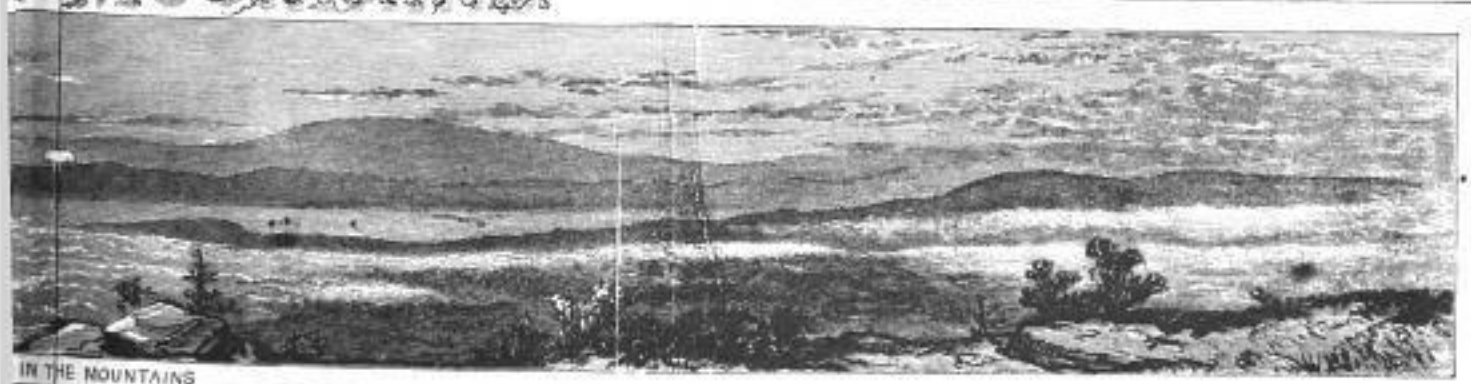
LAST ON NORTH MOUNTAIN

ETCHES
MOUNTAINS.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE

NEARING THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

FAWNS LEAP


IN THE MOUNTAINS

DREAM AFTER A DAY'S ADVENTURE

AT THE KAUTERSKILL FALLS.

GOOD-BY.

UNDER THE KAUTERSKILL FALL

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A TALE FOR THE TIME.

Two dogs, one day, adown the street
Were trotting, holding converse meet;
For dogs, whatever man may teach,
Have wondrous faculty of speech,
And tell each other many a story
Not too much to their masters' glory—
Two bull-dogs, a good-natured race,
When man their nature don't debase.

Says Bob, "I heard them say last night
They've made a match, and we're to fight.
Quiet beneath old Scroggins' chair
And stretch'd out with a sleepy air,
I lay, while they with pipes and gin
Belch'd smoke and suck'd the poison in:
And first they talk'd about our weight,
And then our pluck; and long debate
They held about our several ways
Of 'going in' with just such praise
As, if we were such fools as they,
Might make us vain of what they say."

Quoth Tom, "I'm sorry, Bob, to hear it;
A bite or so, mind, I don't fear it;
If any stranger dog should come
Larking about my place at home,
Thinking to eat me out with Rose,
Or snatch my bone before my nose,
I'd pitch into him with a will,
And prove I have both pluck and skill.
But you and I, old Bob, are friends;
Each in a quarrel always lends
T'other his help, and when we rally
Foes best be off—we'll clear the alley."

"What can we do, Tom? 'tis for trade;
High bets upon 'the event' are laid:
My master's now sleek as a beagle,
Clears all before him at the Eagle;
Yours is not quite in such high feather,
But, Tom, when they pit us together
Both cash and credit will be flowing,
Though where cash comes from there's no knowing,
As if they got no end of toddies
And grab out of our mangled bodies."

"I tell you, Bob," says Tom, "they're brewing
Fun for themselves, but our undoing.
Why, boy, when once we're set to win
Nor you nor I shall e'er give in;
Wherever once we fix our teeth
We hold as long as we have breath:
Of one of us the death is sure,
The other maim'd beyond all cure,
And all because these two-legged brutes
Live of our sufferings on the fruits.
Now look you, Bob, if I and you
Were only to each other true
We'd rend these varmints such a lesson
They'd never find the sense to guess on."

"What would you do?"
"What would I do?
Serve them as they'd make me serve you—
Show them your teeth. Don't look dismay'd,
You say you're not of death afraid;
The worst can happen is to die,
And let them kill you, Bob, not I."

What happen'd after this converse
It might be irksome to rehearse.
But out of a low hovel rush'd
One eve, a crowd together crush'd,
Following amain with sticks and staves
Two dogs, and furiously raves
One ruffian, "Why, the curs are mad!
Kill 'em!" Each passing man and lad
Joins in the cry, "Mad dog! mad dog!"
One brains the foremost with a log.
The other, maimed with many blows,
Lays by his old friend's ear his nose,
And just growls out, "So let 'em think.
To us who're just upon death's brink,
A word is naught; but 'mad dog's' bite
Shall haunt our slayers day and night,
And those who'd kill us in this sort
Learn not to maiden us for sport."
With that he lick'd his comrade's face
And died—with bull-dog hero's grace.

THREE OF THEM.

Every thing in this world goes by comparison. Amidst the dead level of the prairies it would take a very little mole-hill to make a mountain; and it would require a different girl to dazzle in New York society from the one who finds it no task to be queen of hearts in a country village. Hetty May was quite a belle in Danbury. She was just a piece of pink and white prettiness. Her father and mother had been charmed by this same prettiness from her babyhood, and had unconsciously done homage to it all their lives. Her two older sisters, Hannah and Huldah, had never been too good to help their mother with the housework. They had baked and brewed, scoured floors and washed milk-pans, and been healthy and happy and womanly in spite of it.

Hannah married first, and Huldah two years afterward. Then the neighbors thought Hetty would have, as they expressed it, "to come into it." But Deacon May and his wife had other views. They hired a stout woman in the kitchen; for Mrs. May said she "wasn't so strong as she used ter be, and she needed somethin' more'n a gel;" and then they sent fifteen-years'-old Miss Hetty away to boarding-school. In two years' time she finished her education. I use this term advisedly, for Hetty was not one of those to whom life is a continual schoolmaster. She would remain, mentally, very much as those two years left her. In them she had learned to paint flowers, and work worsted, and embroider collars and cuffs. This, besides acquiring a certain amount of taste in dress, was about all. She had recited lessons, to be sure, in botany and history, and some of the elogies, but they had passed into one of her pretty pink ears and out at the other, and left her the same empty-headed little Hetty after all.

But her parents saw no lack. To them, at least, she was

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

And not to them only. Every unmarried man in Danbury was in love with her. Phil Rawson, the clerk in the dry-goods store, always grew sentimental when she bought a calico dress of him; and when the purchase was a pair of boots, and he was permitted to try them on, his emotions transcended expression, and his expressions transcended description. Mr. Nichols, the singing-master, thought her voice the divinest music in the world, though she always sharped a little, and quite often sang out of tune. Tom Mansfield, who owned his own farm and drove a stylish pair of horses, wanted nothing so much as to see her mistress of all; and, indeed, Tom was a good fellow, and she might have done very much worse. Sam Reeves, also, worshiped her from afar, with silent devotion; as indeed he ought, for he was the village blacksmith, and there was an aristocracy even in Danbury.

No wonder Hetty's pretty, foolish, little golden head was almost turned. If the little heart had not been tender and loyal, in spite of its lightness and vanity, she would have been unendurable. As it was, somehow, every one loved her, even the rest of the girls in the village, though she charmed their lovers away, and had so many beaux to her string that she amused herself by counting them, as she might have counted the beads on her rosary, if she had been a devout little Romanist, caring no more for one of them than another. Her parents were in no hurry, either, to have her make her choice. She was but young, as they often said to each other, and it did them good to see her round. She didn't do much, to be sure, but somehow the house would be a different place without her pretty face, her bits of worsted work here, her vases there, with a sprig of honey-suckle in one, a bunch of violets in another. Sage matrons grumbled and gossiped about the idle ways in which "Miss May" let her daughter go on; but for my part, considering that the Deacon had money enough, and was quite able to afford the indulgence of something pleasant just to look at, I really think the aforesaid pink and white prettiness of Hetty's was worth more to him than any thing she could have done with her hands. Do we complain of a rosebush because it does not bear gooseberries, or a lily because it is not a pumpkin vine?

Just at this juncture a new minister was settled in Danbury. He was a single man, and therefore, as was but natural, he came to the Deacon's to board. Hetty had never seen quite the like of this Reverend Walter Calthorpe. He was not at all after the Danbury pattern. She saw him first at supper in her father's house; for she had not been well, and so had missed being at church when he preached his trial sermon. She had a little vague dread of ministers—an association of dullness and stiffness and severity. Perhaps it was with the intention of disarming this one that she made a ravishing toilet before she appeared in his presence; and came down, sylph-like and bewitching, in the daintiest of delicate muslins, with ribbons as blue as her eyes at her throat and in her bright hair. Her cheeks crimsoned with blushes beneath Mr. Calthorpe's admiring gaze, and he thought he had never seen any thing so pretty in his life.

It was the first of May when the new minister came, and his acquaintance with Hetty progressed rapidly. It grew with the flowers, and blossomed with the roses; or, at least, by the time the Reverend Walter had put the first one in her hair he thought himself very deeply in love with her indeed. He probably would have told her so if he had not been a minister; but he had a sort of creed that ministers must be above the hasty impulses of ordinary humanity; and he said to himself that it behoved him to wait until he had considered the matter a little more thoroughly. I do not know, however, how long this resolution would have been likely to hold out if another actor had not appeared upon the scene of affairs.

About the middle of June Deacon May received a letter from Mrs. Vandervere, his only sister. She had married quite out of the Deacon's sphere. She seldom came to Danbury, and had not even written to him for nearly two years. This letter, therefore, was something of an event. The Deacon brought it home from the post-office unopened, and did not take it from his pocket until supper was over, and Hetty and Mr. Calthorpe had wandered into the porch, as usual, and sat there enjoying the balmy beauty and stillness of the summer night. Then the good man drew his chair close to his wife and the lamp, put on his spectacles, carefully broke the seal of his sister's epistle, and read it aloud. It contained a request that they would receive, for July and August, her youngest daughter. Violet, she said, was not well—a little tired with the past winter, in which she had been out a great deal—and wanted to go into the country to recruit, and thought she could not be so happy any where else as with her nearest relatives. Violet Vandervere would have smiled, at least, over that passage in her mother's letter. It was certainly an embellishment, but then Mrs. Vandervere was given to embellishments of all kinds. Good Mistress May listened with some discomposure as her husband read. At last she said, rather ruefully,

"I s'pose there ain't no way but her let her come?"

"Why should there be any other way?" the Deacon asked, with surprise in his tone. "Tain't like you, Huldy, not to hev a welcome ready for enny of my friends."

"Tain't that, you know it ain't, Abijah. I was only thinkin' about the minister."

"Wa'al, he won't interfere. We've got more rooms than one in the house. She needn't disturb him."

"No," with a doubtful pause; "but you see I do think he's beginnin' to like our Hetty, and seems ter me she's just fit for him. There ain't nobody else in Danbury that she is fit for, any way."

If one thing vexed Deacon May's righteous soul more than another it was the slightest approach to match-making. It was almost enough to make him cross, even to his wife; but he was determined to bring out her idea more fully. So he only uttered, after the manner of a true Yankee, an interrogative—

"Wa'al?"

"Wa'al, I've heard that Violet Vandervere is a regular high-flier, and mighty hansum to boot."

"All the more reason she should come here, then," the Deacon said, with Jove-like solemnity, and a scowl in his forehead which his wife understood. "If the minister can't like Hetty with Violet Vandervere beside her, *I* don't want him to like her at all. If he has eny notion o' Hetty, I look on it as a kind o' special providence that t'other one's comin' jest now. For my part I ain't in enuy hurry to lose my one gal."

Mrs. May knew that there was nothing more to be said; so, like a woman both meek and wise, she held her peace while her husband answered his sister's letter.

Just as he was finishing it Hetty—out on the porch looking at the moon with Mr. Calthorpe—was saying:

"It's curious how different you are from all the other ministers that I ever saw."

"And it's stranger still how different you are from all the other girls that *I* ever saw," the minister answered, with a trace both of gallantry and of tenderness in his manner.

He might have said something yet more particular if the Deacon, being through with his letter, had not fancied it to be bedtime, and appeared in the doorway as a hint that he was ready for family prayers.

Two weeks after that Miss Vandervere came. Mr. Calthorpe saw from his study window a tall, graceful figure, clad in gray, get out of the stage-coach; but the face was so wrapped in blue veil that he could catch no glimpse of it, and he went back to his sermon with a feeling of half vexation that he should not have Hetty to himself any more. Habit is so much; and he had got quite used to enjoying her pretty, coaxing ways, and depending on her for his entertainment.

It was at tea that Miss Vandervere first dawned on him, as Hetty had done before—a very different dawning this, however—one of Church's tropic scenes, full of mysterious splendors, after one of Bellows's cool, spring landscapes. Some people said Miss Vandervere had been called violet in a spirit of prophecy. I do not agree with them. Nothing could be more unlike than was this stately, radiant Violet to her simple namesakes of the woodland, in all except the one item of the color of her eyes. They were a deep, dark, purplish blue—just violet. She wore the same color, too, as if she meant to make her name seem symbolical, and always there hung about her a faint breath of that sweetest of sweet odors which every one knows who has ever held in his hand a bunch of freshly-gathered English violets.

She did not say much this first night—she impressed rather by silence than by speech, by manner than by demonstration. But Reverend Walter Calthorpe caught himself watching the languid grace of her motions; listening eagerly for her few words—merely the necessary answers to the compliments of the table, and the inquiries made about her journey—as, with all the impression he thought Hetty had made upon him, he had certainly never watched and listened to her.

"I did not know there were such women in the world," he said to himself that night.

"I fancy I can get through the two months." This was Miss Vandervere's thought after Hetty had left her alone. "This country parson will do excellently to keep me in practice. I guess he and Hetty have been imagining themselves in love, and it would be too bad to take him away from her, especially since I don't want him myself, only that I know they would make each other utterly miserable. When he got satisfied with looking at her pretty face, and expected to find a companion in her, he would see his mistake, and she would break her heart with trying in vain to come up to his standard. So I shall do them a good turn by breaking it all up, if there is any thing to break."

Satisfied in her own mind, by this reasoning, of the complete rectitude and harmlessness of her intentions, she slept the sleep of the just. Nor was she far wrong in her estimates—the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

After breakfast the next morning Mr. Calthorpe tried to go back to his unfinished sermon, but somehow it was hard work—yesterday's zeal and inspiration seemed to have left him. He heard Hetty laughing and talking gayly below, and now and then another voice, not Hetty's, but one which, low as it was, stole very clearly to his ear. He could not descant to his own satisfaction upon predestination. Was *he* predestined to fall in love, he asked himself, and then was unutterably shocked at the irreverence of his own thoughts. He got up, unlocked a box, and looked over the two years' sermons he had preached at his other parish. Hitherto, ever since he came to Danbury, he had preached a new sermon every Sunday. Hetty's fascinations had been of the mild kind, and had never interfered with his regular duties. Milk and water he called her now in his thoughts; and then he wondered if the other were not more like the potent draught which the Easterns call bhang—was she going to intoxicate him against his will?

The fresh air would do him good, maybe. At any rate why shouldn't he give himself a summer vacation, since his parish had made no such generous arrangement? He might preach old sermons for the next two months, and no one would be any the wiser. Without doubt the old ones would be a great deal better, and do more good, than any he could write now, with those summer heats oppressing him. So he went down stairs, and there the two girls were in the entry. Of course that was why he had heard their voices so plainly—no wonder he couldn't write.

"Are you afraid of rattlesnakes, Mr. Calthorpe?" Miss Vandervere asked, as she got up from the lower stair to let him pass.

For a moment, as he met her glittering, dangerous eyes, with a strange, subtle ray in them, he wondered if she were talking in metaphor; but she quietly explained herself.

"Because I wanted to climb Blue Hill—it looks so lovely in the distance—and Hetty is afraid. She says a man went there once and saw a rattlesnake, and she was just telling me whether the man killed the snake or the snake ate the man—which was it, Hetty?"

"The man killed the snake," Hetty answered, simply, quite innocent of all comprehension of badinage; "but I believe the snake would have bitten him, only his boots were so thick—cowhide."

"Have you any cowhide boots, Mr. Calthorpe?" Miss Vandervere asked, looking so gravely into his face that he felt the corners of his mouth quivering in spite of himself with laughter.

"No, but I have a stout cane, and no fear of snakes before my eyes just now. Shall we go to Blue Hill?"

"'My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure!'"

Miss Vandervere quoted; then she looked at him again, flashing a subtle, magnetic ray from under her long lashes. "Yes, Mr. Calthorpe, we will go to Blue Hill."

"And Hetty?" Mr. Calthorpe questioned, turning to her with a smile which brightened the girl's day, though she hardly knew it.

"*I* must keep far enough off from the snakes," she answered, laughingly. "I will go with you, though, to the meadow, and wait at the foot of the hill with my tatting till you come down."

"And we will climb the Hill Difficulty," said Miss Vandervere, her eyes kindling a little. "Come, Sir Knight!"

So little Hetty sat contentedly at the hill's foot, and Mr. Calthorpe went up into the clouds with Violet Vandervere. Into the clouds, indeed; and I think in the enchanted air his head grew dizzy, and he scarcely knew where he was. They stood on the summit of Blue Hill, and Miss Vandervere took off her hat and let the sunbeams glitter in her bronze hair and the winds toss it. Her great eyes kindled with a sort of inspiration; for—and herein, I think, was the secret of her power—underneath all the coquetry and recklessness of her moods lay an inborn, passionate worship of the beautiful and the true. Mr. Calthorpe *felt* this in her—understood it without any words. He would never have cared to stand on the hill-top with Hetty, but it was a revelation to stand there with Miss Vandervere. It seemed that earth and air and sky had new meanings; and yet he looked at none of them so earnestly as at her eyes, with the great waves of light flooding them like the sea, her parted, tremulous lips, the color coming and going in her cheek.

"Let us go," she said at last. "One does not care to feel like this too long."

So they went down to Hetty and her tatting. Could Walter Calthorpe help it if he felt that it was going down in more senses than one?

My story is almost too simple to tell; and yet it must be worth something for its truth. There was not even the excitement of rivalry. Very soon Mr. Calthorpe ceased to think of Hetty at all. Violet Vandervere dazzled her out of sight—just as when the sun shines you can see no star in all the heavens. She talked, she sang, she walked, she sat still, she was silent—each phase, glorified by some mysterious grace, seemed more bewildering than the other. It was well that he had those two years of old sermons to fall back upon, for I do not think he could have written one that summer. Miss Vandervere was not hypocritical. She really liked him—liked to talk to him, and read to him, and sing with him; and all the while he did not ask her to love him. He was waiting—afraid, perhaps, to try his fate.

Hetty saw it all, understood it all, but her heart did not break. She afforded me no chance to turn my unvarnished tale into a tragedy. She was not romantic. She would be a true wife and tender mother by-and-by, doubtless; but she had not imagination enough to be in danger of any sentimental maladies. Her mother watched her with silent solicitude; but when she saw that she relished her meals as well as ever—showing, as usual, a decided preference for dainties—and that she came down in the morning looking cool and fresh, as if she had risen from untroubled slumbers, good Mrs. May ceased to alarm herself.

The bright July passed, and "all the hay was down." August followed with its sultry splendors; and it was the last day of summer—Violet Vandervere's last day in Danbury also.

She spent the afternoon in the parlor with Mr. Calthorpe. Hetty had offered to pack up for her, for somehow all the household had fallen into the way of doing her service. So she sat and read a little, talked a little, sang a snatch or two now and then, in that voice whose siren sweetness would haunt the Reverend Walter for many a day. Overhead, moving to and fro, they heard Hetty's light, quick steps. They were quite alone. He looked at her with a vague wonder whether he should ever sit beside her thus again. She was dressed in violet, as he had seen her first. Some slight shade—was it because they were to part—veiled the brightness of her dangerous beauty. She had never looked so sweet, so tender. *Did* she love him? He could hear his own heart beat. He moved a little nearer to her, and asked her suddenly, in so many words—

"Do you, *could* you love me, Miss Vandervere?"

There was, after all, a curious honesty in the girl. Bring her straight to the point, and she never deceived you. She returned his look for a silent moment. He was good and chivalrous; he had more tastes like her own than any man she had ever met; he had made her short summer happy; but there must be winters as well as summers. She never could love him well enough to share the life he had marked out for himself, and she had too much conscience, in spite of her coquetries, to try to wean him from it. A trace of sadness darkened her eyes and trembled in her voice as she answered him.

"As you mean love no; I never could. I don't

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think I could ever care enough for any one to marry for love alone—and yet I do like you, so very much. You have made for me such a pleasant summer."

"A pleasant summer!" Was that, then, all it meant to her? He wished he had only kissed her just once before he asked her that question. No matter if she had been angry, it would have been a memory to keep for all his life. And now she would be nothing to him any more. What was life worth? She seemed to read his thoughts. She said, with a strange, sad gentleness:

"It is best as it is, Mr. Calthorpe—believe it. If I had loved you with all my heart I should only have hindered you in your work. I am not good enough to be your wife."

Then she gave him her hand, and he *did* kiss that—held it for one wild, swift moment, trembling with his own emotion. Then she drew it away, and went up stairs to Hetty.

The next Sunday the Reverend Mr. Calthorpe preached a sermon from the text, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." In it the anguish through which he had passed found its sole utterance to human ears. At the power of his words all the congregation wondered—only Hetty comprehended its source, and pitied him with a gentle pity.

Pity him also—but gently. It was a lesson that would not be lost; and yet he did not have to pay for it too dear a price. His fancy had been touched by pretty Hetty. Miss Vandervere had gone deeper, and captivated his imagination; roused all the romance and poetry of his nature. But the strong, full love of his manhood—a love which must satisfy soul as well as sense—will awake some day, and find its own queen. Her kingdom will not be the less worthy because once a usurper reigned over it in a summer holiday.

Tom Mansfield began, after the grain harvest was finished, to come and take Hetty to drive behind his splendid horses. She learned soon that she could satisfy him, without effort, and entirely. Her nature was fine enough, poetical enough, romantic enough—just right, in short, for this lover. She found it a very pleasant thing to receive absolute worship; and before the autumn leaves had fallen she came to the conclusion that, grand as it might have been to marry the minister, it would be a good deal more comfortable to marry Tom; so all the wounds in her kind little heart were healed without so much as a scar.

I think Miss Vandervere was, perhaps, the most to be pitied of the three. She had, after all, a nature which fashion and frivolity would never quite satisfy; and I think there will come now and then, all through her life, lonely hours when she will remember Danbury, and a true heart she held once in her hand.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NOTHING could be more perfect than the drive to Hickory Corner, with such double pleasure at the end of it. The day was as fine as possible, the roads fast getting into good spring order, and the horses trotted along admirably, their bright harness sparkling in the sun. Even the dark face of Hannibal on the box shone with satisfaction, and the three children were in a bounding state of delight. Lily, to be sure, was most entranced with the thought of spending a day with Maria Jarvis; while Prim's whole heart was in her watering-pot; and Clover, as usual, brought business and pleasure into a very happy combination. She even found time (which the two others scarce did) to notice the dainty fringes of green grass that began to show themselves here and there, and to see the bluebirds, and the rich tint of the uncovered earth, and the last patch of snow lingering on the hills—thinking between-whiles very earnestly of the proposed work at the tinman's, and of great possible advantage from the floral instructions of Maria Jarvis. Sam was of the party, to see the children safe to Chestnut Hill; but on the express understanding that he was in no way to interfere with their purchases at Hickory Corner.

"It's so delightful to do it all ourselves!" said Lily. "You know, Sam, you are not even to advise us."

"Not I!" said Sam. "I have no such stock of good advice on hand that I can afford to waste it. I shall take myself off to the shoemaker's the minute I have set you down among the pint-cups!"

"Does the tinman have pint-cups too?" said Primrose.

"Pint-cups, and quart-cups, and all sorts of things. So if you change your mind, and want a nutmeg-grater instead of a watering-pot, you can have it!"

"I guess *I* sha'n't!" said Primrose, with one of her gladsome laughs. "But, oh! Sam, would you get a blue watering-pot—or a pink one?"

"Upon my word," replied Sam, doing his best to keep a grave face, "I don't know. It's a wonderfully puzzling question. I think, just for the novelty of the thing, I should choose a pink one—if I could find it! Unless, indeed, I should be fortunate enough to discover one of a delicate sky-blue!"

"Now, Sam, you are advising," said Lily.

"Truly I am not," honestly replied Sam. "As far from it as possible."

"Yes, blue would be beautiful!" said little Primrose, with such a grave, contemplative air that her brother laughed outright; and stooping down to kiss her, bade Hannibal drive to the tinman's just as fast as he could go.

"'Fraid little Missy won't find 'em there," said Hannibal, touching up his horses. "Missy can try—but tink de oder place best."

"What other place?" said Lily.

"De green-house, Miss Lily—old Scipio's green-house. Every body at Hickory Corner know old Scip. But here's de tin-shop; mebbe little Missy find all she want here."

Not all she wanted. To do that one must needs go about the world with far more moderate visions than those of pink and sky-blue watering-pots. Red ones, indeed, the tinman had—a dark brick red—and others of a dull lead color; but Prim turned away from both in great disgust.

"Let's go to the other place," she whispered to Sam, who, forgetting all about the shoemaker's, stood silently looking on. "*These* won't do at all."

"But wait one minute, please," said Clover, examining the tinman's shelves with her eyes. "Will you let me see that one with the very long spout, Sir?"

"This 'ere long-nosed feller?" said the tinman, handing it down. "Well, I guess you might as well take it; nobody else don't seem to. 'Tain't of a kind nobody wants."

"Why, Clover, what would you do with such a looking thing?" cried Lily.

Clover took the queer watering-pot in her hand and surveyed it. It was not very large, just a nice size, the pot itself; but the nose, or spout, was as long as three or four common ones put together; stretching itself out into the air, for no imaginable purpose but to see the world and be in the way. And as if that were not enough, just at the end, close by the rose, the long spout took a sudden sharp bend quite at right angles with the rest of its course; as if having set out to see the sky, it had suddenly resolved to study the earth first. There was so much spout, altogether, that as Clover held the pot in her hand it weighed quite down, and touched the floor.

"Sam, it wouldn't do that if it was full of water, would it?" said Clover, looking up at him.

"No, then the pot itself would be heavy, and so balance the nose."

"Wouldn't it be convenient for watering distant plants, so that one needn't step on the beds?" said Clover, with her face of grave consideration.

"Couldn't say whether 'twould or not," said the man. "That's what it's made for; and it's a first-rate article."

"I think I'll take it," said Clover.

"That lead-colored thing!" said Lily, "with its long nose? And just look how fine the holes are in the end. Why, it would take the water a week to come out."

"Those fine holes are excellent," said Sam; "they can hardly be too fine."

"Well, I don't think so," said Lily. "*I* don't want to be all day watering one plant. And the nose is all bent too."

"That's a purpose," said the tinman. "Saves water. When 'tain't bent you just go pourin' it round between things."

"Prim, I see a blue one off there in the corner," said Lily. "How would you like that?"

"'Tain't hardly a blue," said the tinman, bringing it forward; "leastways not a sky color. And 'tain't much of a pot neither. Spout's too big and holes too coarse."

"Now I like that," said Lily, handling the blue watering-pot; the color of which was indeed rather dark and heavy for the hue of truth. "The water'll come out all the quicker, and then one won't get done. I guess I'll have this. It's the nicest we've seen."

"One likes a gentle shower, and t'other a pourin' rain," said the tinman, nodding at the two children. "Suit yourselves, and that'll suit me."

Sam paid for the watering-pots in silence; and as he stood waiting for the change, little Prim's hand crept softly into his.

"Sam," she whispered, "do you think that'll be the only blue one?"

Sam lifted her up in his arms and bore her away to the carriage.

"This is not a very pretty blue, Prim," he whispered, in return. "And if yours isn't blue—and you want it blue—I'll paint it blue myself!"

And away they drove in triumph to old Scip's, the long nose of Clover's watering-pot making constant endeavors to break through the brown paper and carry out its search after knowledge.

"To go visiting with such a thing in the carriage!" said Lily; "what will Maria Jarvis think?"

"I don't know," said Clover, merrily; "but I dare say she'll tell me!"

Which was as near being a severe speech as often came from the gentle lips of Clover.

"And you're all suited but me!" said Primrose, her eyes beaming with thoughts of the pleasure to come, as they drew up before the little house that was half a green-house as well.

"All suited but you," said her brother, lifting her down; "so you can march in and ask for what you like."

"I think we won't get out," said Lily; "please don't, Clover! It takes so much time." And Clover yielded her own "please!" to Lily's without a word.

Primrose waited no urging, but walked straight up to the door and knocked, and became at once forgetful of all sublunary concerns. This was not the house-door with its brass knockers, but the sash-door of the green-house, through which green leaves and plants beckoned her lovingly. And as the door did not fly open with the sudden speed of Ali Baba's famous entrance, Prim began to gaze up at the leaves in turn, and at once, as I have said, lost remembrance of every thing else in the pretty sight. Soft geranium-leaves, and the tall white flowers of a Calla, and brilliant red blossoms of some other plant, were fairly entrancing; and Prim looked and looked, nor even heard Lily call to her to make haste. Then presently the sash-door stirred and opened, and Prim saw instead of the geranium-leaves the figure of a little gray-headed black man—very black, and the hair very gray, but every dark wrinkle on the old face full of gentle pleasure. He bowed low to Sam, standing behind the child; but then all his attention came back to her.

"Little lady," he said, "come to see old Scip? What de little lady like to have? Jes' come right in and see."

And in Prim went, and the old man shut the door and limped slowly along his green-house walk past the beautiful flowers.

"Dere," he said, with a sweeping gesture of his hand, and turning round once more to Primrose, "little lady only say what she like, dat's all."

"Please, Sir," said Primrose, gravely, "have you got any watering-pots? Hannibal said so. And I can't find one."

"Little lady can't find a watering-pot?" said old Scipio, with a broad smile. "Guess she can here—don't know, but see." And once more he limped off and opened a door into a sort of outer room, where he kept his empty flower-pots, and then began to rummage behind this thing and under that, bringing forth every now and then some fresh tin specimen for Prim to see.

"How dis do now? little lady want it for de wash'woman, to sprinkle de clothes, hey?"

"Oh no!" said Primrose, "we've got one for that. It's for myself."

"Little lady gwine to have a garden?" inquired the old man.

"Yes, Sir," said Primrose, lifting the last specimen with great difficulty, "and I'm afraid this is too large. I'm going to have a garden, and a great many flowers."

"Little lady want to water de flowers all herself?" said the old man, with one of his gentle smiles.

"Oh yes! all myself," said Primrose, "won't it be lovely? And you see, Sir, I can hardly lift this."

"Little white blossom!" said old Scipio to himself as he moved away. "ain't got noting small enough for de child, no how! Guess I'll jes' give her Tidy's. Make anoder chile happy, dat's all—better so den rust." And with a smothered sigh he opened a cupboard in the wall, and brought out to view the very smallest and prettiest little watering-pot that Primrose had ever seen, even in her dreams—a little fairy concern that would hold about a pint of water: and, of all things in the world, it was painted pink on the inside, but without was a bright green.

Primrose was in a state of rapture, hugging the watering-pot up in her arms, and exclaiming in her soft way, and looking up at old Scipio with eyes too full of joy to see the drops that shone in his.

"Dere—dere!" he muttered to himself, turning hastily away, "she wid de Lord—what need to cry 'bout dat?"

Prim did not hear the words, but her heart felt something of the tone, and she was grave in a minute.

"Can you spare it, Sir?" she said. "Have you got any more like it?"

"Yes, yes, dear! I'll spare it; no, dere ain't one like it in all de world. I'll spare it for de little white blossom. Never thought I could before. Better so den rust," he repeated, softly.

Prim held out her hand to the old gardener, making her lowest courtesy, and thanking him with her face yet more than her words, and then ran away to the carriage to show her treasure, leaving Sam to finish the business. But it soon appeared that there was nothing for him to do.

"No, I couldn't; 'scuse me, Sir, but I couldn't take noting for dat ere watering-pot," said Scipio, "noting but de joy of seein' her once'n a while. Couldn't take money for Tidy's watering-pot. She jes' like my Tidy. Yes," repeated old Scipio, looking tenderly after the carriage from which Prim waved her little hand to him, "she *jes'* like Tidy! Both de souls white!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"ONLY once a year!" was a consoling thought to the unfortunate possessors of nerves on the late "Glorious Fourth," for about the hour of noon they found their patriotism waning. They began to long for some quiet nook where they might hear no more the ceaseless crack and bang of squibs and crackers, which for thirty-six hours had performed their mission with untiring vigor. But where was the spot within the city limits, or without, secure from torpedoes and pistols? The Central Park alone suggested itself, though a crowd was surging thither. To be sure the clouds, fancying it was a Saturday, began, as usual on that day, to gather round the appointed hour for music; but they suddenly recollected themselves, and withheld their favors for the nonce.

The eager throng drinking in the lively strains which heralded the flight of Professor Lowe's balloon was not so attractive as the picturesque groups that dotted the Mall and Terrace. Not the fashionable butterflies of a Saturday afternoon, but bronzed faces, gloveless hands, and sundry et ceteras, indicated the laboring classes, to whom it was a rare treat to luxuriate in the beautiful Park. If elegant toilets and punctilious etiquette were absent, genuine good-nature, intelligent appreciation, and natural grace were not wanting. The seats overflowed. The soft grass was a more enjoyable carpet than the richest tapestry to fathers, mothers, and children, who flung themselves upon it with an easy abandon which many a devotee of fashion might envy. The clouds served admirably instead of parasols; but while the band was playing some favorite national airs they grew ominously dark. And if there were some spotted ribbons and muddy skirts, every body was pretty good-natured—for "the Fourth of July don't come but once a year!"

To those who were crushed and jammed within an inch of their lives in the vain attempt to see the fire-works we would suggest a more excellent way—*for the next Fourth*. If you can—without jimmies or skeleton keys—obtain access to some house on high ground, in the upper part of the city, go to the third or fourth story, and seat yourself comfortably in an arm-chair by the open window. True, you can not see the most elaborate fire-works, but the whole scene is fine. The dark sky forms a splendid background, and from all sides spring up rockets piercing the heavens with their long, fiery trails, and bursting into brilliant globules, Roman candles with their various colors, and sundry luminous bodies of unknown names. Nobody's bonnet or baby is in your way; nobody is stepping on your cherished corn, or sticking elbows into your sides. The horizon is clear before you, and comets and meteors of earthly origin are dashing across the dark sky as if for your sole benefit. The *tout ensemble* is magnificent, and if you can not see every thing you can thoroughly enjoy what you do see.

The celebration of our great national day usually brings a train of accidents and calamities. This year it is rendered sadly memorable to the inhabitants of Portland, Maine, by the destruction of a large portion of their beautiful city. On the morning of the Fourth the Portland newspapers announced that "the display of fire-works to come off in the evening would be the most brilliant ever exhibited in Maine." Alas! too true. Even before the time announced for the exhibition a dense volume of lurid flame and black smoke was mounting heavenward, and spreading its remorseless arms, the raging element encircled thousands of buildings, devouring the beauty and pride of the city. And all this because a thoughtless boy threw a lighted fire-cracker among some shavings!

It seems passing strange that in a city like New York such reckless use of fire-arms should at any time be allowed. On the evening of the Fourth of July, as a gentleman was writing in his library, in the second-story rear room of his house in Thirty-seventh Street, a musket-ball crashed through the half-open blinds and fell directly before him in the centre of the room. A Minié ball, fired from a small cannon by a boy, passed through the sill of a house and lodged in the back of a woman.

And there were numerous instances of a like nature, many resulting in death or shocking mutilation. Strict rules should be enforced, so that there may be a moderate degree of safety at home and in the streets.

Mons. Auguste Baisley, the skillful gymnast, made a balloon ascension from Elm Park on the afternoon of the Fourth notwithstanding the threatened shower. The balloon, after reaching a height of about 2000 feet, began to descend rapidly in consequence of the dampness of the atmosphere. The storm drove it near the surface of the Hudson River, and Mons. Baisley, having lost all control of his apparatus, and fearing the balloon would strike the water and entangle him in its meshes, he, when sixty feet in the air, sprang from the trapeze, on which he had been performing wonderful feats, cleaving the air like a rocket in his descent, and striking the water feet foremost disappeared beneath the surface. He was nearly exhausted, between flying and swimming, when he was rescued by a friendly boat.

The inhuman wretch who whipped his child to death in Orleans County has fled to Canada to save his life. After having given bail for the sum of $10,000 he returned home, but the indignation excited against him was so great that he feared to remain in the neighborhood and fled to Canada.

What has become of the inch-worms which usually hang gracefully pendent above our heads in June and July? Have they, like others, been frightened into the country through fear of the cholera? Certain it is, that from some cause or other we have, in great measure, escaped their very annoying presence this year. We sincerely hope they have migrated permanently, and that there will never more be occasion to walk in the middle of the street to avoid their webs, nor to see ladies' bonnets ornamented with the ugly creatures.

Not long since a young woman was walking in the streets of the city with her betrothed. They met an officer, as he was patrolling his beat. The officer noticed that they appeared to be engaged in a controversy, when suddenly the woman said to him, "Don't you want to arrest a thief?" Rather startled by such an unexpected question, the officer inquired what she meant, when she replied that if the gentleman with whom she was walking was arrested plenty of burglars' tools would be found upon him. And sure enough, on examination, about twenty skeleton keys were found in his possession. It seems that the affectionate young woman was jealous of another girl to whom her intended husband had paid some unnecessary attentions, and she thus revenged herself.

The following lines, translated from the Hungarian poet Petöfi, strike us as very beautiful and original:

O youth! thou art a whirlwind! Thou,
In thy swift circling dance,
Dispersest a flowery garland on our brow,
Which shines in the sun's glance;
And suddenly there comes another gust,
Which, with unfriendly breath,
Carries away the wreath,
And leaves no trace upon the forehead's dust:
We feel that forehead, cold and bleak and bare,
Inquiring, "Was the garland ever there?"

The Parisians amuse themselves by telling wonderful stories about the Americans. One is to the effect that, not satisfied with discarding linen around their throats, the inhabitants of the Great Republic now wear paper shirts and stockings to the intense disgust of the washerwomen. They also affirm that steel collars have taken the place of paper ones; but that the inventor of this last innovation, in stooping to enter a Broadway stage, cut his throat from ear to ear, and is not expected to recover!

There is also (according to Paris gossip) a wonderful Yankee machine so constructed that it immediately stops a speaker the moment he commences to tire his hearers. Quite a useful contrivance that must be!

A new method of inducing indisposed young men to attend church has been adopted in some sections of the country, as the following indicates: A nice young man, a little worldly-minded, walked to church once with a very pious young lady. Arrived at the church-door, worldly-minded young man declined entering. Whereupon, pious young lady seized his hat, and, placing it under her cloak, walked into church, leaving the worldly-minded young man standing at the door minus his hat. The last heard of worldly-minded young man, he was seen wending his way down the church aisle as demurely as if nothing had happened.

A most curious and interesting point of law has recently furnished matter for trial in the French courts. A lady in good position in society had long been legally separated from her husband; but she resolved to improve the separation which the law had pronounced entire by making it eternal. Accordingly, she sent her husband in early spring, as from an unknown hand, a little basket containing all kinds of rare and delicate hot-house fruits; among others, seven superb strawberries. The husband, never thinking the gift came from his wife, devoured a part of the fruit, when he was suddenly taken violently ill. The residue of the strawberries being analyzed, was found to contain oil of croton tiglium. Accordingly the lady was arrested. The basket was proved to have been dispatched by her. She was duly tried, and, of course, acquitted of the charge of an attempt to murder. But the husband drags her once more before the tribunals, determined to have her condemned for something, and charges her with the administering of noxious drugs calculated to cause disease and danger. The lady having been already tried for the murder and acquitted, her advocate must now prove that she administered poison in sufficient quantity to cause death, or she will certainly be condemned for the serious offence above mentioned. Debates run high. A maximum is fixed, and it is declared that the administering of one gramme of oil of croton tiglium may constitute murder. It is estimated that the seven strawberries contained one gramme and forty centigrammes over. So the intent to murder being fully proved, the lady is acquitted, and goes on her way rejoicing.

ANDERSONVILLE RELICS.

WHATEVER relates to the Andersonville dead is not likely soon to become void of interest, at least not to the loyal North. That bit of history is just now especially suggestive when a certain school of politicians are trying to create sympathy for "the noble martyr" at Fortress Monroe. Any whining about the variety and delicacy of "the martyr's" food inevitably suggests the grim horrors of the slow starvation of the immortal twelve thousand, coolly planned and remorselessly carried out by those whom "the great martyr" controlled. If the sentinel's footfall so hurt a sensitive ear as Dr. CHAVEN suggests, it is a great pity and wonder so sensitive an organ could not have caught something of the unpitied groans of those thousands, tortured with deliberate intent forever to disable or slowly murder.

The nation, perhaps, ought not to act from the savage precedents of these same rebels toward Union men in their hands, or from the swift, terrible retribution of the English on the Sepoys, or, perhaps, to fall short of Mr. BEECHER's idea of magnanimity. But ought treason to be honored—ought it to be so much honored as to sanctify other horrible crimes done in its name and to carry out its designs?

If, as seems likely, we are about to give treason special immunity from the risks attending other crimes, can we quite afford to allow even treason to gloss over Andersonville, Salisbury, Libby, and Belle Isle?—We thought of such questions as we stood before the Andersonville Relics at the National Fair now going forward at Washington.

These Relics vividly suggest the extremity of suffering, the despair, the hoping against hope, the fertility of pitiful helplessness during those awful days. Andersonville is a word of horror to the civilized world to-day; but a sight of these poor mementoes, that suggest the facts as no words can do, will give definite form and substance to what before was in many cases vague. One needs to examine them slowly and in detail to get the full purport and significance of each implement and the use it was intended to subserve.

Here is a number of pig troughs in miniature, dug out of little blocks with some hard, dull implement, and made to hold soup or mush.—Here is a piece of the "dead-line" board, to touch which was death. Here a bit of tin punched full of holes to sift the corn-cob meal a little. Near by is a bit of metal bent up for a spoon; the shell of a little turtle scooped out for an enviable soup bowl; pudding sticks and wooden spoons; a wooden mail box; a checker-board, and gourds and horns, and wattled flat basket-work for plates; water-buckets; soup boxes, etc.

We could wish to see the culinary arrangements of "the martyr" at Fortress Monroe photographed by the side of these pitiful memorials of twelve thousand true Union men, dead victims of this man now imprisoned at the mouth of the Chesapeake.

The authenticity of these relics is placed beyond question by the source from which they come to this fair. To the forethought and care and rare good womanly sense, tenderness, and tireless activity of Miss CLARA BARTON the American people owe very much, as they will learn some day more fully. These relics were, of course, part of her care at Andersonville last summer when her expedition visited the stockade to mark the graves of the Union dead, and were collected by her then and there. She herself is near them in the Fair, and we would, if we dared, give the great American people, who so love and cherish her, a slight sketch of her appearance. It seems that as one is born with a gift for poetry, or music, or beautiful activity, so others seem born to be photographed. To this latter class our noble friend does not belong, at least we have seen no photograph that does her any justice. Sitting here this moment it seems as if we could, with a few words, make any one see her better than any photograph does. Crowning a firm, symmetrical figure, rather over than under medium size, are a large head and full face to which your attention is drawn by the positive character they betoken. A sweet smile that easily ripples into laughter lights up a face marked by rather prominent cheek-bones; she has large dark eyes that seem the smaller by not being prominent, and a mouth rather large and filled with fine teeth. Positive character—large capability, reticence, quiet, self-reliance, good health, and a tenderness that is at once womanly and strong—all specially manifest and all give assurance that she will do well and beautifully whatever she undertakes, and that she will readily undertake whatever needs to be done. The soldiers know and honor her most, for they recognize her as their efficient, persevering, and most unselfish friend.

The Congress of the United States never have done a more

THE ARCHDUKE ALBERT, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN ITALY.—[SEE PAGE 452.]

MISS CLARA BARTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

RELICS OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

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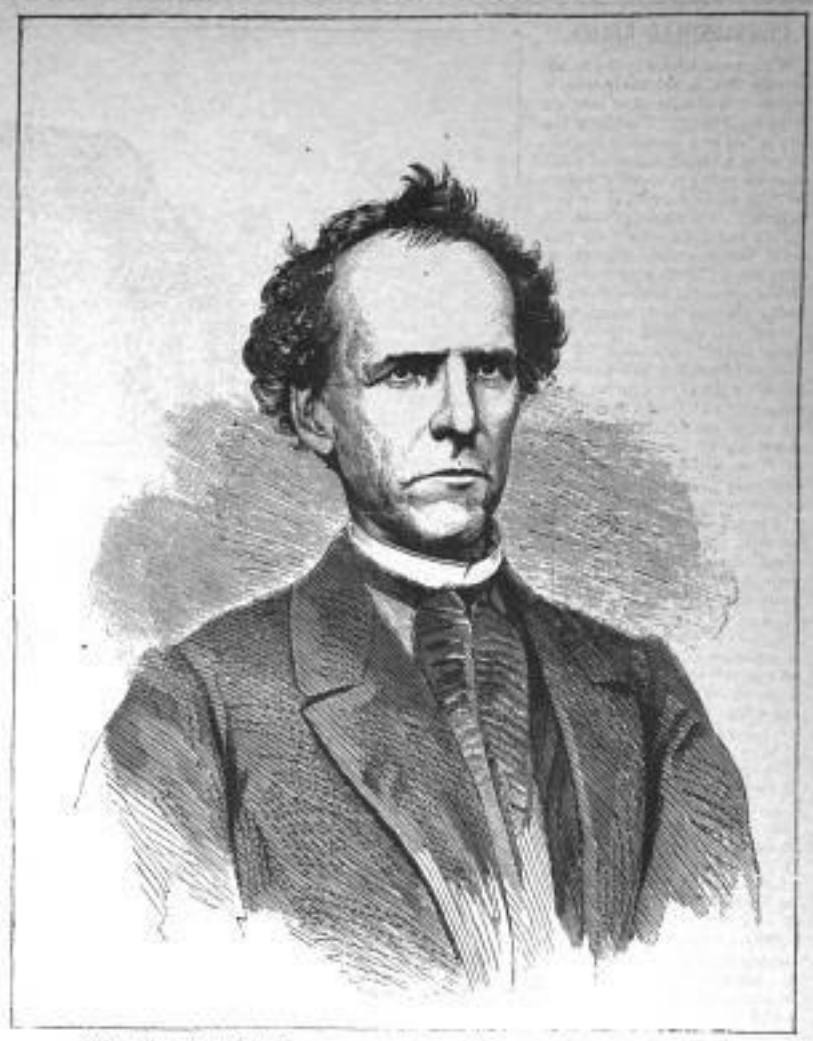
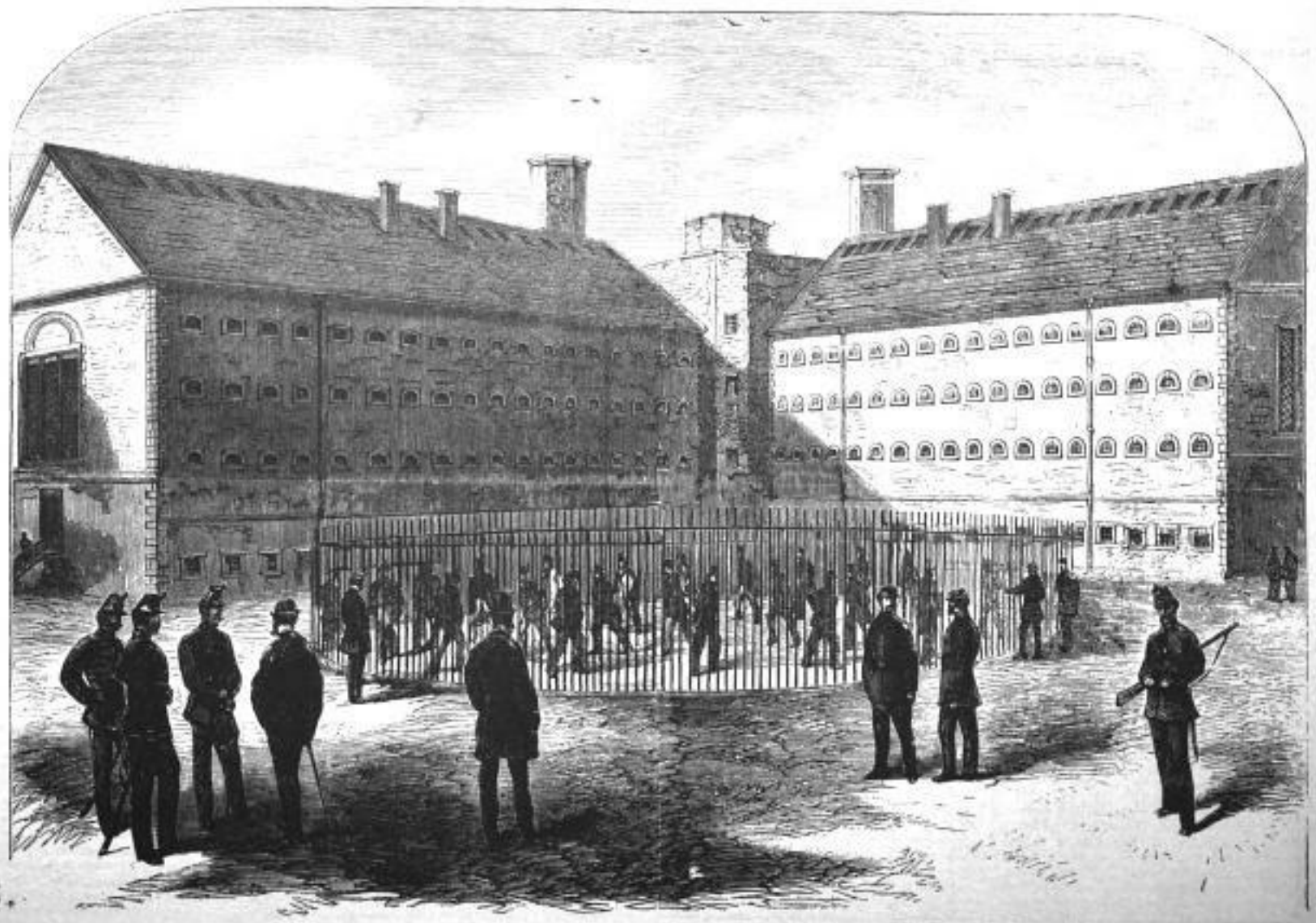
KING JOHN OF SAXONY.—[SEE PAGE 463.]



HON. JAMES H. LANE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

worthy, wise, or beneficent thing than when, unanimously and without one word of remonstrance or unfavorable comment from any source, that body granted her $15,000 to continue her present work of searching for the missing men of the army. In carrying out her beneficent plans of gathering up from surviving comrades the news of these men she had spent many thousands of dollars of her own funds. The number of these missing men is prodigious, and the work of searching for them has been very great; but the methodical, sagacious, and patient Miss BARTON has filled large ledgers with her laborious researches in which thousands in the nation are vitally interested.

One thing we must not forget to mention in connection with the Andersonville relics. It is the original copy of the death register at Andersonville, made by DOMINICK ATWATER of Perryville, Connecticut, when he was confined there as a prisoner of war. This copy contains over 12,000 names of those dead, and furnished the first authentic intelligence our Government received of their fate. The public are getting a little familiar with the story of his making this copy at great personal peril, and of his bringing it through the lines to the Government; of his being dealt with in a most miserable, captious spirit by certain subalternates of the War Department; of his trial by court-martial for *theft*, in keeping these rolls which he had made and with the property in which he had never parted; and, finally, of his being found guilty, and of his being sent to Auburn State Prison, and of his detention there at hard labor for about three months—forming, in its full particulars, a record of peculiar cruelty and hardship, to which the attention of Congress may be profitably turned before its adjournment. Justice, though late, can not be forever delayed, even though the victim be a loyal soldier and the real malefactors hold official positions in the War Department.



INTERIOR OF MOUNTJOY PRISON, DUBLIN, IRELAND, WHERE THE FENIANS ARE CONFINED.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

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KING JOHN OF SAXONY.

WE give on page 461 a portrait of KING JOHN OF SAXONY, who, by reason of the Prussian invasion of his realm, is now an exile from his throne. He was born December 2, 1801, and was the son of King MAXIMILIAN, who died in 1838, and of Princess CAROLINE of Parma. At the age of twenty, entering upon the duties of a Minister of Finance, he was President of the Council until 1831, when he retired to take a military command. As a member of the Upper Chamber he took an important part in the debates in the Saxon Diet, especially during the discussion of the Constitution, in 1831. He is a distinguished scholar, and in 1824 became President of the Society of Antiquaries of Saxony. He has twice visited Italy, and has published, under the pseudonym of PHILALETHES, a German translation of DANTE's Divina Commedia. He ascended the throne on the death of his brother, FREDERIC AUGUSTUS. He has three children—FREDERIC AUGUSTUS ALBERT, born in 1828; MARIE ELISABETH, born in 1830; and FREDERIC AUGUSTUS GEORGE, born in 1833.

CAGED FENIANS IN DUBLIN.

WE give on page 461 a view of the interior of Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, where the Fenian conspirators who were arrested, by way of precaution, under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant at the time of the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, are still kept in confinement. The railed inclosure, like an iron cage, in the centre of the yard, is the place where they are allowed to walk for exercise. They are obliged, even here, to keep at a certain distance from each other, and must not speak, but they contrive to make signs or talk on their fingers. A guard of two officers and thirty-six soldiers, besides the prison officials, is always on duty, so that the prisoners have no chance of breaking out by force. They are permitted to see their friends once a week, in the presence of two officials of the prison. The number of Fenians at present in Mountjoy Prison is 160, who will probably be discharged at the expiration of six months from the date of their arrest.

ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

ARCHDUKE ALBERT, whose portrait we give on page 460, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in Venetia. He has an army under him which numbers upward of 300,000 men—an army which bears the same relation to Italy which that under BENEDEK bears to Prussia, with, perhaps, this exception, that the former will, for the most part, maintain a defensive attitude. The Archduke has taken military possession of Verona, where he and his staff are directing the movements of the troops destined to defend the possessions of the "Tedesco" in Italy. This old town, so famous in story as to be classical, is one of the loveliest spots in Italy, and is celebrated no less for its magnificent public buildings than for the beauty of its environs, so that it is no unenviable place to be quartered in, and the Austrians may well object to be turned out of it. Sixty-three miles west from Venice, with which it is connected by railway, Verona is situated where the last slopes of the Alps merge into the plains of Lombardy on both sides of the Adige, which traverses the town in a rapid torrent, and is crossed by four noble bridges. The fortifications, constructed by SANMICHELLI, were of great strength until dismantled by the French after the Treaty of Luneville; but others have taken their places, and the town is surrounded by lofty walls flanked with towers and bastions, and is entered by five gates remarkable for solidity and beauty.

Archduke ALBERT FREDERIC RUDOLPH, the eldest son of Archduke CHARLES and the Princess HENRIETTA of Nassau, was born on the 31 of August, 1817. Like all his peers, he received a complete scientific and military education, and, entering the army at an early age, he advanced during years of peace, grade by grade, to the rank of a Major-General, and was at one time the commander of Upper and Lower Austria and Salzburg. He came into collision with a mob, which led to bloodshed. He gave orders to a portion of his infantry to disperse the crowd; the soldiers were attacked with clubs, and it is asserted by some and denied by others that he gave orders to his command to fire into the mob. At any rate, the affair became the occasion of so much ill-feeling that the Archduke resigned his command.

At a later period Archduke ALBERT joined the Italian army and accepted a division under RADETZKY, although he was entitled to a much higher rank. He fought with great distinction at Mortara, where he came at an opportune moment to BENEDEK's relief, and prevented the latter from being surrounded; also at Novara, where his cool circumspection contributed materially to the glorious victory of the Imperial arms. After this latter battle RADETZKY recommended that the Archduke be made a Knight of the Order of Maria Theresa. In the course of the same year the Archduke was appointed Governor of Mentz, military commander in Bohemia, and a General of cavalry; and two years later he became Military Governor of Hungary. In this latter and most unenviable position he suited no party. The Magyars found fault with his strictness, and on the other hand he was blamed for want of promptness in suppressing the insurrectionary movement which, beginning in 1858, the next year grew into a formidable affair. In 1860 the Archduke retired from his Hungarian Governorship. In the mean while he had been engaged in diplomatic service at Berlin.

In the war of 1859 the Archduke took no part. He has lived since 1860 in Vienna, or in the castle of Weilburg at Baden. For two years he has been a Field-Marshal. In 1848 he married Princess HILDEGARD, daughter of LOUIS, the Bavarian king; but his wife died April 2, 1864, and grief on account of his loss has so altered the Archduke ALBERT that he looks like a man of more than forty-eight years of age.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

SCARCELY a week had elapsed after the declaration of war by the two allied Powers against Austria, when, on the 25th of June, the Italian army, under VICTOR EMANUEL, ventured upon a general battle with the Austrian army in Venetia. The battle was fought on Sunday. The movement of the Italians was bold in the extreme; but it was just what every body expected, and the result also has been just that which might have been certainly predicted as inevitable under the circumstances. The Italians suffered a terrible defeat.

The Italian army, divided into three corps and a reserve—making up a force of from 80,000 to 90,000 combatants—after crossing the Mincio at Goito and other points on Saturday afternoon, and sending reconnoitring parties toward Peschiera and Verona, encamped for the night at some place beyond Roverbella, equidistant from the two fortresses. On the ensuing morning an attempt was made upon those high positions of Sona, Somma Campagna, and Santa Giustina, which command the fifteen miles' railway line joining the two strongholds, positions which played a conspicuous part in the campaign of 1848. The object of the Italians was evidently to take possession of the railway, so as to isolate Peschiera and secure a basis of operations against Verona.

The Austrians, however, who were massed in great force at Verona, sallied forth from the place at daybreak, and, anticipating the Italian movements, took up their position upon those hills, which are now every where bristling with bastions and redoubts, and may be looked upon as mere outworks of the two citadels, extending from the gates of one to those of the other. After a severe and bloody, or, as the Italians describe it, "desperate" struggle, which lasted nearly the whole day—that longest of summer days—the Imperial army was victorious along the whole line. They stormed the summit of Montevento, where the Italians held out the longest, and at the close of the engagement, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, they also carried the position of Custozza, a spot fatal to Italian arms in their encounter with RADETZKY in July, 1848. The victors captured several guns and about 2000 prisoners, and behaved, as the Archduke ALBERT's bulletin assures us, and as we may readily believe, with even more than their ordinary bravery and endurance.

On the same evening the Italian army was obliged to recross the Mincio, where it took up a position behind Goito, at Volta, Cavriana, and Solferino, on Lombard ground. CIALDINI had not crossed the Po up to the latest accounts, and the intelligence of the disaster at Custozza will almost certainly induce him to abandon his projected advance into Venetia.

On the Alps, while the Austrians have secured possession of the Stelvio Pass, and come down upon Bormio, in the Valtellina, the Garibaldians have pushed forward from Brescia to the Bridge of Caffaro and Lodrone, on that mountain pass, whence two roads branch off to Trento, and Riva on the Lake of Garda. At Lodrone they have driven the Austrians from their positions, not without bloodshed. This Alpine warfare can, however, only be accessory to the movements of the main armies in the plain, and these must be for some time paralyzed by the heavy blow with which the inconsiderate haste of the Italians has been visited, and by the reluctance of Austria to act otherwise than on the defensive.

In the battle of Custozza the Italians had several of their Generals wounded, among others the King's second son, Prince AMADEUS, who has arrived at Brescia.

"An advance across the Mincio," says the London *Times*, "right into the heart of the Quadrilateral, is an enterprise which no other European army would, under such circumstances, have ventured upon, but a frenzy to do something seems to have possessed the whole Italian nation; and the men in command could think of nothing better than dashing their heads against those formidable stonewalls. There may be bravery in so desperate an attempt to take the bull by the horns; but we believe it would be impossible for the King or LA MARMORA to say what results they expected from their ill-conceived and worse-executed attempt. It was a battle in which they staked the very existence of their army, while their enemies in the worst event ran no other risk than that of a safe and leisurely retreat behind the shelter of their bastions. The least that may be said of it is, that, like the Balaklava charge, 'It is very magnificent, but it is not war.' Ever since 1848 and 1849 the Austrians have strained every nerve to strengthen those four citadels, and have extended their outworks so that the line between Peschiera and Verona especially is a vast intrenched camp. There is every probability, also, that the Italians were on this occasion outnumbered by their enemies; for the Austrians have from 200,000 to 250,000 men in Venetia, and as they had in their hands that most formidable of all engines of modern warfare, the railway, they had probably massed three-fourths at least of their troops in Verona, ready for the long-expected Italian inroad. The Archduke's bulletins, in fact, never speak of garrisons, but tell us that the 'Imperial army' was in the field. The King of Italy has fallen back behind the Mincio, where he is not likely to be pursued; but neither, perhaps, will the condition of his shattered army enable him to resume the offensive for some time to come. We have Austrian official assurance that CIALDINI crossed the Po at Polesella on the 23d. The tidings of the King's retreat, however, ought to disconcert all the plans of the commander of the Fourth Corps, as he would at Padua, or any where else on the line between Verona and Venice, fall in with forces with which his 60,000 men would be unable to contend. The Italian fleet, we learn from Florence, steamed from Taranto on the 23d; but if its destination be Venice, PERSANO is not likely to find any one to co-operate with him on the main land. The failure of the King on the Mincio will probably break down the whole enterprise."

The same journal indulges in the following comments on the situation:

"If there ever was a chance for diplomacy to step in with good effect between the ranks of the combatants it will be afforded now by this inevitable pause in military operations. The idea of an eventual, however remote and conditional, cession of Venetia has been entertained by the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, and it has found an utterance in the moderate and dignified notes and manifestoes which have won so many partisans to the Austrian cause. Austria, we understand her to say, would not yield to threats; she would stand up in vindication of her rights; she would maintain the prestige of her military power. It was only after a battle and a victory that she could afford to be magnanimous. All this has come to pass much sooner than could be expected. Three days have barely elapsed since the declaration of hostilities, and Austria has already fought her battle and won her victory. Enough has been done to gratify her pride; enough to soften her heart toward those Italians whom she has found upon experience to be no contemptible enemies, and whom, she must be aware, it is always in her power to turn into very stanch and very valuable friends. By merely opening negotiations for the cession of Venetia, Austria would detach Italy from the Prussian alliance, and be enabled at once to move from south to north 200,000 of her best German troops, with an immense amount of *matériel*. All the success achieved by Prussia in Northern Germany during the last week would be more than counterbalanced by this sudden and enormous accession of strength to her already powerful adversary. Indeed, Prussia would at once find herself in the presence of such fearful odds that it may be questioned whether she would any longer feel equal to the contest.

"The settlement of the difference between two of the belligerents would of necessity bring the third to terms. Prussia and Italy only ventured on hostilities on the assurance of each other's co-operation, and pacification with Italy would not only free Austria from the necessity of fighting in the South, but even of maintaining an army or a fleet there. The squadron of the Adriatic would be thrown into the scale against her adversary, and Prussia's career of conquest in the Baltic would suffer a check. Whatever leaning the German people may show toward one or the other of the two great Powers, however stanch to the Bund they may be in the South, or partial to BISMARCK's scheme of a national Parliament in the North, one feeling has been hitherto universally evinced by them all, and that is their unqualified abhorrence for this fratricidal war. And the war has hardly begun; hardly one drop of German blood has been spilt; nothing has been done that may be considered irretrievable. Should an armistice, with a view to peace, between Austria and Italy convince Prussia of the hopelessness of a single-handed struggle, nothing would be easier than to settle the German question on the uti possidetis principle. The vicissitudes of the brief and hitherto bloodless contest have brought the two contending Powers to that point at which they might have arrived after a seven years' struggle, to that frontier of the Main which will in all probability forever divide the North from the South of the Fatherland. Germany is too vast a country, and with all the Austrian dependences too powerful, ever to be one; and it will be a happy day for her and for Europe when the dualism which has for more than a century distracted her councils and neutralized her power comes to be established, once and forever, on a sound and intelligent basis. Let Prussia have the North, and her ambition will be at peace; let Austria have the South, and her compensation for Venice will be as ample as the most loyal Austrian can desire."

Whether these speculations of the London *Times* will be justified by subsequent events, or whether, instead of a magnanimous disposition to cede Venetia, Austria will exhibit a stronger determination than before her victory to humble both her enemies, it is idle to conjecture. Before this meets the eye of our readers the matter will probably have been already decided.

THE BROTHERS.

NOT far from Geneva there stands a fine old château, long in the occupation of a strange, morose, misanthropic man, who mixed in no society, though, at the same time, he appeared to derive little pleasure from the exquisite gardens and other amenities with which, with a most lavish hand, his beautifully situated mansion had been surrounded. It was at length offered for sale, and, much to the surprise of those who knew its value, passed—at a very moderate price—into the hands of a jeweler, well known to many an English tourist, resident in Geneva.

Delighted at his bargain, Monsieur G. lost no time in making every arrangement for adapting the château to the taste of some "milord Anglais," who was certain to covet so lovely a spot for his summer residence.

He was right in his anticipation. A gentleman, with his wife and two daughters, soon established themselves at the Belle D., taking the place not for the summer only, but by the year.

A few weeks elapsed, and they had begun to feel themselves at home in their pleasant dwelling, when, one evening Mr. M., while reading aloud to his family, encountered a difficult phrase, which it was necessary to elucidate by means of the dictionary, and the younger sister, Emily, hastened to the library to procure that work.

She was gone rather longer than was expected, and, when she did return, looked so pale and agitated that her mother anxiously inquired the cause.

"Well," was the reply, "I have had a sort of adventure; but my ghost (for I have certainly seen one) was by no means terrible, and I don't know why I should feel so flurried. It was a very handsome young man!"

Pressed for details, the young lady related that she had seen nothing in her way to the library, but that on her return, just as she was descending the first step of the stair, she heard a noise behind her, and, looking round, observed a young and handsome man in a naval uniform. He looked sadly at her for some seconds, during which she never removed her eyes from his face, pointing with his finger to the side of the corridor, and vanished, as it were, into the wall!

This story was received, as the majority of such are destined to be, with some incredulity. Nevertheless, so much impressed was Mr. M. with what he had heard, that, when their daughters had retired, he and his wife rediscussed the matter, and came to the resolution that Mr. M. should visit the "haunted" corridor about the same hour, and see if any similar appearance would be vouchsafed to him.

Accordingly, on the following evening, he mounted guard, and walked to and fro for a considerable time without result. Tired at last of his vigil, he was wheeling round to commence what he had resolved should be his last turn, when he almost ran into the arms of a young naval officer, precisely answering the description given by his daughter. The figure pointed to the wall, and, before Mr. M. had fully regained his self-possession, disappeared.

Mr. M.'s countenance, on entering the drawing-room, sufficiently denoted that his search had been successful, but he declined to say what he had actually seen, and requested his family, for the present, to control their curiosity.

Early next morning he proceeded to Geneva, and called upon his landlord.

"I have come, Sir," he said, "to ask your permission to remove a portion of the wall in the corridor of the château." And finding the proprietor hesitate, he at once related the double apparition, adding that, unless his proposal were complied with, he must decline to continue a tenant of the mansion.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders, extended his palms, and, deciding within himself that this was but a new example of that English eccentricity which it is equally impossible to comprehend and resist, gave the permission required.

Some persons being sent for, the work at once begun. As it proceeded Mr. M. was much struck by the singular manner of the master mason, who, having first discouraged the idea of disturbing the wall at all, threw every imaginable obstacle in the way, and subsequently, when his men had actually set to work, watched their proceedings with a fixed stare, and a face gradually becoming deadly pale.

An hour, however, elapsed before any discoveries were made. But at the end of that time there was turned forth to the light the upright skeleton of a man, which, as the wall was removed, fell toppling forward among the workers. At this sight the master mason reeled, and sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

Restoratives were administered, and the man was conveyed to Mr. M.'s study, where the latter, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, questioned him as to the agitation he had displayed, hinting that, in the event of his not relating all he had previously known concerning the bricking-up of the body, the gravest suspicions might attach to his own share in the business.

Under the influence of such arguments the man related, in a confused and agitated manner, the circumstances here given in a more connected form.

A former possessor of the château—Monsieur Frémont—resided there with his wife. They had no children.

One day Monsieur F. received a communication from the curé of a neighboring parish to the effect that his (Monsieur F.'s) brother had died suddenly, and that in his last moments he had expressed an earnest hope that his brother would assume the charge of his two sons.

A reply was forwarded, requesting that the boys might immediately repair to their uncle's house. In due course they arrived. The elder was a fine handsome youth, with frank, engaging manners; the younger, though handsome also, was reserved and unsociable, and the regards of the whole household were quickly centred in the former, whose gayety soon dissipated the gloom of the château.

The younger brother, François, saw, with concealed jealousy, the decided preference felt by his uncle and aunt for his elder; nor was this sentiment likely to have been lessened by a fact that, before they had resided a year at the château, had by some means come to his knowledge—viz. that the whole of the property had been left to his brother, with the exception of a sum just sufficient to start him (François) in any profession he might select in which to earn his bread.

To the great regret of Monsieur and Madame Frémont, Cécile, the elder, conceived a passion for the naval service, and, carrying his point, quitted the château, taking with him all the light and mirth it contained.

At first his letters were frequent, teeming with affection and merriment; then long intervals of silence would excite the apprehensions of his loving friends. The second winter after his departure was unusually severe, and the health of the old people began to fail.

One sad morning François, entering with a countenance of assumed grief, communicated the heart-rending tidings, received, he said, through a shipmate of his brother's, that Cécile had died at sea. Already weakened by illness, the shock was too much for the kind old people. Madame Frémont died within a few weeks; and before the close of the year her husband rejoined her in the grave, having previously settled all he possessed upon his surviving nephew.

The latter, now at the height of his ambition, lorded it grandly over his dependents; and profound was the regret that the kind, mirthful Cécile had not lived to occupy the master's position.

One evening François was sitting alone, moody and out of sorts, sipping his solitary wine, when he was startled by a voice speaking without the window, which looked upon the garden.

Advancing with caution, François demanded who was there.

"It is I, François!" replied a voice that blanched the hearer's cheek; but with trembling hands he opened the window, and his brother, radiant with health and happiness, bounded into the room. He had intended a surprise for his relations, of whom (François having intercepted the correspondence on both sides) he had not heard for many months.

In one instant François comprehended his position and took his resolution. To his brother's eager inquiries he answered that their uncle and aunt, not being quite well, had dined up stairs, whither, after Cécile had refreshed himself, they would presently proceed.

Contriving, while Cécile was divesting himself of his over-coat, to secure the door, François returned to his brother, and, affecting the greatest joy at his arrival, encouraged him to drink and talk until, wearied with excitement and his journey, the latter sunk into a temporary doze.

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It should be mentioned that at this time some confusion reigned at the château on account of alterations that were making in the house, and which necessitated the removal of a portion of the wall of the corridor. During this operation most of the domestics were quartered in an outbuilding some distance off.

No human eye witnessed the manner in which this true descendant of him that did the first murder completed what was in his mind. He presently quitted the room, locking the door, and desiring that he might be disturbed no more that night.

When all was still he crept forth and made his way to the lodging of the master mason. What passed between them was never exactly known, but on the following morning, the mason, assisted by his tempter, contrived to wall up the remains of the victim, where they were subsequently discovered.

Tormented by remorse, the form of his brother ever before him, the wretched criminal at length dismissed his household, sold the château, and proceeded to Paris, hoping in that lively city to drown the remembrance of his flagrant guilt. But vengeance "suffered him not to live." A quarrel with the Comte de C. in a gaming-house led to a meeting next day in the Bois de Boulogne, in which François was killed. Singularly enough, among his papers was found a confession of the murder, though bearing his assumed name.

The remains of poor Cécile were decently interred in the cemetery at Geneva. The M. family continued their residence at Belle D., and certainly, up to the time when I (the narrator) made their acquaintance nothing extraordinary had ever again disturbed their tranquillity.

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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JUL 25 1966

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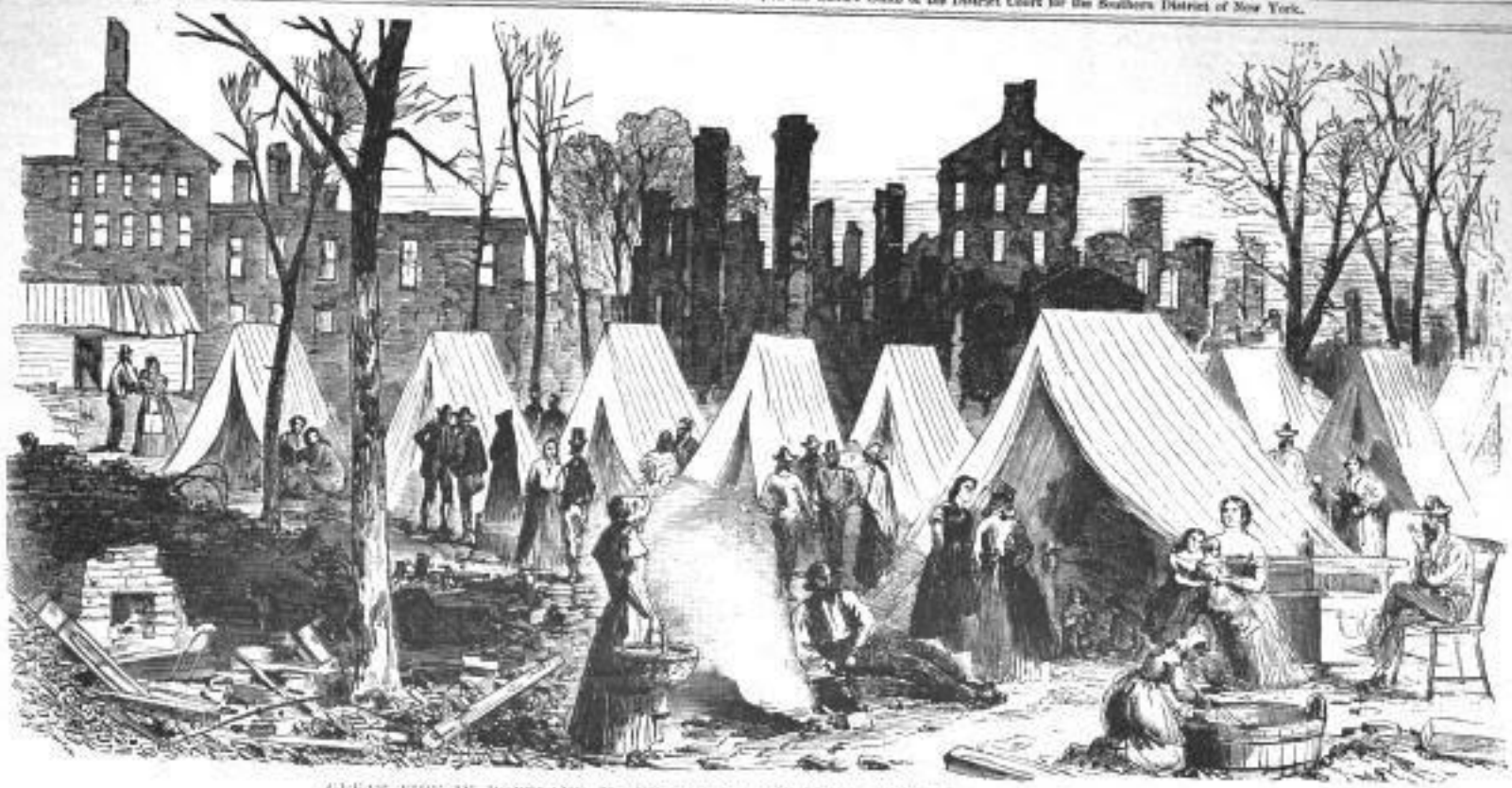

GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—TENTS AMONG THE RUINS.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

No fire which has ever been inflicted upon an American town has been so ruinous, in its proportion of loss to the wealth of the city, as that which, beginning in Portland on the evening of July 4, raged with unabated fury for over twenty-four hours, destroying before its close one-third of the city. When the morning papers of this great seaport announced on the morning of the 4th that the pyrotechnic display of that evening would be of unusual magnificence, they did not foresee in what direful sense their prediction would be fulfilled before the day closed.

The fire began, it seems, in a small boat-builder's shop between Commercial and Fore Streets. It

GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—DISTRIBUTING FOOD TO THE CITIZENS AT THE OLD CITY HALL.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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spread to UNDERHILL's flouring mill, and thence to the sugar-house of JOHN B. BROWN & SONS. Then the flames were caught by some Irish hats at GRAHAM's corner. Short work was made of these; and the fire, fed by a gale from the south, marched on, lighting its way through the principal retail business houses of the town to the new City Hall. Every thing in its path was reduced to a smoking ruin.

The City Hall, a magnificent structure with a depth of 275 feet, and with a façade of Nova Scotia freestone 175 feet long, was supposed to be fire-proof, and furniture to the value of a quarter of a million of dollars had been stored in it to secure it against destruction. But this fine building was almost entirely destroyed, only the front walls being left standing.

The fire swept completely through the city from High Street to North Street on Monjoy, destroying every thing on its way so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space of one and a half miles long, by a quarter of a mile wide, appears like a forest of chimneys, with fragments of walls attached to them.

More than one-third of Portland was destroyed. All the banks, newspaper offices, the wholesale and dry-goods stores, the telegraph offices—in fine, all places of business, except the heavy houses on Commercial Street, were destroyed. Seven hotels were burned and eight churches. The loss in property was over ten millions of dollars.

All the German families in the city were made homeless. The number of people of all classes who were thrown into the street was upward of 12,000, of whom only about one half could be provided for in the tents which had been promptly sent to their relief. On Friday people that had been rendered homeless were in houses, open fields, and in tents, barns, and any where that offered them space to watch their little stock of goods. Some had saved a hoop skirt and a stove; other a tin dipper and a couple of chairs, a tea-kettle and a pair of parlor pictures, a washstand and boots, and all such miscellaneous collections in small quantities. Pianos were numerous, and quite a number of families saved their piano and a cat. One man, worth in the morning over $50,000, pulled a pair of his wife's boots out of his pocket, and said, "'twas all he had saved."

The scene presented at the old City Hall, where the rations were distributed, is worthy of note. Here all day long were men, women, and children, Americans, Germans, and Irish, all huddled together, each awaiting their food, which had been sent from various quarters, and which they received with hearty thanks and joyful countenances.

ZEBIBA CHICKERING, a truckman, and his mother, were burned to death in their house on Larch Street. The bodies were discovered on the 9th.

Portland, before the fire, ranked as the fourth or fifth city in the Union in exports. Her progress has been rapid for the last twenty years. Every great city in the country is showing its sympathy with her loss by forwarding contributions for the benefit of the homeless. Montreal, in Canada, has contributed over $40,000. These contributions can not be too prompt or too generous. Every dollar will go to the alleviation of real distress.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

THE question to be decided in the autumn Congressional elections of 1866 is hardly less important than that of the Presidential election of 1864. At that time the question was whether the Democratic party, whose policy had produced the war, whose Southern leaders conducted it, and which, as a party, although with conspicuous exceptions of certain individual Democrats, justified the rebellion and opposed the war measures of the government, should be intrusted with the control of the Government. The response was prodigious. Every loyal State but Kentucky, Delaware, and New Jersey sustained the Union party. At this time the question is whether the Democratic party, with its tendency and policy clearly understood, shall determine the conditions upon which the late rebel States shall resume their full relations in the Union. Is the Democratic view of the situation truer, is the Democratic interpretation of the Constitution more just, is the spirit of the Democratic party more favorable to justice, equal liberty, and reverence for law, than those of the Union party. These are the questions which must determine our votes in the coming elections.

It may be true—indeed for ourselves we have not hesitated to say that it is true—that many foolish words have been spoken and some unwise measures adopted by Congress. Nor do we care to recriminate and urge that this Congress has been more fiercely vituperated than any of its predecessors. We have not to deal at the elections with the politeness or tact either of Congress or the Executive, nor indeed with the uniform wisdom of the Congressional measures. The point is a fundamental principle. Granting that the action of Congress might have been improved in certain ways, is it probable that the action of the Democratic minority would have been, either in detail or in general policy, better for the peace and union of the country? Had the party of that minority been in the ascendent the test oath would have been repealed; Senators and Representatives like ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON would have been admitted; the Civil Rights Bill would have failed; and in a word, the men who, supported by their States, five years ago resigned and withdrew from Congress, and engaged in the rebellion, would have returned by the "continuous right" of those States, and those who had tried to destroy the Government and still declared their right to do so, would have voted upon every measure proposed for the future security of the Union and country against the logical consequences of their doctrines.

Would this have been a wise policy or safe for the country? Yet this is the policy upon which the autumn elections are to pronounce. The Democratic party holds that, having laid down their arms, the States lately in rebellion are exactly where they were before. The consequences of such a doctrine are plain. It assumes that a combination of States may attempt to destroy the Union by war, and that the people of the loyal States who defeat the conspiracy in the field can rightfully take no further step whatever to secure the victory they have won. The Union party claims that loyal citizens, after so long and vital a war, have exactly the same right to secure their victory that they have to win it; and consequently that when the attempt of a combination of States to wrest themselves from the authority of the Union fails, none of those States can resume their full functions in the Union except upon such conditions as a truly sagacious policy shall determine.

It must be remembered that it is not a question of more or less conditions, but of any condition whatever. The Democratic orators and papers ask indeed whether the late insurgents have not complied with certain conditions. But neither they nor those who have been defeated acknowledge the right to impose them. Indeed, the Democratic theory and policy condemn the President equally with Congress, for he had no more verbal constitutional authority to require assent to the emancipation amendment than Congress has to require assent to the new amendment regulating representation. States with what Mr. STEPHENS calls "a continuous right" of equality with all other States can no more be required to adopt one amendment than another. The present co-operation of the Democratic party with the President, therefore, does not spring from love of him but from hate of Congress, and a very natural wish of our opposition party to divide the Executive and Legislative powers.

Can a party which holds and proclaims the policy which we have described be safely intrusted with the government of the country and the settlement of the war? Ought any thoughtful and honest citizen, however impatient he may be of the follies of certain men, to suffer his impatience to blind him to the fact that the elections are to decide whether the friends and the spirit of ABRAHAM LINCOLN shall reorganize the Union, or the friends and spirit of HORATIO SEYMOUR and VALLANDIGHAM. There are not two parties—there can not be. Under the circumstances a Philadelphia candidate must be as fatal to the cause of equal rights and just government and constitutional peace in this country as a candidate of Tammany Hall. Let us improve Congress in the ability and good sense of its members as much as possible. But let all true men beware of a sophistry which would make Mr. "JACK ROGERS" the leader of a majority instead of a minority.

"FASTENING A QUARREL" UPON THE PRESIDENT.

WE are surprised and sorry to see in the New York *Evening Post* an assertion that Congress has "fastened a quarrel" upon the President. Certainly the facts do not justify the statement.

At the time of the President's accession to office leading members of Congress had the very best reason for believing that he did not seriously differ with them or with the great body of the Union party. During the following summer the President's speeches to various committees from the late insurgent States, and such acts as the pardoning of General HUMPHREYS that he might be Governor of Mississippi, created some uneasiness as tending to complicate the situation. But the Executive action altogether was regarded as an experiment; and it was undoubtedly supposed by the Union party that the whole question of the resumption of their full relations in the Union by the late insurgent States would be referred by the President to Congress, in accordance with the views of President LINCOLN, whose mild wisdom and generous fidelity to the fundamental principle of the American Government it was hoped and believed his successor would follow. "I distinctly stated," said President LINCOLN, in his last public speech, referring to his action in Louisiana, "that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States."

It was not until Congress assembled and immediately proceeded to act upon the subject, that the unpleasant probability of a difference and division between the Executive and Legislative branches became apparent. It then gradually appeared that the President considered the case to be virtually closed; that he thought he had a right to require conditions, but that Congress had not; that he was of opinion either that no security for the future could be taken, or that he had taken all that was necessary; and that Congress was only competent to require of representatives claiming seats from South Carolina, as it did of those appearing from Iowa or New York, that they should take the oath. Until this was perfectly evident, this paper certainly counseled forbearance and a determination of co-operation upon the part of Congress. The harmony of the two branches of the Government was a point of so great importance as to be worth a strong effort, even to the surrender of unimportant details. Differing in theory, we still hoped that some common ground of action satisfactory to the saving Union sentiment of the country might be found. This was the hope of wise men in Congress. It was only a hope, however, and was abortive. Both Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS were unquestionably rude and exasperating in the terms in which they spoke of the President. But had they spoken of him as gently as Mr. RAYMOND, does the *Evening Post* think the "quarrel" could have been avoided?

Unless, therefore, to disagree with the President upon the question of the scope of the executive power, and upon the necessity and true constitutional policy of the situation—in a word, unless the refusal of Congress to surrender its views to the wishes of the President be to "fasten a quarrel" upon him, it is impossible to sustain the charge of the *Post*.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS ABROAD—AND AT HOME.

MORE than two months have elapsed since the financial crisis broke out in England, and yet failures continue to occur, the bank-rate is still ten per cent., and New York correspondents of London houses are urgently requested to remit as largely as possible. The trouble, it seems, was more deeply seated than appeared at first. Overtrading, in the first place; a system of banking which reminds one of our wild-cat banks of the West; and a series of mercantile and financial operations based upon a prevailing belief in the final disruption of the United States, seem to have sapped the foundations of British credit, and gradually created a state of things so rotten as to be almost without parallel.

The chief trouble now comes from Bombay, where banks and merchants are breaking in rapid succession. This is a direct consequence of the termination of our war. Bombay rose from a third to a first class place of trade in consequence of the cessation of cotton exports from this country. Merchants accumulated immense fortunes in a single year. The town grew like magic. Its public buildings—all erected since 1861—vied with those of the ancient capitals of Europe. It became the best market in the world for large diamonds. All this was the work of cotton. A rational observer, noting this magical development of wealth and its cause, would have expected a reaction. Not so the English, who own Bombay and control its trade. They were sure that the American cotton trade was done forever, or at all events for a generation or two, and they invested their money in Indian plantations, mercantile houses, banks, public improvements, etc., in Bombay, without stint or condition. The consequence, when cotton fell 50 per cent. in a few weeks, can be readily imagined. One house is mentioned, which lost £15 a bale on 30,000 bales—a bagatelle of $2,250,000 in gold. One after another the great houses and banks which grew up on the outbreak of our war are going down upon the suppression of the rebellion, and are carrying down with them their British correspondents.

As to the limited liability banks of London, they seem to have done business with a looseness which would have horrified even GEORGE SMITH of Chicago. They received money on deposit subject to call after a given notice (10 to 30 days), and allowed 3 @ 5 per cent. interest. With this money they speculated in miscellaneous securities—rebel cotton bonds, Peruvian mines, Mexican scrip, Turkish debentures, Atlantic and Great Western bonds, Erie debentures, railroads in Europe, Australia, and Africa, telegraphs in India, blockade-runners running to Charleston or Wilmington, plantations on the Rio de la Plata, and copper-mines in New Zealand. Nothing came amiss to them. The more prudent among them did not actually buy these securities, but lent money on them—which, as the case turned out, amounted to the same thing. Any bank clerk in New York could have foretold the result. A day came when the depositors wanted their money. As always happens, at that particular time there was no market for the miscellaneous securities in which these banks had invested their capital and their depositors' money, and they went down one after another. If such a thing had happened here what homilies our British friends would read us on the unsoundness of American banking, and the criminal misappropriation of other people's money!

A banker in Paris writes to a friend on this side to say that the recent bank failures in London have checked the flow of Continental capital to that centre, and that were our finances on a sounder basis much money would come here. We commend the observation to the notice of the Secretary of the Treasury. Were a United States dollar at the present time really worth a dollar, instead of sixty-five cents, we should now be receiving a steady flow of capital from Europe, and the movement would have begun which, sooner or later, will render New York the financial centre of the world. But how can we expect capital to come here when we not only take no measures to rehabilitate our depreciated currency, but actually prohibit by statute the only process by which it can be restored to its full value? It would be folly for Europeans to send money here just now. What is money with them is merchandise with us; a European capitalist sending money here to be invested in trade or industry necessarily takes the risk of a further depreciation of the currency; when he wants his money back he may find that 25 per cent. have been lost by an advance in gold which he could neither foresee nor prevent. How can we expect sagacious capitalists to invest their money in a country whose legislators know so little of political economy that they try to check importations by imposing heavy duties on foreign manufactures, and at the same time offer every facility for inordinate bank expansion?

A careful study of the commercial crisis in Europe may not be without profit. The Secretary of the Treasury warned us, in his annual report, that without the adoption of measures which do not seem in the least likely to be adopted, a financial crash was inevitable within a given period. That opinion is shared by all reflecting persons in commercial circles. And there are not wanting superstitious people to remind us that by some strange accident we have had a crisis of late in this country every ten years: in 1827, in 1837, in 1847, and in 1857. These fatalists warn us to set our houses in order for the coming year—1867.

The prediction is entitled to more weight than Mr. MILLER's announcements of the approaching end of the world, for the simple reason that every body sees that we can not go on trading and speculating on a paper currency basis for many years without a crash. If every body expects it to come off next year and prepares accordingly, it will be postponed. If Mr. M'CULLOCH uses the powers invested in him, and locks up currency enough to bring gold down and check importations and speculation, it may be arrested altogether. But if Mr. M'CULLOCH continues to keep money easy, and people generally act as though the crisis were a thing in the distant future, it is quite likely that the commercial history of the coming year may prove as momentous and as full of disaster as that of any of the past ill-omened "sevens."

FREE SPEECH.

WE have a letter from an esteemed correspondent in a Southern city, informing us that the public sentiment of the community in which he lives is so averse to his selling *Harper's Weekly* that his business has sustained serious injury. We are sorry to hear it, both for the sake of our friend and of the people of his neighborhood. A year or two before the war there was a silly fellow named HAMBLETON, or BUMBLETON, who came all the way from Montgomery to New York to put down on a black-list all the merchants in this city who were not friendly to "the South"—meaning those who did not believe in slavery and support it by their votes and acts. Is there a race of HAMBLETONS or BUMBLETONS who suppose such folly can result advantageously for any body?

We do not suppose that the views which are advocated by pencil and pen in this paper are approved by all who buy and read it any more than we approve the opinions or the method or the tone of scores of papers that reach us from the South, West, and East. But what then? We ask any sensible Southern man, however heartily he may have supported the rebellion, and however sincerely he may detest our opinions, whether he does not know that henceforward the only safety for all of us lies in the amplest and most positive discussion? He may not choose to read books and papers and magazines whose sentiments he dislikes, but does he seriously believe it advisable that they should be suppressed? Is it safe for him or for any one that only a literature favorable to what are called "Southern" interests and views and prejudices shall be known in his neighborhood? This policy is but a lingering relic of the old despotism of slavery, which hung and burned and tarred and feathered those who said what it did not like to hear, and succeeded in keeping the mass of the Southern people in that profound ignorance which alone made the rebellion possible. It is the absurd old attempt to coerce opinion which can have but one result, and that is general disaster.

There are very profound differences of opin-

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ion in this country upon the most important questions. We have our own convictions, and we are very sure that our fellow-citizens at the South and elsewhere have theirs. When we differ, we propose to use every honorable means at our command to expose the weakness or the danger of our adversary's opinion. By squib, satire, argument, ridicule, and appeal—by faithful picture and allegory and caricature we intend to bombard and harass whatever seems to us opposed to the public welfare. And we expect and invite an equal opposition, which we have not failed steadily to receive for a twelvemonth past from those who do not like our views or our methods of enforcing them. But what could be more exquisitely ludicrous than for us gravely to advise our friends not to buy the *Avalanche*, or the *Examiner*, or the *New Era*, or whatever the paper may be, which abuses us and the "North," and to invite all loyal Union people not to buy their books of Mr. JONES or Mr. SMITH, for instance, because they sell those naughty papers?

If those at the South who do not like certain views refuse to have them discussed, they will be beaten again and again, and remain forever impotent and ridiculous. Wake up, gentlemen! It is no longer yesterday. Read the papers. Find out what people are thinking of and talking about. Stand your ground bravely. Don't give us who oppose you a triumph by trying to gag instead of argue. Let every man among you at the South, as here at the North, say and hear and write and read what he will, and we shall all be the gainers. But make up your minds, once for all, that the questions which divide us are to be settled, and to be settled only by the most serious and intense discussion. You have never had it in your part of the country. No man dared to call his soul his own, for instance, in talking about slavery. Those who went from other quarters to discuss the subject you shot, or hung, or rode on rails, or tarred and feathered, or sent off by Vigilance Committees. You had it your own way. You stopped free speech upon the point most vital to your own interests and to ours. And you have learned, what will be always true in this country wherever a similar experiment is tried, that you were merely sitting on the safety-valve. It is a process which may postpone the explosion, but it can not prevent it, and it multiplies the havoc a thousandfold. Don't feel that you are insulted because injustice and a false political philosophy are zealously attacked, and by every kind of weapon. If you think the attack unfair, prove it to be so. If you think the philosophy true, defend it. Stand to your guns! But don't pout and sulk and spite yourselves, like foolish children.

THE OTHER PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE importance of the call of a Convention of Southern loyal Union men issued by General A. J. HAMILTON of Texas and others can not be overlooked. It is one of the most promising signs of the times, for it reveals the existence of two parties in that region. It shows that there is a body of citizens there who intend to contest the political supremacy of the late rebel chiefs, who, since the surrender of LEE, have controlled political action in their States.

Thus this manly and heroic call, which is a clear voice from the ancient dominion of slavery in favor of equal rights, is not only full of hope in itself, but it immediately defines the RANDALL-HENDRICKS Philadelphia Convention to be merely a movement, as we stated last week, for the reorganization of the Democratic party. Governor ORR, an old Democratic and Secession leader of South Carolina, Mayor MOSNOR, of New Orleans, who, on the Fourth of July, called the Declaration of Independence a lie, and other gentlemen of the same principles and sympathy, will be represented in that Convention. But those whom neither Governor ORR nor Mayor MOSNOR nor Judge SEMMES nor Governor HUMPHREYS could seduce into secession—those whose properties were destroyed, whose families were hunted, whose friends and neighbors and children were hung and shot and tortured and exiled by the followers of ORR, MOSNOR, SEMMES, and HUMPHREYS—these are the men who will be represented in the other Convention.

And it is with them and their friends, with the voters against TAHOCKMORTON in Texas, and the supporters of free papers in the Southern States, that the political alliance of the Union party must be made, so that the party may have an efficient organization in every State. Whether the Republican party has done its work or not, it is very clear that the Union party has not. For it must not be forgotten that those who will send delegates from the late rebel States to the RANDALL-HENDRICKS Convention—that is to say, the Southern and the controlling wing of the Democratic party—still maintain the sovereignty of States, and the consequent constitutional right of secession. Whatever individuals may have said, the evidence conclusively proves that, while the mass acquiesce in the superior power, they deny the superior right of the Union. Indeed, they ask, and their friends echo, whether we suppose they have changed their views?

Certainly we do not; and certainly men who have not changed the views which, in their minds, justified what we hold to be so causeless a war upon the Union can not wisely be trusted with the control of the Union. The very arguments they use incontestibly prove that the most stringent political opposition to them is essential to the national welfare. We hope, therefore, that the Union National Committee will take every step necessary to secure the active organized co-operation of that large body of American citizens who will be represented in the Convention of the Southern loyal Unionists.

THE CASE OF THE "METEOR."

THE decision of Judge BETTS condemning the *Meteor* is a declaration that United States ship-owners can not sell them to belligerents with whom we are at peace. The Neutrality Laws of 1818 denounce the "fitting out and arming" vessels in our ports against such powers. But do they, by implication, for they certainly do not expressly, forbid such trade? This is the point which Mr. BOUTWELL of Massachusetts proposes shall be made perfectly plain in our laws.

The *Meteor* was seized on the 21st of January last on the charge of being "fitted out" in defiance of law. It was not alleged that this was being done directly by the owners or agents, but that there was an understanding between them and certain Chilian agents that the ship should be set to Panama and there transferred. Of this intention no evidence was offered at the trial; but even had it been conclusively proved, is it agreeable to law, to precedent, and good policy that such traffic with belligerents should condemn the ship?

The earlier decisions did not deny the legality of the trade. The Supreme Court of the United States in 1822 declared, in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*, "There is nothing in our laws or in the law of nations that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation," of course, by one of the belligerents. As lately as 1854 President Pierce, in his annual Message, said, "The laws of the United States do not forbid their citizens to sell to either of the belligerent powers articles contraband of war, or to take munitions of war or soldiers on board their private ships for transportation." If this be lawful, can the law be infringed by selling to either of them a ship before it is fully armed or equipped?

Judge BETTS reverses the decision of Judge STORY in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*. Doubtless the reversal is agreeable to the Department, which may wish to urge in an *Alabama* controversy our neutral superiority. But the strength of that unquestioned superiority lies in our long traditions, and it can only be weakened by manufactured precedents. It is, however, clearly desirable that the point shall no longer be left in doubt. Let Congress determine whether an American citizen may sell a ship adaptable to war to a belligerent with whom we are at peace.

The fullest and much the ablest review of the case of the *Meteor* was lately communicated to the Boston *Advertiser* by GEORGE BEMIS, one of our most accomplished and patient students of international law.

A DANGEROUS ARGUMENT.

In his closing speech upon the tariff we observe that Mr. MORRILL spoke of "hired hack writers" as "particularly active in defaming this matter." We are sorry that Mr. MORRILL should choose so to describe the papers which support free trade; and why "hired hack writers?" Suppose that we should say that the hired hack representatives in Congress were particularly active in defaming the advocates of free trade. It would be following a very bad example, but it would surely be a very poor argument.

A writer who expresses the conclusions of the most acute thinkers upon political economy, because his observation and reflection approve them, and who has no pecuniary interest which could affect his views, ought surely to be safe from aspersion of his motives. Such a writer might be tempted to retort. If the question were of "hired" advocacy, he might inquire whether Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS or Mr. GRISWOLD were interested in the iron manufacture, whether Mr. GRINNELL were a wool-grower, whether Mr. RICE were interested in paper, and whether Mr. MORRILL held any stock in marble quarries or works. This kind of argument is a two-edged sword. It cuts before and behind. It is quite as likely to wound the assailant as the assailed.

In the same style the tariff papers call the free trade journals "hired presses," "purchased journalists," "political liars," "paltry pettifoggers in the importing interest," "dumb dogs of free trade," while the free traders retaliate by calling the tariff "monstrous," "plunder," "robbery," "swindling compromise," "atrocious swindle." This is absurd. The impression conveyed by each side is that the other is venal, and the argument is consequently incalculably weakened. We have no doubt that Mr. MORRILL is sincerely persuaded that protection is the true policy for this country. But if, upon that abstract question, this journal or any other disagrees with him, is it necessarily because the writers are "hired hacks," or "paltry pettifoggers," or "liars," or "dogs?" May it not be because they are just as competent to have and able to maintain an opinion as Mr. MORRILL? Good manners never hurt a good cause.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull called up the House bill fixing the number of Judges of the Supreme Court and changing the judicial districts, and moved an amendment, which was agreed to, reducing the number of associate judges to six. The bill provides:

Sec. 1. That hereafter the Supreme Court of the United States shall consist of one Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices.

Sec. 2. That the First and Second Circuits shall remain as now constituted; that the districts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware shall constitute the Third circuit; that the districts of Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina shall constitute the Fourth circuit; that the districts of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas shall constitute the Fifth circuit; that the districts of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee shall constitute the Sixth circuit; that the districts of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin shall constitute the Seventh circuit; that the districts of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas shall constitute the Eighth circuit; and the districts of California, Oregon, and Nevada shall constitute the Ninth circuit.

The amendment which Mr. Trumbull was instructed by the Judicial Committee to offer provides: "That no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court shall be filled by appointment until the number of associate justices shall be reduced to six, and hereafter the said Supreme Court shall consist of the Chief Justice of the United States and six associate justices, any four of whom shall constitute a quorum, and the said court shall hold one term annually at the seat of government, and such adjourned or special terms as they may find necessary for the dispatch of business." Mr. Trumbull called up the bill for enlarging the public grounds surrounding the Capitol, which was passed. Its provisions are as follows:

That the public grounds surrounding the Capitol shall be enlarged according to the plan approved by the Committee on Public Buildings of the Senate and House of Representatives respectively, which plan is hereby directed to be deposited in the custody of the Secretary of the Interior, by extension between First Street East and First Street West, in the following manner: Northwardly, to the south side of North B Street, and southwardly to the north side of South B Street, including, in addition to so much of the reservations, avenues, and streets as are necessary for such extension, the two squares designated on the plan of the City of Washington as Nos. 687 and 688 respectively.

Sec. 2. Provides that it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to purchase from the owner or owners thereof, at such price not exceeding its actual cash value as may be mutually agreed on between the Secretary and such owner or owners, and not exceeding the appraisal made by the commission of nine in their report to Robert Ould, United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, on the twenty-first day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, such private property as may be necessary for carrying this act into effect, the value of the property so purchased to be paid to the owner or owners thereof out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, on the requisition of said Secretary. Provided that before such payment shall be made the owner or owners of the property purchased shall, by good and sufficient deed or deeds, in due form of law, and approved by the Attorney-General of the United States, fully release and convey to the United States all their and each of their several and respective rights in said titles to such lands and property so purchased.

The third section authorizes the appraisement of such property, if the Secretary of the Interior and the owners shall be unable to agree as to price.

The seventh section appropriates fifty thousand dollars for filling up and enlarging the public grounds as proposed.

In the House, the Tariff bill was passed, 94 to 80.

July 11:

In the Senate, the bill regulating the time and manner of electing United States Senators was passed, 25 to 11. The bill does away with voting by ballot, and requires an open or viva voce vote in all cases.—A resolution setting the right and privileges and exclusive use of the Atlantic telegraph cable in the American Atlantic Company of New York was passed.

July 12:

In the Senate, the Tariff bill was received from the House, and was referred to the Committee on Finance, to report next December.

July 13:

In the Senate, the Niagara Ship Canal bill was postponed until December next by a vote of 24 against 12.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the civil expenses of the government was taken up. Among other amendments passed was one appropriating $18,000 for additional station-houses and life boats along the coast of New Jersey, between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor, and $5000 for repairing and lighting the light-house at Tucker's Beach, on the coast of New Jersey. The bill was then passed by the House.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a new tariff bill, which is a partial revision of the one lately recommitted.—The Pennsylvania contested election case being under consideration, a resolution retaining Mr. Dawson in his seat was adopted.

July 14:

In the Senate, the House resolution to appoint a joint committee on the subject of retrenchment, to sit during the recess, was adopted with amendments so as to apply to the military and naval as well as civil service, and changing the committee to inquire into the expediency of changing the method of appointment to civil office so that it can not be used for party purposes.

In the House, the bill authorizing the construction of bridges across the Mississippi was passed.

July 16:

In both Houses, the President's Message, vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau bill, was read, and with most precipitate haste the bill was passed over the veto: in the House by 104 to 22; in the Senate, 33 to 12.

RUPTURE IN THE CABINET.

Postmaster-General Dennison resigned his position in the Cabinet July 11. Three days afterward his resignation was accepted, and the First Assistant-Postmaster, A. W. Randall, was nominated to succeed him. Attorney-General Speed has followed Dennison's example. The following is the correspondence between Mr. Dennison and the President:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11, 1866.

"SIR,—I have the honor to tender you herewith my resignation of the office of Postmaster-General, to take effect upon your notifying me of its acceptance. In thus withdrawing from the Cabinet it is proper to say that I do so chiefly because of the difference of opinion between us in regard to the proposed amendment of the Constitution, which I approve, and the movement for the Convention to be held at Philadelphia on the 14th proximo, to which I am opposed. My confidence in the patriotism of the Union Republican Party, and conviction that upon its permanent control of the Government depend, to a large measure, the peace and happiness of the country, will not permit of my holding an equivocal attitude in respect to it.

"Assuring you of my personal regard and appreciation of the uniform courtesy I have received from you, I am,

"Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

"W. DENNISON.

"To the President."

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14, 1866.

"SIR,—Your resignation of the office of Postmaster-General, tendered in your letter of the 11th inst., is hereby accepted. Fully appreciating your kind assurances of personal regard, I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

"ANDREW JOHNSON.

"To Hon. William Dennison, Washington, D.C."

NEWS ITEMS.

General Dix has written a letter to Senator Doolittle, fully indorsing the Philadelphia Convention.

The vote in West Virginia on the amendments to the State Constitution has been officially declared as follows: For ratification, 29,384; for rejection, 19,362—majority for the amendments, 6722.

Generals Steedman and Fullerton were to leave Galveston on the 15th for New Orleans. They have visited portions of the interior of Texas, and express satisfaction with the Freedmen's Bureau.

Southern papers exhibit a very general disposition on the part of the people to respond to the address for the Philadelphia Convention. State and District Conventions have been called in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina.

Senator-elect Patterson, and Representatives-elect Cooper, Campbell, Lellwich, Taylor, and Thomas have issued an address to the people of Tennessee, inviting them to send delegates to the National Union Convention to assemble in Philadelphia on the 14th of August.

The Savannah Board of Aldermen has adopted an ordinance prohibiting colored persons from entering the public Park, unless nurses having white children with them. Policemen at the gates will enforce the order.

The army raised in the Revolution, from 1775 to 1783, amounted to 231,771, the militia adding one half that force, and the navy consisted of four vessels. In 1812 the regulars numbered 22,280, the volunteers 6000, the militia 30,000, and the navy consisted of 8 frigates and 170 gunboats. In 1823 we had 216 vessels, with 1635 guns. In March, 1865, we had 651 ships-of-war, with 4477 guns; and the aggregate number of men raised for the Union armies, to put down the rebellion, was 2,656,000. If to the above be added the forces constituting the Confederate armies, it will be found that the grand aggregate reached 4,000,000 of men at arms—the largest force ever yet put on a war footing in any one country, in any age of the world.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

THE Prussians on the 3d of July gained a signal and decisive victory over the Austrian army at Sadowa. During the last three days of June there appears to have been some pretty severe fighting between the two armies in the northeastern corner of Bohemia in the neighborhood of Skalitz and Trautenau. The Crown Prince, with advance of the Prussian army, invaded Bohemia on the 23d of June. The Prince Royal, Frederick Charles, cooperated. Steadily the Prussians gained ground, forcing Benedek back from the frontier toward Prague. The following official dispatch from the Crown Prince bears date of July 1:

"The result of the three days' fighting in which the Fifth Prussian Corps has been engaged can not be too highly estimated. On the 27th it was opposed by the Sixth Austrian Corps, under General Ramming. A letter was found addressed by the latter to General Benedek, in Josephstadt, which affords complete proof that the forces under his command were thoroughly exhausted. He therein requested General Benedek to send him two fresh Brigades in order that his troops might linger under their protection, and acknowledged that they would not be able to fight on the following day. The Fifth Prussian Corps was therefore opposed on the 28th and 29th by the Corps of the Archduke Leopold and General Tonnies.

"The fighting on these two days extended over a much greater line than on the 27th. The Austrian Corps under General Gablenz was completely broken up. Twelve inconsiderable prisoners, 20 guns, five colors, and two standards belonging to the Corps of General Gablenz, fell into the hands of the Prussian troops."

On the 28th of June the Prussians stormed the town of Gitschin, and compelled the Austrians to fall back to Josephstadt and Königgrätz. This victory secured the junction of the two Prussian armies, against which Benedek concentrated the whole of the Austrian and the Saxon forces. Four days afterward, on the 3d of July, a great and decisive battle was fought at Sadowa, in which the Austrians were totally defeated, losing as less than 54,000 prisoners. Before this great battle the Austrian loss was estimated at 40,000 men. Austria, after this crushing defeat, agreed to cede Venetia to the Emperor of France, asking his mediation. Napoleon at once communicated with the belligerents, and proposed an armistice. The replies of Italy and Prussia to this proposition have not yet been received.

The London *Times*, before it had the news of the battle at Sadowa, writes as follows: "The war in Bohemia is awful work. The Austrians, we are told, lost 15,000 men in their various encounters with the army under the Crown Prince of Prussia; they had 25,000 put *hors de combat* in their vain attempts to arrest the progress of the army under Prince Frederic Charles—altogether 40,000 men in five days. The prisoners are reported at 15,000, leaving 25,000 for the dead and wounded. Whole battalions have been annihilated; whole corps—the Clam-Gallas, the Gablenz, and the Saxon corps, no less than the Kalick Brigade—are so utterly broken up as to be unable to reappear in action for some time. Benedek's army has fallen back behind the Elbe, taking up its position between the fortresses of Josephstadt and Königgrätz, greatly disheartened and disorganized, according to the account of Austrian officers prisoners in Prussia. The desertion of Italian soldiers from the Austrian ranks is on the increase."

ENGLAND.

The new ministry under Lord Derby has been formed, which is constituted as follows:

Premier—Lord Derby.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Disraeli.
Foreign Secretary—Lord Stanley.
Home Secretary—Mr. Walpole.
Colonial Secretary—Lord Carnarvon.
Secretary for India—Lord Cranborne.
Secretary of War—General Peel.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Sir John Pakington.
President of the Council—Duke of Buckingham.
Privy Seal—Lord Malmesbury.
Lord Chancellor—Lord Chelmsford.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Marquis of Abercorn.
President of the Board of Trade—Sir Stafford Northcote.
President of Poor Law Board—Mr. Hardy.

The Princess Helena was married on the 5th instant.

SPAIN.

The late insurrection in Madrid was unusually extensive and sanguinary. The soldiers mutinied their officers, and distributed arms to the people, who threw up barricades. Several officers of high rank were wounded—many of a lower grade were killed. There was artillery firing in the streets for several hours. The killed and wounded are said to have amounted to 1000 or 1500. Then came the trials by drum-head court-martial, and the shooting of the leaders in the insurrection. Thirty or more non-commissioned officers were shot the first day, and thirty or forty more, including some of the most active of the populace, were to follow. The Progressive papers have been suppressed.

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GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—THE POST-OFFICE AND SURROUNDING RUINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. F. KING, PORTLAND, MAINE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—RUINS OF THE CITY HALL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. F. KING.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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GENERAL DELLA MARMORA.

GENERAL CIALDINI.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERIC WILLIAM NICHOLAS CHARLES, the Crown Prince and heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, is the son of King WILLIAM I., who ascended the throne in 1861, succeeding his insane brother FREDERIC WILLIAM IV. The present King was born in 1797, and is consequently 69 years old. The Crown Prince is 35 years old, having been born in 1831. At the age of 17 he was sent to the University of Bonn. His University career being ended, he was recalled to Berlin and commenced his military career as a private in the Guards. The Prussian princes must serve from the pike up. He soon received the command of a company. After a while he was sent on his travels, and spent some time in Italy. Going to England, he married the Princess Royal in 1858. About this time King FREDERIC WILLIAM having become incapacitated, the father of the Crown Prince became Regent. As Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Second Army Corps, the Crown Prince made the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, but was not engaged in any action. He, however, shared in all the hardships of his troops during that winter campaign, and achieved in consequence a great popularity with his troops, and acquired the reputation of being an accomplished soldier. Upon the conclusion of this war he returned to his post as Stadtholder of Pomerania. When the present war was determined upon he was appointed General and Governor of Silesia, and commander of the Second Army Corps.

CROWN PRINCE FREDERIC WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

ITALIAN GENERALS.

WE give on this page portraits of the principal Italian Generals belonging to the army under the more immediate supervision of King VICTOR EMANUEL.

General DURANDO commands the First Corps, which did the fighting at the battle of Custozza. This army corps is composed of the first division, commanded by the Piedmontese General CERALE; of the second, by General PIANELLI, a Neapolitan, of great military skill, and the last Minister of War of FRANCIS II. The third division is commanded by General BRIGNONE (head-quarters at Castiglione della Stiviere). BRIGNONE is a member of the Italian Parliament, and has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the ablest Generals in this army. The fourth division is under the leadership of a famous Garibaldian General—famous, because he was a Roman Catholic priest, and still more so for the courage he displayed in the defense of Venice in 1848-49, and in the Neapolitan campaign of 1860. DURANDO was a comrade of CIALDINI in Portugal and Spain.

The Second Corps is commanded by General CUCCHIARI, whose portrait is not given.

General DELLA ROCCA commands the Third Corps. He is a man of great military and scientific talents. Four divisions belong to this army corps: The seventh, under the command of BIXIO, the well-known and audacious General of GARIBALDI; the eighth, under General CUGIA, formerly Minister of the Marine in MINGHETTI' Cabinet; the ninth, under GOVONE, the able General who was the negotiator of the Prussian-Italian treaty at Berlin; and the sixteenth and last division, under the leadership of Prince HUMBERT of Savoy, the eldest son of VICTOR EMANUEL.

The strongest and most powerful Corps of all is the Fourth, under the command of CIALDINI. This corps seems destined to accomplish great deeds, and it may be almost considered as an independent one. CIALDINI is to the regular army what GARIBALDI is to the volunteers. General PIOLA, a very able officer indeed, acts as CIALDINI's chief of the staff; while Prince COLONNA, Count MONTE D'ESTE, Count SERRISTORI, Count MICHEL, and Count BORROMEO—five of the most illustrious noblemen of Italy—are among his staff-officers and aids-de-camp. Five divisions, and perhaps the most brilliant, form this corps. They are the eleventh, under General Count CASANOVA; the twelfth, commanded by General RICOTTI, undoubtedly one of the most distinguished artillery generals of Europe; the thirteenth, under General MEZZACAPO, a Neapolitan; the fourteenth, under General CHIABRERA; the fifteenth, under MEDICI, a Garibaldian General of great repute. General Count MAURICE DE SONNAZ, the hero of Montebello, commands the reserve of cavalry, and General MATTEI that of the artillery.

The following detailed sketch of General DELLA MARMORA, VICTOR EMANUEL's chief of staff, is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 27:

"ALPHONSE FERRERO DELLA MARMORA, whose family belongs to the Piedmontese branch of the ACCIAJOOLI of Florence, is the youngest but one of the sixteen children of the Marquis CELESTINI DELLA MARMORA, whose wife was a Mdlle. DE BENEZ. He was born in November, 1804, and is now in his sixty-second year. At twelve years of age, an orphan, he entered the military school of Turin, left it in 1823 as commissioned officer in the artillery; in 1831 he became Captain, and soon afterward Major, and from that time began zealously to work in the remodeling and reconstruction of the branch of the service to which he belonged. He visited most of the European and other military schools, and returned to Piedmont to give a decisive and profitable impulse to reform in the Sardinian army. In 1848 he proved himself an able and trust-worthy officer. CHARLES ALBERT dispatched him to Venice in order to support MANIN, but between the latter and LA MARMORA there was but small cordiality and confidence, and the Sardinian soldier was recalled to command a division under DURANDO, and was replaced at Venice by General PEPE. On the heights of Pastrengo, April 2, 1848, he attacked very unexpectedly the Austrian rear-guard, and by this happy stroke enabled the Piedmontese to recover themselves. This latter feat brought him some favor with CHARLES ALBERT, who up to that time had been rather bored, and even irritated, by the unremitting exertions of this military reformer. After the reverses of the Piedmontese arms the revulsion of feeling at Milan evinced by an excitable populace was very great. The King's person was in danger; he was, as it were, a prisoner in the Palazzo Greppi, and it is not too much to say that the agitation was chiefly conquered by the faithful and resolute courage displayed on that occasion by LA MARMORA. He was immediately made Brigadier-General and chief of the staff under CHRZANOWSKI, who was then under the King and commanded the army.

"LA MARMORA soon resigned, and while on a mission in Tuscany received intelligence of the disasters in Lombardy, with orders to return instantly. He arrived too late to witness Novara. The abdication of CHARLES ALBERT quickly followed, and as soon as VICTOR EMANUEL succeeded he made LA MARMORA Lieutenant-General and Minister of the War Department. The latter post he had already twice filled, the first time for about three weeks, the second for about as many days; and now he saw before him a task which nature had qualified him to perform well. The army was literally almost demolished, and what remained of it was by no means the best part. It was necessary to purge it of all that swarm of refugees who, poor, discontented, and in debt, resorted to the army from the least creditable of motives. The Hungarian, Polish, and French soldiers formed an extremely explosive and untrustworthy element, and in time of peace demoralized the regular troops not a little. Discipline was lax, and habits of irregularity, insubordination, and a great confusion of ideas on the subject of property prevailed; the men were ill clothed, ill armed, and there was little money with which to mend matters. All this did not deter LA MARMORA; he performed his work with a severity, resolution, and industry which was expected from him, but also with a patience and caution in giving needless offense which had hardly been hoped for. As soon as Piedmont embarked in the Crimean war LA MARMORA enjoyed the legitimate fruits of his labor. He resigned his port-folio and received the command of the contingent forces. His services at that period will be recent in the public mind, as also his exploits, which were not less considerable, in 1859. It is somewhat suggestive that LA MARMORA was in 1861 charged with a special mission to Berlin as embassador extraordinary, and was immediately afterward selected to notify the proclamation of VICTOR EMANUEL as King of Italy to the Court of the Czar. He afterward took the command of the 2d corps of the army, but he and General FANTI could not come to an amicable understanding on military matters, and LA MARMORA abruptly resigned. It was not without much difficulty that he was prevailed on to become Prefect of Naples, the population of which was at that time in a state of transition so-called, but in reality utter disorder, anarchy, and reactionary conspiracies. His best friends do not accuse him of a too suave, easy, and politic temper; it can not be said that he was successful in this office, and to judge by results his two years there were a distinct failure. The camp and the barracks, not the town, are the proper field for his capabilities. He assisted in the repression of the riots in September, 1864, which arose on account of the change of capital to Florence, and has since then generally held a place in the Italian Cabinet. He has now once more resigned his post to follow his king to battle. He is understood to be a sincere admirer of LOUIS NAPOLEON, to whom his appointment was ascertained to be acceptable. M. RICASOLI, who replaces him in the Ministry, is supposed to have more English tendencies. In person General MARMORA is tall and slight, remarkably florid for an Italian in complexion.

GENERAL DURANDO.

GENERAL DELLA ROCCA.

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FAR AT SEA.

I.

"AH!" I says, "you've been a hard and a bitter mother to me; and yet it goes again the grit to turn one's back upon you. I've toiled on, and lived hard, and yet you've always showed me a cold, cruel face;" and as I said that, feeling quite heart-sick, I leans my elbows on the side o' the ship, and my chin on my hands, and has a long, long look at the old country as we was leaving—perhaps to see no more.

I looked round, and there stood plenty, tearful-eyed and sad, with all the lines of sorrow marked in their foreheads, while I could see lips trembling and breasts working with the pain they could hardly keep down. And then I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me that we thought together the same sad things, and that I knew their thoughts and they knew mine. There was all the old life—plain as could be; and then came the long, long struggle with sickness, and death, and want; and I knew that people said such poor folk should not marry, and many another bitter word, as if it was wrongful to love and try to be happy. The wind whistled through the ropes above our heads, and the clouds seemed gathering, too, in our hearts, for though the bitterness was gone I could see plenty of sorrow and sadness all around.

"Won't do, my lad!" I says, rousing up, and wetting both hands as if I meant work; and then I goes down in the steerage to try and make things a bit comfortable, for you see all the poor things were in a most miserable state. Some was ill, some down-hearted, some drunk and foolish, some drunk and noisy, some drunk and quarrelsome. Then there was children crying, and women scolding, and altogether it was any thing but a cheering prospect for the night—for, as you may say, we weren't shook down into shape yet.

"Good time coming!" I says, cheerily; and having no young ones of my own, I set to to help them as had. I got hold of a young shaver—about two and a half, I should think—and he was a-letting go right away, as if he'd got all the trouble in the ship in his precious young head. But he soon turned quiet, playing with my knife, and all at once I finds as he'd made a hammock o' me, and had gone off as sound as a church. During the next three days its mother was very ill, poor thing, and I had to regularly mind the little one; and I did, too.

Well, 'tisn't a very pleasant life in the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for New Zealand, 'specially if the weather's a bit rough; and so we found it. For the next morning, when I went on deck, there was a stiff breeze blowing, the ship heeling over; and as I thought the night before so it was—there was nothing in sight but waves all round. One sailor did point to something which he said was home, but it might have been a cloud.

The fourth night had come, and as I lay in my berth listening to the "wash, wash" of the water just the side of the ship, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and every now and then the heavy bump of a wave against the side, I couldn't help thinking what a little there was between us and death; and somehow or other the serious thoughts that came kept me wide awake.

It was two bells, I think they call it—for they don't count time as we do ashore—when all at once I could hear as there was a great bustle up on deck, where all through the watches of the night every thing is mostly very quiet. Then there came a good deal of tramping about and running to and fro. I gets out of my berth, slips on one or two things, and goes cautiously up the ladder and gets my head above the hatchway, and then in a moment I saw what was up, and it gave me such a shock that I nearly let go my hold and fell back into the steerage. There was a thick cloud of smoke issuing out from between the hatches, right in the centre of the ship; and almost before I could thoroughly realize it all, or make myself believe as it was true, a woman ran shrieking along the deck in her night-dress, and calling out those fearful words on board ship:

"*Fire! fire! fire!*"

Hundreds of miles from land, standing on a few nailed-together pieces of wood, and them burning beneath your feet.

I couldn't help it: all my bitter feelings of being ill-used came back, and I says to myself:

"Your usual luck, mate; wouldn't be you if you weren't unfortunate. But never mind; you have your choice—fire or water." And then I thought of the danger, and I ketches myself such a thump in the chest, and rolls up my sleeves, and goes up to the captain as was busy giving his orders.

"What shall I do?" I says.

"Pump!" he shouts; "and fetch a dozen more up!"

Lord bless you! I had 'em up in no time from among the crying women; and I found time, too, to get the women and children up on deck to the poop, which was furthest from the hatches, where the smoke kept pouring out; besides which the wind took it away from them.

There was plenty of shrieking and screaming at first; but they had got the right man in the right place when they chose that captain, for he runs to the poop, where all the shivering things was a-standing, and with a few words he quiets them. Then he runs to the men as was scuffling about, here, there, and every where, and gets them all together; and then at last he gets a line of fellows with buckets, a lot more at the pumps, and some more at the little engine as was there; and then, when all was ready, and every man standing still at his post, he goes with some more to the hatches and drags up a couple, when up rose a regular pillar of fire and smoke, with a snaky, quiet movement, and in a moment every face was lit up, and there was quite a glare spreading far out to sea. Sails, cordage, masts, every thing seemed turned into gold. For a moment I couldn't help forgetting the danger, and thinking what a beautiful sight it was; when directly after there was a regular ringing cheer, the engine and pumps went "clang-clang," and the water was poured into the burning hold from bucket and engine-nozzle.

How the water hissed and spattered! while volumes of smoke and steam rushed up where it had been all flame but a moment before, and as we saw this we cheered; but we'd nothing to cheer for; it was only the fire gathering strength; and then, as though laughing at the water we poured in, it came dashing, and crawling, and running up, licking the edges of the hatchway, and setting on fire the tarpaulins at the sides, and then it began to shout and leap up as if to catch at the cordage and sails.

"Pour it in, my lads," shouted the captain. "Don't be afraid; we sha'n't run short of water, like they do at your London fires."

"No," says a chap on my side; "and there ain't no running away into the next street."

Then I saw the captain run to the man at the wheel, and he changed the course of the ship, so that all the smoke and flame went over the side; and then at it we went, sending in the water at a tremendous rate, but to all appearance it did no good—not a bit.

"Now, my lads," says the captain, "with a will;" and then we cheered again; and that noble fellow stood with the engine-nozzle in his hand, leaning right over the fiery hole, where the flames darted out, scorching him, and there he stood battling with them, and aiming the water where he thought best.

You see I stood close aside him, so that I could see all as he did—a brave fellow—and it was hot, too. You know I was taking the buckets as they were passed to me, and sending the water in with a regular splash as far as I could every time; and the captain nodded at me every now and then, and, "Well done!" he says, when it was him as ought to have had the praise.

It was like looking down into the mouth of a furnace; and, as far as I could see, we might just as well have been playing with a couple of boy's squirts; but I knew enough of duty to feel what I ought to do; and though I'd have liked to have been aside the wife to comfort her, my duty was to stand there a pouring in that there water till I couldn't do it no longer; and the more it didn't seem no good, the more I warmed up—obstinate like—and meant to try; for I didn't see any fun in being beaten off by a few flames and sparks, while the look as I got now and then from the captain went right through me, and in went the water.

All at once a lot of the sailors stops pumping, and one shouts out:

"Tain't no good, mates. Boats out!"

But he hadn't hardly said it before I saw the captain dart back; and then there was a bright light as the copper branch of the hose-pipe flashed through the air, and then down came the sailor on the deck.

"Back to your work, men," sang out the captain; "and let a man go to the boats if he dares!" And then they stood hanging about, muttering, and one Dutch chap pulls out a knife. Just at the same minute, too, a couple of the sailors as had been handing me the buckets strikes work too, a-saying they'd be hanged if they'd stop there and be frizzled.

I felt that if the men did as they liked it would be all over with us; and that meant a regular rush to the boats, while the poor women and children were left to burn; so what did I do but I ups with the leather bucket I had in my hand—I've often laughed since—and brings it down like a 'stinguisher right on the top of number one's head; as to t'other—he was a little chap, and I'm six foot and pretty strong—I gets hold of him by the scruff of the neck and strap of his trousers, and afore he knew where he was I had him up in the air and over the hole where the flames were pouring up, and so close, too, that he could feel the scorching; and then—I ain't much given to swearing, but I rapped out something fierce, that if he didn't work I'd hurl him in.

Lord, you should have heard what a shriek there was as the fellow twisted about like an eel to get away, and then I put him a little nearer; when he begged and prayed to be put down, and he'd work till he dropped; and then up comes the captain, for he'd bolted off into the cabin, but now rushed out again with a revolver in each hand.

"Well done, my man," he shouts to me, for he saw what I did; and then he gives me one of the pistols, and swore he'd shoot the first man as disobeyed, and I'm blessed if I didn't believe he would, if they'd have tried it on; but they didn't, but began pumping away like mad again, and we two went to work pouring in the water, while I'm sure I heard a regular groan from the captain, though his face was like a bit o' wood.

This didn't take above five minutes; but I believe it lost us the ship, though we had seemed to make such a little impression when we turned on the water. But five minutes at such a time was ruin; the flame rose higher and higher, and the heat was awful; so that do what we would, we were beat back, and instead of a quiet crawling flame now there was a regular roar, and the wind set toward the great fiery tongues in a fierce draught.

"Stick to it, my man," says the captain, in a low voice. "It's our only chance."

"And I wouldn't give much for it, Sir," I says, in the same tone.

"Hush!" he says; and then to the men, "Pump away, my lads!"

They pumped away hearty enough, and kept trying on a cheer; but it soon could be seen with half an eye that the ship must go, for the flames darted up, and, almost before you knew it, the rigging was on fire, and the tongues like leaping from rope to rope, till the tarry things blazed furiously, right up to the mainmast-head, and little fiery drops of burning tar kept falling on to the deck, or closing into the sea; while far enough off, out into the dark night, the great flaky sparks went flying along, for all the world like a beautiful golden snow-storm.

"There," says the captain, throwing down the copper branch with which he had played on the fire, and shaking his fist right in the flames, so that they must have burned it, "there," he says, savagely, "I've fought it out with you, and you've beat! Now for life saving!"

And then, quietly and coolly, he had one boat lowered down, with the first mate in and a crew of sailors, and the shrieking women and children lowered in, while the quiet ones he kept back. Then there was a water-cask and a lot of biscuit-bags thrown in, and that boat, well loaded, pushed off on the calm sea, and lay to, watching us. Then the second mate was ordered into the second boat, with a crew of sailors; water and bags of biscuit were thrust in; and then, well loaded with women and children, and one or two of the men passengers, that was carefully lowered down, unhooked, and pushed off.

The other two boats were not swung over the sides, but lay between the masts of the ship, right in the middle of the deck, and were full of stores and odd things put there to be out of the way; but the captain and men left soon had tackling fastened to the boat that was right in front of the fire, and it was hauled up, swung clear, and lowered down with a couple of men in, and they rowed it back to the hinder part of the ship, while we who had been launching it had to make a regular dash through the flames, which now extended nearly across the deck. One man, however, did not dare come through, but plunged overboard and swam after the boat till he was took in.

"Now then," said the captain; and the rest of the women were slung down.

I did not mean to go as long as I could help the captain; and then half a dozen of the men passengers were lowered down, and they were just going to shove off, when I shouts out:

"Stop!" and the captain turns round angrily to me; and I says, "No water!"

Sure enough they had none, and a little cask that stood on the deck was slung down, and they were going to shove off again, when I heard a shriek as went through and through me, and saw a bright glare; the man at the rudder leaned over, while at the same moment there was a roar and a rush of fearful light, and the great mainmast blazing from top to bottom, and covered with burning rope and canvas, toppled over toward where the boat lay, for the fire had been eating into it below deck for long enough. It was all in a moment, and like the flashing of some great sheet of lightning, as in the midst of a wild and fearful cry it fell right toward the boat.

II.

THAT was a fearful moment, that was, and we held our breath with terror; and I—I could not help it—I covered my face with my hands and dared not look, till I heard a loud cheer, and saw the boat safely floating within a very few yards of the half-extinct mast which had narrowly missed falling upon the little haven of safety.

And now they were going to get the last boat out, and the three others lay off at a little distance, while above the hoarse orders of the captain there was the crackling and roar of the flames, now leaping up at a fearful rate. And yet it was a splendid sight, in spite of the horror; for every now and then pieces of the copper wire rope used in the rigging regularly caught fire, and burned with a most beautiful blue light, brighter than in any fire-work I ever saw; while now the foremast had taken fire, and the flames were tearing along the rigging till the ropes seemed illuminated with little beads and tongues of fire. The heat grew awful, and every now and then pieces of blazing rope, spars, and blocks fell red-hot and glowing into the sea, to send up little columns of hissing steam. The whole of the centre of the ship was now on fire, and the flames rose prodigiously, floating off, and flashing amidst the clouds of smoke; while far away, still lightly flitted and spun about the golden flaky snow, eddying among the smoke, and darting far on high, in the most beautiful way imaginable.

I think I said before how the tremendous heat caused a regular draught to set toward the fire, so that as you were almost scorched before, the wind came with quite a cold rush behind; but then, how it made the flames roar again, and burn more fiercely than ever! It was a sickening sight; for every now and then the cruel forky tongues seemed to keep lapping at and threatening us, and then dancing and licking every thing up, as if in devilish joy at the prospect of soon devouring us poor sinners.

It was a horrible sight, and though I didn't show it, yet I could feel my heart sink every time I was idle for a few moments, when I went at it again like a savage. I didn't go down on my knees to pray; but—I don't know—I think I prayed earnestly in my heart then, and though I would gladly have been with the wife safe in the other boat, yet I couldn't feel as it was suited with a fellow's duty to leave such a man as that captain had showed himself all in the berth; so I say to myself:

"Be a man, too, Phil;" and I did try to, say how.

All at once the flames seemed to veer round, and began blowing toward us, while the position of the boats was changed; and I couldn't understand it, till I saw the captain run from helping to get the last boat—the one as was on the deck close to the mizenmast—over the side; and then I found it was the man had left the steering-wheel, and had run up toward the boat.

"Back!" I heard the captain say; "back, or I'll fire!"

"Fire away, cap," says the man, sulkily; "one may just as well die by fire one way as another, and I won't stand there and be burned." And then the captain's hand—the one as held the pistol—fell down by his side, and he looked regularly done.

"What's up?" I says. "Can I do?" and I followed the captain to the wheel, which he turned so as to put the head of the ship right once more; and as he did it, she just changed round again; but while all this had been going on the mizen or third mast took fire, and now was blazing away fiercely.

"Hold on here, my man," says the captain, "and keep the wheel just as it is. That's right; hold the spokes firm; and if her head swings round, call to me to come and help you."

"All right," I says; "but mind, I don't understand it a bit." And now my troubles seemed to begin; for though it was bad enough to be bustling about fancying that the ship would either go down or you'd be burned every moment, yet to stand stock-still holding on to the spokes of that wheel was awful, and do what I would to stop it, a regular tremble came over me, and my knees kept on shake, shake, shake.

They got the boat over the side, and then the men rushed over one another to get in, and it was only by stamping about and hitting at them that the captain got the poor chaps to take in the things they wanted; such as food, which he fetched out of the cabin himself; and water, which they did sling in, but dropped one little cask overboard. But, one way or another, he got them at last to take in a good many things such as they'd want, and a compass; and then, with three more men, he rushed down to the cabin again for more food—biscuit bags—saying as the other boats would want more, and that we must supply 'em. And then up they came staggering and shaking, one man with a little water-keg, and the captain with a side o' bacon, and two men with bags o' biscuit; and they goes to the side, and I wished my job was done as I saw 'em go.

All at once one of the men gives a yell, throws down his bag, and leaps bang overboard, and the others, running after him, did so too; and then I could see that the cowardly beggars had pushed off—for they lay close under the side, where I couldn't see 'em before, and now they were rowing hard to get away, and I could see that the boat was so full that the least thing must make her fill and sink.

It was pitiful to hear the shrieks of those poor fellows as was left behind, as they swam with all their might to get up to the boat, and it was pitiful to see, for it was as light as day, and the waves that gently rose and fell seemed waves of blood—glowing blood—with golden crests as they softly broke. But though one man swam so fast that he got up to the boat, they pushed him off with the oars; and then I saw him cling to them, and one man pulled out a knife to stab at him if he came nearer, while just then I saw the boat-hook rise up and fall with a heavy thud on the poor chap's head, and he went under, and I said, "God help him!" for he came up no more.

There were two more swimming after them, and when the next saw all this, he just turned round, and looked back at the ship, and paddled with his hands a bit, and then stretching them straight up toward the sky, he gave one wild, bitter shriek, and he went under; and this time I tried to say, "God help him!" but it was only my lips that moved.

There was the other, though, a fine, lusty young fellow, and as soon as he saw what took place he turned off to the left and tried to reach the nearest boat of the other three; and manfully he swam for it, raising himself well up in the water at every stroke, and gradually lessening the distance till he got close up to the stern, where I could see quite plain some one holding out his hands to him, and he was took aboard the boat.

Now all this took place in a very few minutes; and, in spite of the danger, we, the two last on board, could not help stopping to gaze at the terrible incident; but now the captain comes up and takes my hand, and says:

"Brother, it was a cowardly, cruel, selfish action; and I don't know but what I'd rather die with a brave man than live with curs."

I know my hand shook, but I don't think my voice did, though I thought of life being sweet as I said to him,

"Is it very hard to die, captain?"

"Yes," he says, "I believe it is, to a strong man; and as God gave us life, and we've done our duty so far, why we must finish it by trying to save two more."

"But how?" I says, getting hold of him.

"Don't leave the wheel," he says; and then again, "But it don't matter—she makes no way. Lend a hand here."

And I helped him, and together, roasting almost, we dragged three great fowl-coops and a grating to the side, and he tied them together—lashed them, he called it—in no time; then we shoved them overboard; and as the vessel slowly swung round, we were out o' sight o' the boats, which were about a quarter of a mile off. He had a rope to the coops so that they could not float off, and, as he told me, I slid down on to them and squatted there trembling, while he lowered down to me the little water-keg, some rope, the bacon, and two of the biscuit-bags. Then he pitched some loose pieces of woodwork and the cover of the cabin stairs and a hatch thing and tarpaulin into the water by me; slid down the rope, and was by my side in a few minutes, with the coops sinking about, so that I was glad to lower myself into the water and hold on.

"That's right," he says, opening his knife with his teeth and cutting the rope, and then getting the tarpaulin and bits of wood and things in the centre in the handiest way possible—same as only a sailor could. He tells me to hold on tight, and then lowering himself into the water he pushes off from the burning ship, and begins swimming and guiding our bit of raft away very slowly, but still further and further off.

"I'll lash the coops and the grating together," he says, "as soon as we're out of danger."

"Out of danger!" I says; "and when will that be?"

"Well," he says, "I mean when we are out of reach of being sucked down when she sinks."

"Will she sink?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "and before long now;" and then he went on swimming hard, while I could do nothing but watch first the boats and then the burning ship.

It was grand, though awful, to see the noble vessel standing there like a pyramid of fire whose heat we could yet feel on our scorched faces. From every part now the flames were rushing, even from the cabin windows beneath where I had so lately been standing, and I could hardly keep from shuddering as I thought of the awful danger.

It was hard work forcing the raft through the water on account of the breeze which set toward the ship; but we got further and further away, and were some distance off when the mizen-mast went blazing over the side; but still the captain said we were not safe, and swam on till we could not feel

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the breeze; and at length, panting and exhausted, he hung so motionless, and said we must risk it now.

Then we were both silent, and watched the boats draw further away from us, and the blazing ship seeming to be the centre of a glorious ring of light, on the outside of which like sparks we all lay waiting for the end we knew was soon to come. Every where else was dark as pitch, not even a star to be seen, while the waves just rose and curled a little over as they washed against our raft.

For a good piece the silence was as deep as the darkness, and then the captain was the first to break it in quite a cheerful voice:

"Can you lay your hand on the rope?" he says; and I passed it to him, and then I could hear him in the dark busily at work tying and fastening; and at last he says: "Now crawl on again; it will bear you better." and faint and wearily I managed to crawl on and lay with my legs in the water and my head on the bag of biscuit; and directly after I felt him crawl on too, and we took hold of hands and lay there in the deep darkness while he said that prayer out aloud in such a soft, deep voice—that prayer as we first learned kneeling down years ago by our mother's knee. When he came to "Deliver us from evil" he stopped short; and soon, worn out there in the great ocean, floating on a few pieces of wood, we both felt in Whose hands we were, and slept till the warm bright sun shone upon us and told us that another day was here.

The first thing the captain did was to stand up and look round, and then he said he could see only one boat; but he hoisted up one of the pieces of wood and wedged it in the coop with a handkerchief flying at the top, after which we made a hearty meal of the biscuit, raw bacon, and water. After this the captain got one of the coops on the other, and by binding and lashing he made a much higher and better raft, so that we could keep our biscuit and bacon out of the water and sit dry ourselves.

And so we lay all that day till toward evening, when we found that the boat was coming toward us, and just at dusk it was within hail; and if ever I'd felt hopeful or joyful before in my life, it was then. They had no room for us, but they took us in tow, and the weather keeping calm, we all rowed and worked in turns, steering according to the captain's direction for the nearest land; for when our turn came we two went into the boat, and two others came out on to the raft, and so we toiled on for days, when one morning there was a joyful cry:

"A sail! a sail!"

And it was, too, within a mile of us, plainer and plainer as that glorious sun rose; and then some laughed, some cried, and one or two seemed half mad with joy, as after a while she ran down toward us, picked us up, and proved to be a British man-of-war, homeward bound.

In another week I was back in the port I left without clothes, without money, but with as good and true a friend in Captain Ellis as ever walked. I had life, and with it came hope; and somehow since then things have prospered with me in the old country—the old home that I once left to go far at sea.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER X.

I think it will not do to follow the three children to Chestnut Hill on this occasion—another day, perhaps, but really the season is running on at such a rate that it is more than time our seeds were in the ground.

It was so late when the carriage reached home that night that Mrs. May would not let the children sit up to table a bit, but sent them all off to bed at once; and even the watering-pots were left tied up till morning. But as soon as the birds were fairly astir, and the sunbeams gleaming across the brown fields and rail-fences, the house, too, was filled with a little hum of business and pleasure. Not too quiet a hum either; for it does now and then happen that wide-awake children forget other people's slumbers; and Lily and Clover and Primrose ran about the hall, and laughed and talked and sang, in happy unconsciousness that there was such a thing as sleep in the whole world. It was a pleasant disturbance after all; Mrs. May found no fault with it up stairs; and though the door stood open into the breakfast-room, where Sam sat with his books, nobody got up to shut it. Indeed, you could even see upon the student's face now and then a smile which was certainly called forth by no treatise on astronomy that ever was printed.

Jack was in the hall, helping the confusion, and making himself, as Lily said, "generally useless;" though, indeed, there was little to do but unpack the watering-pots and scatter the packing-paper about in every direction.

"So you had a grand time yesterday?" said Jack, looking critically with one eye through the long nose of Clover's watering-pot.

"Splendid!" said Lily. "Only I wish we had gone there before we sent for our seeds, then we could have got something worth while—air-plants and things."

"But those air-plants wouldn't grow in our gardens," said Clover.

"Yes, they would; they must like fresh air, child. The wonder is, how they can live in that close place. It almost smothered me."

"I didn't mind it," said Clover, "it was so very interesting. I suppose that was meant for the natural climate of the plants."

"I'm sure I don't know what it was meant for, but I know it was suffocating," said Lily. "Jack, just think—Maria Jarvis's sister has a gold bracelet made just like a snake, with green enamel scales and two diamond eyes."

"Has she, indeed?" said Jack. "Ha!"

"Yes," said Lily, "and you needn't say 'ha!' either, for you never saw any thing so splendid."

"Haven't I, though?" said Jack. "Why, I've seen the real thing."

"What's the real thing?" said Lily, slightly offended.

"You just tell Maria Jarvis, with my compliments," said Jack, screwing up his eyes as before, "that next summer you'll beat her sister all to nothing; for you'll have *real* snakes in your garden."

"Jack! how horrid!" said Lily. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, put down my watering-pot, and talk and look like a rational boy," said Clover. "What do you mean?"

"Just that," said Jack, coolly. "Real snakes, with real scales, and shining eyes, and a tongue that'll run out and in at you so—." And Jack made his little unruly member play about in a way that was very unruly indeed. The three children stood aghast!

"Then there'll be earth-worms," continued Jack, seeing the impression he had made; "long, slimy, wriggling red things, coming right up out of the ground before you know where you are. And it's no sort of use to cut 'em in two with your spade, for each piece just grows out into a new earth-worm, and so you only double the quantity."

There was another minute of dismayed silence, and then Primrose darted away up stairs to her mother.

"Jack," said Clover, "you ought not to frighten Primrose. She's such a little thing! and you know she can't bear even the sight of a caterpillar."

"She'd better quit gardening, then, before she begins," said Jack, decisively. "I say, Clove, how much did you give a yard for the nose of this watering-pot?"

"Ah, here's mamma!" said Lily. "Mamma, I was only telling Jack about Sarah Jarvis's beautiful bracelet—made just like a snake, mamma, with scales and all!"

"I am glad it is not mine," said Mrs. May, with a slight shiver. "And was Jack quite lost in admiration?"

"No, indeed, mamma," said Clover; "but he told us some very unpleasant things about what we should have in our gardens next summer."

"Snakes, mamma!" said little Primrose, clasping her mother's hand, and looking up appealingly. "And earth-worms!"

"They are not very pretty things, certainly, to my eyes," said Mrs. May, with a smile, as she sat down and took the little girl on her lap; "but to a robin, Prim, the earth-worms are extremely attractive—quite as much so as oysters are to you! And the worst thing they will ever do in your garden will be to eat up a leaf now and then. You can bear that, I hope?"

"Yes, mamma," said Prim, with a long sigh; "but I didn't want to have any thing in my garden that wasn't *beautiful*."

"Beautiful they are, in one sense," said her mother, "with the beauty of perfect fitness for their life—the wonderful make and adjusting of every part."

"And the snakes, mamma?" said Prim.

"They have that same perfection and finish, like every one of God's creatures," said Mrs. May, "and they have often, too, great beauty of color. Still, I do not like snakes, Prim, I must confess; but I would much rather see a real one than wear such a snake bracelet on my arm, if that is any comfort."

"Mamma, mamma!" said Lily.

"Jack, what have you been telling these children?" said his mother.

"A little possible truth, mamma—slightly high-colored."

"Ah, please to tell them nothing but positive truth for the future; and remember, young eyes are not skilled in colors."

"I don't believe there'll be a snake seen in your garden all summer," said Sam, coming out of the breakfast-room; "and if there is, I'll show you how fast he can run."

"Oh, have they got feet?" said Primrose.

"You'll see, if one comes," said her brother. "And then we can study it all out, and learn how a snake moves *without* feet. The earth-worms too; why, Prim, they're ten times as curious as your Chinese puzzle. I dare say we shall see some of them to-day, for I mean to begin digging this very morning."

"In our gardens?" cried Lily.

"To be sure. I've tried the ground, and it will work."

There was nothing to do after that but dispatch breakfast as soon as possible, to be ready for digging; and all disturbed thoughts were brushed away. Sam went off to the tool-house and came back with a great spade on his shoulder nearly as big as the three little spades put together, and Lily followed, dragging a rake of corresponding size.

"Why don't you take our tools, Sam," she said, "and not these great ugly things? These aren't pleasant."

"Yes, and suppose I came against a stone and broke one of them," said Sam, "how pleasant *that* would be! I don't know what's in this ground yet; I haven't proved it."

And Sam threw off his coat as if he meant the proving should be an earnest one.

"You'll catch cold," said Clover.

"Not I! What with exploring the ground, and giving you a lecture on digging, I shall be warm enough. But where am I to begin?"

"I think you had better begin with mine," said Lily, promptly. "It's the largest, you know, and so you can give us a good long lecture."

Sam laughed a little, and shook his head.

"It's high time your garden was dug, Lily," he said; "that hedge wants planting badly!"

But he strode away down the hill toward Lily's patch as he spoke, with his spade on his shoulder, and the young ones trooped after him. Jack mounted the fence, and the others stood here and there on the gravel-walk to listen and look, and Sam began his work and his lecture together.

"The object of digging the ground, young ladies," he said, "is to bring it all to a fine, soft state, free from lumps and hard places, so that the light and air can make their way down into it, and the smallest roots of your plants can wander just which way they like best."

"Do roots wander?" said Clover.

"They're the greatest travelers *I* know, for their size," said Sam; "finding their way all about, after water, and food, and whatever else the pretty plant above ground may need. But then you must give them a fair chance, for each likes to go its own road."

"What queer things you do talk!" said Lily.

"All true," said her brother, measuring off the little patch and dividing it carefully in two. "Some roots, for instance, like to grow straight down into the ground; these are called tap-roots. And unless the ground is dug *very* deep, they have a poor time of it. The tap-root sets off on its travels and presently comes to a stone; well, it either crooks round the stone, or else it forks and goes both sides of it. But its strength is divided too, and its beauty is gone. I have seen radishes that were shaped as much like a breakfast-fork as any thing. The poor root wanders on again, and by and by meets a great clod of unbroken earth, and then it gives up, discouraged. No use to try any farther, no use to think of growing any more; it just stands still till the end of the season, and comes out of the ground at last a little, ugly, crooked thing, and good for nothing. Just because the ground was not half dug."

"I guess *ours* will be dug!" said Prim.

"Sam, what do you divide the patch so for?" said Lily.

"I'll tell you presently," said Sam, going on with his measuring. "Then other roots are fibrous, like a bunch of little delicate threads; and they like to creep all about, near the surface but out of sight; and if you wall them in with stones or hard ground the plant will be sickly and miserable all its life, or else die outright. Just as Prim would if I should put her in a cage and never let her stir more than three inches from home."

Prim twisted herself about as if the very idea was uncomfortable.

"I'd like to dig too," she said.

"And so you shall," said her brother. "I'll go over the three gardens first, to break up the ground once thoroughly, and then whoever likes may dig it after me. And now to begin."

THE ROSE AND THE TOMB.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

"Sweet flower of Love, garden and field adorning,
What mak'st thou of those dewy tears of morning
That on thy glistening leaves repose?"
So spake the Tomb, and thus replied the Rose:
"What makest thou, O ever-yawning Tomb!
Of all that falls into thy gulf of gloom?
I of these tears can fabricate a scent
Of sweetest odors all together blent;
But thou"—"Reproach me not, O plaintive Flower!
But learn that, by a deep mysterious power,
The forms which hastening to my charge are given,
I change to glorious angels, meet for Heaven."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Dairy "Rock."—Short measure.

Magnetism.—We do not believe in spiritualism or magic or such sleight of hand and so forth, but what are we to say to a fact such as this?—"The other day a veracious witness actually saw a young man turn into a public house!"—Transformation extraordinary! Further evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

An Illinois chap, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A whole dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out."

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

A man who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire the other day, pleaded in excuse for and extenuation of his conduct, that he had been in the country but a few days, and hadn't learned the rules.

Morals.—People never improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.

RATHER PRETTY.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little dream,
A pretty little wedding was its pretty little theme,
A pretty little bachelor to win her favor tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be his pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes, and a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances from the pretty little eye,
With a pretty little face behind a pretty little fan,
She smiled on the proposals of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little "loves," and some pretty little "dears,"
Some pretty little smiles, and some pretty little tears,
Some pretty little presents, and some pretty little kiss,
Were the pretty little preludes to some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady and her pretty little spark
Met the pretty little parson and his pretty little clerk;
A pretty little wedding-ring united them for life,
A pretty little husband and a pretty little wife.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the minister of the parish; but instead of spelling and pointing it properly, viz.: "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," she spelled and pointed it as follows: "A person, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call for dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together."

The last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges. It is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter J, and then punched a hole through the paper.

RECIPE FOR CHOOSING A GOOD WIFE.

As much of beauty as preserves affection,
Of modest diffidence as claims protection;
A docile mind subservient to correction,
A temper led by reason and reflection,
And every passion kept in due subjection,
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection;
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the wall of a country village: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

In reasoning, if you wish inferences that will not follow, drive them.

Want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want.

EPITAPH ON A MINER.

Beneath this crooked stump is laid
A wielder of the spade,
Called J. A. Miner, from Burnside;
He lived a miner till he died.
Provoked one day, Death, in a rage,
As fifty stopped the miner's age;
With chills and fever made him sick,
Called at the camp and took his pick.

A masonic dignitary of great eminence in the order lately left Edinburgh to attend a celebration of the laying of a corner-stone, forgetting his cocked-hat. He discovered his omission presently, and telegraphed from the first station, "Send my cocked-hat by express to-morrow." His disgust may be imagined on receiving the next day a parcel containing cocked hams, on account of the operator having made a mistake in two of the letters of his message.

A miller, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin, astounds us with the assertion, "A fortnight since I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one!"

When is a guinea not a guinea? When it's one pound won—at whist!

The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

Very Likely.—The Cork *Sentinel* reports an inquest on a girl, the verdict being that she died from eating orange-peel. The Orange has caused many dangerous disorders in Ireland; and we know the Peel did not agree with the people; in fact it is not considered wholesome in England. But we never expected such fatal effects.

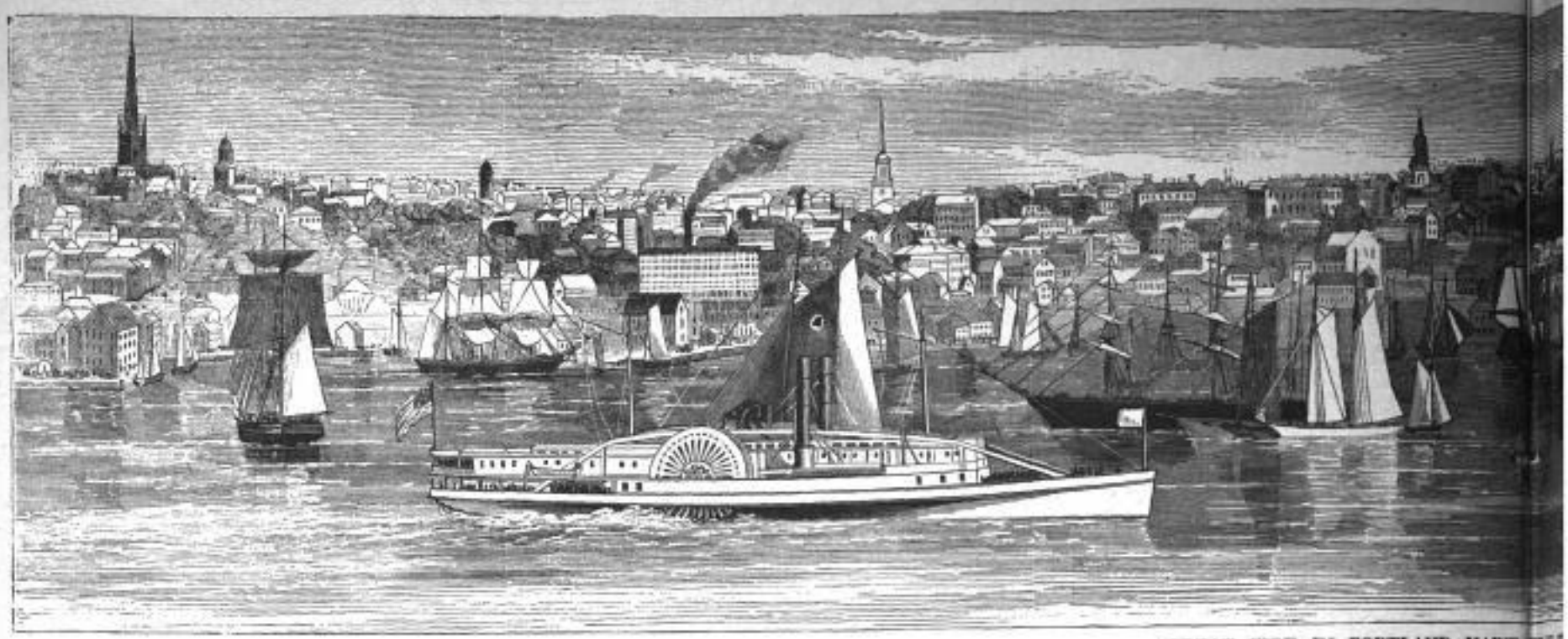
Chicken bullets—green apples.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Pray what is lighter than a feather?"
"Dust, my friend, in driest weather."
"What's lighter than the dust, I pray?"
"The wind which wafts it far away."
"Pray what is lighter than the wind?"
"The lightness of a woman's mind."
"And what is lighter than the last?"
"Nay, now, my friend, you have me fast."

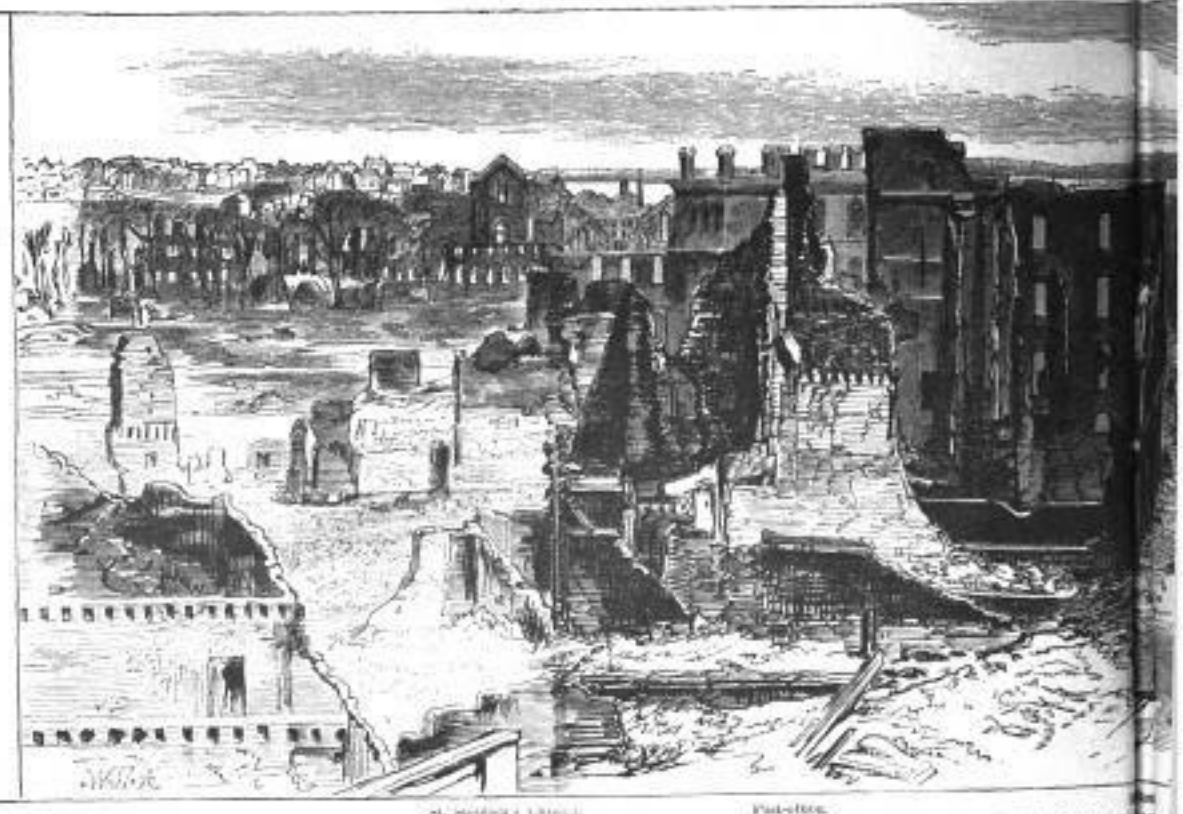
MAKING THEM LOOK SHEEPISH.

Waiter (*shouting down Pipe*). "Now then, when are them Pease coming for these two Lambs?"

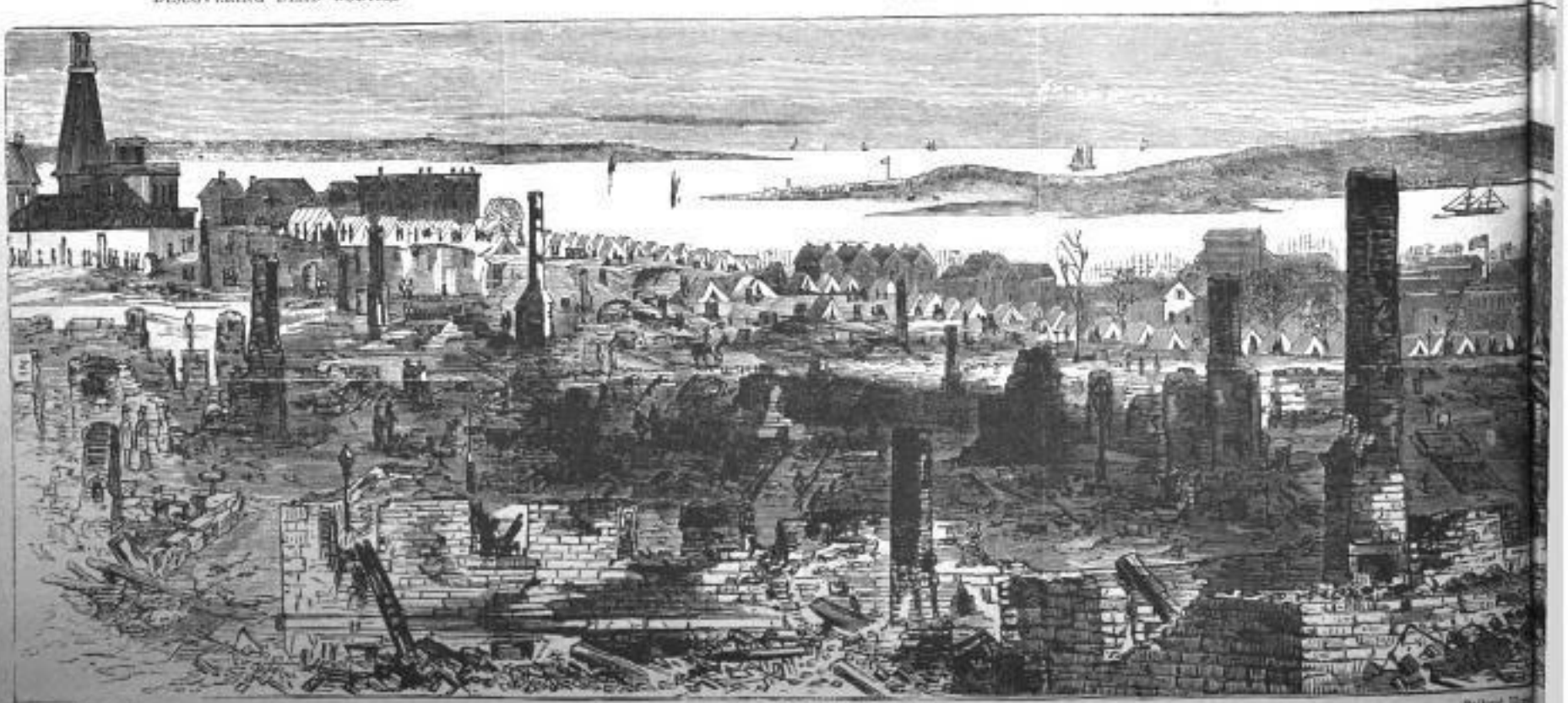


GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—

DISCOVERING DEAD BODIES.



THE RUINS FROM THE JUNCTION OF FORE AND MIDDLE STREETS LOOKING



Entrance to the Harbor.

GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—GENERAL VIEW OF THE

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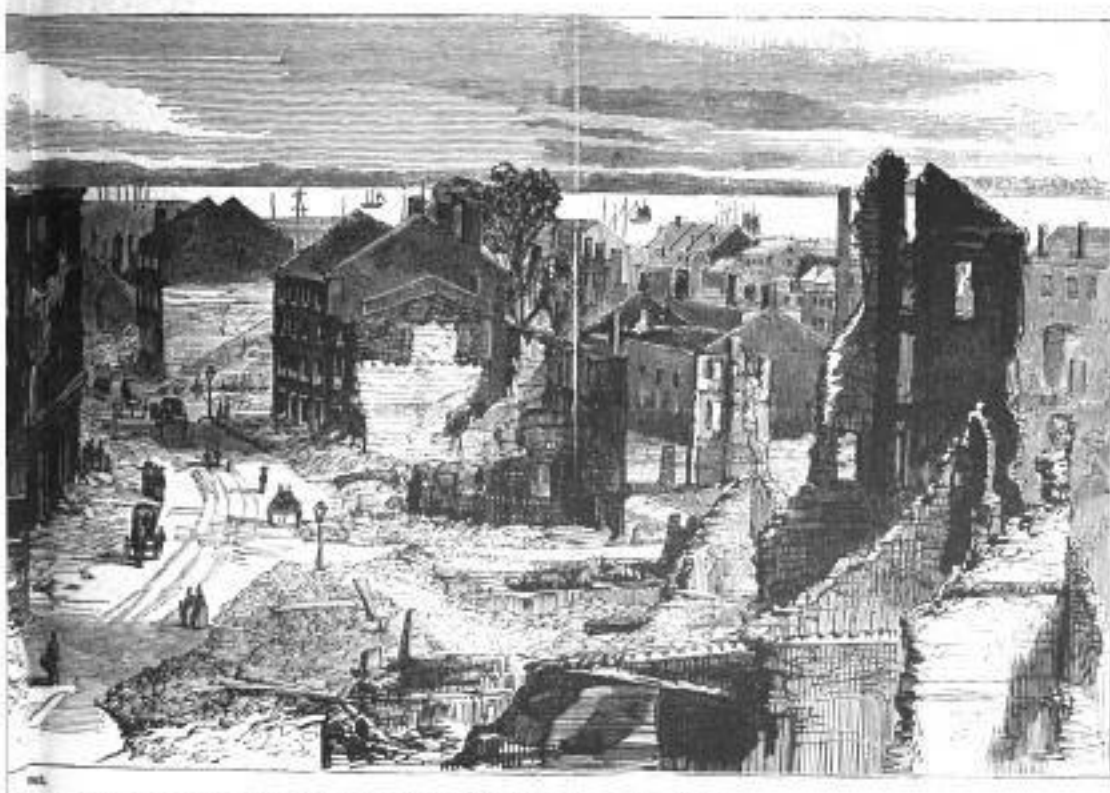
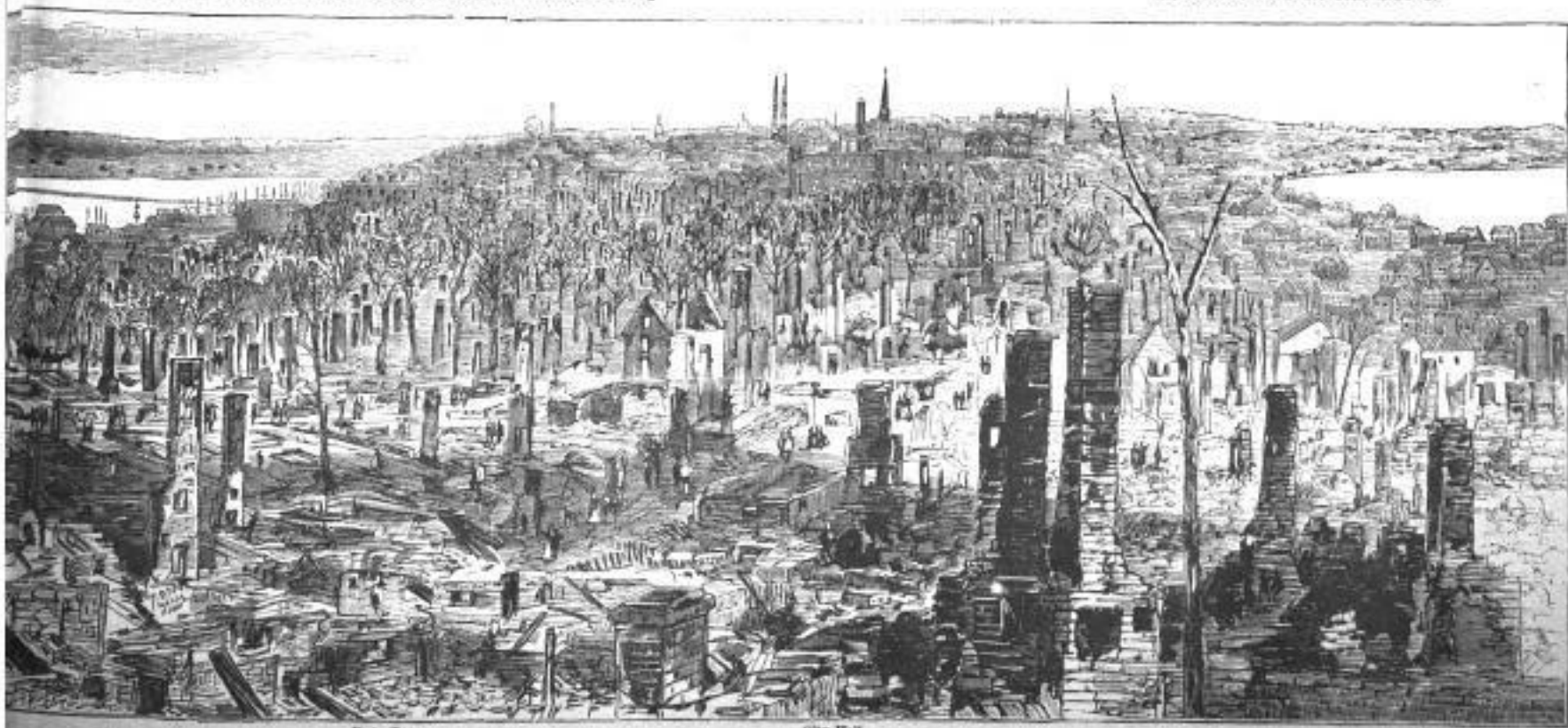
EW OF THE DISTRICT DESTROYED.



ND THE POST-OFFICE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY B. F. SMITH & SON, PORTLAND, MAINE.]

WORKING-PARTY IN THE RUINS.



OM MUNJOY HILL.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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LOTTA SCHMIDT.

On an evening of September, when there was still something left of daylight at eight o'clock, two girls were walking together in the Burgplatz in Vienna, a large open space which lies between the city palace of the Emperor and the gate which passes thence from the old town out to the new town. Here at present stand two bronze equestrian statues, one of the Archduke Charles, and the other of Prince Eugene. And they were standing there also, both of them, when these two girls were walking round them; but that of the Prince had not yet been uncovered for the public. There was to be a great gala day in the city. Emperors and princesses, archdukes and grand-dukes, with their archduchesses and grand-duchesses, and princes and ministers were to be there, and the new statue of Prince Eugene was to be submitted to the art critics of the world. There was very much thought at Vienna of the statue in those days. Well; since that the statue has been submitted to the art critics, and henceforward it will be thought of as little as any other huge bronze figure of a prince on horseback. A very gentlemanly prince is placed in an impossible position on an enormous dry horse. But yet the thing is grand, and Vienna is so far a finer city in that it possesses the new equestrian statue of Prince Eugene.

"There will be such a crowd, Lotta," said the elder of the two girls, "that I will not attempt it. Besides, we shall have plenty of time for seeing it afterward."

"Oh yes," said the younger girl, whose name was Lotta Schmidt; "of course we shall all have enough of the old prince for the rest of our lives; but I should like to see the grand people sitting up there on the benches; and there will be something nice in seeing the canopy drawn up. I think I shall come. Herr Crippel has said that he would bring me, and get me a place."

"I thought, Lotta, you had determined to have nothing more to say to Herr Crippel."

"I don't know what you mean by that. I like Herr Crippel very much, and he plays beautifully. Surely a girl may love a man old enough to be her father without having him thrown in her teeth as her lover."

"Not when the man old enough to be her father has asked you to be his wife twenty times, as Herr Crippel has asked you. Herr Crippel would not give up his holiday afternoon to you if he thought it was to be for nothing."

"There I think you are wrong, Marie. I believe Herr Crippel likes to have me with him simply because every gentleman likes to have a lady on such a day as that. Of course it is better than being alone. I don't suppose he will say a word to me except to tell me who the people are, and to give me a glass of beer when it is over."

It may be as well to explain at once, before we go any further, that Herr Crippel was a player on the violin, and that he led the musicians in the orchestra of the great beer-hall in the Volksgarten. Let it not be thought that because Herr Crippel exercised his art in a beer hall therefore he was a musician of no account. No one will think so who has once gone to a Vienna beer-hall and listened to such music as is there provided for the visitors.

The two girls, Marie Weber and Lotta Schmidt, belonged to an establishment in which gloves were sold in the Graben, and now, having completed their work for the day—and indeed their work for the week, for it was Saturday evening—had come out for such recreation as the evening might afford them.

Marie Weber was older, and not so tall, and less attractive than her friend; but as her lot in life was fixed, and as she was going to marry a cutter of diamonds, I will not endeavor to interest the reader specially in her personal appearance. Lotta Schmidt was essentially a Viennese pretty girl of the special Viennese type. She was tall and slender, but still had some of that appearance of feminine weakness which is so common among us with girls who are tall and slim. Her hair was jet black and very plentiful, and was worn in long curls, which were brought round from the back of her head over her shoulders. Her eyes were blue—dark blue—and were clear and deep rather than bright. Her nose was well-formed, but somewhat prominent, and made you think at the first glance of the tribes of Israel. But yet an observer of the physiognomy of races would believe for half a moment that Lotta Schmidt was a Jewess. But, overriding every thing in her personal appearance, in her form, countenance, and gait, was that singular fierceness of independence, as though she were constantly asserting that she would never submit herself to the inconvenience of feminine softness. And yet Lotta Schmidt was a simple girl, with a girl's heart, looking forward to find all that she was to have of human happiness in the love of some man, and expecting and hoping to do her duty in life as a married woman and the mother of a family.

When the two girls had walked twice round the railing within which stood all those sons of bronze which were intended to represent Prince Eugene, they crossed over the centre of the Burgplatz, passed under the other equestrian statue, and came to the gate leading into the Volksgarten. There, just at the entrance, they were overtaken by a man with a fiddle-case under his arm, who raised his hat to them and then shook hands with both of them.

"Ladies," he said, "are you coming in to hear a little music? We will do our best."

"Herr Crippel always does well," said Marie Weber. "There is never any doubt when one comes to hear him."

"Marie, why do you flatter him?" said Lotta.

"I do not say half to his face that you said just now behind his back," said Marie.

"And what did she say of me behind my back?" said Herr Crippel. He smiled as he asked the question, and attempted to smile, but it was easy to see that he was much in earnest. He blushed up to his eyes, and there was a slight trembling motion in his hands as he stood with one of them pressed upon the other.

As Marie did not answer at the moment, Lotta replied for her.

"I will tell you what I said behind your back. I said that Herr Crippel had the finest hand upon a bow, and the surest fingers among the strings in all Vienna—when his mind was not wool-gathering. Marie, is not that true?"

"I do not remember any thing about the wool-gathering," said Marie.

"I hope I shall not be wool-gathering to-night; but I shall doubtless—for I shall be thinking of your judgment. Shall I get you seats at once? There; you are just before me. You see I am not coward enough to fly from my critics." And he placed them to sit at a little marble table, not far from the front of the low orchestra in the foremost place in which he would have to take his stand.

"Many thanks, Herr Crippel," said Lotta. "I will make sure of a third chair, as a friend is coming."

"Oh, a friend!" said he; and he looked sad, and all his sprightliness was gone.

"Marie's friend," said Lotta, laughing. "Do you not know Carl Stobel?"

Then the musician became bright and happy again. "I would have got two more chairs if you would have let me; one for the fraulein's sake, and one for his own. And I will come down presently, and you shall present me, if you will be so very kind."

Marie Weber smiled and thanked him, and declared that she should be very proud—and the leader of the band went up into his place.

"I wish he had not placed us here," said Lotta.

"And why not?"

"Because Fritz is coming."

"No!"

"But he is."

"And why did you not tell me?"

"Because I did not wish to be speaking of him. Of course you understand why I did not tell you. I would rather it should seem that he came of his own account—with Carl. Ha, ha!" Carl Stobel was the diamond-cutter to whom Marie Weber was betrothed. "I should not have told you now—only that I am disarranged by what Herr Crippel has done."

Then the music began, and, suddenly, as the first note of a fiddle was heard, every voice in the great beer-hall of the Volksgarten became silent. Men sat smoking, with their long beer-glasses before them, and women sat knitting, with their beer-glasses also before them, but not a word was spoken. The waiters went about with silent feet, but even orders for beer were not given, and money was not received. Herr Crippel did his best, working with his wand as carefully—and I may say as accurately—as a leader in a fashionable opera-house in London or Paris. But every now and then, in the course of the piece, he would place his fiddle to his shoulder and join in the performance. There was hardly one then in the hall, man or woman, boy or girl, who did not know, from personal knowledge and judgment, that Herr Crippel was doing his work very well.

"Excellent, was it not?" said Marie.

"Yes; he is a musician. Is it not a pity he should be so bald?" said Lotta.

"He is not so very bald," said Marie.

"I should not mind his being bald so much, if he did not try to cover his old head with the side hairs. If he would cut off those loose, straggling locks, and declare himself to be bald at once, he would be ever so much better. He would look to be fifty then. He looks sixty now."

"What matters his age? He is forty-five, just; for I know. And he is a good man."

"What has his goodness to do with it?"

"A good deal. His old mother wants for nothing, and he makes two hundred florins a month. He has two shares in the summer theatre. I know it."

"Bah! what is all that when he will plaster his hair over his old bald head?"

"Lotta, I am ashamed of you!" But at this moment the further expression of Marie's anger was stopped by the entrance of the diamond-cutter, and as he was alone both the girls received him very pleasantly. We must give Lotta her due, and declare that, as things had gone, she would much prefer now that Fritz should stay away, though Fritz Planken was as handsome a young fellow as there was in Vienna, and one who dressed with the best taste, and danced so that no one could surpass him, and could speak French, and was confidential clerk at one of the largest hotels in Vienna, and was a young man acknowledged to be of much general importance—and had, moreover, in plain language declared his love for Lotta Schmidt. But Lotta would not willingly give unnecessary pain to Herr Crippel, and she was generously glad when Carl Stobel, the diamond-cutter, came by himself. Then there was a second and third piece played, and after that Herr Crippel came down, according to promise, and was presented to Marie's lover.

"Ladies," said he, "I hope I have not gathered wool."

"You have surpassed yourself," said Lotta.

"At wool-gathering?" said Herr Crippel.

"At sending us out of this world into another," said Lotta.

"Ah! go into no other world but this," said Herr Crippel, "lest I should not be able to follow you." And then he went away again to his post.

Before another piece had been commenced Lotta saw Fritz Planken enter the door. He stood for a moment gazing round the hall, with his cane in his hand and his hat on his head, looking for the party which he intended to join. Lotta did not say a word, nor would she turn her eyes toward him. She would not recognize him if it were possible to avoid it. But he soon saw her, and came up to the table at which they were sitting. When Lotta was getting the third chair for Marie's lover Herr Crippel, in his gallantry, had brought a fourth, and now Fritz occupied the chair which the musician had placed there. Lotta, as she perceived this, was sorry that it should be so. She could not even dare to look up to see what effect this new arrival would have upon the leader of the band.

The new-comer was certainly a handsome young man—such a one as inflicts unutterable agonies on the hearts of the Herr Crippels of the world. His boots shone like mirrors, and fitted his feet like gloves. There was something in the make and sit of his trowsers which Herr Crippel, looking at them as he could not help looking at them, was quite unable to understand. Even twenty years ago Herr Crippel's trowsers, as Herr Crippel very well knew, had never looked like that. And Fritz Planken wore a blue frock-coat with silk lining to the breast, which seemed to have come from some tailor among the gods. And he had on primrose gloves, and round his neck a bright pink satin handkerchief, joined by a ring, which gave a richness of coloring to the whole thing which nearly killed Herr Crippel, because he could not but acknowledge that the coloring was good. And then the hat! And when the hat was taken off for a moment, then the hair—perfectly black, and silky as a raven's wing, just waving with one curl! And when Fritz put up his hand, and ran his fingers through his locks, their richness and plenty and beauty were conspicuous to all beholders. Herr Crippel, as he saw it, involuntarily dashed his hand up to his own pate, and scratched his straggling lanky hairs from off his head.

"You are coming to Sperl's to-morrow, of course?" said Fritz to Lotta. Now Sperl's is a great establishment for dancing in the Leopoldstadt, which is always open of a Sunday evening, and which Lotta Schmidt was in the habit of attending with much regularity. It was here she had become acquainted with Fritz. And certainly to dance with Fritz was to dance indeed! Lotta too was a beautiful dancer. To a Viennese such as Lotta Schmidt dancing is a thing of serious importance. It was a misfortune to her to have to dance with a bad dancer, as it is to a great whist-player among us to sit down with a bad partner. Oh, what she had suffered more than once when Herr Cripple had induced her to stand up with him!

"Yes; I shall go. Marie, you will go?"

"I do not know," said Marie.

"You will make her go, Carl, will you not?" said Lotta.

"She promised me yesterday, as I understood," said Carl.

"Of course we will all be there," said Fritz, somewhat grandly; "and I will give a supper for four."

Then the music began again, and the eyes of all of them became fixed upon Herr Crippel. It was unfortunate that they should have been placed so fully before him, as it was impossible that he should avoid seeing them. As he stood up with his violin to his shoulders his eyes were fixed on Fritz Planken, and Fritz Planken's boots, and coat, and hat, and hair. And as he drew his bow over the strings he was thinking of his own boots and of his own hair. Fritz was sitting, leaning forward in his chair, so that he could look up into Lotta's face, and he was playing with a little amber-headed cane, and every now and then he whispered a word. Herr Crippel could hardly play a note. In very truth he was wool-gathering. His hand became unsteady, and every instrument was more or less astray.

"Your old friend is making a mess of it to-night," said Fritz to Lotta. "I hope he has not taken a glass too much of schnaps."

"He never does any thing of the kind!" said Lotta, angrily. "He never did such a thing in his life!"

"He is playing awful badly," said Fritz.

"I never heard him play better in my life than he has played to-night!" said Lotta.

"His hand is tired. He is getting old," said Fritz. Then Lotta moved her chair and drew herself back, and was determined that Marie and Carl should see that she was angry with her young lover. In the mean time the piece of music had been finished, and the audience had shown their sense of the performers' inferiority by withdrawing those plaudits which they were so ready to give when they were pleased.

After this some other musician led for a while, and then Herr Crippel had to come forward to play a solo. And on this occasion the violin was not to be his instrument. He was a great favorite among the lovers of music in Vienna, not only because he was good at the fiddle and because with his bow in his hand he could keep a band of musicians together, but also as a player on the zither. It was not often nowadays that he would take his zither to the music-hall in the Volksgarten; for he would say that he had given up that instrument; that he now played it only in private; that it was not fit for a large hall, as a single voice, the scraping of a foot, would destroy its music. And Herr Crippel was a man who had his fancies and his fantasies, and would not always yield to entreaty. But occasionally he would send his zither down to the public hall; and in the programme for this evening it had been put forth that Herr Crippel's zither would be there, and that Herr Crippel would perform. And now the zither was brought forward, and a chair was put for the zitherist, and Herr Crippel stood for a moment behind his chair and bowed. Lotta glanced up at him and could see that he was very pale. She could even see that the perspiration stood upon his brow. She knew that he was trembling, and that he would have given almost his zither itself to be quit of his promised performance for that night. But she knew also that he would make the attempt.

"What, the zither?" said Fritz. "He will break down as sure as he is a living man."

"Let us hope not," said Carl Stobel.

"I love to hear him play the zither better than any thing," said Lotta.

"It used to be very good," said Fritz; "but every body says he has lost his touch. When a man has the slightest feeling of nervousness he is done for the zither."

"Hush; let him have his chance at any rate," said Marie.

Reader, did you ever hear the zither? When played, as it is sometimes played in Vienna, it combines all the softest notes of the human voice. It sings to you of love, and then wails to you of disappointed love, till it fills you with a melancholy from which there is no escaping, from which you never wish to escape. It speaks to you as no other instrument ever speaks, and reveals to you with wonderful eloquence the sadness in which it delights. It produces a luxury of anguish, a fullness of the satisfaction of imaginary woe, a realization of the mysterious delights of romance, which no words can ever thoroughly supply. While the notes are living, while the music is still in the air, the ear comes to covet greedily every atom of tone which the instrument will produce, so that the slightest extraneous sound becomes an offence. The notes sink and sink so low and low, with their soft sad wail of delicious woe, that the listener dreads that something will be lost in the struggle of listening. There seems to come some lethargy on his sense of hearing, which he fears will shut out from his brain the last, lowest, sweetest strain, the very pearl of the music, for which he has been watching with all the intensity of prolonged desire. And then the zither is silent, and there remains a fond memory together with a deep regret.

Herr Crippel seated himself on his stool and looked once or twice round about upon the room almost with dismay. Then he struck his zither, uncertainly, weakly, and commenced the prelude of his piece. But Lotta thought that she had never heard so sweet a sound. When he paused after a few strokes there was a sound of applause in the room—of applause intended to encourage by commemorating past triumphs. The musician looked again away from his music to his audience, and his eyes caught the eyes of the girl he loved; and his gaze fell also upon the face of the handsome, well-dressed young Adonis who was by her side. He, Herr Crippel the musician, could never make himself look like that; he could make no slightest approach to that outward triumph. But then, he could play the zither, and Fritz Planken could only play with his cane! He would do what he could! He would play his best! He had once almost resolved to get up and declare that he was too tired that evening to do justice to his instrument. But there was an insolence of success about his rival's hat and trowsers which spirited him on to the fight. He struck his zither again, and they who understood him and his zither knew that he was in earnest.

The old men who had listened to him for the last twenty years declared that he had never played as he played on that night. At first he was somewhat bolder, somewhat louder than was his wont; as though he were resolved to go out of his accustomed track; but, after a while, he gave that up; that was simply the effect of nervousness, and was continued only while the timidity remained present with him. But he soon forgot every thing but his zither and his desire to do it justice. The attention of all present soon became so close that you might have heard a pin fall. Even Fritz sat perfectly still, with his mouth open, and forgot to play with his cane. Lotta's eyes were quickly full of tears, and before long they were rolling down her cheeks. Herr Crippel, though he did not know that he looked at her, was aware that it was so. Then came upon them all there an ecstasy of delicious sadness. As I have said above, every ear was struggling that no softest sound might escape unheard. And then at last the zither was silent, and no one could have marked the moment when it had ceased to sing.

For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room, and the musician still kept his seat with his face turned upon his instrument. He knew well that he had succeeded, that his triumph had been complete, and every moment that the applause was suspended was an added jewel to his crown. But it soon came, the loud shouts of praise, the ringing bravos, the striking of glasses, his own name repeated from all parts of the hall, the clapping of hands, the sweet sound of woman's voices, and the waving of white handkerchiefs. Herr Crippel stood up, bowed thrice, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and then sat down on a stool in the corner of the orchestra.

"I don't know much about his being too old," said Carl Stobel.

"Nor I either," said Lotta.

"That is what I call music," said Marie Weber.

"He can play the zither, certainly," said Fritz; "but as to the violin, it is more doubtful."

"He is excellent with both—with both," said Lotta, angrily.

Soon after that the party got up to leave the hall, and as they went out they encountered Herr Crippel.

"You have gone beyond yourself to-night," said Marie, "and we wish you joy."

"Oh no. It was pretty good, was it? With the zither it depends mostly on the atmosphere; whether it is hot, or cold, or wet, or dry, or so I know not what. It is an accident if one plays well. Good-night to you. Good-night, Lotta! Good-night Sir!" And he took off his hat, and bowed—bowed, as it were, expressly to Fritz Planken.

"Herr Crippel," said Lotta, "one word with you." And she dropped behind from Fritz, and returned to the musician. "Herr Crippel, will you meet me at Sperl's to-morrow night?"

"At Sperl's? No. I do not go to Sperl's any longer, Lotta. You told me that Marie's friend was coming to-night; but you did not tell me of your own."

"Never mind what I told you, or did not tell you. Herr Crippel, will you come to Sperl's to-morrow?"

"No; you would not dance with me, and I should not care to see you dance with any one else."

"But I will dance with you."

"And Planken will be there?"

"Yes; Fritz will be there. He is always there. I can not help that."

"No, Lotta; I will not go to Sperl's. I will tell you a little secret. At forty-five one is too old for Sperl's."

"There are men there every Sunday over fifty—over sixty, I am sure."

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"They are men different in their ways of life from me, my dear. No, I will not go to Sperl's. When will you come and see my mother?"

Lotta promised that she would go and see the Frau Crippel before long, and then tripped off and joined her party.

Stobel and Marie had walked on, while Fritz remained a little behind for Lotta.

"Did you ask him to come to Sperl's to-morrow?" he said.

"To be sure I did."

"Was that nice of you, Lotta?"

"Why not nice? Nice or not, I did it. Why should not I ask him, if I please?"

"Because I thought I was to have the pleasure of entertaining you—that it was a little party of my own."

"Very well, Herr Planken," said Lotta, drawing herself a little away from him; if a friend of mine is not welcome at your little party I certainly shall not join it myself."

"But, Lotta, does not every one know what it is that Crippel wishes of you?"

"There is no harm in his wishing. My friends tell me that I am very foolish not to give him what he wishes. But I still have the chance."

"Oh yes; no doubt you still have the chance."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man. He is the best son in the world, and he makes two hundred florins a month."

"Oh, if that is to count!"

"Of course it is to count. Why should it not count? Would the Princess Theresa have married the other day if the young Prince had had no income to support her?"

"You can do as you please, Lotta."

"Yes, I can do as I please, certainly. I suppose Adela Bruhl will be at Sperl's to-morrow?"

"I should say so, certainly. I hardly ever knew her to miss her Sunday evening."

"Nor I. I, too, am fond of dancing—very. I delight in dancing. But I am not a slave to Sperl's, and then I do not care to dance with every one."

"Adela Bruhl dances very well," said Fritz.

"That is as one may think. She ought to; for she begins at ten, and goes on till two, always. If there is no one nice for dancing she puts up with some one that is not nice. But all that is nothing to me."

"Nothing, I should say, Lotta."

"Nothing in the world. But this is something; last Sunday you danced three times with Adela."

"Did I? I did not count."

"I counted. Fritz, if you dance to-morrow with Adela you will not dance with me again—either then or ever." And having uttered this threat she ran on and found Marie, who had just reached the door of the house in which they both lived.

Fritz, as he walked home by himself, was in doubt as to the course which it would be his duty as a man to pursue in reference to the lady whom he loved. He had distinctly heard that lady ask an old admirer of hers to go to Sperl's and dance with her; and yet, within ten minutes afterward, she had peremptorily commanded him not to dance with another girl! Now, Fritz Planken had a very good opinion of himself, as he was well entitled to have, and was quite aware that other pretty girls besides Lotta Schmidt were within his reach. He did not receive two hundred florins a month as did Herr Crippel, but then he was five-and-twenty instead of five-and-forty; and, in the matter of money, too, he was doing pretty well. He did love Lotta Schmidt. It would not be easy for him to part with her. But she, too, loved him—as he told himself, and she would hardly push matters to extremities. At any rate he would not submit to a threat. He would dance with Adela Bruhl at Sperl's.

At about half past ten the next evening Marie and Lotta entered Sperl's dancing-saloon, and paid their kreutzers, and sat themselves down on seats in the further saloon, from which, through open archways, they could see the dancers. Neither Carl nor Fritz had come as yet, and the girls were quite content to wait. It was to be presumed that they would be there before the men, and they both understood that the real dancing was not commenced early in the evening. It might be all very well for such as Adela Bruhl to dance with any one who came at ten o'clock, but Lotta Schmidt would not care to amuse herself after that fashion. As to Marie, she was to be married after another week, and of course she would dance with no one but Carl Stobel.

Soon after this Carl and Fritz came together, and Fritz, as he passed across the end of the first saloon, spoke a word or two to Adela. Lotta saw this, but determined that she would take no offense at so small a matter. Within two minutes Carl and Marie were dancing, and Fritz had asked Lotta to stand up.

"I will wait a little," said she; "I never like to begin much before eleven."

"As you please," said Fritz; and he sat down in the chair which Marie had occupied. Then he played with his cane, and as he did so his eyes followed the steps of Adela Bruhl.

"She dances very well," said Lotta.

"H—m—m, yes." Fritz did not choose to bestow any strong praise on Adela's dancing.

"Yes, Fritz, she does dance well—very well indeed. And she is never tired. If you ask me whether I like her style I can not quite say that I do. It is not what we do here—not exactly."

"She has lived in Vienna since she was a child."

"It is in the blood, then, I suppose. Look at her fair hair, all blowing about. She is not like one of us."

"Oh no, she is not."

"That she is very pretty I quite admit," said Lotta. "Those soft gray eyes are delicious. Is it not a pity she has no eyebrows?"

"But she has eyebrows."

"You have been closer than I, and you have seen them. I have never danced with her, and I can not see them. Of course they are there—more or less."

After a while the dancing ceased, and Adela Bruhl came up into the supper-room, passing the seats on which Fritz and Lotta were sitting.

"Are you not going to dance, Fritz?" she said, with a smile, as she passed them.

"Go, go," said Lotta; "why do you not go? She has invited you."

"No; she has not invited me. She spoke to us both."

"She did not speak to me, for my name is not Fritz. I do not see how you can help going when she asked you so prettily."

"I shall be in plenty of time presently. Will you dance now, Lotta? They are going to begin a waltz, and we will have a quadrille afterward."

"No, Herr Planken, I will not dance just now."

"Herr Planken, is it? You want to quarrel with me then, Lotta."

"I do not want to be one of two. I will not be one of two. Adela Bruhl is very pretty, and I advise you to go to her. I was told only yesterday her father can give her fifteen hundred florins of fortune! For me—I have no father."

"But you may have a husband to-morrow."

"Yes, that is true, and a good one. Oh, such a good one!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"You go and dance with Adela Bruhl and you shall see what I mean."

Fritz had some idea in his own mind, more or less clearly developed, that his fate, as regarded Lotta Schmidt, now lay in his own hands. He undoubtedly desired to have Lotta for his own. He would have married her there and then—at that moment, had it been possible. He had quite made up his mind that he preferred her much to Adela Bruhl, though Adela Bruhl had fifteen hundred florins. But he did not like to endure tyranny, even from Lotta, and he did not know how to escape the tyranny otherwise than by dancing with Adela. He paused a moment, swinging his cane, endeavoring to think how he might best assert his manhood and yet not offend the girl he loved. But he found that to assert his manhood was now his first duty.

"Well, Lotta," he said, "since you are so cross with me, I will ask Adela to dance." And in two minutes he was spinning round the room with Adela Bruhl in his arms.

"Certainly she dances very well," said Lotta, smiling, to Marie, who had now come back to her seat.

"Very well," said Marie, who was out of breath.

"And so does he."

"Beautifully," said Marie.

"Is it not a pity that I should have lost such a partner forever?"

"Lotta!"

"It is true. Look here, Marie, there is my hand upon it. I will never dance with him again—never—never—never. Why was he so hard upon Herr Crippel last night?"

"Was he hard upon Herr Crippel?"

"He said that Herr Crippel was too old to play the zither; too old! Some people are too young to understand. I shall go home, I shall not stay to sup with you to-night."

"Lotta, you must stay for supper."

"I will not sup at his table. I have quarreled with him. It is all over. Fritz Planken is as free as the air for me."

"Lotta, do not say any thing in a hurry. At any rate do not do any thing in a hurry."

"I do not mean to do any thing at all. It is simply this—I do not care very much for Fritz after all. I don't think I ever did. It is all very well to wear your clothes nicely, but if that is all, what does it come to? If he could play the zither, now!"

"There are other things except playing the zither. They say he is a good book-keeper."

"I don't like book-keeping. He has to be at his hotel from eight in the morning till eleven at night."

"You know best."

"I am not so sure of that. I wish I did know best. But I never saw such a girl as you are. How you change! It was only yesterday you scolded me because I did not wish to be the wife of your dear friend Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man."

"You go away with your good man! you have got a good man of your own. He is standing there waiting for you like a gander on one leg. He wants you to dance; go away." Then Marie did go away, and Lotta was left alone by herself. At last Fritz returned to her and bade her come to supper. He was resolved to see how far his mode of casting off tyranny might be successful, so he approached her with a smile, and offered to take her to his table as though nothing had happened.

"My friend," she said, "your table is laid for four, and the places will all be filled."

"The table is laid for five," said Fritz.

"It is one too many. I shall sup with my friend, Herr Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is not here."

"Is he not? Ah me! then I shall be alone, and I must go to bed supperless. Thank you, no, Herr Planken."

"And what will Marie say?"

"I hope she will enjoy the nice dainties you will give her. Marie is all right. Marie's fortune is made. Woe is me! my fortune is to seek. There is one thing certain, it is not to be found here in this room."

Then Fritz turned on his heel and went away; and as he went Lotta saw the figure of a man, as he made his way slowly and hesitatingly into the saloon from the outer passage. He was dressed in a close frock-coat, and had on a hat of which she knew the shape as well as she did the make of her own gloves. "If he has not come after all!" she said to herself. Then she turned herself a little round, and drew her chair somewhat into an archway, so that Herr Crippel should not see her readily.

The other four had settled themselves at their table, Marie having said a word of reproach to Lotta as she passed. Now, on a sudden, she got up from her seat and crossed to her friend.

"Herr Crippel is here," she said.

"Of course he is here," said Lotta.

"But you did not expect him?"

"Ask Fritz if I did not say I would sup with Herr Crippel. You ask him. But I shall not all the same. Do not say a word. I shall steal away when nobody is looking."

The musician came wandering up the room, and had looked into every corner before he had even found the supper-table at which the four were sitting. And then he did not see Lotta. He took off his hat as he addressed Marie, and asked some question as to the absent one.

"She is waiting for you somewhere, Herr Crippel," said Fritz as he filled Adela's glass with wine.

"For me?" said Herr Crippel, as he looked round. "No, she does not expect me." And in the mean time Lotta had left her seat and was hurrying away to the door.

"There! there!" said Marie; "you will be too late if you do not run." Then Herr Crippel did run, and caught Lotta as she was taking her hat from the old woman who had the girls' hats and shawls in charge near the door.

"What, Herr Crippel, you at Sperl's? When you told me expressly, in so many words, that you would not come! That is not behaving well to me, certainly."

"What, my coming? Is that behaving bad?"

"No; but why did you say you would not come when I asked you? You have come to meet some one. Who is it?"

"You, Lotta, you."

"And yet you refused me when I asked you! Well, and now you are here, what are you going to do? You will see dance."

"I will dance with you if you will put up with me."

"No, I will not dance. I am too old. I have given it up. I shall come to Sperl's no more after this. Dancing is a folly."

"Lotta, you are laughing at me now."

"Very well; if you like you may leave it so." By this time he had brought her back into the room, and was walking up and down the length of the saloon with her. "But it is no use our walking about here," she said. "I was just going home; and now, if you please, I will go."

"Not yet, Lotta."

"Yes; now, if you please."

"But why are you not supping with them?"

"Because it did not suit me. You see there are four. Five is a foolish number for a supper-party."

"Will you sup with me, Lotta?" She did not answer him at once. "Lotta," he said, "if you sup with me now you must sup with me always. How shall it be?"

"Always? no. I am very hungry now, but I do not want supper always. I can not sup with you always, Herr Crippel."

"But you will to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Then it shall be always." And the musician marched up to a table, and threw his hat down, and ordered such a supper that Lotta Schmidt was frightened. And when presently Carl Stobel and Marie Weber came up to their table—for Fritz Planken did not come near them again that evening—Herr Crippel bowed courteously to the diamond-cutter, and asked him when he was to be married.

"Marie says it shall be next Sunday," said Carl.

"And I will be married the Sunday afterward," said Herr Crippel. "Yes; and there is my wife." And he pointed across the table with both his hands to Lotta Schmidt.

"Herr Crippel, how can you say that?" said Lotta.

"Is it not true, my dear?"

"In fourteen days! no, certainly not. It is out of the question." But nevertheless what Herr Crippel said came true, and on the next Sunday but one he took Lotta Schmidt home to his house as his wife.

"It was all because of the zither," Lotta said to her old mother-in-law. "If he had not played the zither that night I should not have been here now."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every summer the weather—as if it were an impertinent intruder on this mundane sphere—is the victim of the most vituperative abuse. Every summer brings an excess of heat to which there has hitherto been no approximation—according to complainants. No month is ever hotter than has been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant! The mercury is declared to have gone up out of sight; and eighty-seven degrees of Fahrenheit, following some more "fearful temperature," is pronounced quite "wintry." "Fierce," "torrid," "awful," "terrible," "infernal," are the terms used, and language is exhausted, and new epithets coined, in the apparently vain attempt to depict the sufferings of dissolving humanity.

In truth, we have had a couple or so of excessively hot "heated terms;" and, according to reliable records, the quicksilver has shot up higher than in many years before. Consequently there has been much suffering, especially among the laboring classes, who are exposed to the intense rays of the sun, and among the poor, who live in low, oven-like chambers. But those who have shelter in large, high, comparatively airy rooms, would do well to hush their complaints, and think of those who have no such accommodations. The truth is, that half the discomfort we experience in hot weather is self-inflicted. We fret, and fume, and worry, and scold, and fan ourselves, until the hot blood boils! The only way to endure a hot day is to keep cool. "Keep cool!" somebody sarcastically remarks, "and how, pray? Shall we take a berth in an ice-house?" Yes, keep cool—mentally, we mean. It is not always possible to keep the body down to temperate heat; but those who are able to prevent their feelings from rising higher will be astonished to find what a difference it makes in one's comfort. Thinking all the time that it is unendurably hot will make one more so. Don't devote yourself unreservedly to eating ices, plying a palm-leaf fan, watching the thermometer, and anathematizing the weather; but whether you have any need to work or not, engage in some moderate, and, if possible, interesting employment. Take it easy, do not hurry, but keep busy; and you will be surprised to find that the torrid heat becomes less oppressive, and that [illegible]

Outside of our own feelings it brings a sort of cooling breeze to hear that a short time ago there was a fall of snow three feet deep on the mountains in Utah, covering them down to their base. The snow-storm was preceded by a terrific hail-storm in the lowlands.

It also has a wonderfully refrigerating effect to read the recent announcement of an "Excursion among the Icebergs" in the vicinity of "Labrador," even down to, "For particulars address Franklin Snow & Co.," etc.

A happy individual writing from Savannah, Georgia, a short time since, declares that "for ten days past out-door winter clothing has been comfortable, and at night a blanket;" and he grows rhapsodic about the "delightful sea-breeze frolicking through his windows." However, we do not think that even this will tempt many to exchange New York for Georgia just now.

Saratoga in the olden time was quite a contrast to the Saratoga of our day. A visitor to that place in 1787 gives the following account:

"We mounted our horses one day and rode seven or eight miles through the pine forest, with its delightful fragrance, and arrived at a place where they said there were some mineral springs. There was not even a village, but only two or three log-houses standing among the pine trees. The people were civil, and provided hay for our horses, and for ourselves bacon and eggs. They piloted us into a morass where Nature was uncultivated, and stepping cautiously from log to log we soon arrived at a spring which they called the Congress Spring, which looked as it does now."

Now the resident population is numbered by thousands, to say nothing of the annual throng that deluges the place in the months of July and August. The "season" there is now fully inaugurated, and thirsty mortals are freely quaffing from the fountains of health. A new spring has been discovered this season near the "High Rock," and the old ones have not lost their sparkle. Many will be interested to know that a movement has been made toward the rebuilding of Congress Hall, with the intention of having it in readiness for the next season. It is expected that at least $[illegible] will be secured at Saratoga. Assurances are given that large subscriptions will be made in New York, Boston, and other cities, among those who were patrons of that hotel.

There is something exceedingly pleasant in the substantial and cordial way in which New York, Boston, and all the larger cities have rendered aid to Portland in her hour of need. But it is really touching to hear of little towns in Maine and other States—towns that have no wealthy men with pockets full of money—calling meetings, and with earnest sympathy contributing their mite for the sufferers. It is good to see the hearts of people opening to such a call on their benevolence and sympathy.

There are thousands all over the country interested in the prosperity of Amherst College who will be glad to know that it is the intention of the trustees to erect immediately a new Chapel, for which purpose a son of [illegible] Stearns, a wealthy merchant of Boston, has donated thirty thousand dollars. Also there is to be erected a new Library building, for which nearly twenty thousand dollars has been subscribed; and a new building to be devoted to the Mathematical and Philosophical departments. This latter will be the finest building, and will cost one hundred thousand dollars, a gift from Dr. Walker, late of Newport, who during his life gave to the College another hundred thousand dollars. The necessities of the College demand that these buildings should be erected at once. It is intended to convert the present Library building into an Art Gallery, for which it is admirably adapted, and friends of the College have already promised valuable contributions to it.

Not many months ago sundry communications appeared in the columns of an English journal to the effect that, in English schools, girls, and even young ladies, were frequently subjected to disgraceful corporal punishment. The facts were evident, and a good deal of indignation was manifested in regard to the matter. But recently our own community has been shocked by a brutal occurrence in one of our most enlightened New England cities. In one of the public schools of the city of Cambridge, it appears—we wish, indeed, the report were false—that a young lady, now in her seventeenth year, was detected in whispering, and was called up for punishment by one of the assistant teachers. To this she refused to submit. The principal was consulted, and it was determined to whip the delinquent. Two assistants undertook to administer the blows. A struggle ensued, and the principal came to the aid of his subordinates. The young lady was held until a dozen or twenty blows were inflicted upon her person with a leather strap. The parents of the young lady referred to the School Committee, but they sustained the course of the teachers; and the case has been laid before the Grand Jury of the county. Undoubtedly lawful authority should be maintained in schools; but if a young lady of sixteen does not yield to it willingly, she better be expelled. Such disgraceful occurrences as this stain the noble system of public education in America.

A Richmond paper warms with indignation because a large number of colored ladies and gentlemen were recently seen, on a Sunday, riding in all the style that the livery stables could furnish, and especially because white drivers were upon the box and the negroes upon the cushions behind—a strange reversal of former situations.

The following quaint words of old Robert Southwell are worthy of being committed to memory:

"Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their faults, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labors come to nought.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last—
Wind and tide stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought;
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought."

The European war, which will cause such misery to thousands who have had no hand in bringing it about, reminds us of a little anecdote, old, but good.

"What are you thinking, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier, who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the English. The soldier started, and after saluting his General, answered: "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired two hundred rounds of ball that day.

It seems that the war does not altogether prevent people resorting to the German watering-places even thus early in the season. Ems already reckons more than a thousand visitors—Germans, Swedes, Russians, and English. The French will arrive in large numbers, according to custom, in July. The [illegible], we are told, is very conspicuous at Ems; and the rivalry carried on between the fair sex from all countries is something astonishing. The elegancies of [illegible] at this fashionable watering-place will not fail to obtain their full share of admiration.

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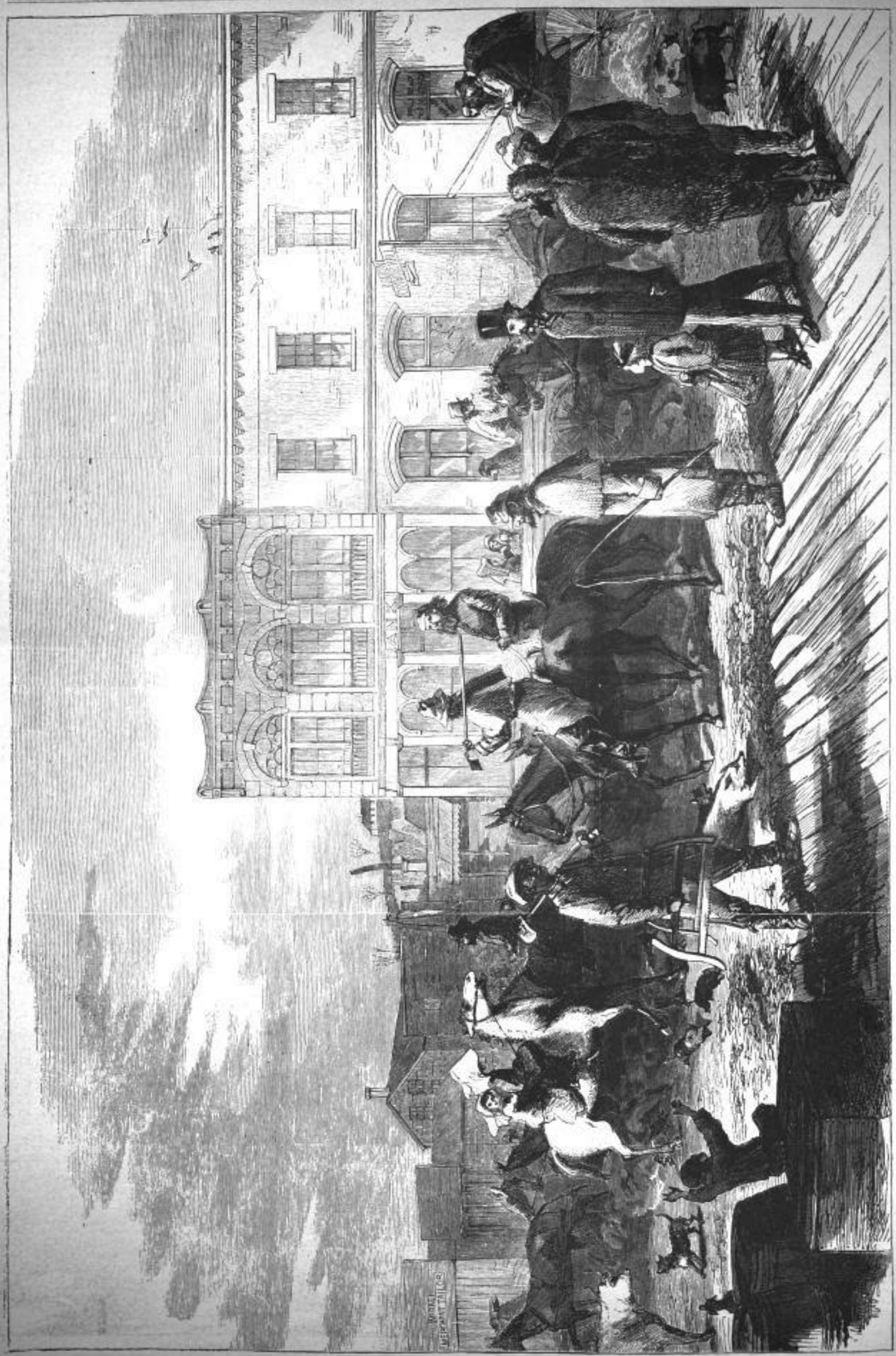

COMMERCIAL STREET, ATCHISON, KANSAS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.—[SEE PAGE 477.]

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THE HEROINE OF FREDERICK.

WHEN "STONEWALL" JACKSON invaded Maryland in 1862 there was found in Frederick, through which his troops marched, one fearless Unionist, an aged lady, whose name was BARBARA FRIETCHIE. Faithful among the faithless she held out the "Stars and Stripes" from her window in the very faces of the rebel raiders. The story is well told in WHITTIER's beautiful poem, which we have taken the liberty of copying below. The portrait is from a photograph sent us by Mr. BRADY of Washington, to whom we were indebted for the photograph from which "The Andersonville Relics," given in our last Number, was engraved.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

A CRUEL PUNISHMENT.

THE letter which we give below is from a gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, who sends us the photograph from which our illustration is engraved. The case stands on unquestionable authority, and the time is now gone by when things of this nature are to be hidden from the public:

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *July 3, 1866.*

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Inclosed I send you a photograph showing in part the effects of a punishment by a hot iron on the back of a negro girl about 12 years of age, inflicted by a virago by the name of Mrs. A——, living in King William County in this State, a few weeks ago. The case is at present under investigation by the Freedmen's Bureau of this Department. The negroes who lived on the place all testify to the cruelty and fiendishness of this woman while they were her slaves and since they were liberated. This girl was locked up in a private room, for some trivial offense, and kept in there over a week, during which time the burning was inflicted upon her. Her screams were frequently heard by the servants. Live coals were laid upon her back and the back of her head, and the flesh on her back and limbs was burned so that when she was released she could scarcely stand and was nearly crazy. The case was reported, the girl brought to this city, and Mrs. A—— arrested.

"The papers of this city all with one accord sang out against the Bureau for its interference, and Mrs. A——, instead of the fiend that she is, was a martyred and chivalrous Southern lady. She was required to give bail in $5000. All the counsel of the city tendered her their services. The Judge-Advocate of this Department, Captain LAYTON, Eleventh United States Infantry, conducted the examination. If the evidence were all published it would present one of the most cruel and heartless episodes of history that have disgraced civilization."

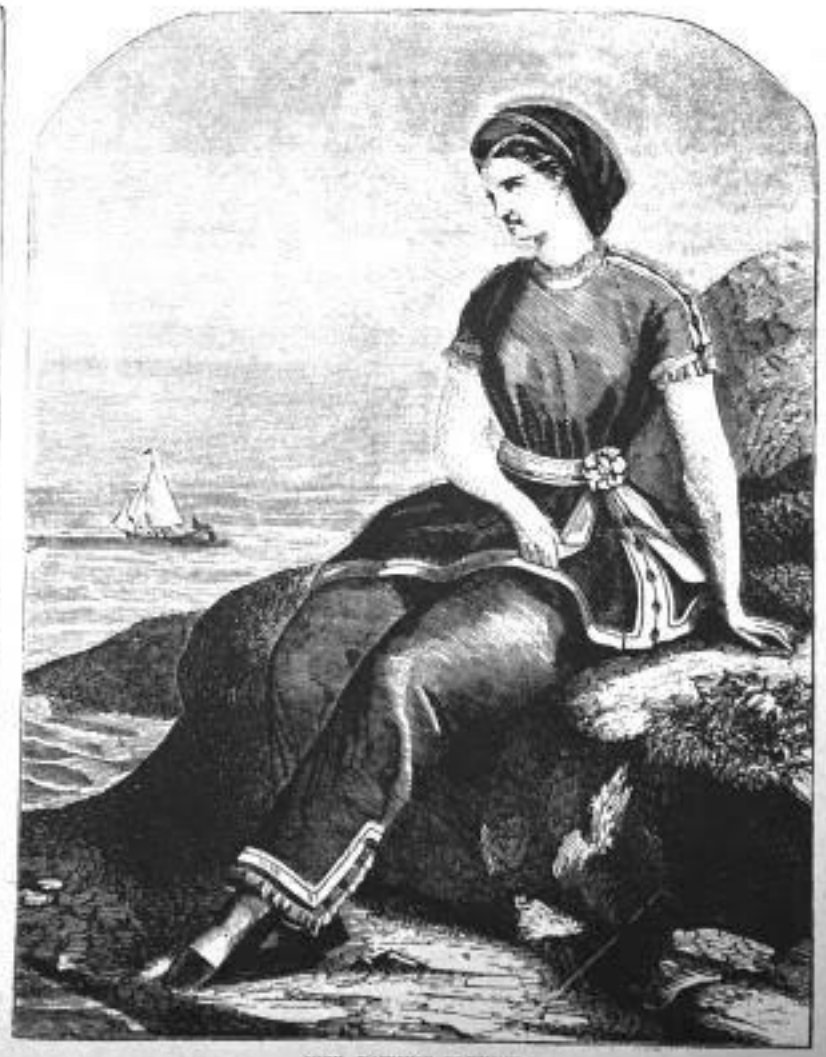
A BATHING COSTUME.

HAPPILY the days have gone by when lady bathers made frights of themselves when enjoying that most healthful and invigorating of recreations—a dip in salt water. Ugly blue flannel gowns, cut so scantily that it was difficult to squeeze into them, and which never fulfilled the object for which they were intended, as they generally rose to the surface of the water directly after their wearers plunged into it—these ungraceful garments, with the hideous oilskin cap which crowned them, may now be looked upon as things of the past. They have been succeeded by a far superior style of dress, which, in fact, is a picturesque costume, consisting of tunic and knickerbockers. We give an illustration of one of the most approved and convenient forms of bathing dress which has yet been introduced. It answers its mission, for it conceals the figure without impeding in the slightest degree the actions of its wearer when either bathing or swimming, and, added to these advantages, it looks well. The tunic fastens at the left side, and the knickerbockers in front. There are various opinions as to the best material for bathing costumes. For summer wear we recommend the stout brown holland. This does not cling to the figure when wetted, neither does it hold the water, as flannel, and so become cumbersome and heavy. It should be trimmed, as in our illustration, with scarlet worsted braid of two sizes. The binding of the knickerbockers and tunic, and the trimming on the shoulder seam, consist of strips of brown holland cut on the cross, and two rows of narrow scarlet braid run upon them; the box pleatings round the arm-holes and ankles are of scarlet worsted braid, from an inch to one inch and a half in width. The waistband and sash are likewise of brown holland bound with broad braid, two waved lines of narrow braid being added as an ornamentation. The buttons are black horn. The cap is black oilskin, bound with scarlet. French ladies wear small black glazed hats to protect their complexions when swimming, as they do not deem it imperative to dip their heads under water when they bathe. Dark blue serge, similar to that worn by sailors in the British navy, we also recommend as a suitable material for this costume. It likewise can be trimmed with either white or scarlet worsted braid, according to our engraving.

STREET SCENE IN ATCHISON.

THE picture which we give on page 474 illustrates an everyday scene in Atchison, Kansas. The locality which our artist has chosen is Commercial Street, and he has faithfully depicted the style of buildings in the business part of the city. These buildings are a medley of brick structures and cotton-wood shanties. The figures are drawn from life. Here in the fore-ground we have a Kan-

MARKS OF PUNISHMENT INFLICTED UPON A COLORED SERVANT IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.



NEW BATHING COSTUME.

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sas farmer; the shaggy cronies on horseback are returning to their homes in Missouri after a hunt, which it would seem has not been very successful. The women and girl riding "double" is a common sight, though to Eastern eyes it may appear strange and somewhat ludicrous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

PORTLAND, July 16, 1866.

You would like "a stereoscopic view of the burned district." Well, to see the burned district you had better come in at the Boston dépôt—at least that is what I did—and take a walk. The fire broke out not far from the point where we start and burned over a broad swath, as the troopers say, diagonally across the city. How it caught, how it burned, and how it stopped, you will have learned from the papers of the time. How it looks to-day is what is best learned now. *The extent of the fire* is the first thing that impresses the mind. It is not what we often see in New York—a few burned buildings—nor is it a good many burned buildings merely; but a long, broad track of ruined chimneys, demolished walls, and rubbish—buried streets.

The thoroughness of the burning is what you next notice. Several things illustrate this. First, the buildings are entirely in ruins. They are not standing in shape, with blackened windows and charred interiors, as is commonly the case when a house is burned—but demolished. As a rule the chimney stands; but the walls of each building have fallen entirely in, so that only a vague notion of the general ground plan is all that one can form respecting the edifice. In a two-hours' walk through the district we find, perhaps, ten spots where the walls show something of the size, shape, architecture, and uses of what has been destroyed. But these are the exceptions; far more frequently we can not guess whether the buildings, by whose ruins we are passing, were high or low, brick or square, old or new, big or little, many or few. wood and wood-work is destroyed.

Then again, all ... there large beams have left a excepting here and ... There is nothing left any fragment of charcoal ... for the owner to save for where of boards or rafters for ragged children to rebuilding; nothing ... Then, again, there is no carry away for fire-wood. ... wares, merchandise, trace any where of any goods the affrighted inhabitants or furniture saved. What the advance of the may have snatched away from ... thing we see to-day; flame we can not tell from any ... of all they left to but the fire has left them nothing in shape, and, we it. Iron safes have preserved their ... pipes, rods, kettles, see, their contents. Ironware ... distinguished, tles, tools of various kinds, can be ... noticed, in the half melted, half twisted up, wholly characteristic ashes; but of nothing else do we see ... One stock traces. Yes, here is one thing saved! ... in shape of goods has resisted the fire and remains ... burned and substance. In the very heart of the ... was district was an ice-house. The wooden shed was burned away; the thick heap of straw beneath was singed and burned outside, but workmen are digging through the blackened top, and underneath they find and cart away great blocks of ice, as good as new. In all our two hours' walk we see nothing unspoiled but this. Still more we realize the thoroughness of this fire when we observe how the green trees were burned. In all the region over which the fire spread we do not see one tree left alive. Those of the largest size, elms of twenty inches thick and fifty feet in height, are standing in their shape, smoked and shriveled, dead but not destroyed. But trees of the second size are burned to a short charcoal stump. Leaves, boughs, and branches are gone; a few feet of the substance of the stem, with perhaps stubs of the main branches surmounting it, only remain.

The activity of the Portlanders impresses the mind before one advances far up the burned district. On the outskirts, and in all the region formerly occupied by dwelling-houses, the ruins remain as yet mostly untouched. But in what were business streets are many signs of energy and activity in repair. On many lots workmen are picking out the unbroken brick, chipping the calcined mortar from them, and piling them up for use. Carts and wagons are threading their embarrassed way through the choked streets, carrying off rubbish, or bringing on materials for new erections. Here and there wooden buildings are being rapidly put up; so that already there are some of good size standing with frames completed, and partly boarded. Here and there—on the site of what was once a silversmith's shop, or perchance a bank, a knot of men are digging in the ashes for melted fragments of metal, or trying to open the safe. Additional to the numerous squads of workmen, are throngs of persons strolling back and forth to see what they can see; and these heighten the apparent activity of the scene. Working our way gradually through this region—turning aside to see a ruined church here, to avoid an impassable street there—we come upon what was a region of dwellings, and where reconstruction is less advanced; and beyond this we come upon a camp.

Destitution and suffering have now been measurably relieved. The outward tokens of them, to the casual visitor, are chiefly gathered at this spot. We are at the northeasterly end of the city, where there lies a broad slope of land ascending somewhat sharply, and culminating in a bold terrace or brow of land. Upon this terrace are many substantial buildings; but on the slope below very few, and at this slope the fire stopped for want of fuel. On this slope are thickly scattered the tents, which are the temporary homes of many houseless families.

That Portland is not quite all burned is what we see at the very last; for now, returning to the dépôt, and turning aside from burned streets to avail ourselves of unobstructed ones, we find we have a long and weary walk through streets of intact shops and dwellings, beyond all sight and suggestion of the GREAT FIRE.

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL CAUCUSES.

On the evening of July 11 a caucus of the Republican members of Congress was held in the hall of the House of Representatives. General Banks was elected chairman. Only eight Senators were present. Mr. Hotchkiss, of New York, said that the meeting was called at the request of himself and others, and his object was to have an interchange of views as to the best course to be pursued in regard to the rumored removal of office-holders by the President. He had no doubt that such removal was intended as soon as Congress should adjourn. He deemed it the duty of Congress to stand by its friends, and to make any sacrifice necessary to keep them in office. He thought Congress should remain in session so as to prevent removals.

Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, offered a resolution, declaring that Congress would remain in session until December. He said that any party that would not stand by its friends ought to go down, and we must stand by the men now in office. He thought, too, it might be necessary for Congress to take other action before next session to prevent the accomplishment of schemes to restore the rebels to power. He believed the President was a traitor to the party and the country, and that he was ready for any ... however desperate, which would put the Government into the hands of the rebels.

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, indorsed what had been said about the treachery of the President, and the necessity of adopting some measures of prevention. But he thought it important that members should go home and fight out the battle before the people. The Cabinet, he was happy to say, was already broken up. He was glad to announce that Postmaster-General Dennison had resigned, and would have nothing more to do with the Administration, and he hoped that other members of the Cabinet would follow his example. He thought they should strip to the waist and fight the battle out on this line.

Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, denounced President Johnson as a traitor—a madman—in league with rebels and Copperheads, and insisted on measures of protection against his schemes.

Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, denounced the Philadelphia Convention as a conspiracy of traitors, and said he believed the President had got it up for the purpose of destroying the Union party, and of putting rebels and Copperheads into power. The rebel newspapers North and South were in favor of it for that reason. The New York *Evening World* advocated it as a means of destroying the Union party and restoring the rebels to power, and the New York *Times*, although it had not yet gone quite so far as this, also upheld and favored the Convention. The President, as is well known, regards every bill passed by Congress, while eleven States are unrepresented, as null and void, so that nothing short of the admission of the rebel members will satisfy him.

Mr. Raymond, of New York, said Mr. Kelley had not the shadow of a right to attribute to the *Times* any such purpose or motive as breaking up the Union party. His insinuation to that effect was utterly untrue, and was the most unmanly way of making an injurious and unjust charge. He had his own views of the objects to be accomplished by the Convention, and he had not, thus far, concurred in the views expressed by those around him. He believed that, properly managed, the Convention would strengthen the Union party, instead of destroying it. So long as he had reason to think so, he should continue to advocate it. Whenever he saw reason to believe that it was to be used to destroy the Union party, neither the *Times* nor its editor would support it.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution declaring it to be the duty of every Union man to denounce the Philadelphia Convention and render it odious to the people.

Mr. Bromwell, of Illinois, followed in favor of this resolution—denouncing the President, and saying we ought to revise all the laws under which offices were created which the President can fill—and that salaries should be abolished, and other means taken to render the power of appointment useless in his hands. Congress could sit all summer—we were paid by the year, and it made no odds to us.

Mr. Hale, of New York, objected to the resolution as unjust to true Union men.

Mr. Raymond again took the floor. When the Philadelphia Convention was first announced he believed it would have a good effect in nationalizing the Union party, and in placing its action upon a broader and safer basis. He had never concealed his conviction that, unless the party was thus nationalized and liberalized, it would be short-lived, and power would pass from its hands to those of its opponents; and he had therefore looked with favor on the call for the Convention. Whenever he saw reason to change his opinion as to its object and effect he should act accordingly.

The resolution was then adopted, Mr. Hale, of New York, voting against it. Mr. Raymond declined to vote.

Gen. Banks then announced the appointment of the Committee of Nine—Senators Morrill, of Maine; Chandler, of Michigan; Nye, of Nevada; and Representatives Colfax, of Indiana; Farnsworth, of Illinois; Hotchkiss, of New York; Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Garfield, of Ohio; Boutwell, of Massachusetts.

Governor Hamilton, of Texas, then addressed the meeting, by invitation, on motion of Mr. Stevens, after which the caucus adjourned, to meet at the call of the Committee.

A second caucus was held on the evening of the 14th. The proceedings of this evening were in striking contrast to those of the first caucus.

The report of the Committee, in spite of the efforts of Speaker Colfax, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Hotchkiss, and others, was eventually set aside, and the caucus resolved, by a vote of 41 to 48, to adjourn on the 23d.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

MY friend, Mrs. H., recounted to me the following remarkable incident in her life:

She was married at a somewhat early age, and, shortly thereafter, accompanied her husband to India, where she remained until delicate health compelled her, after the birth of her second child, to return to England.

A deep despondency seized her at the idea of the approaching painful separation from her husband; but there was no alternative, and, at the appointed time, the latter accompanied her to the ship, doing his utmost to cheer and reassure her with the hope of a happy reunion.

"It is in vain, William," was her persistent rejoinder. "I feel convinced that, in this world, I shall never see you again."

"You *shall* see me, love," replied H. "I feel that I can make you that promise. Nothing—no, not death itself—shall prevent your seeing me again. Be comforted with that assurance."

On her arrival in England, Mrs. H. joined her father and sisters at Brighton, where the salubrious air quickly restored her health and strength. A twelvemonth elapsed, during which period the accounts from India were regular and satisfactory, and Mr. H., in his later letters, expressed his joy at her recovery, and his hope that she would return to him at the first moment her health permitted.

Her father was an ... and somewhat imperative on that subject with ... daughters, consequently, were sometimes ... to defer the more elaborate touches of their ... until after the matutinal meal, and it was upon one of these occasions that all three had ... their dressing-rooms—Mrs. H. and one of her sisters, who have no particular ... ters in a large apartment looking to the front, the other lady in a room adjoining.

Mrs. H., in her dressing-robe, was walking about, brushing her hair, when she happened to approach the window. The house was situated in the crescent of Kemp-town, and, facing the sea, commanded both approaches—right and left. Her eye fell upon a mail-phaeton, rapidly approaching, that seemed to rivet her attention. It contained no one but the driver—a gentleman. As he came nearer she uttered a cry of delight that brought her sisters to her side.

"It is William! It is William!" was all she could say.

Her sisters recognized the familiar face as well as herself. Mr. H., as the carriage drew near, looked up at the window, inclined his head, and smiled. Much excited at this sudden arrival, his wife hurriedly completed her dressing, and ran down stairs into the drawing-room. Her father was there alone.

"Why—where is he? Where is William?" she hastily asked.

"William!" repeated her father. "Why, in India, my dear. Where should he be?"

"No, no; he's come! He is here! We have seen him! Perhaps he has gone round to the stables. He might have spoken to me first," sobbed the disappointed wife.

After remaining silent, in pique, for a minute or two, she could brook the delay no longer, and, ringing the bell, desired a servant to run round to the stables and bring word who was there.

The messenger returned. Nobody had been seen. On further inquiry, the policeman and road-sweeper in the crescent both denied that any private carriage had passed through that morning.

A note was made of the exact time the three sisters had seen Mr. H.; and the news which, shortly after, reached them of his death proved that he had expired at the same time—his latest words expressing an intense desire to see once more the face of the wife he loved so well.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN and childhood have been surrounded with an atmosphere of poetry, and have been invested with all the charms of poetic fancy:

> "Angels are talking to them in their dreams—
> Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear."

They are supposed to hold some intercourse with the world of spirits, and their very smiles are interpreted to mean communion with a world unseen. Their gestures, tones, and language are the constant theme of poets, and novelists take them for their text. For ordinary mortals like ourselves they possess a wondrous charm; and they are a relaxation to the man of business or the student, who can unbend to them, when to all the world besides they are unapproachable. The painter makes them his study, and they have been among his most successful works, for infancy appeals and pleads to all alike. When they are tricked out in muslin and silk, and toddle in after dinner, every eye lights up, and they become the centre of all attraction, and later on their lispings and their sayings become household words, and their elders learn to speak a language which they have caught from infant lips. They are, in their early years, a source of the greatest amusement and interest. The old grow young again in their presence. They are to them like the green shoots of a second summer. Even they who profess dislike or indifference toward them have been known to fondle their own children by stealth, almost ashamed of a weakness to which nature has prompted them. The affection of a little child is almost the only thing which a suspicious nature does not distrust. There is something in the simple, untutored, spontaneous return with which a child meets its overtures that disarms it at once of that reserve with which more or less it surrounds itself in all its intercourse with the world. But there is another side of the question which, in all fairness, ought not to be attributed so much to the children themselves as to those who are their natural guardians. Who does not know what is meant by an *enfant terrible*? and who that has suffered from it can be blamed for railing against children as a nuisance? A child of quick intelligence and much observation, who has a certain faculty of putting one and one together—who hears and listens attentively to all that is passing around, both in the nursery and in the drawing-room—who is suffered to live on too familiar terms with its elders—who has but little tact and less self-control—who blurts out all that comes into its little mind without regard to time or place, and says the most *mal-apropos* things that can be imagined—whose pert sayings are retailed as clevernesses by ill-judging parents and servants in its presence, till it has learned to value them as having some merit in them—who is allowed to engross all the attention with its stories and its prattle, to the evident annoyance of those who see no charm in it—such a child is indeed one of the greatest pests of society.

But it is, we repeat, more the fault of others than of the child. Amused by the smartness of its sayings, or by the quickness of its perceptions, parents encourage it for their own amusement, and laugh at it; while in the nursery it finds favor, because it is one of the means by which nurses and nursery-maids learn what is going on in the drawing-room. But this is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways, for if it reveals the tactics of the drawing-room, those of the nursery and housekeeper's-room do not escape. With eyes and ears well open, a ready tongue, and a retentive memory, children become dangerous to friend and foe. What is more detestable than a child directed of every particle of *mauvaise honte*, who obtrudes its remarks and its nursery news upon every one, and forces itself upon all people alike? It hears perhaps in the nursery ... comments that have been made upon a flirtation that has been carried on between Aunt Jane ... cousin, who have, in the innocence of their ... that a pair of detective ... talk ... the authorities should be directed to it at that moment. The *enfant terrible* announces, in its own sweet way, to her dear grandmamma, in the hearing of her grandpapa, that her aunt and cousin are fond of each other, and, with a certain amount of self-importance, attracts attention to the existing state of things. The mine has been sprung—the murder is out—and Aunt Jane and her cousin are severely reprimanded, while the latter is dismissed, and the former is never suffered to stir beyond the watchful eyes of a grim Cerberus who is placed on guard. It is vain to hope that, in the presence of such inquisitors, any thing can remain secret or escape being proclaimed from the housetop. The house-maid and her "follower" suffer equally from the same penetrating eye, listening ear, and garrulous tongue; and "mamma" is duly informed of the conversation which took place between the under nursemaid and the young man on the other side of the stile. Such watchdogs pay to those who care to know the minutest details of their household, and therefore they are not corrected.

No bland amenities can be successful while one of these "sweet little pets" is at hand with its revelations, its explanations, and its glosses, for it is sure to remember how mamma said she was glad to hear that Mrs. So-and-so was going away. An amusing story is told of a lady who once pressed a friend to visit her in the country. On his arrival at ——, he was at once shown to his room, the dressing-bell, as he was informed, having already rung. On entering the room in which the company assembled before dinner, he found himself alone with a little girl, elegantly dressed, who, as the event proved, was quite up the occasion. He spoke to her in language which he supposed to be suited to her years, and, for a time, they got on very well together, when she presently bethought herself that she would like to know the name of her new friend. He at once complied with her request, and told her his name, to which she instantly replied, with the utmost *naïveté*:—"Oh, then, you are the man that mamma says has sung himself into society!" Pleasant announcement in the first moments of an arrival at a strange house! especially when it suddenly flashed across our friend's mind that it had been a special proviso in the invitation that he should bring all his music with him. But there is no end to the stories which almost every one has to tell of the *mal-apropos* sayings of these blessed little pests. If a friend is pressed to stay, and regrets his inability to do so, the *enfant terrible* is sure to say it is glad of it. It is in vain to hope to dissemble your love or your aversion, if, in an unguarded moment, no secret has been made of either. "Little pitchers have long ears," and people are apt to forget this when they talk over the things which most deeply interest them, forgetful that the tongue of the young and old alike is an unruly member. Precocious children, who have not been kept in their proper place, and whose tongues have been allowed to run on *ad libitum*, have not unfrequently been the disturbers of domestic happiness. Tale-bearing is an odious habit, whether in the old or young, and no fireside is safe against its attacks. An amusing instance occurred, within our memory, of a petted child who was suffered to accompany her father in a round of visits which he proposed to make. His visits being made, he brought her back to her mother, with the evident expectation of some praise for his punctuality. Mamma, in her gladness, drew the child toward her, gave her a kiss, and was on the point of expressing a hope that she had been amused, when she was cut short by the "sweet child" saying, "Ah, that is just what papa did to Mrs. ——." It was impossible for her unfortunate father to contradict or explain. There he stood, convicted.

We think that, in connection with this subject, the duty to children is twofold. First, that they should be taught from their earliest childhood that it is both dishonorable and wrong to repeat what they hear; and secondly, that care should be taken not to place upon them a burden too heavy to bear, by talking too openly and indiscriminately before them of things which we do not wish to hear repeated again. If their elders are imprudent enough to talk rashly before them, let them be taught the virtue of that reserve which prevents tale-bearing; but let it be remembered that it is cruel and wrong to try the temper of children by forcing upon them a habit which is opposed to the free nature of childhood.

THE WORD OF AN EMPEROR.

ONE day, at the parade of his guard, the Emperor Paul I. was excessively indignant with one of his officers, who was not a good horseman.

"Cashier him and send him to his estate!" said he to the commanding general.

"Pardon me, Sire," answered the latter, "he is a poor man and has no estate!"

"Datj jemu!"—(Then give him one!) exclaimed the Emperor, as he rode away.

This answer was not only original, but imperial, for having once been uttered the Emperor must keep his promise. The officer therefore was made possessor of an estate, in order to live in banishment upon it.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

IT is seldom that those who have passed through a campaign can show more than one or two "honorable scars," but there is now in this city an Italian, named Frederick Gusotti, who fought bravely on the Union side during the rebellion, and received no less than twenty-four wounds, several of them of the most dangerous character. The breast, sides, and neck of this unfortunate young man are literally seamed with scars. Besides these certificates of his devotion to the Union cause, he bears written ones from Surgeons Parkhurst, Sloan, Moore, and Pinkham, and also from Major-General Ferrero. Broken down in health, and unable to earn a living in this country, he desires to return to his native land, but lacks the means to do so.

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HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XII. OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—... [illegible]
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NATIONAL CEMETERIES.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—... [illegible]
MISS INGERSOLL'S PRIDE.
MISS STUYVESANT.
OUR MINISTER TO MEXICO.
AN INQUIRY INTO ONE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL RESTRICTIONS ON THE REVENUE POWERS OF THE UNITED STATES.
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NEWSPAPERIANA.
THE ST. LEONS.
A MAIDE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.
THE FOOL CATCHER AGAIN.
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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
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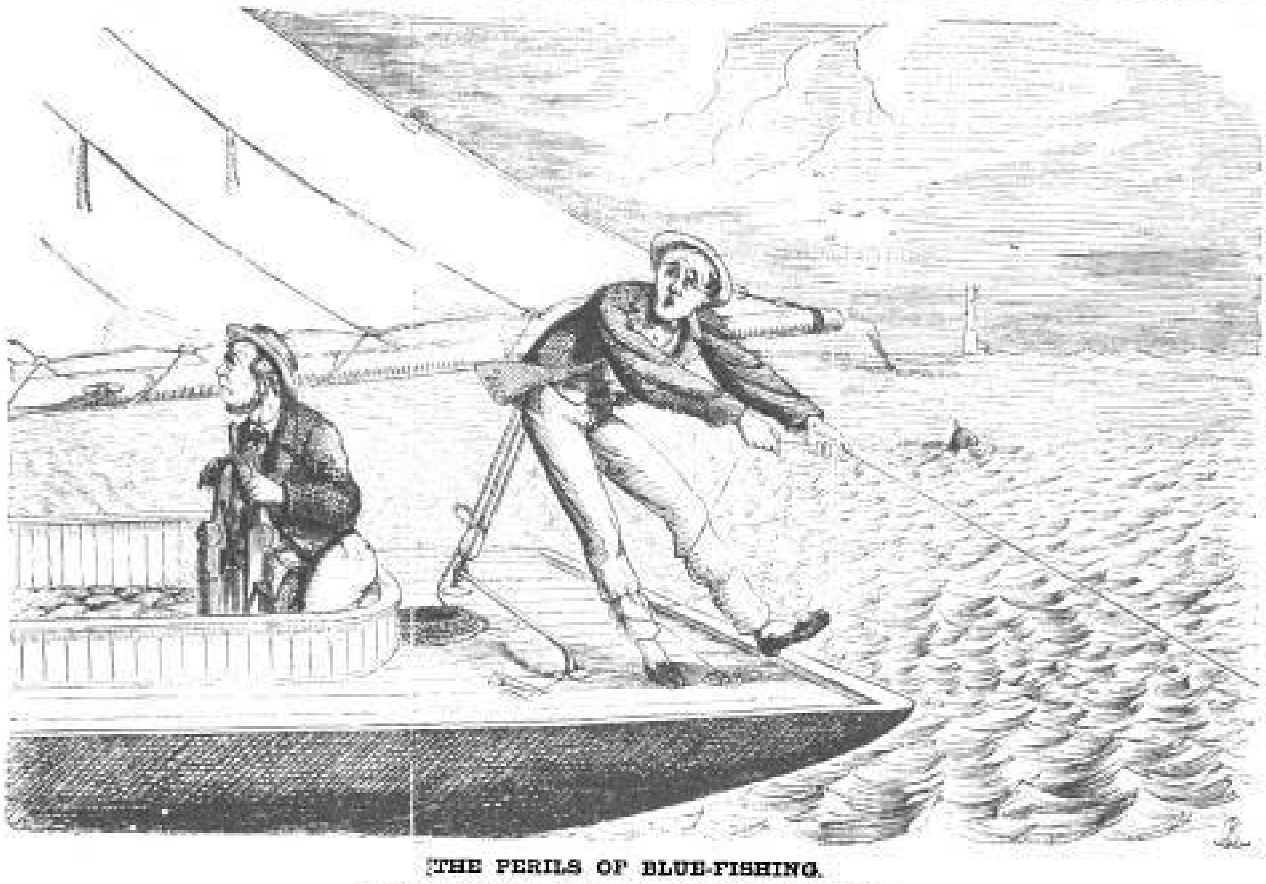

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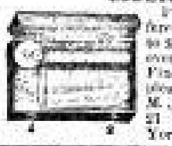

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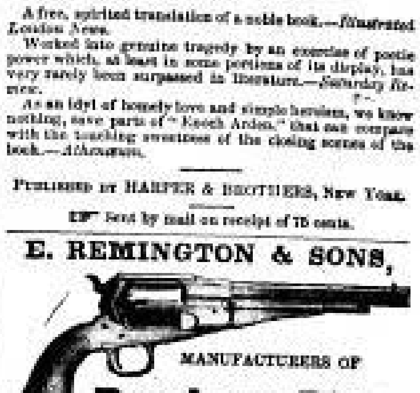

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 501.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"PAPA'S COMING!"—[FROM A PAINTING BY T. F. DICKSEE.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1866.

THE CASE STATED.

THE rupture between the President and Congress is lamentable, but it is decided. As his policy failed to command the approval of the Union party, and it can not be denied that it has, his only alternative was to relinquish it or to await other support. That could come from one quarter only, from the Democratic party. It was not to be expected that the President would relinquish what he deemed the sole constitutional and sagacious policy; and therefore the elected candidate of the Union party of 1864 has no other party support than that of the Democracy.

Regrets and recriminations are equally vain. It is too late to wonder whether, had the wise and patient LINCOLN lived, the party which sustained him and the war would not have settled without serious opposition the great question of reunion. It is vain also to blame the President or to asperse him. Men act from mixed motives, and it is both unmanly and unwise to traduce those with whom we profoundly differ, and whom we most steadfastly oppose. The welfare of the country, through the triumph of the fundamental American principle, which Mr. SPEED well defines in his letter of resignation as "the political liberty and equality of mankind under the law," this is the end which every thoughtful citizen will constantly bear in mind, and it is therefore of very little importance whether the President is influenced by the desire of re-election; by the wish to live his future years peacefully in Tennessee; by an incurable "Southern" proclivity; by an unextinguishable hostility to what is called "Radicalism;" by incapacity to comprehend the situation, or by the most conscientious desire to do his duty faithfully. It is vain to turn upon him the fire of his own words when he was military Governor of Tennessee, or when he succeeded to the Presidency: for a man of ardent temperament and of utterly undisciplined mind says many things under extraordinary excitement for which he can not fairly be held responsible. Whatever the President's motives may be, he has distinctly declared his policy. That policy will be sustained by the Democratic party, and must be estimated not by his personal character, but by its own merits and by the necessities of action which the new coalition will impose upon him.

This is true also of the policy of Congress. Our judgment must be determined not by our opinion of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, or of Mr. INGERSOLL, or of any other ardent or unwise declaimer; not by the ill-humor of debates, or by the occasional folly of certain acts. Neither is it of present importance whether Congress has been too slow or too fast in arriving at its conclusions. Congress has been maligned, derided, and denounced as the President has been. It is enough that each has declared its policy of reunion. Upon those policies the country will decide at the autumn elections; and every sensible man will weigh them well.

The exact point, then, is this: The President holds that the States lately in rebellion, having accepted certain conditions which he has imposed without consultation with the representatives of the people, have now the right to be admitted to Congress upon the same terms as the other States. Congress holds that the Legislative and not the Executive department of the Government is the rightful judge of the situation, and that the public safety requires another condition as the necessary complement of those already accepted, and opposes admitting any late insurgent State to an equal share in the Government until it adopts the amendment proportioning representation to voters, and excluding from office at the pleasure of Congress certain conspicuous offenders. The object of this amendment is of vital importance. To state it is to prove it: for it proposes merely that no State which has tried to destroy the Government shall, as a result of its abortive effort, gain increased power in the Government.

There is thus no difference of *principle* between the President and Congress, although there is that difference between him and the Democratic party which denies the right to impose any conditions whatever. But the President has done it. It was the necessity of the case, and he could not help it. Either South Carolina had the right to demand to resume her old share in the Government without accepting the Emancipation Amendment, or revoking her act of secession, or repudiating her rebel debt, or she has no right to demand it until she has satisfied any other condition which the Government may require for the same purpose of security to the Union. The President, indeed, claims that his conditions are the only constitutional terms that can be asked. But that is merely his opinion. Nobody denies that every State enjoying equal rights in the Union is entitled to representation. But the very issue is, when and upon what terms a State which has just failed in a conspiracy to destroy the Union may safely resume its equality of rights within it. The President insists that his terms are a sufficient security. Congress insists that something more is necessary to make them secure. The country will decide between them.

We believe that Congress will be overwhelmingly supported; we do not doubt that the country feels its proposition to be wiser, and knows that the renewed ascendency of the Democratic party would be an incalculable disaster. It is neither extravagant, nor unfriendly, nor dangerous, nor impolitic, to insist that no State engaged in the late rebellion shall resume its national relations until care is taken that it shall not have gained political power by the rebellion. If any such State refuse to accede to a condition so intrinsically just and so unprecedentedly moderate, can it fairly accuse the loyal Union men of the country of wickedly excluding it from Congress and dangerously delaying reunion? The almost universal testimony of the best witnesses of the condition of the late insurgent section—the tone of its leading and popular newspapers and addresses—the evidence of conspicuous insurgent leaders before Congress—their frank, private avowals and conduct, and the result of the local elections, all show that the hostility to the Union, in which the Southern citizens of this generation were bred, has not—and it is not surprising that it has not—been torn out of them by a terrible war which has devastated their homes and ruined their properties. Justice, policy, humanity, every wise and generous consideration, demand that they be not, therefore, harshly repelled and denied the fellowship of the Union. But the same conclusive reasons certainly require that they shall not have gained increased power in the Union. They and their purposes and policy are not new to the country. They are devoted, wily, audacious. A great party stands ready organized and eager to act with them. They are, indeed, for the moment prostrate, but they are not powerless; and as the Union takes them into its bosom again to renew their life, it is not unkind nor unwise if it seeks to guard against their sting.

THE TREASURY REBUS.

THE administration of the Treasury Department under Secretary M'CULLOCH reminds one of the rebuses which appear in certain ambitious periodicals, with the provoking note—"Solution in our next." It is a perpetual rebus, which keeps us all guessing wildly day and night, until the appearance of the next monthly exhibit from the Department puts us out of our pain by furnishing the solution.

Every body guessed the rebus for May. The blunder of the Department was so enormous that nobody needed to wait for the June statement to learn that thirty millions of gold had been thrown away at 15 @ 20 per cent. below the market, and that somebody had thereby realized a neat little profit of three or four millions.

The July statement has been delayed, but it will probably show that twenty millions of Seven-Thirty notes have been privately exchanged for Five-Twenty bonds. We defy any one to have guessed this rebus. Every thing was kept perfectly quiet. An inquiry for Seven-Thirties, which put them at least 3 per cent. higher than they were ever expected to go, did certainly excite remark. But no one could learn whence the inquiry came, or what it meant. It is now reported that Mr. M'CULLOCH had made a secret bargain with the New York house of JAY COOKE & Co., by which he agreed to furnish them with new Five-Twenties in exchange for Seven-Thirty notes—on what terms and conditions is only known to the contracting parties; and that, in pursuance of this bargain, some twenty millions of Seven-Thirties were bought, and as many Five-Twenties sold, by the house in question. If JAY COOKE & Co. merely charged the usual commission for transacting the business, they only got $50,000 for a fortnight's work. Rumor, however, credits them with a much fatter bonus on the transaction. Rival houses, jealous of such windfalls, are asking why JAY COOKE & Co. should be selected as the recipients of such favors; and want to know whether they, too, are brothers-in-law of the Secretary? They say that Mr. VAN DYCK could have sold his Five-Twenty bonds and bought his Seven-Thirties much more cheaply than JAY COOKE & Co. were willing to do the work. Perfectly competent men could have been hired to do the job at one-tenth of JAY COOKE & Co.'s rates.

This is a matter for Mr. M'CULLOCH to settle with Congress when he makes up his next annual report. If he has squandered the public money, we presume he can be held personally responsible. He is understood to be rich. As to JAY COOKE & Co., they can not be blamed for making as much money out of Government as the Government officials allow them to make.

JAY COOKE himself was a banker in the smallest kind of way in Ohio when Mr. CHASE inaugurated his system of finance. One of the first men to realize the necessities of the occasion, and to discern the practical methods by which money could be raised for the prosecution of the war, was JAY COOKE. He went to Philadelphia, and opened a little bank there. By degrees he won the confidence of the Secretary, became a subscriber for public loans, bought and sold the various classes of securities issued by Government at the beginning of the war, was frequently, by reason of his early information, enabled to operate without risk in bonds and stocks, and in the course of a couple of years won for himself such a position that he obtained the office of agent for the Five-Twenty and then for the Seven-Thirty loan. This made his fortune. How much he realized from it no one knows; probably not less than five—perhaps ten million dollars. Every body connected with him became rich. As for himself, he was enabled to buy islands, to run churches, to support colleges, to live in a style which extinguished even the ASTORS. And, after all, he deserved his reward. Mr. FESSENDEN tried to negotiate the second series of Seven-Thirties without him, and failed miserably; JAY COOKE took up the moribund scheme, breathed life into it, and it succeeded instantly. Any body might make the egg stand when they learned how; but, you see, nobody chanced to have learned how at the right time except JAY COOKE.

But now that the war is over, and no further emergency embarrasses the Treasury Department, it seems to be pretty generally felt, even among those who justify JAY COOKE'S sudden wealth, that his house ought not to enjoy advantages over other banking houses, or, at all events, that the Treasury officials ought not to throw money into the hands of JAY COOKE & Co. when there is no necessity for throwing money into any one's hands. If the Government desires to exchange Five-Twenties for Seven-Thirties, Mr. VAN DYCK can do it, without commission, if the market will justify the exchange; if the market will not justify the exchange, Messrs. JAY COOKE & Co. can not accomplish it. Within the next two years some $800,000,000 of these Seven-Thirty notes will have to be exchanged or disposed of in some way or other. The mercantile community and tax payers generally are not prepared to pay Messrs. JAY COOKE & Co. a commission on effecting this exchange, and if Secretary M'CULLOCH contemplates throwing this business into their hands, he will not find it easy to justify himself before Congress and the country.

Senator SHERMAN'S bill prohibiting further secret sales of gold is a fair indication of the public temper. Mr. SHERMAN is a friend of the Secretary, and the last man in Congress to object, willingly, to any policy which affords well-informed people a fair chance of making a little money. But the public disgust at the blunder of May last was too unmistakable to be disregarded. People are tired of secret negotiations, which are always suggestive of fraud. They want the operations of the Treasury Department to be as open and as public as those of the Quarter-master's Department, or the Navy Supply agency.

Nothing is ever gained, in the long-run, by secrecy, in the conduct of large negotiations. The idea that the Government could not sell its gold or its bonds if it were generally known to be a seller, is a fallacy which experience contradicts and nothing sustains but the private opinion of the brokers whose commissions depend on the continuance of secret sales. Suppose Mr. VAN DYCK had, on 22d May, advertised $30,000,000 of gold for sale to the highest bidder. Is it not clear he would have got nearer 140 than 130 for it? Certain Treasury officials, in a recently published correspondence, expressed the opinion that if the purposes of Government were known Wall Street would combine to defeat them. This childish nonsense deceives no one. Every adult of sound intellect can see that Government requires to convert $800,000,000 of Seven-Thirty notes within two years. From this time out every banker will watch the Seven-Thirty market, and any secret operations which the Government may attempt through JAY COOKE & Co. or any one else, will be detected at once, and telegraphed throughout the country before sundown, just as the Government sales of gold were detected and telegraphed. It is such secret operations as these which beget hostile combinations. Let Mr. M'CULLOCH openly advertise that he will give Five-Twenty Bonds for Seven-Thirty notes, on such conditions as he may deem fair and the market may justify—not through this or that pet banking house, but at his own office; and he may rely upon it he need fear no hostile combinations. If the market be in a favorable condition he will succeed in effecting the exchange without paying any share; if it be not in a favorable condition he will fare no worse than he would have fared had he placed himself in the hands of one of his pet bankers. If the Five-Twenty Bonds command a premium when the Seven-Thirties mature every one will convert, without the least effort by Government; if they are at a discount every one will want his money, and all the JAY COOKE arguments in the world will not avail to alter one single mind.

We speak of the maturity of the Seven-Thirty notes, because we have no idea that Congress will adopt or the Supreme Court justify the repudiating scheme of Senator JOHN SHERMAN, by which holders of Seven-Thirties would be compelled to elect four months before the maturity of their notes whether they proposed to demand money or bonds. Whatever straits may await the Treasury Department, we are not yet prepared to believe that the Government is going to cheat its creditors, either in the rate of interest on its obligations, or the period of time which its options have to run.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

THE result of the first campaign in the European war is prodigious, but, upon reflection, not surprising. It has been evident for many months that BISMARCK meant to fight. He had privately consulted LOUIS NAPOLEON in Paris, and had come to an understanding with VICTOR EMANUEL. His object was the overthrow of the imperial power of Austria, and his means were all the resources of an opulent military monarchy. Of course he had not resolved without the most careful information of the available military force of his enemy, a knowledge of his financial condition, and of the disposition of other Powers. The stake was enormous; the risk was that of all wars, and therefore incalculable. But the event shows how masterly was the comprehension of the situation and circumstances, and with what marvelous skill the combinations of the campaign were drawn.

Europe has been so long destitute of a truly efficient and audacious genius that there was no mental preparation for its appearance. It was undoubtedly the general expectation that diplomacy would shrug and grimace indefinitely; that Prussia was blustering and bragging to force results by fright; that LOUIS NAPOLEON had said at Auxerre nothing more than he had always said; and that, by-and-by, somewhere and somehow, the business might be bungled into a war. But that BISMARCK clearly saw that the knot could only be cut and not untied, and that his sword was not only sharpened but raised, was a fact not easily believed.

But being fully prepared BISMARCK forced the moves throughout. On the 14th of June he brought the cumbrous Diet to a vote which he anticipated. On the 18th he declared war, and occupied Saxony and Hanover. Paralyzing the Federal army with one hand, he pushed his own force through Dresden and into Bohemia with the other. Within the week he struck the astonished enemy wherever he found him, steadily advancing, taking point after point, driving the enemy backward and drawing his two hands together, on the 3d of July he clasped them and crushed the great army of BENEDEK, extinguishing in a moment the fame of the chief Austrian General, and causing the empire itself to quiver to its extremity and surrender the prey it had so long held in Italy. It was on the battle-ground of FREDERICK THE GREAT, but FREDERICK himself never struck so tremendous a blow for Prussia.

The result of this first campaign is the tearing of the treaties of 1815. It abolishes the German Confederation. It restores Italy to the Italians. Does it also abolish the Austrian empire? That a campaign of a fortnight should achieve such results and provoke such a question is almost incredible. In the presence of such facts it is idle to speculate. Will France go to the Rhine, and Germany become a vast confederated empire? Can Russia permit it, or will Great Britain wish it? Will the great victory of Sadowa, revealing to the people of the various German States the immediate possibility of a Germany in fact as well as in name, inspire them with the resistless conviction that it is a war for national deliverance? Or will the hatred between Austrians and Prussians prove to be so intense and vital as to lead to a prolonged and exterminating struggle, to be settled only by external interference?

These and other questions are inevitable, but they are unanswerable. We can see no present reason for supposing that the war is over.

CIVIL WAR.

THE Danville *Times*, the Richmond *Whig*, the Richmond *Enquirer*, the Charleston *News*, the Macon *Telegraph*, the Atlanta *Intelligencer*, the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, and we know not how many other Democratic newspapers in the late disaffected section, have been suggesting for some months that the President should call together the Representatives elected from that part of the country, who would be joined by "Conservatives" from the North, recognize them as the House, and defend himself by force of arms. The Democratic Senator GARRETT DAVIS, of Kentucky, suggested the same thing. The Democratic Chicago *Times* urged him to clear out Congress by military force. A Democratic Representative elected in Virginia, Mr. A. H. H. STUART, in an address before a college some weeks since, informed his audience that "we were on the eve of another bloody revolution." Mr. S. S. COX, formerly a Democratic Representative from Ohio, then a delegate to the Chicago Convention, where he said that in his judgment "LINCOLN and DAVIS

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ought to be brought to the same block together," and now an eminent "Conservative" of Tammany Hall, announced upon the 4th of July that unless moderate and judicious statesmanship should intervene, by which he meant unless Representatives from the late rebel States were promptly admitted, there will be civil war more terrible and atrocious than that just ended. The Democratic New York *World*, two or three weeks ago, declared that if the votes of the late rebel States for President in 1868 should be refused by the Congress of the United States, when, if admitted, they would elect the Democratic candidate, "his right would be asserted by arms."

And when, after this plain declaration from all parts of the Democratic party, that in a certain contingency they meant to begin a worse war than that which they have just waged against the Government, Mr. Boutwell said a few days since that the loyal country ought to be warned and prepare for the emergency, Mr. Henry J. Raymond announces that the Radicals are plotting civil war; and the New York *World* piously thanks the gentleman, whom it had said a day or two before had lost all consideration and influence whatever, for the startling information, and begs the President to "stop these revolutionists in their hellish work!"

Is it this declared warlike intention of the Democratic party or the resistance to it which Mr. Raymond disapproves? If the open declaration of the *World* and other Democratic authorities that, in a certain contingency, force should be invoked did not alarm him, why is he so appalled by the assertion that such force ought to be resisted?

As for the *World*, it holds that the late rebel States have never lost any rights in the Union. They had then the same right to vote for President in 1864 that they have until Congress recognizes that right now. And if the Southern Democrats had stopped fighting loyal men long enough to vote for their most friendly foe, M'Clellan, are we to understand that, if enough Democratic votes could have been added in the North to elect him, his right would have been asserted by arms?

The only civil war which this country has ever known was waged against the Government by the Southern wing of the Democratic party, supported, as Mr. Henry J. Raymond informed us in a recent speech, by the Northern wing. To save slavery the Democracy plunged the country into war. To save the spirit of slavery they would sink it into Mexican anarchy. They threaten that if they can not have their way in the coming elections there will be war. But they threaten a people who have not shown themselves afraid either of war or the rumor of war—a people who for the last ten years have seen the Democratic party in every light of infamy; who have placed their heel upon its copper head, and will keep it there until the last feeble hiss escapes.

A VERMONT SENATOR.

Vermont has many sons who would serve her well in the United States Senate; but there is one honorably known to the whole country for varied public service; for remarkable and universal scholarship; for the utmost modesty and purity of life and character; for peculiar familiarity with our political history, and for the soundest and most truly American political principles. He would bring to the Senate knowledge, experience, conviction, and character worthy and representative of the true liberal conservatism of his State; and his presence there at this time, and for the impending questions, would be hailed with sincere pleasure by the most liberal citizens of every State. We speak, of course, of the Hon. George P. Marsh, now minister to Italy.

INFLUENCE OF MENTAL EXERCISE ON HEALTH.

It is a common idea that it is no matter how little the mind is exercised so far as health is concerned, and many go so far as to think that the nearer a man comes to being a boor in intellect the better is his chance on the whole for long life. For it is supposed that mental culture is always at the expense of the physical, and that there must be in education a sacrifice more or less of the development of the lower nature for the benefit of the higher. That there is such a sacrifice very commonly in education we admit, but we do not admit the necessity of it. On the contrary, we contend that education, that is, mental exercise, may and should be so managed, even in the case of the hard student, as to contribute to physical development—that better health, or, in other words, a better condition of the system, may be obtained with an active and cultivated mind than with a boorish one.

Let us be understood on this point. We do not say that the more active the mind is the better will be the physical condition. But we do say, as we said in relation to muscular exercise in a previous article, that a certain amount of mental exercise is necessary to the best condition of the system, that is, to its highest and most confirmed health, and then, beyond this, the exercise can be extended in the case of the student, as with muscular exercise in the case of the laborer, to an amount which will not be inconsistent with the best condition of the system.

This is the natural and rational view of the matter. The Creator could never have designed that the soul, which he has so intimately connected with the body, should, in its legitimate activities, do damage to that body. On the other hand, it is in consonance with what we ordinarily see of the works of the Deity that mind and body should be of mutual benefit. Indeed we have abundant evidence that they do exert genial influences upon each other.

This is true in regard to the influence of the mind upon the body, not only of what directly concerns sentiment and feeling, but also of what may be called purely intellectual operations; for there is a satisfaction in intellectual acquisition, and this will, like the more positive emotions, exert an influence upon the body. And if the knowledge acquired be connected directly with the labor which is performed, it will strip that of its character of drudgery, and therefore substitute an enlivening in place of a depressing influence. Even that knowledge which has not this connection will lighten labor, by the food which it supplies for thought, and also by the consciousness of elevation of mind which it gives.

Suppose here are a hundred farmers who have but little mental cultivation, and who therefore have not an iota of scientific knowledge of their business. The only satisfaction which they can have in their labor comes from its results and the anticipation of them, and the labor, therefore, must be for the most part mere drudgery. Suppose another hundred, who work in the same way that the first do, but who, from the education which they have had, understand to some good extent natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, zoology, and vegetable physiology. They are interested in something else besides results—the processes by which these are reached and the influence of fertilizers upon them are subjects of constant interest as they watch the progress of the vegetation under their care. Their employment furnishes them with continual food for thought; and their labor, thus dignified and rendered interesting, is not wearisome, monotonous drudgery, as it is when performed with little thought beyond that which is absolutely necessary to its performance.

This latter company of farmers would on an average live longer lives and have better health than the first company, simply because their labor would be performed under more genial and sustaining influences. Indeed, they would do a greater amount of labor than the uncultivated and unthinking, for there is less wear and tear of the system when it works cheerily than when it performs an unwelcome task.

Suppose farther, that the wife and daughters of an intelligent farmer understand all the chemistry concerned in the dairy, the composition of milk, its character as nutriment—capable of supplying material for all the different organs of the body, and, besides this, the phenomena of vegetation, and other allied subjects, in common with the farmer himself, how would their labor be lightened, and how would the consciousness of intellectual pleasure produce a genial influence which could not fail of promoting health! And in the rest of evening, after the labors of the day are over, how would the intelligent conversation of such a family add to the benefit of that rest by giving it the character of an agreeable diversion!

What we have said of farming is true also of the mechanic arts. If the mechanic understand the principles that lie at the basis of his art he has an interest in his work which the mere drudge has not. His work is not simply skillful manipulation—the mind does not merely think enough to guide the hand, but is busy with thought either on the principles involved in the work, or on some other subject, and this agreeable occupation of the mind lightens the toil. Then too, if mechanics generally were properly educated, and their families also, how much would the consequent intelligent conversation of the family and the social circle add to the enjoyment of life, and therefore benefit their physical as well as mental and moral condition!

The education which we have supposed is far from being an impossibility. It is within the range of our common schools. If the time which is now absolutely lost in loading the memory with words and forms of expression and processes, that are not understood, were spent in teaching about the common things with which the pupil will have to do most in after-life, such as air, water, light, heat, mechanics, chemical changes, vegetation, etc., just such mechanics and farmers as we have spoken of would abound in the community, and this change in education would, we have not a doubt, add to the health of these classes and to their average length of life.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

The beautiful poem by Whittier which we copied last week to accompany the portrait of Barbara Frietchie was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and should have been credited to that periodical.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 24:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman called up the bill to fund the public debt. The first and second sections, giving the Secretary of the Treasury authority to issue five per cent. bonds were stricken out.—The death of Senator Lane was announced.

In the House, the contested election case of Koontz and Coffroth, from the Sixteenth District of Pennsylvania, was called up and decided in favor of the former.—The revised Tariff bill was considered and passed under the operation of the previous question by a large majority—yeas 95, nays 54. The 28th of July was fixed for the adjournment of Congress.

July 19:

In the Senate, a bill directing the President to place $50,000 at the disposal of the Governor of Maine, for the relief of the sufferers by the late terrible fire at Portland, was passed, 22 to 18.—The bill for the funding of the public debt was passed.—Mr. Trumbull offered a resolution to recognize the State Government of Tennessee, and announced that the Legislature of that State had just ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, a bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Central Pacific Railroad in California to Portland in Oregon was passed.—Mr. Shellabarger called up the report of the Select Committee on the charges made by Hon. Roscoe Conkling, in his place, against Provost Marshal General Fry and his Bureau. The report wholly exonerates Mr. Conkling, and severely condemns Mr. Fry. It was adopted with only four dissenting votes.

July 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented the report of the Conference Committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, which was agreed to, after considerable debate on the provision that no compensation be given for the ensuing year to the United States Minister at Lisbon, Portugal.

In the House, the joint resolution for the admission of Tennessee was adopted, 125 to 12. The following members voted nay—Alley, Benjamin, Boutwell, Eliot, Higby, Jenckes, Julian, Kelley, Loan, M'Clurg, Paine, Williams.

July 21:

In the Senate, the Committee on the Judiciary reported back the House joint resolution declaring Tennessee entitled to representation in Congress with an amendment in the form of a substitute which briefly alluded to the several steps taken by that State toward reconstruction, and which had paved the way for its restoration. Mr. Sherman objected to the substitute, saying it would probably be vetoed by the President. Mr. Trumbull supported the substitute. After debate the substituted preamble was rejected, but a change was made in the body of the resolution which will send it back to the House. The vote was 28 to 4, Messrs. Sumner, Brown, Buckalew, and M'Dougall voting against it.

In the House, the Rousseau case being under discussion, that gentleman made a protest against the spirit which he said had been manifested toward him in debate. He attempted to justify his conduct toward Mr. Grinnell, and said that he had sent to the Governor of Kentucky his resignation as a member of the House. He was then called before the bar of the House and reprimanded by the Speaker.—A resolution that when the House adjourn it be to the 2d of October, and then, if not otherwise ordered, to adjourn to the 1st of December, was adopted.

July 23:

In the Senate, the Civil Appropriation bill being taken up, the amendment directing the Secretary of War to pay out of the conscription draft fund, for every slave belonging to loyal men enlisted, not to exceed $300 each, was adopted. An amendment increasing the pay of clerks in the State Department twenty per cent. was adopted. An amendment abolishing the mission to Greece was adopted.

NEWS ITEMS.

Cholera has broken out on the steamer *San Salvador*, which arrived at Savannah on the 18th of July with 500 recruits for the Seventh Regulars. There were 18 cases among them and 3 deaths during the voyage. One death occurred after arriving at Tybee bar, and one or two after the troops had landed at Tybee Island. There was no sickness among the cabin passengers, but the steamer was ordered to remain in quarantine 15 days.

Some emigrants from Texas reached St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 16th, and report considerable disorder in society there, because of the increasing predominance of the rebel element. Loyal citizens find it difficult to live in peace.

In the Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature the Constitutional Amendment was ratified, July 19, by a vote of 43 to 11. Governor Brownlow sent the following telegraphic dispatch to Washington:

Nashville, Tennessee, *Thursday, July 19, 1866.*

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

My compliments to the President. We have carried the Constitutional Amendment in the House. Vote 43 to 11, two of his tools refusing to vote.

W. G. Brownlow.

Senator Lane having died, and Senator Pomeroy's term expiring with the present session, the next Kansas Legislature must elect two Senators to fill their places.

A dispatch received from the Governor of Kansas announces that Major E. G. Ross, editor of the Lawrence *Tribune*, has been elected United States Senator for that State, in the place of the late James H. Lane.

The *Commonwealth* newspaper announces that George Peabody intends to bestow $50,000 each upon Harvard, Amherst, and Williams Colleges of Massachusetts, and the sum of $1,000,000 upon Boston for homes for the poor.

The death record last week ran up to 1178, as noted in the Burial Permit Book in the office of the Registrar of Vital Statistics.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The London *Times* special correspondent gives a graphic account of the great battle of Sadowa as seen from the tower of Königgrätz. The Prussians evidently risked more than the Austrians, for they incurred the chance of being annihilated if they failed, as they never could succeed in withdrawing their army in the face of the enemy through the mountain passes and defiles by which they had entered Bohemia. Benedek, on the other hand, had a safe retreat open behind him when the worst came; and, thanks to his splendid cavalry, was able to avail himself of it. Dr. Russell's narrative is sufficient to show that the density of the smoke did not obscure the whole field of action in such a way as to account for the Prussians turning the Austrian flank without being seen. Between 11.30 and 12 o'clock the Austrians were, to all intents, successful on the centre and on its flanks, although the long [illegible] of the cannonade and the incessant rattle of musketry all along the front from the front of Nechanitz to the plateau beyond Klum attested the severity of the struggle and the obstinate resistance of the Prussians. At one o'clock the Prussians, however, recovered some of the ground on the right. Then as the Austrian left and centre gained ground the right yielded, and column after column of Prussians came upon the ridge firing as they advanced, while their guns on the flanks swept the slowly retreating but not disorderly Austrians with shrapnel and [illegible].

"It was now near two o'clock. On the left and centre there could be no hesitation in declaring that the Prussians were all but beaten. It seemed as if a charge or [illegible] of the horse deployed for miles on the plateau could roll up their centre on their left, or crumble the left into pieces. The Prussians in the centre made another grand effort. The movements of the Austrians from the right centre to oppose the last effort of the Prussians increased the open interval between the centre and the extreme right resting on the lower ground near the river, but the Austrians did not perceive it, or if they did could not prevent the advance of the enemy along the plateau by the big tree toward Klum. The Austrian right and reserves became more unsteady, but their artillery [illegible] every foot of ground. Suddenly a spattering of musketry breaks out of the trees and houses of Klum right down on the Austrian gunners and on the columns of infantry drawn up on the slopes below. The gunners fall on all sides—their horses are disabled—the fire increases in intensity—the Prussians on the ridge press on over the plateau: this is an awful catastrophe—two columns of Austrians are led against the village, but they can not stand the fire, and after three attempts to carry it retreat, leaving the hill-side covered with the fallen. It is a terrible moment! The Prussians see their advantage; they have got into the very centre of the position. In vain the staff-officers fly to the reserves and hasten to get back some of the artillery from the front. The dark-blue regiments multiply on all sides, and from their edges roll perpetually sparkling musketry. Their guns hurry up, and from the slope take both the Austrians on the extreme right and the reserves in flank. They spread away to the woods near the Prague road and fire into the rear of the Austrian gunners. Thus a wedge growing broader and driven in more deeply every instant was forced into the very body of the Austrian army, separating it at the heart and dividing its left and centre from the right. The troops in the centre and left are dismayed at hearing the enemy's guns in their rear, and are now exposed to the fire which most of all dismays the morale of soldiers already shaken by surprise. The right, previously broken up and dismantled, hurry toward the Prague road in something like confusion, and spread alarm among the reserves of the centre and left. The regular lines of the columns in line are gradually bulging out, and are at last swallowed up in disordered multitude. Officers gallop about trying to restore order. Some regiments hold together, though they are losing men in large every instant. The left wing is arrested in its onward progress. The Prussian generals in front of them and on the centre, seeing their enemy waver, throw their battalions against them and encourage their artillery to fresh efforts, but the formidable Austrian cavalry prevents any hasty or enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Prussian right, whose long-continued fighting and heavy losses must have somewhat enervated."

Even then Dr. Russell and in this opinion the military correspondent of the *Times* concurs thinks that a dashing charge of Austrian cavalry might have turned the fortune of the day; but the cavalry were not called on for this service, and were used merely to prevent the retreat from becoming a rout. A combination of recklessness and slowness on the part of the Austrians, too much reliance on the weakness of the Prussian left, neglect to protect Klum, and the disadvantage of generals having to carry out orders of which they did not understand the scope and import, Benedek having confided his plans only to the chief of his staff, seem to have been among the sources of Austrian weakness. It appears also that they really were outnumbered by the Prussians, and the rapid advance of the Silesian army to the support of the Prussian army of the Elbe was the decisive stroke of the day.

It appears from Dr. Russell's account that the needle-gun was of very little avail in the battle, the country not being favorable to its use. About 250,000 troops were engaged on the Prussian side, and the Austrians are supposed to have had almost an equal number. It is estimated that nearly 1500 guns were in action, of which 750 were Prussian. The Prussians say that eight of the enemy fell for every man they lost; but each side must have suffered terribly. The woods offered shelter to the Austrians, and saved them, in some degree, from the needle-gun, while at the same time the Austrian artillery told very severely on the Prussians. The Thirty-seventh Prussian Regiment went into the wood above Sadowa nearly 3000 strong, with ninety officers, and came out on the farther side with only two officers and between 300 and 400 men standing; all the rest were killed or wounded.

It still remains doubtful whether Napoleon's mediation will be successful in preventing the continuance of the war. In spite of Napoleon's intimation that Venetia, being now French territory, could no longer be used by the Italians as a base of operations against Austria, Cialdini crossed the Po July 8, and the entire Italian army is pushing forward against the Austrian positions. Austria has evacuated Venetia, but still retains her garrisons in the fortresses.

A Florence telegram of July 10, evening, says: "In consequence of the passage of the Po, and the successive movements made by General Cialdini's army, the Austrians abandoned Rovigo last night. They previously blew up all the works and fortifications defending the town, and the Tete de Pont on the Adige, and also burned the bridges. The next morning the Austrians made a reconnoissance in strong force, with artillery, in the direction of Lovadine. They were driven back with the bayonets by the Garibaldians as far as the La Ampo, which place was occupied by the volunteers. Garibaldi was present, but had to remain in a carriage in consequence of his wound. Garibaldi had been wounded in an attack on Monte Suello, July 3. The chief doctor of the volunteer staff reports that it is "a perforating wound by a small ball at the upper extremity of the left thigh." The distance between the points at which the ball entered and passed out is about four inches.

The negotiations for an armistice have not arrested the advance of the Prussians into Austria. The army of the Crown Prince, which forms the [illegible] of the invading force, is, according to the Prussian telegrams, at [illegible], far beyond [illegible], and within a short distance of Vienna.

The *Times* gives the following as the conditions attached by the Italian Government to the proposition of the Emperor Napoleon:

First, If Venetia is ceded to the Emperor Napoleon the final transfer must be made by Austria, unimpeded by the conditions with regard to Rome.

Second, That the question of the District of Trent should be recognized as one to be discussed.

The Prussian conditions contained in the letter of Prince Reuss are stated to be as follows:

The exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation.

The exclusive command of the military and naval forces of the Confederation by Prussia.

The diplomatic representation of Germany abroad; and the annexation to Prussia of the Duchies and part of the territory already occupied.

The following are the basis of the negotiations suggested by France, and communicated to Count von Goltz and Prince Metternich, by whom they have been transmitted to Berlin and Vienna:

The Germanic Confederation to be dissolved and another confederation to be established, of which neither Prussia nor Austria should form a part.

No territorial cession to be demanded of Austria.

The abandonment by the latter of her rights on the Duchies, and to replace the war indemnity at first demanded by Prussia.

Prussia to incorporate definitely Holstein, Hesse Cassel, Hesse Darmstadt, and Brunswick. The population of the Prussian Kingdom would thereby be raised to [illegible] souls—the Rhine to constitute the western frontier of Prussia, and the Province between the Rhine and Meuse to serve as an indemnity to the sovereigns dispossessed by the war.

An exchange of territory to take place between Baden and Bavaria, which would give the former nearly the whole of the Rhenish Palatinate; Saxony, Hanover, and the Duchies of Nassau, to conclude military conventions with Prussia. The inhabitants of Luxembourg to choose whether they shall belong to Prussia or Baden, and population of the Valley of the Saar to choose between France and the new Rhenish sovereign.

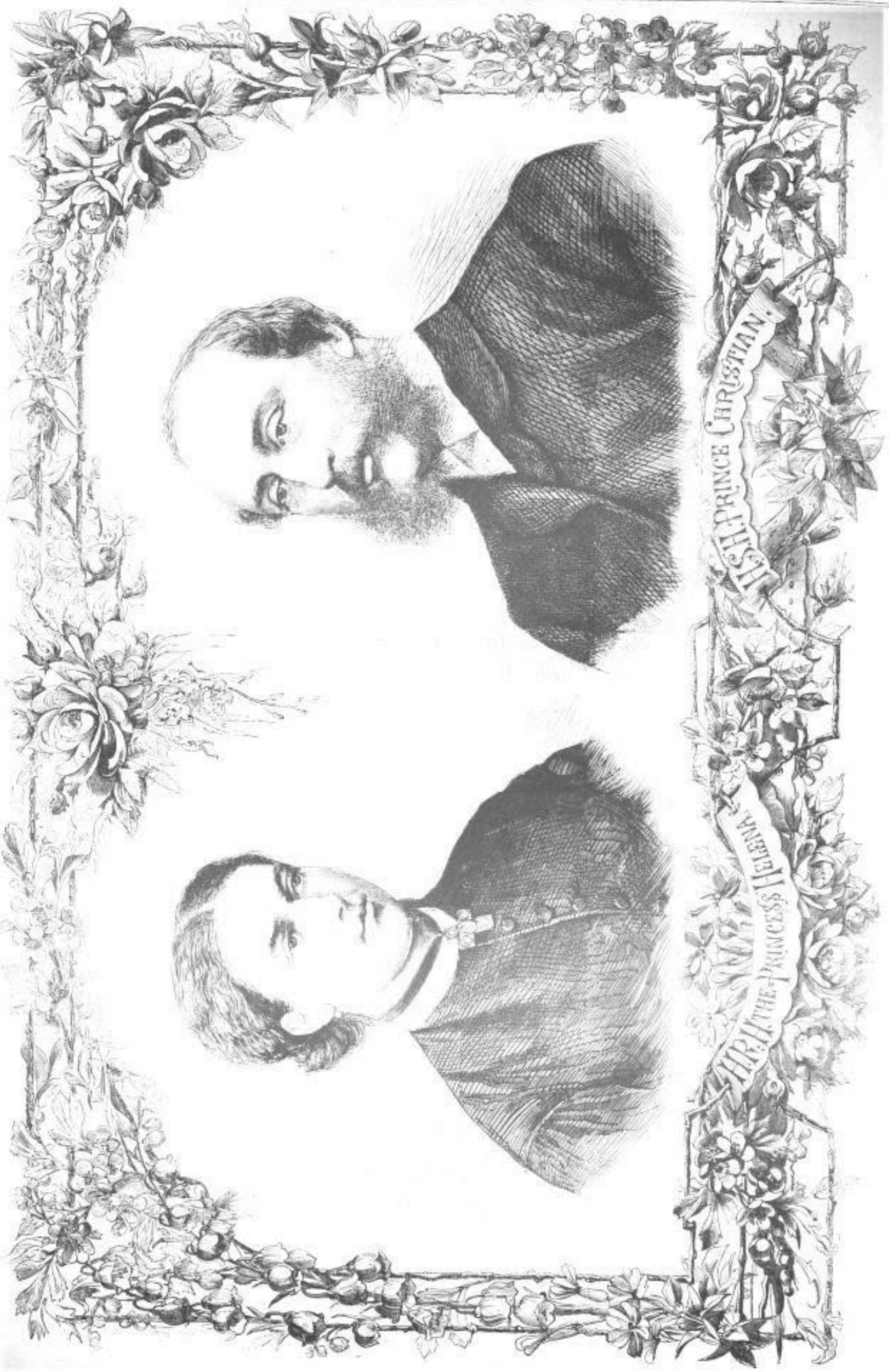
The Florence journals of the 16th assert that Prussia had declined the proposed armistice.

The same journals announce that the Prussian Government has officially declared to the Italian Cabinet that Italy can not accept an armistice which, being based upon the cession of Venetia, would be tantamount to a separately concluded peace, and would [illegible] to the detriment of Prussia and to the advantage of Austria the [illegible] now stationed in Venetia.

It seems that the Austrians are not so morally prostrate after the battle of Sadowa as was expected. We hear from Vienna that they still hope to conquer the Prussians if the negotiations for an armistice should fail, and that the Government is quite determined not to make any humiliating concessions. The Emperor has declared that "he would be driven back as far as Debreczin before he will consent to make peace with the Prussians so long as they remain on Austrian soil," and this feeling is shared by a very large and influential section of the population in the provinces of Austria and Bohemia. Nor is the confidence of the Austrians quite unfounded, for they have still a very formidable force at their disposal. The army of the North, diminished as it is, still consists of 150,000 men, including some splendid cavalry regiments which have not suffered at all. Then there are the troops now employed on garrison duty, which number 50,000 men, and the reserves, constituting 100,000 more. From Italy the following force will become available now that Venetia has been given up: 40,000 men and 200 guns from Verona, 25,000 men and 150 guns from Mantua, 25,000 men and 50 guns from Legnago, 10,000 men and 50 guns from Peschiera, 12,000 men and 150 guns from Venice, and 60,000 men and some hundreds of guns from the various small fortresses and intrenched camps in different parts of the country. Thus Austria has still at least [illegible] troops, well equipped, provided with strong fortresses, and with an artillery twice as strong as is necessary for an army of that size.

General Benedek has been superseded in the chief command by the Archduke Albert.

The *Official Gazette* of Florence reports the losses in the battle of Custozza on the 24th ultimo: [illegible] killed, [illegible] wounded, [illegible] prisoners, [illegible] missing. Total losses [illegible] killed, [illegible] wounded, and [illegible] prisoners and missing.



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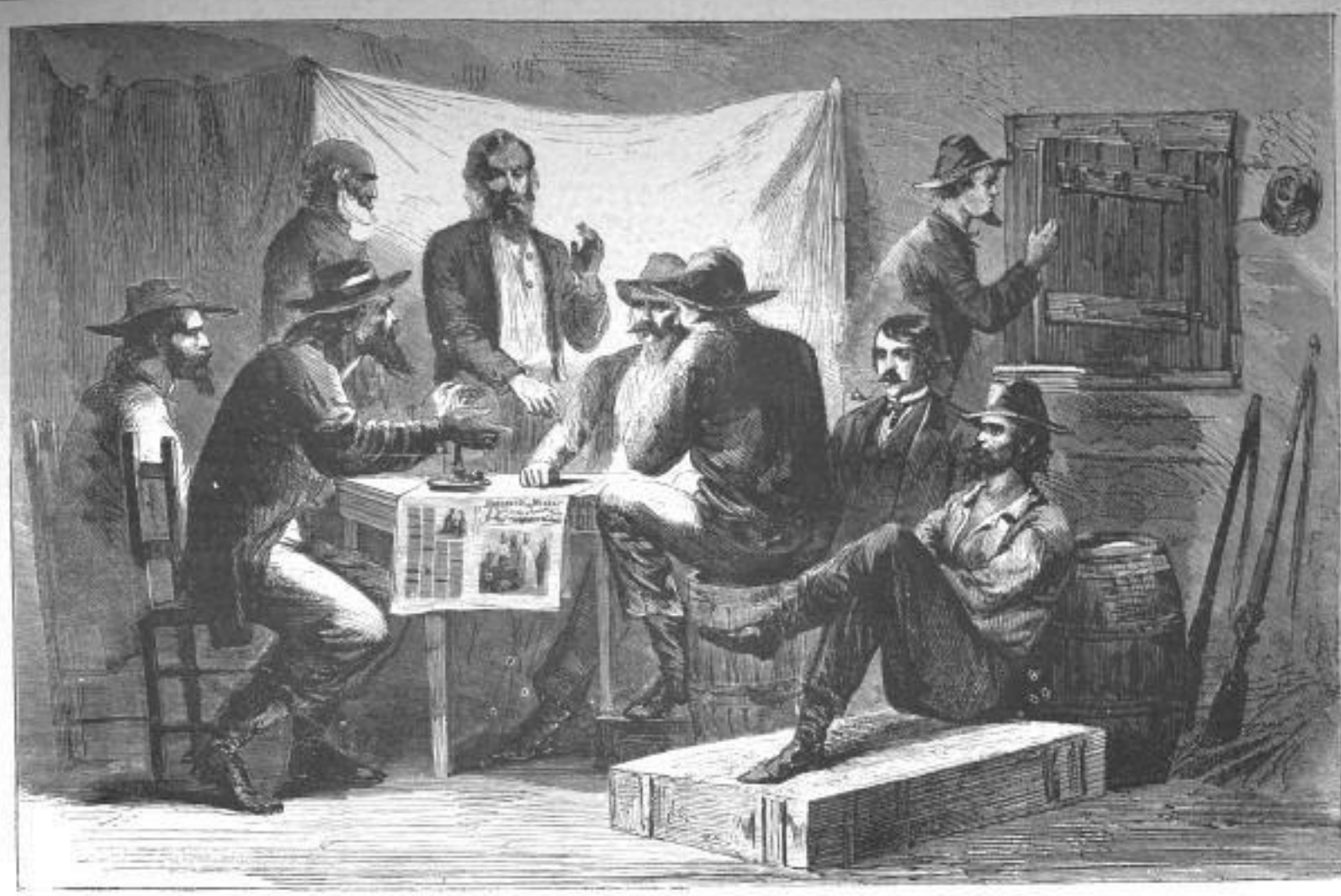


SECRET MEETING OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.—[Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.]

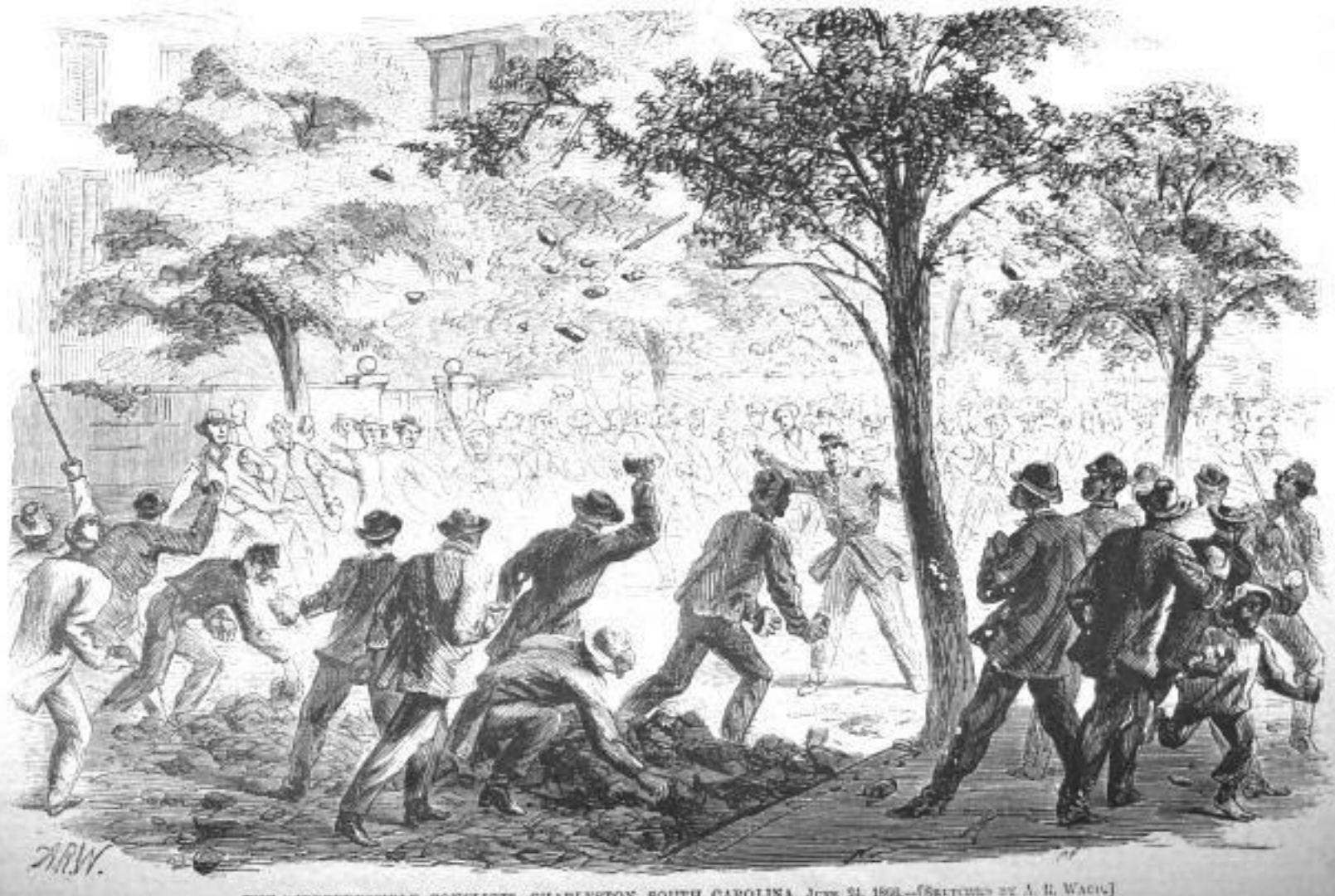
PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MEETING OF UNION MEN.

The Union men of Louisiana say: "The Government has deserted us; Wells, our Governor, has crushed us, and General Casey has helped him to do it. When the armies of the United States occupied our State we were encouraged to come forward and proclaim ourselves; needful elections were held, and the general result good and faithful civil officers.

"The people found themselves free to vote as they pleased; a privilege seldom exercised in this section; and we rejoiced in the absence of the fearful power of the rebellion, par excellence the poor man's enemy. Now the progress of reconciliation has returned the power to the hands of the old dominant slave-owning class, the same that has always kept the poor white man ignorant and useless. And now they vote as Major this or Colonel Cocker tells them to. As for the Union men they are proscribed, outlawed; if the Confederacy had succeeded, Jefferson Davis could not have done worse for them. And in thus sacrificing the interests of Union men the Government has not attracted an atom of devotion or loyalty from those who were lately rebels. Conciliation here means neither the improvement of the black nor white race, but simply the placing means of mischief in the hands of the old domineering class which produced the rebellion, and is now only abiding the time when it may once more have the power to do the country an injury."

It was with astonishment that I found how complete is the reestablishment of the old "Reign of Terror" for Southern Union men, the wistful glance at strangers, the constraint upon their speech—for none dare to speak out who wish to live in the South—with the exception of those who live in large cities, where numbers make men bold. These, and an air of depression and suffering, are the present characteristics of the "native Unionists." In some places, where they are few in number, employment is kept from them, and covert insult—sometimes more—is heaped upon them. Being invited to attend a meeting of them—for obvious reasons I need not state the precise spot—I entered a little house, where the accommodations were very limited, and a look-out was kept in case any chiv-



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT"—CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, June 21, 1866.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

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strie folks might be in the neighborhood to repeat the little trick of letting off their pistols through the thin boards of the house, and then running away in the dark; the accidental discharge of fire-arms at night being a thing no one can count on—not if he is a Union man, certainly.

The sketch gives but a faint idea of the air of secrecy and distrust with which these good fellows met. As for the business which brought them together, it was simply benevolent and self-protective; but, being Union men, they could not meet openly without increasing the hatred against them, and becoming objects for further persecution.

THE "UNFORGIVABLE CONFLICT."

In nearly all the cities of the South such scenes as this are of occasional occurrence, only failing to assume the proportions of the Memphis slaughter by the action of the military authorities.

This affair commenced on the afternoon of Sunday, upon the battery at Charleston, where large numbers of both whites and blacks were promenading. Some colored men and boys, on the top of a mound, being hoist-rum, were ordered away by the police. A one-armed man among them was abusive, he was arrested, and, for showing resistance, beaten till he was covered with blood. This led to excited remarks from the populace, and in a short time to the throwing of bricklets; the favorite weapon in these little skirmishes. The Provost Marshal—Captain Fields—threw himself between the combatants, and begging them to desist, called upon them not to disgrace Charleston by making it the scene of a Memphis riot. The whites professed to heed him till he turned to address the retreating negroes, when they again commenced to throw bricklets. "Take care, you will hit the Captain!" said one. "That's the man I want to hit," answered another. "Kill the Yankee son of a b——h." The police arriving on the double quick came right upon the leaders of the white mob in the act of throwing, but made no effort to arrest one; pushing through them they endeavored to reach the negroes, and some were arrested. Now in Charleston and its vicinity there are some very bad characters among the blacks. A number of these turbulent fellows were in the crowd, but it is equally true that the whites were quite as bad, and very desirous of battle with the "inferior race." As it was, one of the white men died of his injuries. And the Charleston papers insinuated that the matter was aggravated by the action of the Provost Marshal. I, who was a spectator, know better; with much risk to himself, he succeeded in stopping the conflict till the police came up, and the resort to fire-arms, the usual result of these bricklet fights, was prevented.

As stated before this is not an isolated occurrence, but a characteristic incident; and it requires but little reflection to consider in what condition the South would be if the military influence should be too speedily withdrawn.

A. E. W.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND PRINCESS HELENA.

WE give on page 484 portraits of her Royal Highness the Princess HELENA, third daughter of Queen VICTORIA, and of Prince CHRISTIAN of Augustenburg. These two royal personages were united in marriage on the 5th of July, instant, in the Chapel Royal at Windsor Castle.

Princess HELENA AUGUSTA VICTORIA was born on the 25th of May, 1846, and is therefore a little over twenty years of age. Her husband, Prince FREDERICK CHRISTIAN CHARLES, of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, is considerably older, having been born on the 22d of January, 1831. He holds, or held until lately, a captaincy in the Third Regiment of Prussian Uhlans of the Guard. He will now, however, probably retire from the Prussian service, if he has not already done so, as it is understood that the Princess and her husband are to reside permanently in England. The Prince has had the title of Royal Highness conferred upon him, and has also been made a Major-General in the British Army.

The following description of the marriage is taken from the London *Times*:

There were few persons in the chapel whose position enabled them to command a view of the regal train as it swept through the long corridor, but those who were so fortunate enjoyed a spectacle of great magnificence. The corridor runs from end to end of the building, giving access to all the apartments along its route, and forming a course of communication with the distant Round Tower. This lengthened approach, lined by the Gentlemen-at-arms, with their richly-laced uniforms, white plumes, and tall battle-axes, formed a splendid avenue for the procession, which moved onward to the notes of BEETHOVEN'S Triumphal March.

On the first entry of the royal party there was a slight hesitation as to places, caused, no doubt, by the absence of his Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE through an attack of gout, but this was speedily rectified. Lords SPENCER and CARTERETON, the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, employed the interval in proceeding to the Red Room, from which they returned with the procession of the bridegroom. MENDELSSOHN'S march from "Athalie" was played as they entered the chapel. His Royal Highness Prince CHRISTIAN wore the uniform of a Major-General in the British service, the only member of his suite in a foreign uniform being the COMTE RANTZAU, his gentleman of honor.

Advancing to the altar-rails and making two slight inclinations, right and left, to the Bishops seated within, his Royal Highness knelt for a few seconds in prayer, and then, rising, was presented to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. The photographs, as usual, convey but an inaccurate idea of the bridegroom. He is a tall, military-looking man, apparently between 35 and 40 years of age, with a good forehead, but the lower part of his face covered by a beard—such portions of the features as are visible wearing a calm, determined expression that never broaches vicious, but appears to enter into and influence all his actions.

There was a pause of nearly ten minutes before the procession of the bride made its appearance, also heralded by a stately march, this time taken from HANDEL'S "Scipione." All present rose as the Princess, supported by the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, entered the chapel; and the members of the different processions, which now completely occupied the standing-room in the centre of the apartment, proceeded to take up new positions.

The bride on entering the chapel was visibly agitated, but regained composure upon resuming her place at the left hand side of the altar, and subsequently made the necessary responses with a clearness and audibility calling to mind the charm of speaking from the throne in days when these were read by the sovereign in person.

The Queen wore a dress of black moire antique, embroidered with a long crape veil falling from under a crown of diamonds, with necklace and diamond ornaments. The Princess HELENA wore a wedding-dress of rich white satin, covered with Honiton point lace, and trimmed with bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle, under a white satin train, lined with white glace and trimmed round with Honiton lace, mixed with cordons of orange blossom and myrtle. Wedding-wreath of orange blossom and myrtle under a splendid veil of Honiton lace. The pattern of the lace was an elegant design in ivy, rose, and myrtle.

The service was performed by the Lord Primate. The Queen, in person, gave away the bride, responding to the inquiry made by the Primate with a gesture full of dignity and determination.

The ceremony over, the bride was warmly embraced by Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales; and, leaning upon the arm of her husband, her Royal Highness was then conducted to the White Drawing-room, the royal procession accompanying and attending them, and in presence of the dignitaries of the church the registry of the marriage was attested in due form.

HONEY.

CHEEKS as brown as chestnuts could not blush, of course. At least not visibly, but as Honey stood there, her kinky head dropped down, two dimples framing her full mouth, and her eyes just glimmering under their veiling fringes, it was as plain that she blushed as if you could have seen her do it. She tugged at the corner of her white apron first, and then chewed it; she wriggled her fat shoulders and tried to get away, but Sam held her fast.

"Can't go jes yet, Honey; couldn't let yo. Dere ain't no time like de present. Dere's a question I want to ask yo."

"Dunno what it kin be," said Honey, knowing well.

"Jes only whether you don't like me a little, Honey?"

"Does now! No, of course not!"

"Don't b'lieve it, Honey."

"Dunno why you should presumptionate I do."

"Well, Honey, 'cause I'm so berry fond o' yo."

Honey relented a little.

"You see," said Sam, holding her fast still, "Massa sellid me some time ago to pick out a gal I liked, and dere ain't no gal I like but you. You's de purtiest and smartest in dese parts, and ef you'll marry me you sha'n't nebber repent it; far as I kin I'll make you happy, Honey."

And then his voice fell a little, for at that instant it crossed the chattel's mind that a man who did not even own himself, who never could own even his children, might find it a little hard to make his wife happy under some circumstances.

Honey just then only thought of him. She lifted her great seal-brown eyes and gave him a look and dropped them again. Sam put his arm a little further around her waist.

"Honey, if you will, Massa'll give us a reg'lar weddin'. He said he would, and you dunno how glad I'll be. 'Pears like I shouldn't take no heart in nothin' ef you liked Bill best."

"I don't like Bill a bit," said Honey.

"Then you'll like me?"

"Oh, go way!" said Honey, "'spect I'll hab to say so jes to be shet of yo!"

And then Sam kissed her, and Honey tried to laugh, and made a little open-palmed slap at him, and ended by hiding her head in his dandy waistcoat and crying there like a baby. She hardly knew why herself.

The next minute a bell rang, a voice was heard, and both flew to answer the summons. Sam was Mr. Brusle's own man. Honey, old Mrs. Brusle's waiting-woman. Both had been pampered and petted. Both possessed extensive wardrobes, both were as handsome as they could be, being black. Taking a fashionable view of matters one might have said that Sam was an exceedingly desirable prize, and that, on the whole, Honey could not have done better. Some jest of this kind passed from mother to son when the matter was spoken of at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Brusle gave Honey a white dress. Young Mr. Brusle tossed Sam a suit which had graced a fashionable ball-room with its presence.

The Rev. Oliver Hulle was invited to dine for the purpose of performing the ceremony, and afterward there were congratulations and feasting in the kitchen.

"These Northerners talk of our cruelty to our slaves," said Mrs. Brusle, as she waved her gorgeous fan softly to and fro, sitting between her son and the divine, on the veranda; "but I fancy they don't trouble themselves about their servants as we do. I've really exerted myself to please Honey." And the Rev. Hulle patted his lips with his cambric kerchief and laughed softly, partly in sympathy with the lady, partly in derision of the fancies of the North.

"The Chinese, you know, think all other nations barbarous, my dear lady," he said, "and we honor their fancies and buy their fans. Let us have the same charity for the Yankees and their absurdities!" and he sipped his lemonade. Young Brusle taking his cigar from his lips to say:

"They should ask the niggers themselves whether we are bad masters. Hark to that! You don't hear any thing like it in a Yankee factory."

And in the pause a great chorus of laughter swept across the court-yard from the kitchen.

Just then, certainly, it would have been a safe question to put. Ole Missus seemed to her slaves a piece of pure perfection; Massa Charles the best master on earth. Work was light, food good, nobody had been sold for years—and here was a wedding and a feast, and dancing and a fiddle!

Honey thought of nothing further; Sam had a kind of vague, troubled remembrance that Honey was not as entirely his as a freeman's wife would have been, but he danced it off in a double shuffle, and refused to believe that he was not perfectly content.

"As happy as a clam, Massa, t'ank you!" he said, when questioned by that gentleman. "Nebber spec to be no happier tedar side o' Jordan! Jes wish one t'ing, Massa Charlie!"

"What is it, Sam?"

Sam was two years Massa Charlie's senior, and, as his own man, privileged.

"I wish," he said, brushing his master's hair artistically, and stepping back to get a better view of the general effect, "dat young Massa would find out some purty young lady fur to be his lady, and be jes as happy as me—wid all respec to de difference o' de persition."

"Perhaps I shall some day, Sam," said Massa Charlie, "if your connubial bliss continues, and you assure me of the fact."

And Sam, still brushing, made his best bow, and treasured the expression, "connubial bliss," as a very fine one, to be repeated on the first suitable occasion.

Meanwhile Massa Charlie had his own little affair under consideration. It was a troublesome one, too. There were rivals to fear, and parents to win over. Grace Gordon was an heiress and a beauty—such a beauty as one does not often meet; and though the Brusles were rich in land and "niggers," the Gordons boasted far more bank-stock, and were altogether better off. Then, years before, two great-grandfathers had quarreled, and the quarrel had flung its shadow down even to the present day; so that young Oakum had actually booked a bet, laid with young Carman, that Brusle would have to give up marrying Grace Gordon; while Charlie's mother, between her pride and her love for her son, outwardly opposed and secretly abetted the union.

But Charlie had one important personage in his favor—the girl herself. His great black eyes and brown cheek, where a flush of scarlet lay when he spoke to her; his voice, very musical and mellow, and a certain frank way, all his own, had won the blonde belle's heart. She tormented him a while; then, seeing him grieve, relented; then coquetted again; and finally, entrapped into a moonlight walk and a sentimental mood, yielded to Charlie's wooing, and promised to be his—his, as a free man's wife may be, owned so entirely that only God has any greater right than he to the woman on whose finger he has placed the wedding-ring.

And at last, after some opposition, the course of true love began to run as smoothly as possible. Mrs. Brusle called on Mrs. Gordon, and the two families dined together. The betrothal was a settled thing.

A great difference, of course, between a well-bred gentleman of good old family and an exquisitely lovely lady fitted for his mate and "a couple of niggers." But when Honey, in the idle time of twilight, found herself with Sam, his arm about her waist, his eyes looking into hers, she used to ask:

"Sam, do you reckon Massa Charlie and Miss Grace is jes as happy as we is?"

And Sam would say, "I reckon," keeping to himself that thought, "She belongs to him. He owns himself and her. There's no danger—" But there even the thought stopped. Sam would not allow it to go farther. "Love, Honey? No; dat couldn't be."

Ten months his wife, and he loved her better than ever. She was lovelier, more bewitching. She grew fonder and fonder of him. A glint, jewel-bright, came into her eye when it rested on him. She thought of him night and day. She talked less, and fell into a quiet, gentle brooding over her work when he was not near her.

Grace Gordon called her the prettiest creature the Brusles owned, though, indulgent as they were, their well-fed, well-dressed slaves were all good-looking.

It never entered Massa Charlie's mind that Sam's love was any thing like his. Perhaps he was not quite sure how near a "nigger" came to being a man. They were doubtful of it once down South. But he humored his piece of ebony, gave him "lots of time" and handfuls of small silver. So he tossed bones to his dog, and sugar to his mother's pet canary. He never whipped either horse or nigger unnecessarily, and prided himself on his good-nature, especially to Sam.

But now, as the time of his own marriage drew near, there were important things to think of. Ready money was wanted and not easy to raise. As yet he had made no costly present to Grace, and that was one of the great necessities.

For pride's sake Mrs. Brusle must make her offering also to the bride, and how it was to be done without selling land or "niggers" neither could guess. The first was not to be thought of; the world would know it. But who would miss a darkey or so? Ned and Jack might go, and those heroes Julius Cæsar and Pompey also, and no one be the wiser. In fact, as Ned had tried to run away one day, *that* was excuse enough for selling him in any eyes. So talked the mother and son, in confidence, over their evening meal one day, when, *apropos* of their resolve, Satan, or his ambassador, "came also among them." A rough-coated, burly man, with a general air of being ashamed of himself, and daring any one to find it out, was ushered in with the surprising announcement, "A gentleman, Massa;" and stood, trying to look as nearly as possible like the description.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said; and being asked to take a seat, sucked at his cane-handle in silence a while, and then, despairing of introducing the subject neatly, fell into it with a splash, as into a pond.

A gentleman, a friend of his, name not to be known at present, for a gentleman, wanted a gal of theirs, by name Honey. He knew it was a favor to ask; but he made an offer worth something, and he named a sum which made the mother dart a quick glance at her son. "Not the thing to do when a gentleman had not spoken of parting with his people, but he hoped no offense. There was the offer—so much for the gal Honey. That was what brought him, and there he was. Well now?"

The mother looked at her son, the son at her. "We must talk it over," he said. "Excuse us a moment;" then the two left the room together. Neither spoke until they had shut the door of a little room upon them; then Madame Brusle broke the silence:

"It's just the sum we want, Charlie."

"Yes; but can we?"

"I shall miss Honey—she's a capital maid."

"Sam will be furious," said Massa Charlie.

"It's a wonderful offer. Who is it? I can't imagine."

The anonymous buyer was Rev. Oliver Hulle, who had had a call to South Carolina, and was fitly ordering his household.

"She's a girl who would command a price," said Charlie; "but I never thought of selling her. You see, Sam is a pet of mine, and he hasn't been used to thwarting. I wonder whether he wouldn't take a notion to Fan if this one was sold? I reckon we'll have to do it;" and he put the sum offered into words again.

They made Madame Brusle's eyes glisten.

"We must," she said; "we've humored our niggers too much," and they went back to the trader arm in arm.

A few more words—then money chinked upon the table—a receipt was signed—"the girl Honey" was made over to the unknown buyer through this his agent, and the deed was done.

"Take her this afternoon as quietly as you can," said Massa Charlie. "The fact is"—and he felt just one little pang at his heart—"she has a husband on the place, and I want to get him out of the way. It won't inconvenience you to wait, I hope?"

"Not a bit," said the man. "But you are tender with your niggers. He'll have another in a week."

Massa Charlie was not so sure of that as he appeared to be. He gave the trader a cigar, took one himself, and lounged away. In the hall he met Sam.

"Get yourself ready Sam," he said. "I'm going over to V——, and want you." Sam bowed.

"Soon, Massa Charlie?"

"Immediately."

Sam's light step was on the stairs in a moment; but before he reached his own sleeping-place, where his wardrobe was stored, he passed Honey at work in her lady's room on they, secret, white work of her own, and stopped and kissed her.

She looked up with a tear in her eye.

"I wonder what I'd do ef ther warn't no you," she said. "Dere me to be sathin before I knowed yo! Now there ain't nuthin only you."

"It's curus. It's so with me too," said Sam; and the haunting terror fell on him again—the terror born of the fact that "a nigger" couldn't even own his wife.

He whistled it off and dressed and went down to his master, a dandy of the first water. Honey peeped at him from a window. Over the veranda the trader looked at him also.

"A likely fellow," he said.

"Yes," said Madame Brusle; "Honey's husband."

"Oh, the gal, eh?" Then the trader laughed, as at a rich joke. "Got him out o' the way nicely, I say; he's not the kind to make a great row. I know 'em, I do. No, this here 'll take it cool."

An hour afterward there was a cry heard. A cry, wild and fearful, that froze the listener's blood; then sobbing words:

"Sam, Sam, help me, Sam! You couldn't take me if Sam was here. I'm his wife. Sam, Sam!" Then the voice was smothered down, and those clustered at the kitchen-door saw Honey dragged toward a carriage, which, with windows closely shut, was driven rapidly away. It passed the Gordons on the road.

Massa Charlie and Sam came home at nightfall. Massa Charlie was nervous. It was not exactly the time at which he should have wished to find Miss Grace Gordon spending the evening with his mother; but he was glad to see her, nevertheless. Soon, in her society, he forgot, or almost forgot Sam and the "scene" which must soon come. He remembered it again when Sam came bowing to the door.

"Excuse me, Missus; can you tell me whar I shill find Honey?"

"Indeed I can't, Sam," said Mrs. Brusle, afraid to say more. Sam went away. He returned in ten minutes with a frightened face. "Missus," he said, "I can't find Honey." The three looked at each other. Miss Gordon knew that a girl had been sold, and guessed the rest. Nobody answered.

"Whar's Honey?" asked Sam, speaking fast and loud. Then trying to laugh, "Seems me, ladies and Massa," he said, "fac' is, dem no 'count niggers in de kitchen has been tryin' to skeer me. Tink it fun, I s'pose, not understandin' how folks feel. Dey teldme—law now—dem niggers—dey say—Honey's—sold." And the last words were only gasps, forced from lips on which white froth had gathered as the negro stared at his master.

Charles Brusle began to guess what he had done.

"Sam," he said, "don't take it hard. I've been kind to you. I've—"

"She's sold!" gasped Sam.

"Yes, Sam, she's sold."

Sam was black no longer. His skin had taken the hue of smouldering ashes.

"I knowed it," he said, in a kind of crushed despair. "Kep' a thinkin', arter all she don't b'long to me. Nothin' don't b'long to a nigger. But I didn't know Massa could do it. Massa jest gwine to hab a wife hiself. What's dat de minister said? 'Dem dat God has jined let no man put asunder.' Dem's words for white folks, not for niggers."

Then out of the calm, as from the lull of a tornado, rushed the storm. The passionate nature of his white father, the barbaric fierceness of those who were his black mother's ancestors, blazed together in his eyes, as, turning on his master, he cursed him with curses horrible as those of the Popish excommunication. "Dere's One dat's your Massa, Massa Charles," he panted at the end—"One dat kin take dem you love as you've took Honey. And He'll do it, Massa Charles—He'll do it. Black skins don't make no difference, Massa Charles, only p'raps Honey was more to me than any body kin be to you, for I hadn't nothin' else. And as you've took her He'll take some from you afore you die."

Then a wild sob came like the breaking of a wave upon the shore, and he had flung himself upon the ground, writhing with the agony of his awful woe.

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Grace Gordon stood over him, Charles Brude knelt beside him. He understood now. "Sam," he cried, "Sam! I didn't know you felt so. The trader isn't gone. I'll have her back, Sam—I swear it!" And his betrothed turned toward him.

"I hold you to your oath," she said. "Restore this man's wife to him or *I* will never be yours."

And there, huddled in the dust, kissing his master's feet and the hem of the lady's robe, knelt the slave man.

The little carriage was at the door, the horses harnessed by fingers trembling with eagerness. Massa Charles and Grace sat within, and Sam begged to drive.

"I'll drive faster than any body else," he said. "Least I shill think so, and think Honey knows it." And the whirling wheels flung the dust on high, and half hid the horses in a gray cloud. Soon dusky in the moonlight loomed the trader's house.

They could see the lights in its windows, hear voices within. Alighting at the veranda they saw a figure upon it—to their surprise the Rev. Oliver Huile. He only gave them a gloomy bow. Then the door opened, and they faced the trader.

"The girl—Honey—you have her yet?" asked Charles Brude, in a breath.

The trader nodded.

"That was a good spec of yours, Sir," he said. "You're one for luck, I reckon. 'Tain't on my hands, though, that's a blessin'."

And filling them with an undefinable terror, he opened another door and ushered them in. An old negress sat crouched upon a low stool. A light burned dimly. By its ray they saw a cot with a coarse check covering, and a woman lying upon it with a new-born infant at her breast. Sam gave a scream of joy. He rushed forward; he flung aside the drapery and bent over the cot, looking into the faces of the wife he loved and the child he had not yet seen.

He bent lower. He looked closer. He stood motionless as an ebon statue of Despair; for under his passionate gaze, unheeding and unanswering, Honey lay dead, with her dead babe upon her bosom.

"She took it in her arms when it come," crooned the old negress from her seat; "and say she, 'We 'longs to Sam,' say she, 'and no one else sha'n't hev us but de Lord!' and shet her eyes, and died like goin' off asleep. Dem's her las' words—'We 'longs to Sam, and nobody sha'n't hev us but de Lord.'"

To-day there are no slaves beneath the Stars and Stripes, thank God! but long before the reign of Slavery was over Charles Brude and his wife had washed their hands of the black shame. From Honey's grave, from the crushed life of that black chattel, Sam, conscience fled stung to her very soul, and poverty and the sneers of those who watched them were as nothing to her wounds. Each man, woman, and child who called them master and mistress they set free, and spending their wealth to aid them, ended their lives in Northern homes, where Heaven blessed them with health and love and the meed of honest, earnest industry.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now don't ask too many questions," said Sam, as he struck his spade into the ground, "but look on and learn. See if you can not find out for yourselves why I divide the ground into two parts."

"It's a great deal easier to have you tell us," said Lily.

"And a great deal easier for you to forget, if I do," said Sam. "No, I will not answer any questions until I have dug at least one square yard."

And with that he began to work in earnest, but in a way that seemed very mysterious. All across the end of one of his two divisions Sam dug a sort of trench, taking out each spadeful of earth and laying it neatly on the end of the other division so as to form a ridge. Then leaving division number two to take care of itself for a while he went back to the line of earth next his trench and dug that up—turning each spadeful quite over into the trench, breaking the lumps with his spade, and bringing it to a fine smoothness; and leaving also a new trench to receive the next line of earth. But all this time the other division was left to itself, with the ridge of earth at one end.

"Why don't you dig straight across?" said Lily, when trench after trench had been filled with the pulverized earth. "There you've left all that ridge. What will you ever do with it?"

"What should I do without it?" said Sam, digging on.

"I know, I know!" said Clover, joyfully. "Sam, please stop a minute and listen. Isn't this the way? You'll dig down quite to the end of this division, and then to fill the last trench you'll take earth from across the lower end of this *other* division. And then you'll begin to dig that one down there, and dig on and on back to the top again. And then when you come to the last trench of all there'll be the ridge of earth to fill it. Isn't that right?"

"Right as a glove," said Sam, looking pleased. "You'll make a gardener yet."

"But, Sam," said little Primrose, "if you were digging a great field you'd have to carry the earth clear across to make the ridge."

"Not so, little sister," said Sam. "I should never be digging a great field; fields are always plowed, Prim; but if it were a large piece of ground instead of a small one, I should divide it into many parts instead of two—only taking care always to have an even number. Two divisions, you see, take care of each other; but if I had a third or a fifth or a seventh all by itself, there would be no place to lay the earth from my first trench, and all I could do would be to carry or wheel each spadeful round to the other end."

"It's quite beautiful!" said Clover, looking lovingly at the brown earth.

"Well, I didn't know digging was so very easy," said Lily. "I don't see why people ever have lumps in their gardens. The earth seems to crumble right up when you touch it."

"Appearances are peculiar things," said her brother, with a smile. "Don't you want to try how much they are worth?"

"What do you mean now?" said Lily.

"Get your spade and help me dig."

"May I?" cried Lily, eagerly.

"Certainly; it is your garden."

Away flies Lily after her spade. Sam set his in the ground and stopped to rest.

"In this way of dividing off the ground, Clover," he said, "you must be careful of two things: first, to dig your trenches straight; and secondly, to make quite sure that the edge of one division is dug quite into the edge of another, else you will have a balk all across your bed."

"What *is* a balk?" said Clover.

"That is what some gardeners call a bit of undug ground left in the midst of that which has been dug."

"It balks the plants so they can't grow," put in Jack.

"Isn't Jack smart?" said Clover, softly, to Sam. "But, Sam, if you are not too tired, will you just dig one more row across quietly before Lily comes? I understand about the trenches, but there's something else I want to see."

"I'm not a bit tired," said her brother; and away he went across the strip of earth again, while Clover looked on more intently than before, watching what Lily had thought so "easy." She saw that the earth by no means "crumbled right up" of its own accord; on the contrary, some of it was very obstinate. Sam's spade went into it, and through it, and into it again, with a light skill before which most of the lumps presently gave way, but now and then there was one so hard that nothing but a good sound tap from the flat of the spade reduced it to order; and every large stone that showed its head was picked out and thrown aside.

"Sam," said Clover, suddenly, "why do you turn every spadeful of earth quite over, so that the top goes to the bottom?"

"Why, just to bring the bottom to the top," said Sam, pushing back his hat. "Then all the soil by turns gets the benefit of the sun and air, and it grows mellow, and more fit for the plants."

"Here comes Lily!" shouted Jack. "Now there'll be sights!" And Jack settled himself on the fence with renewed satisfaction as Lily came rushing down the hill, spade and rake in hand.

"No bonnet, Lily?" said her brother, looking at the uncovered head.

"Oh! I guess I dropped it in the tool-house," said Lily. "Never mind; I don't care for the sun."

"And no shoes nor gloves, and a light pink frock," remarked Jack from the fence.

"Be quiet," said Lily. "I've got shoes."

"But not our garden-shoes, you know, Lily," said little Primrose.

"*Our* garden-shoes!" said Lily. "I wonder how many pair I can wear at once! Where shall I begin, Sam?"

"Choose your place," said her brother, stepping aside.

"I suppose I may as well begin right here where you left off," said Lily, plunging right across the soft bed with more zeal than prudence, and covering her bright house-boots with soil. Clover gave a little cry of dismay.

"You should never walk across newly-dug ground if it is possible to help it," remarked Sam; "for it packs the earth again, and you lose your labor."

"Does it? Never mind, I can dig it up again. Now for it!" And Lily struck her spade vehemently into the ground, but with such a glancing slope that all the effect was to pare off a handful of earth and throw it high into the air.

"Splendid! first-rate!" exclaimed Jack, clapping his hands. "Quite a superb display!"

Sam did not laugh, but stood by to give counsel.

"If you set your spade straight down, Lily," he said, "instead of at such an angle, and put your foot on the cross-piece and press it down, and then draw the handle down toward you—so—and lift the spade gently up, the earth will come up smoothly with it, instead of flying off at a tangent. Don't try to take up too much at first."

Which wise advice Lily disregarded; measuring off for herself a spadeful of such extra size that she could not stir it, and was obliged to pull her spade ignominiously out, with no load at all.

"Easy, isn't it?" said Jack from the fence. "Gets along so fast!"

"Take time," said Sam, kindly; "and take a little at a time. There—that is better; now turn it well over into the trench." And Lily, stimulated by the cheerful tone, really contrived to get up a small spadeful of earth and overset it into the trench. She was much elated.

"I do believe I can do it all myself now," she said. "And I'd much rather do it myself. So you may go, Sam—you needn't dig any more for me."

A queer little incredulous smile shone in Sam's eyes, but he took his coat and began to put it on.

"Very good for me," he said, looking at his watch. "I have something to do in the house. Jack, so have you. And as for you, little Prim, your only chance of a ride on my shoulders before dinner is the present occasion—so come."

"Yes, you may all go," said Lily, whose next venture, to say truth, had been much less successful. "You had better not wait, Clover, because it'll take me a little while to finish this bed, and you may get tired standing."

Such extreme consideration and competency was too much for Clover; she went away without a word or a suggestion; and Jack tumbled up the slope in a state of exhilaration that could find no other sufficient outlet.

Left alone to herself in the brisk spring wind, Lily went through a variety of experiments in digging that can not even be described. Every possible way to do it—or rather *not* to do it—she tried, except only that slow and patient way which Sam had enjoined. Sometimes pushing the spade down by main force, quite neglecting the help of her foot on the cross-piece; sometimes trying for great spadefuls that she could not stir, then shoveling off small ones that were worth nothing; scraping, chopping, pounding—there was hardly any thing Lily did not make her spade do, except dig. And the result was quite in keeping. Sam's work lay there, smooth and neat; even Lily's hasty footsteps had not destroyed its pretty appearance. But beyond that! The trench had disappeared entirely, and the line of digging was now as crooked as a rail fence, but far less regular, while no words can tell the roughness of the ground. An army of stones seemed to have started up out of ambush, and the earth to have all turned into lumps; while the ups and downs of the surface would have made a severe kind of hill country for any small race of creatures.

"I guess I can rake it smooth," Lily said to herself, surveying the lumps and hollows. But as she came back with the rake from where it had lain on the grass a new thought struck her. Had she really dug only *that?* In the heat of the work she had scarcely stopped to notice her progress—it would take her a little while, she had said—and now the whole she had done, bad as it was, looked like but a few inches by Sam's broad, smooth strip. And there, at this very minute, was the dressing-bell for dinner.

"Never mind," was her first thought, "my frock's clean, I guess it'll do for dinner to-day, and I just want to do a little bit more." But a single glance showed her part at least of the state of affairs. The "light-pink dress," as Jack had truly called it, had mud stains enough for a plowman's frock; the neat morocco boots were covered and clogged with earth; the stockings above showed a happy blending of all possible shades of brown; and as to her hands, if they were to be scrubbed clean even by tea-time, it was best to begin without much delay. Lily stood silent and still, remembering even in the midst of her discomfort Sam's kindness in keeping Jack away. Slowly and soberly she went along the walk to the tool-house, and then rather hastily up to her room; but the dinner-bell had rung, and every one else was helped before Lily came to the table; her face and neck and hands burned with the sunbeams, but reddened yet more just then with the thought of her first day's work in her garden.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

If ever poor, weary, fainting humanity felt grateful it was last week, when, after seven days of overpowering and unparalleled heat, there came a day when mercury fell and cooling breezes rose. Oh the luxury of that time when it was possible to breathe without the exertion deluging one in perspiration! When it was possible to lie down for a nap, and not be wakened by the fancy that you had mistaken the red-hot kitchen range for your bed! When it was possible to eat even something besides ice-creams with enjoyment, to go out of doors with safety, and, in short, to do any thing you pleased with satisfaction. Friends met each other with a genial smile, and thankful words quivered on many lips. The poor invalid, who for weary days and nights had lain panting on her heated bed, in a close and stifling room, breathed forth an earnest prayer of thankfulness; and the pale, helpless child, slowly wasting to death, looked up and smiled a glad smile of relief. Ah! there were many silently grateful hearts, and many outspoken thanks for that cool day!

There has been nothing known for years like the intense heat of this *July*. Hundreds have died from sun-stroke, or from the effects of the prostration occasioned by the extreme hot weather. Those who were exposed to the direct rays of the sun often were overcome by *coup de soleil* before they were aware of any real danger. The Sanitary Committee have published a paragraph concerning the premonitory symptoms and treatment of sun-stroke, which we quote, as being information valuable for every one:

"SYMPTOMS.—A feeling of constriction, as if by a tight band about the head. A sensation of fullness and burning about the eyes, accompanied with dizziness and faintness.

"The person affected should be immediately placed in the shade in a lying posture, with the head somewhat raised. The head should either be bathed with cold water, or a quantity of crushed ice, wrapped in a towel, should be applied, and a physician at once sent for. All clothing should be loosened, especially about the neck and waist."

A physician also states that a sudden checking of perspiration is one of the earliest symptoms. It is said that laborers and others obliged to be in the sun, would in great measure secure themselves against danger by putting green leaves in the top of the hat. It is certainly a simple preventive, and well worth trying.

There were many incidents, both pathetic and ludicrous, connected with the great conflagration at Portland. One man, seeing the flames spreading toward his own dwelling, rushed home to rescue his household goods. He was so excited that he mistook the house of a neighbor for his own, and, with a few friends, moved almost every thing it contained into a place of safety. When he had nearly completed his work the real owner entered, and a few moments after he saw, with grief, his own house and all it contained rapidly swept away.—A cat was found in the oven of a cooking stove, amidst the ruins, the morning after the fire; she came out with her fur only a little singed.—One extremely old woman, shaking with the palsy of age, clung frantically to an infant, at the risk of smothering it, refusing to let any one take it, because, as she said, it was her boy's baby, and the only grandchild she ever had.—It was reported that an infant was thrown from a two-story window by its frantic mother, and the man who stood below failing to catch the little one, its brains were dashed out on the pavement. The mother jumped afterward and was caught uninjured.—The gas was cut off by the fire for a time, and all the light one fashionable boarding-house up-town could muster was a single candle placed on the front stairs.—One man, who had moved his furniture into the street, was unsuccessful in getting a team to take them to a place of safety, and, with a few friends, set to work digging a trench, into which he pitched the whole lot, and then covered them with earth. They were found next day in a slightly damaged condition.—A drunken man was asleep in the lock-up all the night of the fire while the City building was burning over his head; the building was destroyed, but the lock-up was uninjured, and in the morning he came out bright and sober.—A lady who has lived in one locality for thirty-five years couldn't recognize the spot the day after the fire.

Those visiting Portland will find that the best point from which to view the ruins is the top of the Observatory on Munjoy Hill.

Our markets are flooded with fruits of all kinds—both foreign and domestic. Oranges, lemons, pine-apples, bananas, cherries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, etc. Fruit-stands are at almost every corner; and peddlers, with their overflowing carts or baskets, visit every street, making known their errand by their familiar cry. It is a fine thing to have plenty of fruit, which is especially grateful to the palate in warm weather. And eaten with due moderation, it is seldom injurious. But care should be taken to purchase of honest, reliable dealers, who will not deceive as to the quality of what they offer you. Nothing is more unwholesome than stale, or partially decayed fruit. Yet a large business is systematically carried on by mixing berries which are just on the verge of decay with what are fresh, and thus disposing of the whole. The tolerably honest market-man has a way of setting before his morning customers yesterday's fruit, and keeping out of sight his freshest and best until the old stock is disposed of. So keep your eyes open when you go to market, search out the unopened boxes, and if you can obtain fruit from them, you will be repaid for the trouble.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes somewhat sarcastically of the "rats, mice, frizzes, rolls, curls, ringlets, curlets, eyelets, beau-catchers, false pieces, side pieces, back pieces, front pieces, other side pieces, bulges, full bloods, ..., horse tails, sweeps, feathers, puffs, Africaines, and chignons" which are sported by a class of very *ennui* feminines at Newport, who seem to have a great deal of money and time, both of which they invest very decidedly in hair. He furthermore appends a brief *hair* dictionary for the use of the ignorant, being as follows:

Rats—Big wads.
Mice—Little wads.
Earlets—Curls in front of the ear.
Bulges—Double Rats—Huge wads of paper, hair, any thing to make a roll which looks like a burlesque on a Bologna sausage.
Full Bloods—Queer little triangular pyramids.
Horse Tails—Long bunches of hair.
Africaines—A kind of wig that crinkles exactly like a negro's wool.

The death of a Mormon bishop is thus pathetically announced:

"He was 77 years old, and leaves an interesting family of *eleven wives* and forty-seven small children to mourn his loss."

Not many weeks ago a ragged little urchin called upon a prominent merchant in Milwaukee and asked for the loan of fifty cents, for which he promised to give his note bearing interest at ten per cent. The novel proposition so interested the merchant that he gave the money and took the note. About a month afterward he was surprised to see the little fellow walk into the store and ask to redeem the note. The boy, who was an orphan, had invested the money in newspapers and oranges, and had made about forty dollars, which he wished to place in the savings' bank. That boy will make his way in the world without difficulty.

Somebody says: "Destruction is the principal object of a ball as of a battle. Ladies come attired in gossamer dresses many inches too long for them, in order to give the sport fair play, and being necessarily precluded by certain invisible and refined arrangements from taking an active share in it themselves, the part of destroyer devolves commonly upon the gentlemen, who are in general equal to the emergency. Lancers and quadrilles afford the best opportunities for gaining distinction in this office, though a 'rattling gallop' is not without its advantages, and the staircase on the way down to supper is obstinately preferred by some."

A foreign paper relates the following double drama:

"Simpson, the actor, whose health was always failing, invariably refused to take the medicine furnished by his physician, and the latter was compelled to use different stratagems to make him swallow them. There is a drama, in which the leading-man, a prisoner, is condemned to take poison. Simpson was playing this part on a certain night, and had given the property-man instructions to fill the goblet with port-wine. When night came on he was preparing to swallow the poison, and, to his horror, discovered that his port-wine was senna! There was no chance of escape, and he could not throw it away, for he was compelled to swallow it in the presence of his persecutors, and to show there was no poison left in the cup. With the air of a martyr Simpson swallowed the horrible drug, slowly and calmly, and the audience applauded loudly; but he never forgave his physician the infamous practical joke, and died without ever paying his bill."

Those of our lady readers who are at the sea-side will be interested in the following description of the veritable morning toilet for the sea-side—what is called in France a *toilette de pêcheuse*. A white woolen petticoat, trimmed with three bands of coral-colored cashmere; a skirt with wide white and coral stripes, and looped up in a peculiar manner. The front and back are looped up with separate drawings; the front is all drawn up in the usual manner, but the back is tied up in two parts only, so that it falls on the petticoat as though it were the two wide ends of a sash. This style of fastening up the skirt at the back does not look ungraceful, although the description reads as if it did. Afternoon toilets are sometimes looped up in this fashion. With the *toilette de pêcheuse* the *chemise russe* is worn, made of the same material as the petticoat.

White dresses which are intended to be worn on dressy occasions are mostly trimmed with cross-cut bands of colored silk. Thus, a white muslin dress, cut out in vandykes round the edge of the skirt and worn over a muslin petticoat with several tucks, would be trimmed with cross-cut bands of blue silk bordered with narrow guipure edging. Between every vandyke there is a blue ribbon rosette: the casaque describes the same vandykes, and is ornamented likewise with rosettes.

A white muslin dress looks very ladylike when it is cut in the redingote form and trimmed round the lower part of the skirt with narrow plaitings of some light-colored silk. Five of these plaitings are usually sewn round the skirt, and they ascend to the top of the front breadth, and likewise on the bodice. When the dress is low a bertha, composed of alternate muslin *bouillonnés* and silk plaitings, is added round the shoulders. This same trimming is also used upon white piqué dresses, but then the silk is a bright, dark color instead of a light shade; black silk arranged in this manner especially produces a good effect.

But appliqués of black velvet are the prettiest trimmings for white *piqué*. Black braid is also used very much for trimming, and has the advantage of being easily washed.

Some outdoor coverings have been introduced of a most original character. They are *peplums* of white cloth, with long, pointed sleeves, and are edged all round with wide gold braid and gold fringe, and bedizened all over with gold [illegible]. These extraordinary garments will be worn during the day at watering-places, but in reality they are only fit for opera mantles. The same shape is also made in black cashmere, and the wider the gold braid and gold [illegible] are the more character is the *peplum* considered to possess. The cashmere paletôts covered all over with beads, and even with gold beads, appear uncommonly simple by the side of these later introductions.

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ST. PETER'S, ROME.

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[See Page 494.]

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JULY.

Throughout the house a dreamy stillness stole,
The watch-dog slept, scarce heard the lazy fly;
The clock tick'd on with solemn measured note,
Counting the drowsy moments of July.

Through quaint-shaped panes the mellow light crept in,
And traced rare brown-gold shadows on the floor;
The air was heavy with the scent that hung
Around the clematis that fretted the door.

Through the clipp'd arches of the olden yew
I pass'd, and very silence reign'd around;
As though the earth by some enchanter's spell
In magic sleep were bound.

The peaches slumber'd on the garden-wall,
The dew upon their crimson cheeks was wet;
The red-ripe strawberries gleam'd amid their leaves
Like rubies in a ducal coronet.

The feathery wheat stood still as fairy spears,
Borne by a million musfiv'd sentinels;
The harebell was asleep, nor woke to ring,
In honor of July, her tiny bells.

The dame-tongued nightshade droop'd her purple pride,
Yet held entranced the hedges where she clung;
And wearied there her trails of blossoms white
The wild convolvulus flung.

The river with its waveless waters lay
All motionless, as a pure crystal sea;
Another landscape painted on its tide,
With spire, and cell, and tree.

Close by the rush-grown bank a boat was moor'd,
So still, it stirred not on the river's breast;
The world was hush'd, and Nature at my feet
Lay wrapp'd in perfect rest.

Like to the princess in the story old,
She in her beauty slept—oh, sight of bliss!
Waiting until some poet-heart should come
And wake her with his kiss.

O wake! O wake! and breathe into my soul
The song that rightly I of thee may sing;
Or—deep forever, in thy beauty veiled,
'Neath July's wing.

THE PARTY IN SPECTACLES.

I.

"There he is! That's the very man!"

"Where? Which man?"

"That party—don't look while I point—that party in spectacles."

I cast my eye discreetly in the direction indicated by my companion, and beheld a stout, rosy, smooth-shaven gentleman, apparently turned of threescore, with early gray—almost silver—hair, a fine Roman nose, a rather large, sensuous mouth, white teeth, and blue spectacles.

After a moment's quiet inspection of the "party" I shook my head confidently and replied:

"Pshaw! not a bit of it. What! he—he the—?"

"Hush! I tell you it is. Wait till the passengers settle down a little. I'll introduce you, and you'll see."

"But—but you don't know him yourself."

"Pooh! that isn't of any consequence," said my friend, laughing. "I know who he is, and that's enough. Public characters, you know, always flattered by such recognition when discreetly shown. And our object being serious—oh, never fear, it will be all right."

"But he's all alone. No one else seems to recognize him; whereas, if he really were— I'm sure you're mistaken, and we shall "sell" ourselves neatly."

"Nonsense! I can't be mistaken. And as to his being alone and unknown, don't you see the blue spectacles? He's incog."

"Infidlesticks! Why should he—if it be he—travel 'incog.,' as you call it? It's absurd. I tell you—"

"I tell you it's all right," interrupted my friend, dictatorially. "I'll take the responsibility. There, he's by himself now, looking at the capstan. Come along; we'll join him, as it were, accidentally."

Let me open a parenthesis, before we go further, to explain the scene and characters of the foregoing dialogue.

We—that is, my friend Sam Chellis and his friend Will Wyndon, sidefirst myself—were upon the deck of a certain steamer, which was gallantly stemming the tide of a well-known river (by name neither Potomac nor Mississippi) between two populous cities within the territories of the Re-United States of America.

Mr. Chellis was (and is) a rising member of the bar.

Mr. Wyndon was (and is) simply a youngish gentleman of leisure, and your very humble servant.

Both were traveling in pursuit of health, happiness, and other illusive phantoms unnecessary to detail.

Both were enthusiastic admirers of true greatness, and anxious ever to approach and hold converse with the good, the noble, and the wise among their fellow-men.

Mr. Chellis's enthusiasm, indeed, was apt to outrun his caution occasionally, and, without being at all a celebrity-hunter in the vulgar meaning of the term, he still was prone to seize every possible, or even apparently impossible, occasion of profiting by the intercourse, no matter how limited or unusual its character or opportunity, of the celebrated personages that chance threw in his way. Not infrequently had this surely praiseworthy proclivity of his subjected him to embarrassment, and even to temporary mortification. But nothing had ever damped his ardor, or lessened his righteous confidence in himself.

It was not long before this that Chellis, reading aloud a grateful and richly-deserved tribute, in a great English journal, to a certain noble-hearted fellow-countryman of ours, whose name is an honor to humanity, exclaimed to me:

"By Heaven! Wyndon, I'd give my left hand to meet that man! If I could only say three words to him and shake him by the hand—you know how somebody once shattered the glass that a certain illustrious personage had just drank from, saying it should never be touched by less worthy lips? Well, Will, upon my life, I should feel like keeping the hand that had clasped that man's noble palm inviolate from human touch ever afterward!"

"The sentiment, though slightly exaggerated, does you credit, Sam," I replied. "But there will be little difficulty in your gratifying your wish to meet him. He is over here now, you know, and will doubtless be the subject of much public attention. You can easily pay your court to him. We'll subscribe to his first public dinner, or—"

"We'll do nothing of the kind. At least I shall not. I would not give a copper to meet him in such a 'humbum' way. None of your public flummery for me. I want no formal introduction, no 'set form of speech,' and all that sort of bosh. I wish to meet him just casually, by chance—off his guard, as it were—and have him to myself for five minutes. In the street, for instance, or at the barber-shop, or in a rail-car—any where in an undress sort of way, you know. I've seen his portrait in the papers, and though, of course, it's an execrable wood-cut, I'm sure I'd recognize the original at once."

"Perhaps so. But you remember your little mistake with reference to Garibaldi. And how you took the—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Chellis, testily. "What of that? Mistakes may happen to any man, especially when the likeness—besides it was at night when I met—that is, when I thought I met Garibaldi. At all events, I shouldn't be mistaken in this case, as you will find if it should ever be my good fortune to obtain the opportunity I long for. That isn't probable, however, for I doubt if he will ever visit our town, and I've no time to go hunting after him, even if I had the inclination—which I haven't—for such toadyism."

As I agreed with my friend as to the improbability of the accidental meeting he referred to, I said nothing in reply, and the matter was, so far at least as I was concerned, forgotten.

A short time afterward, however, Chellis found himself unexpectedly at leisure for a fortnight, and eagerly accepted my invitation to take a passing glimpse of nature and art (especially of *art*) at a few of the so-called "fashionable watering-places."

"By George, Will!" cried he, "we may meet him after all! In fact I have a presentiment that we shall. So keep a sharp look-out, my boy, and be sure I shall do the same."

In this disposition we had been loitering by rail and river, from "spa" to "spa" (to use an English term) for ten days in a desultory way, but without encountering any adventure whatever, in the celebrity line or otherwise, when Chellis, who was constantly on the *qui vive* for a lucky chance to turn up in accordance with one of his several presentiments, suddenly startled me by the exclamation, quoted at the commencement of this chapter, on board the steamer as above described, and caused the dialogue that ensued, which we will now resume at the point where we left it—in chapter

II.

"Come along," said Chellis, seizing me by the arm; "we'll 'loaf' up to him, so to speak, and do the thing genteelly. It's a glorious chance, isn't it?"

"Certainly a very pleasant opportunity," said I, suffering myself to be led onward half-reluctantly by Sam; that is, if the gentleman really should be the—"

"Confound your skepticism, Wyndon! to say nothing of your insult to my perspicacity. But I shall expect an ample apology, mind! when it's over, and gratitude besides. Now, then, old fellow!"

We slowly neared the solitary traveler in blue spectacles. He was leaning against the capstan, apparently in rapt contemplation of something in the distant perspective.

Chellis followed the direction of his gaze a moment, then, in a respectfully cordial tone:

"A glorious outlook, Sir!" said he: "a splendid sight, Sir, that broad horizon, with the many towers of a great commercial city, and the myriad spars of her vast commercial navy looming through the blue expanse. We are, without vulgar vanity, Sir, a very great nation."

The stranger started slightly as Chellis accosted him, and looked keenly upon my friend through his spectacles while he was speaking. When Sam paused interrogatively, the old gentleman gave himself a sort of shake as though to resettle his wandering thoughts, and, smiling blandly:

"Immense! immense!" he exclaimed. Then a sudden gravity overspread his rubicund countenance, and drawing himself up slightly, "Excuse me," he added, quickly, "but I really have not the pleasure—I—I do not recollect—you have the advantage of me—"

"Certainly!" interrupted Chellis, with enthusiasm: "I have, indeed, a very great advantage of you; the advantage of having the proud honor to know by sight, as well as by his world-wide fame, the large-hearted, the philanthropic, the munificent, the princely Mr. ——."

At the moment I am about to write the name which my friend Sam Chellis pronounced with such unction I am suddenly withheld by a perplexing scruple of delicacy. This name, in fact, is the personal property of a modest private gentleman; although by his noble character and actions a household word of honor and gratitude on millions of earnest lips, in millions of prayerful hearts, still, a private gentleman's name, not to be lightly used for selfish purposes by an author of "unconsidered trifles" like myself. What shall I do? Though the tale I tell be true, will its truth justify me for placing a veritable personage, by his actual name, by the side of others whose identity is concealed by fictitious description and nomenclature? Though what I say of this personage be—what else could it by any possibility be?—the simple and familiar truth, and therefore honorable to himself, as it is pleasant to me that say it, will this be sufficient excuse for the liberty I take?

I positively can not take the responsibility of a decision.

Under these circumstances I see but one resource, and that is, to seek such refuge as I may find under the, perhaps transparent, shelter of a simple initial.

This much indiscretion will, I humbly trust, be forgiven me.

"—The princely Mr. P.," concluded Chellis, raising his hat with respectful courtesy.

The gentleman in blue spectacles started back, and "blushed celestial rosy red." Then, plunging both hands in the capacious pockets of his linen overall, he started forward again, and ejaculated: "Ha! Mr. P., Sir? ha!" in a hoarse whisper, like the "aside" of the stage villain.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Chellis, hastily. "I have no intention of intruding—of interrupting you. I respect your privacy, Sir, your modest desire to be unrecognized; believe me, Mr. P., I simply desire to pay my tribute of admiration, and to have the honor of shaking hands with you, in the quietest way, I and my friend, Sir, Mr. Wyndon. Mr. P., my own name is Chellis, Sir, permit me"—he grasped the old gentleman's hand—"permit me to express the proud satisfaction I feel in thus taking by the hand a fellow-countryman whose noble philanthropy has done honor to two hemispheres, and made the name of American synonymous with—"

"Hush! h—ush!" interrupted the traveler, casting an uneasy glance around him. "Don't—don't speak so loud, my good Sir!"

"Certainly not; excuse me!" murmured my friend, sinking his voice immediately. "But I see a vacant bench over there, in the shade. Pray, Mr. P., do us the honor to take a seat, and indulge us with a few moments' quiet conversation, if perfectly agreeable to yourself."

"Oh, with pleasure!" replied our companion, amiably—and led the way himself to the unoccupied bench.

We seated ourselves, one on either side of the illustrious stranger, and waited a moment for him to lead the conversation. He seemed in deep thought, his glance wandering from one to the other of us abstractedly; but in an instant or two he suddenly smiled, laughed a quick, low laugh, and in a brusque, though cheerful tone:

"How did you find me out, ha?" said he.

"By having seen your portrait, Sir," replied Chellis. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken, though my skeptical friend here would have it that you were not Mr. P. Aha! Wyndon, what do you say now?"

"Yes, ha! what do you say now, Mr. Wyndon?" echoed Mr. P., laughing, and giving me a slight tap on the waistcoat with his forefinger.

Of course I abjured my infidelity pleasantly, and expressed myself charmed at this unexpected opportunity of informal converse with a gentleman so widely and justly renowned for his many princely acts of charity and benevolence; while I added at the same time that I was delighted, though not surprised, to find him so affable and familiar—so unreserved and even jovial of manner.

"Not surprised, certainly not!" said Chellis, sententiously. Cheerfulness and affability are the true indices of a good heart and approving conscience. And these Mr. P. must possess in an eminent degree, if it be true that virtue is its own sufficient reward. Ah, Sir, what a magnificent monument you have erected—a pyramid of Good Works which shall endure when that of Cheops has long mouldered into the sands of the desert!"

Mr. P. looked at Sam, then at me, and laughed again.

"You flatter me, gentlemen," said he. "But I—yes, I'll tell you a secret!—will you keep it, ha?"

"Of course," said I, somewhat surprised, but still more pleased by such an unexpected mark of confidence.

"Sacredly, sacredly, my dear Sir!" exclaimed Chellis, looking as if he were ready to take a solemn oath of secrecy on the spot.

"Well, then, Mr. Wyndon and Mr. Chellis," said Mr. P., giving each of us a tap with his forefinger as he named us, "listen! I've done something, as you say, for my fellow-men. But what I have done, Sirs, is nothing—the veriest trifle—to that which I am going to do. The most insignificant trifle in the world, I assure you, ha!"—and as he said "ha!" cheerily, he leaned back and looked at us with the brightest of smiles, as if he were hugely enjoying our undisguised astonishment. Chellis first recovered himself.

"Excuse me," said he; "but though I am prepared for any conceivable amount of humanitarian munificence on the part of—on your part, Sir, still I can not for an instant consent to regard your already unprecedented liberalities to your suffering fellow-mortals in the light of trifles. My dear Mr. P., they are gigantic, simply gigantic, in their scope and influence!"

"Ha! but only by comparison; only by comparison, you know," retorted Mr. P., archly. "Now, Sir, when you shall hear what I am about to do—hush! here comes some one! Pray don't say a word—don't mention my name, I beg of you, gentlemen!"

"Of course not—certainly not!" we both hastened to assure him, as we perceived his evident nervousness at the idea of being a centre of public curiosity or attention at such a moment.

The intruders were two in number: one a slender, bright-eyed, sharp-featured gentleman of middle age; the other a short, muscular man, with a broad, good-humored face, and a pair of bushy flaxen whiskers. This person had the air and dress of an intelligent mechanic, or perhaps a sort of confidential servant or attendant upon a professional gentleman, such as his companion was at once decided to be by both Chellis and myself.

"He has a doctor's eye," said Sam, *sotto voce*, as the pair halted a few paces off, and seemed to return, though not at all offensively, our scrutiny.

"A lawyer's, rather," I retorted, for I had studied—or, more properly, had *not* studied medicine, but had lounged through a couple of courses at a Medical University, some years before, for want of other occupation.

"A doctor, for ducats!" muttered Chellis.

"A lawyer, for any thing you like!" I responded.

"Champagne?" queried Sam.

"Done!" said I.

"But how shall we find out? Perhaps Mr. P. will be good enough to—"

At this moment the subject of our wager made an almost imperceptible sign with his head toward our distinguished companion, and smiled pleasantly.

"Ah! you know the gentleman, my dear Sir," said Chellis. "Pray, then, tell us if—"

"I—yes—that is—a casual acquaintance—never saw him before in my—I mean I never saw him but once before, you know, ha?" exclaimed Mr. P. in his stage-whisper, at the same time modestly avoiding the stranger's eye.

The short man said something to the sharp-featured gentleman in an under-tone; the other nodded and smiled again, and both walked slowly away.

"At all events you know his profession, I hope?" resumed Sam.

"His profession?" Ha! I—I believe he—he's an undertaker—yes, I know he's an undertaker; measures dead people and buries them, you know—horrible!" and Mr. P. fairly shuddered.

"It *is* a repulsive trade!" said Chellis. "But you, at least, can have no fears of death, Sir. The great and good deeds of your life must assuredly entitle you, Sir, to the blessed reward—"

"Hush! hush! Don't talk of death; pray don't," interrupted Mr. P., earnestly. "I don't intend to die; I really don't, indeed." Saying this Mr. P. once more applied his forefinger to our waistcoats, and laughed in his quick, low manner.

I own that I was considerably surprised by the increasing eccentricity of our famous fellow-traveler; but, thought I, if any man has a right to be odd, that man is surely the great and good Samaritan before me.

Chellis, however, did not seem to notice these little peculiarities; his whole mind was absorbed in the problem of what stupendous enterprise of benevolence Mr. P. was about to engage that could possibly eclipse the splendor of his recent achievements in this line.

"Pardon me, my dear Mr. P.," said he, in a moment; "but you were about to honor us by confiding to our admiration and discretion a project for the still more extended amelioration of mankind—a work that should cause your previous princely efforts to appear—but that is not possible. However, as I remarked, you were good enough to propose—"

"Ha! yes; so I was, so I was, my dear friends; but—but—you see—that confounded undertaker has driven it all out of my head—all, upon my soul! Singular, isn't it? Ha!" And Mr. P. looked from one to the other of us in ludicrously counterfeited perplexity.

I could not forbear laughing for the life of me, and Chellis joined in my hearty cachinnation, though scarcely with an equal unaffectedness.

But what was our surprise—our amazement—our confusion, when Mr. P. suddenly sprang up from the bench, his face violently flushed, and frowning severely upon us, exclaimed: "Laughing, ha! laughing at me, ha! You will find it no laughing matter, Sirs!" and before we could recover our presence of mind sufficiently to utter a word of apology he strode swiftly away, and was lost in the crowd at the farther end of the boat.

For some minutes we sat in the silence of abashed astonishment. What Chellis was thinking of I can not say; but my mortification speedily gave place to resentment, and I exclaimed:

"Confound his stupidity! Though he were Mr. P., or any other man, great or little, he is a most insufferable old muff, and if he were twenty years younger—"

"Pshaw! Wyndon. It certainly was very disrespectful in you to laugh. It was natural that Mr. P. should fancy you were laughing at him; equally so, that he should be sensitive as to his memory; and more so still, as to his evident prejudice against undertakers, which he is, no doubt, conscious of as a weakness. You were very wrong to laugh."

"Why, hang it, Chellis, you laughed too," cried I, rather nettled at his putting all the blame on me.

"I know I did, but it was only an echo; your merriment was so confoundedly catching. But seriously, what do you think he will do? He threatened we should find it no laughing matter, you know."

"I neither know nor care," replied I, tartly. "Nothing, probably, except cut our acquaintance. What can he do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Sam, moodily.

"Well, Sam," said I, my good humor returning, "you'll admit that the great philanthropist is a very different sort of man from the idea you had formed of him. Such a cranky, queer old fellow I never met out of a mad-house before. However, as you said, he is traveling incog., and perhaps his strange manners are a part of the disguise, eh? At any rate, we've had the fun of meeting and talking with him. You've shaken his 'noble palm,' too, Sam; so I trust you're satisfied whatever comes of it."

Just as Chellis was going to answer, probably to rebuke my irony, the alarm sounded for dinner.

"Come along," said I, "I'm hungry. No doubt we shall see our distinguished fellow-voyager at table. We'll sit near him, if we can, just to see what he will do, and have it over."

"I hope he will accept an apology," said Sam, walking with me into the dining-saloon.

III.

The tables were nearly full. There were but five seats vacant; three together on one side of the board, and two others directly opposite, but separated by a pillar. We advanced toward the unoccupied triad of chairs.

"'Scuse me, gen'lmen, these seats is engaged," objected the polite African of American descent who officiated as chief waiter. "Take them two opp'site, if you please!" he added, pointing to the vacant twain on either side the column.

We obeyed, and seated ourselves.

While we were tasting our soup the expected

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occupants of the opposite chairs came in. They proved to be the sharp-featured gentleman and his muscular companion, and—yes—our susceptible friend, the great philanthropist.

He came forward first, alone, and swiftly, and took the centre seat without looking at us, or, apparently, at any one else. The other two followed, and placed themselves one on either side of him. Neither of them paid any attention to Mr. P., nor did he seem to notice them, save by a slight, and, as it were, involuntary shrinking, as they sat down.

"Poor gentleman," whispered Chellis; "he'll never be able to eat with that undertaker beside him. I've half a mind to offer to change seats with him. Perhaps he'd take it as an *enmode honorable*, eh?"

"Don't do any thing of the sort," said I, earnestly. "It would surely offend his neighbors and be ridiculous besides. Keep quiet, and don't annoy him by observation."

I added this caution, for I just then caught his eyes fixed for an instant upon us, and its expression (he had pushed his blue spectacles up on his forehead at the moment) was by no means amicable. As soon as he saw that I noticed him he dropped his glasses quickly over his eyes again, and began playing with his table-spoon while waiting for his soup.

The soup was brought, and he fell to with apparent appetite.

In another moment I heard a clatter and an exclamation of impatience, and, looking up, saw that Mr. P.'s blue spectacles had fallen into his soup-plate, from which he was nervously fishing them out.

Chellis also perceived it, and, resting his glance for an instant on the old gentleman's fishing operation, he smiled sympathetically at the disaster.

At the same moment Mr. P. looked up his eyes and those of Chellis met, and, quick as lightning, he caught the soup-plate up and flung it, soup, spectacles, and all across the table at poor Sam's head, exclaiming at the same time in a gleeful tone:

"Ha! laugh, will you? take that!" and was proceeding to follow up his volley with his tumbler, when his arm was suddenly arrested by the muscular man beside him, who snatched the tumbler away, saying, in a stern voice, "None of that, Sir, or we'll put 'em on again!" At the same time the person whom we supposed to be an undertaker looked steadily at the excited old gentleman, and said, very quietly but firmly:

"Calm yourself, my dear Sir. I entreat you, I command you to be calm!"

The flush passed away as if by magic from Mr. P.'s face; he held down his head, and waited, like a shamefaced school-boy, till his spectacles were restored and another plate of soup set before him, when he resumed his meal in the meekest and most decorous manner possible.

Fortunately the irate old gentleman's aim had been less deadly than his intention, and Chellis got off with a sprinkling of soup on his garments and the table-spoon in his lap.

But fancy, if you can, his feelings, and the expression of his countenance as well as my own, to say nothing of the varied effects produced by this extraordinary explosion upon the other guests at the table. Fancy the scene if you can, for it is beyond my power to give you an intelligent idea of it.

As soon as order was restored the sharp-featured gentleman rose and made a brief apology for his "unfortunate friend," as he called him. He said that his friend was unhappily afflicted with a malady—here he smiled, and slightly touched his forehead—which caused him at times, but not often, to lose momentary control of his temper: that he was extremely sensitive—foolishly so, he might say, without offense to his friend—to ridicule; that he could not bear to be laughed at—few men could, for that matter—but that his friend was apt to fancy that people were laughing at him when in truth they had no such intention. That such had been no doubt his friend's belief when he saw the gentleman opposite smile at the little accident of the spectacles; but that now, when he was assured that no such incivility had been intended, his friend would be most anxious to apologize, he knew, and he trusted the apology would be accepted. Here he sat down and looked at his "friend," who had listened intently to this speech with his table-spoon balanced across his forefinger. The old gentleman no sooner caught his friend's eye than he dropped the spoon, and said, in an unsteady voice: "Ha! ha! certainly—most sorry—did not mean—of course—hoped it was all right—ha!" and quickly picking up the spoon again went at the soup more eagerly than ever.

After dinner Chellis and I went upon the upper deck to smoke our cigars. To us presently came the sharp-featured gentleman, and spoke as follows:

"I am exceedingly sorry that my patient's violence has caused you annoyance. He is generally a most harmless, and in many respects a pleasant and entertaining person. Nothing ever moves him but laughter which he supposes to be aimed at himself. I trust you were not hurt, Sir?"

"Oh no, not in the least," replied Chellis, who looked very woebegone and chop-fallen. "But—do you mean to say that that gentleman is not—I mean that he is a—a—an insane person?"

"A mild monomaniac, Sir, nothing worse, I assure you; but incurable, I fear. I saw him talking pleasantly to you before dinner, and did not interrupt you. I always forbear to restrain his liberty, or to mortify him uselessly by my authority or recognition when we are traveling. By-the-way, what was he telling you? How did you scrape acquaintance?"

I was about to give the Doctor (for such he evidently was) a brief account of Chellis's comical mistake and its strange consequences, for I thought it, after all, a pretty good joke. But Sam frowned and winked at me savagely, and I stopped.

"Oh!" said Chellis, in as off-handish a way as he could assume, "it was merely a chance word or two, you know, something about the view or the weather, that brought us together—travelers' ordinary chat—"

"Though your friend," interrupted I, a little maliciously, "your patient, Doctor, seemed to think we took him for some one else; and I rather think we—or at least Mr. Chellis here—encouraged him somewhat in this fancy, for—"

"The fact is," said Sam, cutting me short in time, as he supposed, to prevent my betraying his secret—"the fact is, Sir, that your *friend* certainly did imagine we mistook him for a distinguished philanthropist of our acquaintance—I would say, whom we were desirous of becoming acquainted with."

"Ah! ah! I understand!" exclaimed the sharp Doctor, smiling. "Pray, who—what distinguished person did you—that is, did he conceive himself to resemble?"

Sam hesitated rather sheepishly.

"To the renowned Mr. P.," said I.

"Oh! ha! ha! ha! capital!" cried the Doctor.

"Wasn't it? ha! ha! ha!" echoed I.

"Really! And you took him—I would say—he fancied you took him, for our honored countryman, the famous Mr. P.?" repeated the bright-eyed Doctor. "Well, there *is* a sort of likeness now, isn't there?" This to Chellis.

"I—can't say I see it!" growled Sam.

"I do," said I, with mock gravity. "I think your patient looks very like Mr. P., or, rather, very much as Mr. P. might look if he were traveling *incog*, disguised in blue spectacles, you know—eh, Chellis?"

Sam walked off, muttering something that sounded horribly like "D—n the blue spectacles!"

We didn't see the bogus Mr. P. again, nor have either of us yet had the pleasure of meeting his illustrious reality. But whenever Sam suggests the possibility of some passing stranger's being any celebrated personage I pleasantly remark, "Remember the party in spectacles!" and my friend's enthusiasm oozes away, like Bob Acre's courage, instantly.

A "TANGI" IN NEW ZEALAND.

Ladies, when making a great merit of offering their tears as a precious gift to man, accompanied or not by other indications of sympathy and emotion as the case may be, forget to draw attention to the luxury which is to be found in a "good cry," and the readiness with which the charming sex has invariably indulged in its favorite enjoyment in every age, and in all parts of the world. As it was in the days of the Old Testament writers, and of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who all make mention not only of emotion publicly expressed, but of professional "howlers," ready to provide tears, sighs, groans, and shrieks, wholesale, retail, and for exportation; so, happily for all of us—for a woman without sympathy is a garden without flowers—it is in many parts of the world to this very day. We need not stir out of the enlightened Kingdom of Great Britain for instances of professional cryings by the side of tears of a warmer nature; and if we take the trouble to survey mankind "from China to Peru," or from the London Docks to our Antipodes, which will, perhaps, answer our purpose as well, we shall find that woman relishes her "good cry" as keenly and cultivates it just as assiduously in a settlement of savages when squatting, wrapped in a dirty blanket, over the smoke of a wood-fire kindled in a hole in the ground, as in a delicious boudoir in London or Paris, with eau de Cologne and sal volatile ad libitum. When, therefore, one sweet summer's afternoon I rode into a peaceful little native village in New Zealand, and found all the female inhabitants engaged in a "Tangi," or weeping concert, preparatory to a grand banquet of ceremony, I need have discovered nothing singular therein, though it seemed at once to carry the spirit back for nearly four thousand years to the days of the patriarchs, when Jacob "kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," as he rolled away the stone from the well's mouth to water her flock. The scenery around, and the air, like a bath of liquid gold, with the murmur of the adjacent forest, all fostered a feeling that time had stood still, and that we were all patriarchs together, performing an everyday observance.

A chief, a fine looking fellow with aquiline features and the appearance of a ruler of men, who was a personage of rank among the northern tribes, having just returned from a long absence, was being welcomed on his arrival by the customary "Tangi," indicative of affectionate joy, performed by the ladies of his settlement, while the gentlemen expressed their sentiments by rubbing their noses against his.

The ceremony may be described as follows: Upon the death of a relative or friend, or his serious illness or misfortune; or upon any occasion of rejoicing similar to the one in question, the old women of a tribe assemble for an affectionate "Tangi," or cry together. What a cup of tea is to some ladies, or what a friendly glass of gin is to others in different circumstances, and what a "good cry" is to all the sex, is the "Tangi" to elderly Maoris of the feminine gender, soothing to the spirits, a cure for spasms or little tempers—and, in fact, a general clearer of the air. One may see, on entering a settlement, a number of women sitting on the ground in a circle, some with their face wrapped in the blanket with which they are draped shawl-fashion, some carefully exhibiting with ostentatious vanity great circular head-dresses of turkey's feathers or dogs' hair. They appear to be bowing their brows together at intervals, at the same time raising their hands and dropping them on their laps with gestures of hopelessness, great grief, or weariness. On a nearer approach they are heard to be keeping up a kind of wailing chant of a dreary repetition of three notes in a minor key, sung in chorus. Every now and then, at a particularly affecting part of the impromptu recitation, they will bring all their faces together, and, pressing nose to nose, maintain that attitude for nearly ten minutes, while they continue the wailing in a murmur. One old woman may generally be perceived taking the lead, who is evidently the most experienced "blubberer," knowing exactly where to bring in the nose business with the greatest effect, and able to keep it up longer than any one else; she will be making the most tremendous and fearful contortions of the face that can be imagined, as an accompaniment to the act of weeping, if that be not a word suggesting too der[illegible] a feeling to be used here. With her head raised, her mouth drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes squeezed up and swollen with tears, she lets out a howl that would discomfit a dog at the full of the moon, only stopping to—in point of fact "se moucher," in the primitive manner of patriarchal times—wipe her eyes with her blanket, and expectorate freely and noisily previous to beginning over again with renewed vigor, the whole party seeming to think it a point of honor to produce the most disgusting amount of grimacing ever witnessed out of a nightmare. At another moment one woman perhaps may be sitting with her head bent forward and inclined to one side, her eyes cast down, and her hands clasped over her knees, silently sighing, the very picture of quiet, absorbed, heart-broken misery; while next to her an old lady will be nodding, winking, and exchanging facetious remarks with a friend for a minute's interval, after which she will take up her crying again with tenfold violence.

The "Tangi" never interferes with business; any of the party will at any time leave off the work to sell a basket of peaches, or take a turn at peeling and boiling the potatoes for her lord's dinner, afterward rejoin her circle of friends, and will screw up her features into their former grimace, and continue her performance precisely where she left off. Real grief or feeling, of course, should be respected and sympathized with, but the "Tangi" is no more real than the polite condolence of the world of London. It is only a ceremony, a required indulgence in the luxury of sham, and it can no more be relied upon as an evidence of the warm or affectionate nature of the Maoris than the first funeral met with in London can be accepted as a proof of the ardent tenderness of English undertakers. In fact, a Maori would no more hesitate to knock out the brains of a man with whom he had previously rubbed noses and wept in a "Tangi" than, in former times, he would have felt compunction about serving up a fricassee of his grandmother as a choice dinner for a favored guest. And so, on the present occasion, dinner and business both being pressing, the "Tangi" was not allowed to occupy too much time. Enough having been done to satisfy the most accomplished and punctilious of formalists, the ostensible cause of the meeting was introduced, the head-dresses laid aside, the countenances of the ladies smoothed and composed into their customary beauty, and decorated each with a short pipe, the sorrow of all the world was assuaged and the tears dried, till they should be again ordered and paid for.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An English married lady has consulted her lawyer on the question whether, having married her husband for his money, and that money being all spent, she is not a widow and at liberty to marry again. [illegible]

The other day a member of Congress wishing to say, in fine English, that a friend of his had died, told the House of Representatives that "his gentlemanly spirit winged its way to its Maker."

A REVERIE.

When the defeated Austrian flies
Across the Alpine ridges,
Fair Venice, with her Bridge of Sighs,
Will soon lose sighs [illegible].

It is stated that a man in Indiana obtained a divorce from his wife because she went skating against his wishes. He concluded to "let her slide."

Conditions of Sale.—Wind and tide permitting.

A gentleman from the country on the Fourth of July took eight glasses of soda-water, waiting a while with each one for the "scum to settle."

A Very Strong Case.—At the Police Court, the other day, one William Onion was committed for trial on a charge of violently assaulting a policeman. He had been previously convicted eight times for assaults on the police. Mr. Onion was described as "a tall and strong-looking man." Onions generally are strong. This onion appears to be absolutely insufferable.

A young mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of trousers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimension behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly. Their effect, when donned by the little fellow, was very ridiculous. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

"Bring me some cold cream," said a gentleman to a stupid waiter at a fashionable restaurant.

"Some cold cream?" repeated the man. "Oh! some ice-cream?"

"No, some cold cream, for this," pointing to the coffee.

"Ah!" returned the enlightened waiter; "some sour cream?"

"No," persisted the gentleman, rather sarcastically, "some *cow* cream."

What word is that in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a man—the three first a woman—the four first a great man—and the whole a great woman?—Heroine.

The Land of the Living.—The parson's glebe.

MISTAKEN.

One summer's morn, while yet the dew
Lay glittering on the lawn,
I spied a maiden fresh and fair,
Come tripping like a fawn
Across the hawthorn-scented meads
With steps so light and airy,
You really might have fancied her
A wood-nymph or a fairy.

"Sweet girl!" I cried, all powerless
To check my admiration,
As she, with winning smiles, return'd
My morning salutation.
"Sweet girl! of all the lovely flowers
In Flora's diadem,
Thou, with thy wealth of glowing charms,
Art the most brilliant gem.

"Surely the Queen of Beauty nursed
Thee while her nymphs bedeck'd her!
And fed thee on Olympian food—
Ambrosia and nectar!"
"Bother!" she laughingly replied,
"Owd lad, thee beest mistaken;
Aw lives on good strong whome-brew'd yell,
Wi' lots o' beans an' bacon!"

How to make the Horse go Fast.—Use the "spur of the moment."

Pitch-pine-purse.—We have seen some good-sized purses in our time, but we never had the luck to see so great a purse as the one described in the following sentence, clipped from a police report in an English paper:

"Ruth Jones, of a yard in Hawley-croft, said she left her house and locked the door on Friday afternoon, and was away about an hour. On her return she missed a *purse containing four pawn tickets and a clothes brush*."

Reflection by an Irish Lover.—It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweet-heart with you.

What is the best flower for a doctor to cultivate? Cyclamen (sickly men).

"Here's a riddle for you," said Joe to Jack,
"Be quick, and let's have the reply:
Why are you just like your father's mare?
Give it up? You're under his eye."

A dandy acquaintance of ours was refused admission to a *conversazione* by the sentinel on the ground that he was a spectre.

Old Rowe kept a hotel, where he used to say one could get any thing that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, who asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Any thing, Sir, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue."

"Wa'al," said the Yankee, eying Rowe, "guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant."

"Well, we've got 'em all ready right here in the house; but you'd have to take a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em."

The Yankee thought he would take some codfish and potatoes.

RAILROAD LYRIC.

If an engine meet an engine
"Coming round a curve,"
If they smash truck, train, and tender,
What do they deserve?
Not a penny's paid to any,
So far as we observe,
But all acquit the engineer,
When "coming round the curve."

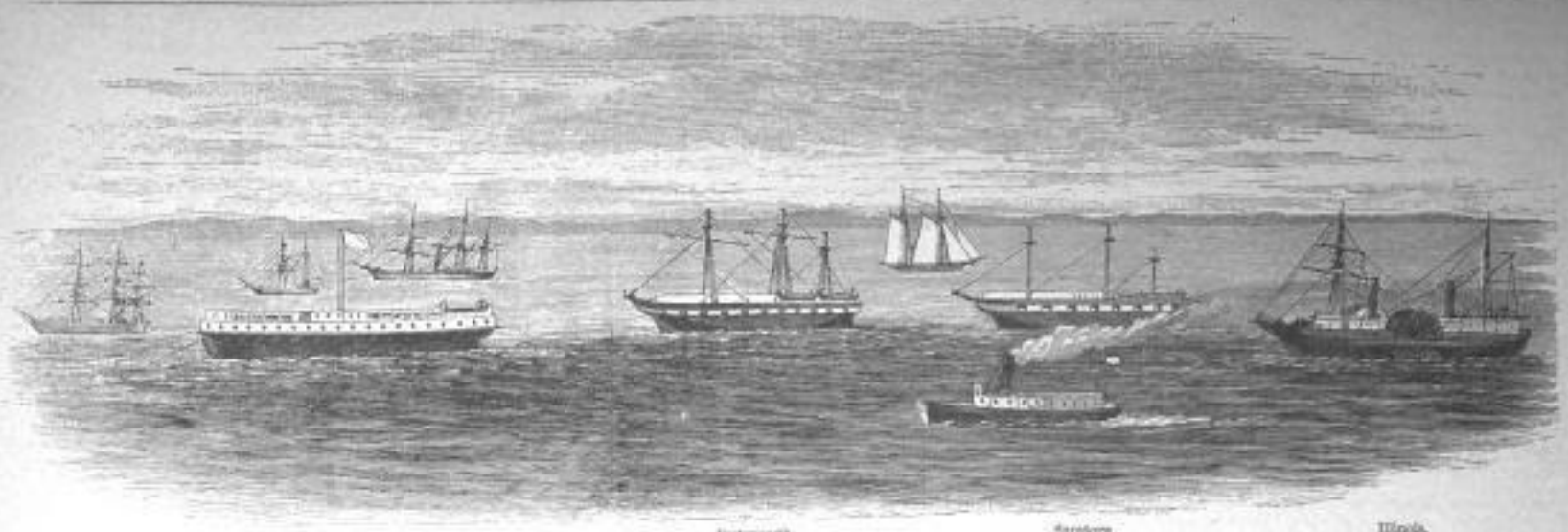
If an engine meet a steamer
"Coming through the draw,"
If they crush or drown the public,
Need we go to law?
If the engineer was careless—
P'rhaps he's rather raw—
They don't discharge an honest fellow,
"Coming through the draw."

If a steamer chase a steamer,
"Running up to time,"
If they burst their pipes and boiler,
Where's the sucker crime?
Should a jury in a fury
Make them pay one dime,
Or send the officers to prison,
"Running up to time?"

If they maim or kill a body,
Or a body's wife,
Need a body sue a body,
For baggage, limb, or life?
If you sue for damages,
For pay for what you lost,
You get a broken neck or leg,
And have to pay the cost.

DENMARK AVENGED.

Denmark. "Fight it out, Gentlemen! I've the Pleasure to Look on!"



HOSPITAL SHIPS AT THE LOWER QUARANTINE, NEW YORK BAY.—[Sketched by B. S. Osbon.]

HOSPITAL SHIPS IN QUARANTINE.

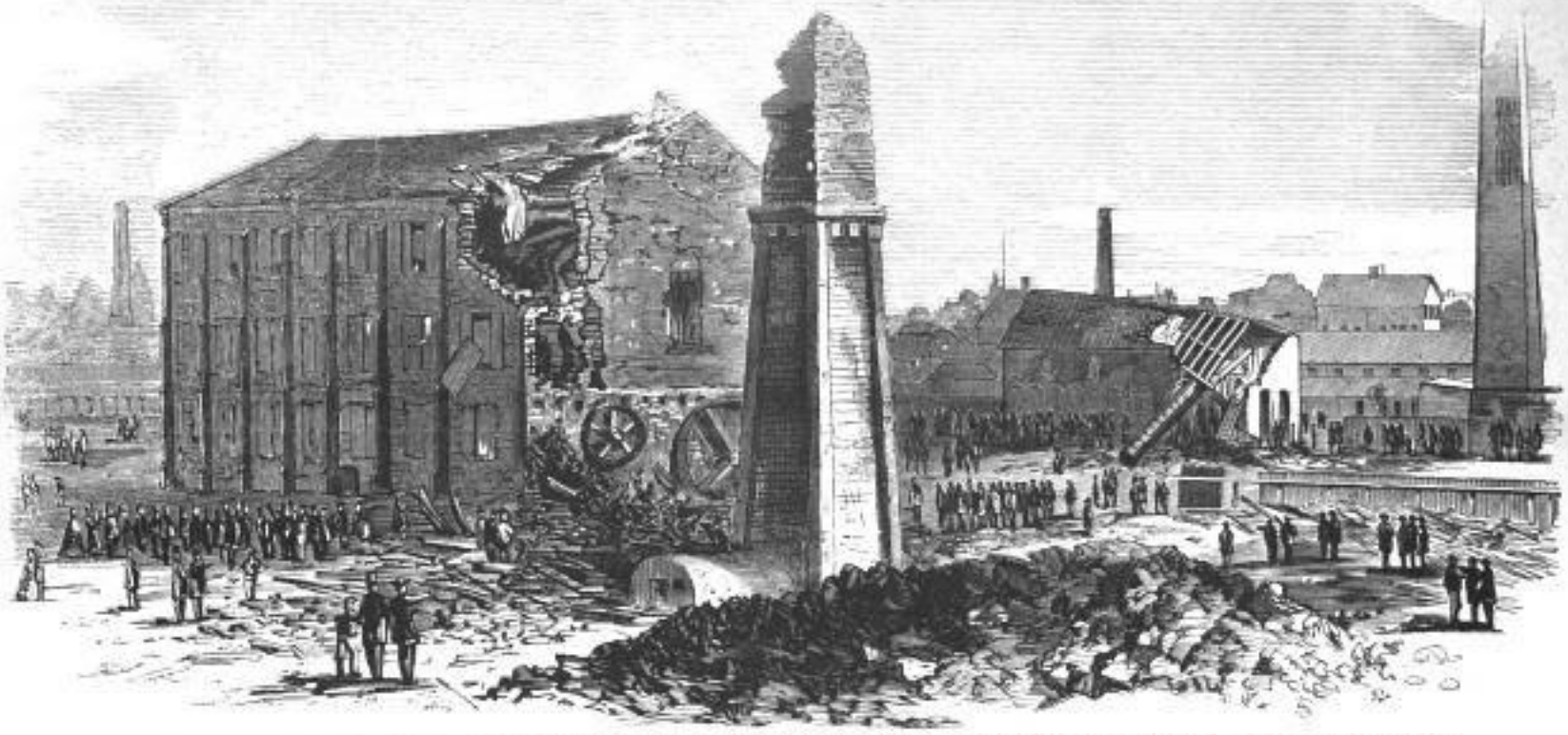
The expulsion of the Quarantine Commissioners from Seguin's Point has again left them without any adequate accommodation for their patients. They are therefore compelled to resort to Hospital Ships. We give on this page an illustration representing the Hospital Ships at the Lower Quarantine.

The side-wheel steamer *Illinois*, 2040 tons, was built by Smith and Dimon. The engines were constructed by the Allaire Works of this city, in 1851. She was employed in the California trade, between New York and Aspinwall, till the late war broke out. In the war she became a transport in the service of the Government.

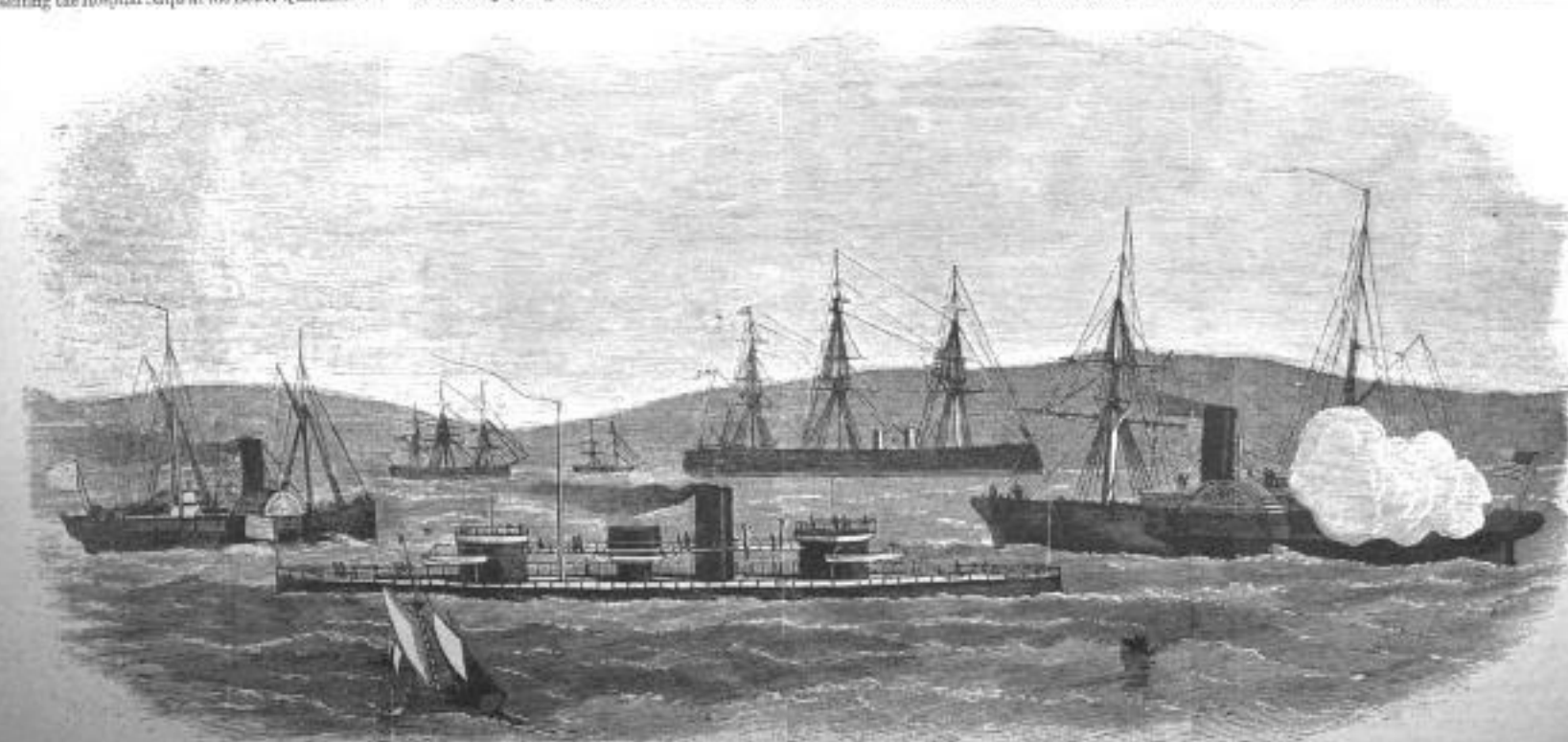
The *Saratoga*, 22 guns, was built in 1842. She has been attached to almost every one of our squadrons. In the war she belonged to the South Atlantic Squadron. Since the war she was employed as an ordnance vessel till she passed into the hands of the Quarantine Commissioners.

The *Portsmouth*, 20 guns, was built at Portsmouth in 1843. She was attached to Farragut's fleet in the attack on the forts below New Orleans. She lay at New Orleans for a long time as receiving-ship and temporary flag-ship, and has been lately used as an ordnance vessel at the port of New York.

The *Falcon*, formerly a steamer of 878 tons, was built in 1848. She was not a good sea-boat, and after making a few voyages was condemned. When purchased by the Commissioners she was named the



EXPLOSION IN WILLIAMSBURG, July 18, 1866—RUINS OF LAWRENCE & SONS' CORDAGE FACTORY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 493.]



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH" OFF QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.—[See Page 499.]

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Florence Nightingale, and fitted up as a hospital ship. She has excellent accommodations for a limited number of patients.

EXPLOSION IN WILLIAMSBURG.

DURING the violent thunder-storm of July 18, a singular accident occurred in Williamsburg, Long Island, which we illustrate on page 492. The New York *Tribune* gives the following account of the affair:

On Bushwick Avenue, between M'Kibben Avenue and Harrison Street, is located the rope factory of HENRY LAWRENCE & SONS, a firm doing business in this city. The factory consisted of one three-story building, and a one-story building, in which were four boilers and engine. At one end of this boiler-room was a large chimney 75 or 80 feet in height. This chimney was the cause of all the mischief. The lightning struck the chimney, completely demolishing it, and then ran down the interior of it into the engine-room, striking in its course the supply pipes, which at once caused the boilers to explode with a fearful crash.

At least this is the theory, but the precise facts will never be known, as the engineer, the only person who could possibly throw any light upon the matter, was instantaneously killed. At the moment of explosion there was a loud and tremendous peal of thunder—indeed, so appalling was the crash that many persons living in the immediate vicinity of the disaster were not aware that a boiler explosion had taken place till some time afterward.

Two of the boilers were driven with frightful velocity through a brick wall to a distance of 600 feet, snapping in their course large and stalwart trees like so many twigs. The other two boilers took an opposite direction, being hurled across the street, and through a brick stable, which they completely destroyed, finally burying themselves in the rope-walk of Messrs. WALL & SONS.

To add to the terror of the scene, the buildings caught on fire, but owing to the prompt arrival of Hose Carriage No. 2 the flames were quickly subdued without doing any further amount of damage.

Captain MOLLOY, of the Forty-sixth Precinct, with a squad of men was quickly upon the ground, and he found Engineer WILLIAM BOYLE lying upon the sidewalk, outside the building, face downward, with a heavy plate of iron resting upon his back; before raising him he was found quite dead. His left leg had been cut off just below the knee, and both arms were shattered, hanging to his body by mere shreds of skin.

Deceased was about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children, the eldest not more than 10 years of age, to mourn his untimely death. The grief of these little ones and their mother was heart-rending to behold, and it was a relief when some kindly-disposed neighbors led them from the scene.

It is a matter of wonderment that no more casualties occurred, for in the factory proper, the roof of which was torn completely off, there were over 300 people employed, all of whom escaped without the slightest injury.

Coroner SMITH held an inquest during the afternoon, and from the testimony elicited it was shown that the deceased, WILLIAM BOYLE, was not killed by the explosion of the boilers, but by lightning, and a verdict to that effect was rendered.

The damage done to the building and those in the immediate vicinity is estimated at about $30,000.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THERE are but few changes in fashion to chronicle this month. As the weather has grown warmer, dresses lighter and brighter in color and of lighter materials have become more generally worn; but, with this exception, there is little else to notice. Muslins, of course, are greatly in fashion, chiefly, though, for indoor wear; not merely those elegant printed robes with deep borders of flowers and extremely rich shawl patterns, but plain white muslins trimmed with sky-blue or rose-color taffeta ribbon, up the centre of which some running pattern is embroidered, and the edges of which are bordered with Valenciennes lace. The "peplum," the new capuchin-shaped jacket, with long pointed ends falling frequently in front as well as behind, is generally worn with robes of this description; and, when so, is invariably made to match the robe itself. Taffeta robes with long trains and jupes cut *fourreau*, and with canapés of the same material or of white lace, are very commonly worn on grand occasions, those of a delicate green tint shotted with violet appearing to have the preference. One observes, too, in the Bois de Boulogne, numerous robes of gros de Chambéry of rich pale tints or embroidered over with Lamballe blue, mauve, rose, or amber-color spots, or perhaps of maize-color, with watered ground, all having canapés to match; these canapés being frequently trimmed with long pearl drops. The above-mentioned robes are all made without plaits and are worn without crinolines, the jupes being of white cambric muslin, with one or two small flounces or plaited at the bottom, and having an *entre-deux* of guipure.

There is nothing new in the way of chapeaux; indeed, so endless is the variety at this moment in vogue that it would seem almost impossible to introduce any novelty that was not in too striking contrast to the present mode to stand the least chance of being adopted. Chapeaux of black straw, with yellow straw trimming that more than partially covers them, and occasionally a single flower or small bunch of fruit at the side, have just been introduced. They are evidently intended for country or sea-side wear.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Canapé and robe cut *fourreau* of fine gray mohair, the jupon ornamented at the bottom with a row of "pattes" of light porcelain blue taffeta fastened with small buttons. The robe is raised by a band of blue taffeta, which catches it up at regular distances and gives the idea of a tunic. The canapé is ornamented in the same style as the jupon. The chapeau is of fine straw, bordered with plaits of pink taffeta, and with strings to correspond; at the side is a cluster of roses. Parasol covered with imitation alpe.

Fig. 2. Robe, with canapé and double skirt en suite of white silk trimmed with white lace or a stone-colored passementerie. The chapeau is of goffered tulle of the same shade of color as the robe.

Fig. 3. Robe and peplum of striped foulard (green on a white ground), ornamented with guipure Cluny. Chapeau Lamballe of fancy straw, with a large bow of green satin ribbon bordered with black lace placed in the centre of the crown; green satin strings.

Fig. 4. Robe of blue taffeta with a double row of straw-color chenille fringe at the lower part of the skirt. Paletot-*ouvert* of the same material as the robe and trimmed to correspond. Chapeau of straw with rows of blue ribbon diverging star-shape from the centre of the crown, and on which are arranged single ears of corn that take the same diverging form.

"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

THE "MIANTONOMOH."

THE *Monitor Miantonomoh*, with a public war vessel called the *Ashuelot*, and the sloop of war *Augusta*, arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, June 16. They came from St. Johns, Newfoundland, whence they sailed on the morning of the 6th inst., having thus made the voyage across the Atlantic in ten days and a few hours. The *Miantonomoh* is a new ship, built in the naval dock-yard, New York, in 1865, and, though never tried in any engagement, is considered to be superior to any other vessel of the kind constructed for the late war, both as a sea-going and a fighting ship. Her hull is in shape like any ordinary vessel, but from a distance is scarcely perceptible above the water, and resembles nothing more than a huge raft of timber, with two immense turrets and a funnel. The armament consists of four Dahlgren 480 lb. guns and one 12 lb. howitzer. The crew numbers 100 men. The *Miantonomoh* proved herself a first-rate ship in her ocean passage. She brought as passengers Mr. FOX, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Department of the United States Government, and an Attaché of the English Embassy at Washington. The *Ashuelot*, which accompanies the *Miantonomoh*, is a partite-

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1866.

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steamer, capable of steering from either end. She was built at Boston in 1865, and is of 780-horse power. The armament consists of ten 15-inch shell guns, two 60 lb. rifles, two 20 lb. rifles, two 24 lb. howitzers. The *Augusta* is employed as tender to the *Miantonomoh*, and, previously to being purchased by the United States Government, was a passenger-ship from Charleston to New Orleans. During the civil war she rendered good service in watching blockade-runners, having captured property to the value of over a million of dollars. The American ships were visited in the harbor of Queenstown by frequent and large parties of excursionists, greatly to the profit of the railway and steamer companies.

The *Miantonomoh* has two turrets, 18 feet in diameter, in each of which are two 15-inch guns. Each turret carries, as a second story, a pilot-house. The sides of the turret consist of eleven inch-thick plates of iron laid upon each other. On the withdrawal of the guns the port-holes can be instantaneously closed by large masses of iron. The armor-plating of the ship extends vertically from her deck downward about 9 feet, and is composed of six inch-thick plates bolted together, and backed with a total solid thickness of 3 feet of oak. The iron plating overhangs the general line of the hull fore and aft. The hull is of timber, 3 feet thick. The upper deck is planked with 3-inch deal, under which are iron plates 2½ inches in thickness, resting on 18 inches of beams and wooden backing. The general dimensions of the *Miantonomoh* are as follow: Length over all, 250 feet; breadth, 57 feet; depth of hold, 19 feet; tonnage, 1500. The *Miantonomoh* has two screws, one under each quarter, of 10 feet 6 inches diameter and 15 feet pitch. She has no less than seventeen separate engines to work her screws, turrets, ventilating-fans, steering-gear, and capstans. Her speed may be safely stated at 10½ knots, though in fair weather and under favorable circumstances she has made 11½ knots.

The presence of this Monitor in a British port has occasioned a great deal of excitement, and the vessel has created an almost universal admiration. The general impression made was that the American iron-clads and their armaments were superior to those of the British Navy. On the other hand, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, taking exception to the general opinion, speaks thus of the guns of the *Miantonomoh*:

"Without attempting to pronounce offhand an opinion as to the respective offensive and defensive powers of the *Miantonomoh* and our own ships of war, we may say emphatically, and with all confidence, that, if the artillery equipments of the two were to change places, we should certainly have much sounder grounds for uneasiness and alarm than exist at present. The *Miantonomoh's* guns are cast iron, superior, it is probable, to our own cast-iron guns, but infinitely inferior, there is little doubt, to the system of wrought-iron ordnance which we have elaborated at so much care and expense. They are also smooth-bore guns, whereas, for sound technical reasons, not to be detailed within the scope of a short article, we have discarded smooth bores and adopted for the last and most advanced type of our heavy naval guns a very efficient system of rifled ordnance. Further, these American guns fire only spherical cast-iron shot and shell—a description of projectile which our experiments have shown to be comparatively useless for penetrative purposes, and for which we have wisely substituted 'chilled' iron shot and steel shell. Finally, the velocity with which the 450-lb. shot of the *Miantonomoh* are capable of being projected by the comparatively low charges used is very much below what is necessary to secure penetration—except perhaps at the very shortest ranges; and although we are told that the Americans advocate the theory of heavy weights and low striking velocities, in opposition to direct penetration, it should be borne in mind that this theory had at one time many able supporters in this country, that the experiments which were made upon the subject were considered to have exploded it; and lastly, that its retention by the Americans is probably rather a consequence than a cause of the system of heavy artillery which they have adopted.

"It is not unreasonable to conjecture that the history of this system is somewhat as follows: Powerful ship-guns were required when the means of production in America were seriously hampered, and when there was little time for experiment. Huge cast-iron guns which would project huge cast-iron shot with moderate charges recommended themselves on account of the comparative facility with which they could be produced; and for the present this system, with its attendant theory, prevails in America. But with such a system the results of our experiments would not have allowed us to rest content; and there is now no reason to doubt that that which we have deliberately adopted is the more efficient and satisfactory of the two. Be this, however, as it may, and conceding that each presents certain points of advantage, it is desirable to point out that we have not been taken by surprise in this matter; that our acquaintance with American fifteen-inch guns does not date from the arrival of the *Miantonomoh*; and that unless further experience should contradict that which we have so laboriously acquired it would be unreasonable to express anxiety as to the comparative efficiency of our own system of heavy ordnance."

ST. PETER'S.

It has been said that perhaps no city in the world abounds with such a number of churches as Rome, or with fewer handsome ones as respects their architecture. Seven of the earliest churches of Rome are still called Basilicas, and enjoy a metropolitan rank. Four of these are within the walls—St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, Santa Croce in Gierusalemme; and three outside the wall—S. Paolo, S. Sebastiano, and S. Lorenzo.

Foremost among them all is St. Peter's, which Gibbon styles "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion." It occupies the site of a Basilica built by Constantine in 306, but has nothing except the name in common with the ancient style of buildings. Of the present church the foundation was laid by Julius II. in 1506, and the building was dedicated by Urban VIII. in 1626, its erection having been spread over the reigns of twenty Popes, and carried on by twelve different architects, the most celebrated of whom were Bramante, who planned the building in the form of a Greek cross, with a hexastyle portico and a cupola in the centre, and erected the piers and arches that support the dome; Raphael, who changed the plan from a Greek to a Latin cross; Michael Angelo, who returned to the former, and designed the dome; Giacomo della Porta, who completed the dome; and Maderno, who returned to the Latin cross plan, and added the *façade*. Of all the parts of the building the work of the last architect is the most open to criticism; for the front, as seen from the piazza, is so prominent as almost to hide the dome; whereas, had Bramante and Michael Angelo's plan of a Greek cross and a *façade* like that of the Pantheon been followed, the whole dome would have been seen from the piazza. The situation, too, of the building is singularly unfortunate, in a hollow surrounded on three sides with hills, so that the exterior view does not show the church to advantage. But the interior is unrivaled for grandeur and beauty. Its immense size is not perceived on account of the exquisite proportions of the whole, and the colossal dimensions of the statues in the niches and the mosaics on the dome.

The stupendous dome, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration, is altogether unrivaled, and has justly been pronounced the triumph of modern architecture. The ascent to the top of the church is so gradual as to be accessible to persons on horseback; from thence the dome is reached by a succession of ingeniously-contrived staircases. From the top an extensive prospect may be obtained of the beautiful amphitheatre of hills which incloses the Campagna on all but the western side; the summits of the loftier Apennines behind, wreathed with snow; the Tiber in its sinuous windings through the district; in the distance the blue waters of the Mediterranean gleaming in the sunbeams; and, far beneath, Rome, with her churches, her palaces, her dark and distant ruins, the rich verdure and golden fruit of the orange-gardens of her convents, contrasting with the deep shade of their mournful cypresses. Beneath the dome stands the high altar, under a canopy of solid bronze, covered with the richest ornaments. The monuments are for the most part unworthy of the church; but to an English visitor there is a singular interest in Canova's monument of the last of the infatuated and unfortunate race of Stuart. The principal dimensions of St. Peter's are as follows: Length in the interior, 613 feet; breadth of the nave and aisles, including the pilasters that divide them, 197¾ feet; height of the nave, 152 feet; length of the transepts, 446½ feet; diameter of the dome, including the walls, 195 feet, or nearly 2 feet more than that of the Pantheon; diameter of the dome in the interior, 139 feet, or 3 feet less than that of the Pantheon; height from the pavement to the base of the lantern, 405 feet; to the summit of the cross outside, 448 feet. Thus the whole of St. Paul's Cathedral in London might stand within the shell of St. Peter's, and yet leave 46½ feet at either end, 25 feet all round the cupola, and 64 feet above the dome. The semicircular colonnades on each side of the piazza in front of the church form, along with the covered galleries that extend from them to the portico, a magnificent approach to St. Peter's.

LORD DERBY'S STATEMENT.

On the evening of July 9, on the occasion of Lord Derby's inaugural statement, the House of Lords presented an unusually brilliant and animated scene. The area was filled with peers. All the members of the new and of the late Government having seats in the Upper House were present, with scarcely an exception, and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge joined the neutrals on the cross benches, the Princess of Wales being up stairs. As many members of the other House as could find room thronged the space at the bar and before the throne, as well as the corner galleries. The gorgeous hues of the golden chamber, glowing in the sunshine, were enlivened by the flush of bright color along the ladies' gallery on either side, and by contrast with the dark crowd below. Lord Derby's eloquence, and the peculiar circumstances of his third accession to office as the Chief Minister of the Crown, added to the interest with which the proclamation of the policy of a new Government was naturally received.

Lord Derby began by expressing his personal reluctance, on account of his years and health, to return to public life, and the sense of duty under which he had undertaken the task to which he was invited by the Queen. He referred to the errors by which the late Government had fallen in pledging themselves to Reform before they had time to feel the pulse of the new Parliament, by miscalculating their party strength, and in producing a hasty, crude, and fragmentary bill. Lord Derby was at some pains to explain that in his offers of office to Lord Clarendon, the Duke of Somerset, the late Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grosvenor, and others who did not belong to his own party, he had in view not a coalition, but a Government on an enlarged basis, which was a very different thing. He had felt bound to undertake the construction of a Conservative Government, but his refusal to do so should be construed as an avowal of the dissolution of that great party. After describing the difficulty of distributing offices, of placing some forty or fifty gentlemen each in the position most accordant with his own wishes and at the same time consistent with the public interest, "of putting three times the number of candidates into one-third the number of available places," Lord Derby broadly sketched the principles of his Government on the two great questions of Foreign Policy and Parliamentary Reform. On the former subject he said:

"My earnest desire is that the Foreign Office should contribute to the preservation of the peace of this country and of the world. I hold that it is the duty of the Government of this country, placed as this country is with respect to geographical position, to keep itself upon terms of good-will with all surrounding nations, but not to entangle itself with any single or monopolizing alliance with any one of them; above all, to endeavor not to interfere needlessly and vexatiously with the internal affairs of any foreign country, nor to volunteer to them unasked advice with regard to the conduct of their affairs, looking at them from our point of view, and not considering how different are the views and feelings of those whom we address. Above all, I hold that it is the duty of a Government to abstain from menace if they do not intend to follow that menace by action.... The policy of the Government with regard to such a war as that now raging is studiously to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality between all the contending parties, only ready at any time to offer their good offices, if there appeared the slightest gleam of hope that, combined with those of other neutral Powers, such as France and Russia, they might lead to a termination of this bloody struggle and to the restoration of peace. And I believe that influence would not be less effectually exercised because it was attended with no menace and by no meddlesome desire to give unasked advice, because we could have no selfish policy and no desire of reaping any advantage for ourselves, except that one inestimable advantage of staying the effusion of blood and restoring to Europe the blessings of prosperity and peace."

A friendly allusion to the United States, the expression of a hope that the federation of our American colonies might soon be accomplished, and a congratulation on the way in which Fenianism had been met were included in this part of the speech. As to Reform, Lord Derby declared himself perfectly free and unpledged. He adopted Lord Russell's rule that no Government was justified in bringing in a Reform Bill without having a reasonable prospect of carrying it, and Lord Grey's opinion that a settlement would be effected only by a mutual understanding between the two great parties in the country. He added:

"Nothing certainly would give me greater pleasure than to see a very large increase in the number of electors, and a very considerable portion of the class now excluded admitted to the franchise. On the other hand, I am afraid that those who are most clamorous for the passing of a Reform Bill are not those who would be satisfied with any measure such as could be approved by the two great political parties of the country. I greatly fear that any measure of a moderate character which would be introduced—I do not mean to say it is an argument against introducing it—would not put a stop to the agitation which prevails, and would only be made a stepping-stone for further organic changes. As I said before, I reserve to myself the most entire liberty, and after what has passed it is not an unreasonable reservation. Of this I am quite sure, that if there is no reasonable prospect of passing a sound and satisfactory measure, it is of infinite disadvantage to the country that session after session should be lost, and that measures of useful legislation should be put a stop to by continual contests over Reform Bills which, after occupying the whole session, fail in passing, and only leave the session barren of practical results."

Lord Derby promised that attention should be given to the bankruptcy law, the poor law, and especially the treatment of the poor in work-houses, and the condition of Ireland with a view to the repeal of exceptional legislation. In conclusion, he spoke of the prospect which he hoped before long to see realized, of a new arrangement of parties which would place on the one side those who were in favor of dangerous innovations and violations of the Constitution, and on the other side all those who, while they would not resist safe legislative progress, were determined to adhere to the Constitution and to those institutions under which the country had so long been loyal, prosperous, and happy.

THE REASON.

Lady, I see your eyes that glance my way;
I mark your radiant beauty as you move;
I know that at a word which I might say,
Love would be met by love.

Why is it that I leave that word unsaid?
Why am I gravest to your brightest smiles?
And wherefore do I turn a listless head
Deaf to your queenly wiles?

I know how many seek you, whom the spell
Of your fair face draws all resistless on:
How your soft-syllabled "No" has oft to tell
You are not lightly won.

I know that these you chill, and me you seek—
Me, not more worthy: me, so stern and still;
Nor am I silent from a fear to speak,
Or from divided will.

Nor doem it is in malice that I wait
Until that it might please me to repay
Love with the largess of myself—so late
From willing proud delay.

No, no. 'Twere basest treason even in thought,
To thy high soul, that should not stoop to sue;
To thee, to whom all lowly I have sought
To render homage due.

Lady, I have no love to give. Ere now
'Tis given, to one with face as fair as thine:
Few years had pass'd upon her ivory brow
When all her heart was mine.

Do I not claim her? *She is claim'd*: and I
Am happy, though sometimes mine eyes be dim—
She whom God lent of His great charity
Hath now recall'd to Him.

"Enjoy the highest reputation among the ladies."—Burnett's Kalliston for the complexion and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Louisville Journal.*

Moth and Freckles.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York.

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Agents Wanted for the Desideratum Holder for fastening neckties, looping up dress skirts, &c., &c. Our Agents, male and female, make $5 to $10 per day. Circular sent on receipt of stamp. Ball & Co., Springfield, Mass.

A Heavy Beard is guaranteed in five weeks to all who use Russell's Italian Compound according to directions. Sent free by mail for 50 cents by MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 22, Albany, N. Y.

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HARPER & BROTHERS'

List of New Books.

Franklin Square, N. Y., July 27.

1.
GEORGE ELIOT.
Felix Holt, the Radical. A No[vel]. By the Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill [on the] Floss," "Romola," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

2.
Rev. J. G. WOOD.
Homes Without Hands: Being a [De]scription of the Habitations of Animals, class[ed ac]cording to their Principle of Construction. [With] about 140 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, Beveled E[dges], $4 50; Half Morocco, $6 75.

3.
EDMUND YATES.
Land at Last. A Novel in Thre[e] Books. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

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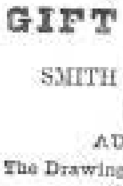

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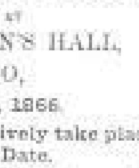

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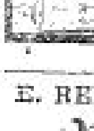

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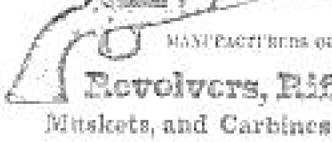

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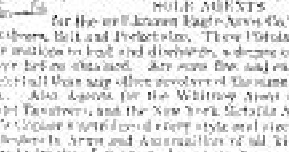

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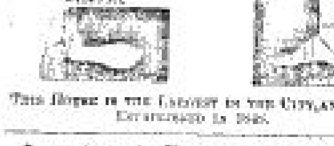
Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz:
1-1.—The Ball of the foot.
2-2.—The Low Instep.
3-3.—The High Instep.
4-4.—The Heel.
—The Ankle.
—The Calf.



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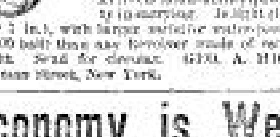

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

VOL. X.—No. 502.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE REVIEW AT LONG BRANCH.

THE review of the New Jersey Militia by Governor WARD, on the 26th of July, was not an ordinary parade. The occasion made the day one of very great interest to the whole State. Long Branch was thronged with the beauty and fashion of New Jersey. It was also announced that General MEADE, who has been spending a few days at this popular place of summer resort, would honor the troops with his presence and criticisms. But owing to other engagements General MEADE was not present. For several days Major-General RENYON's Brigade of New Jersey Militia have been enjoying at Long Branch their annual encampment. The encampment is pleasantly located a short distance from the beach, and presents a clean, neat, and most creditable appearance. The officers preserve excellent discipline, and drill their men regularly. We did not hear a complaint made by any of the citizens of the conduct of the men. The men look brown and sun-burnt, but, notwithstanding their exposure to the sun and their hard drills, seem to enjoy the sport very much. The encampment is visited daily by the ladies stopping at the Branch, and the dress parades in the evening have become an attractive feature in the daily programme. Two good brass bands belong to the Brigade, and contribute greatly to the entertainment of visitors.

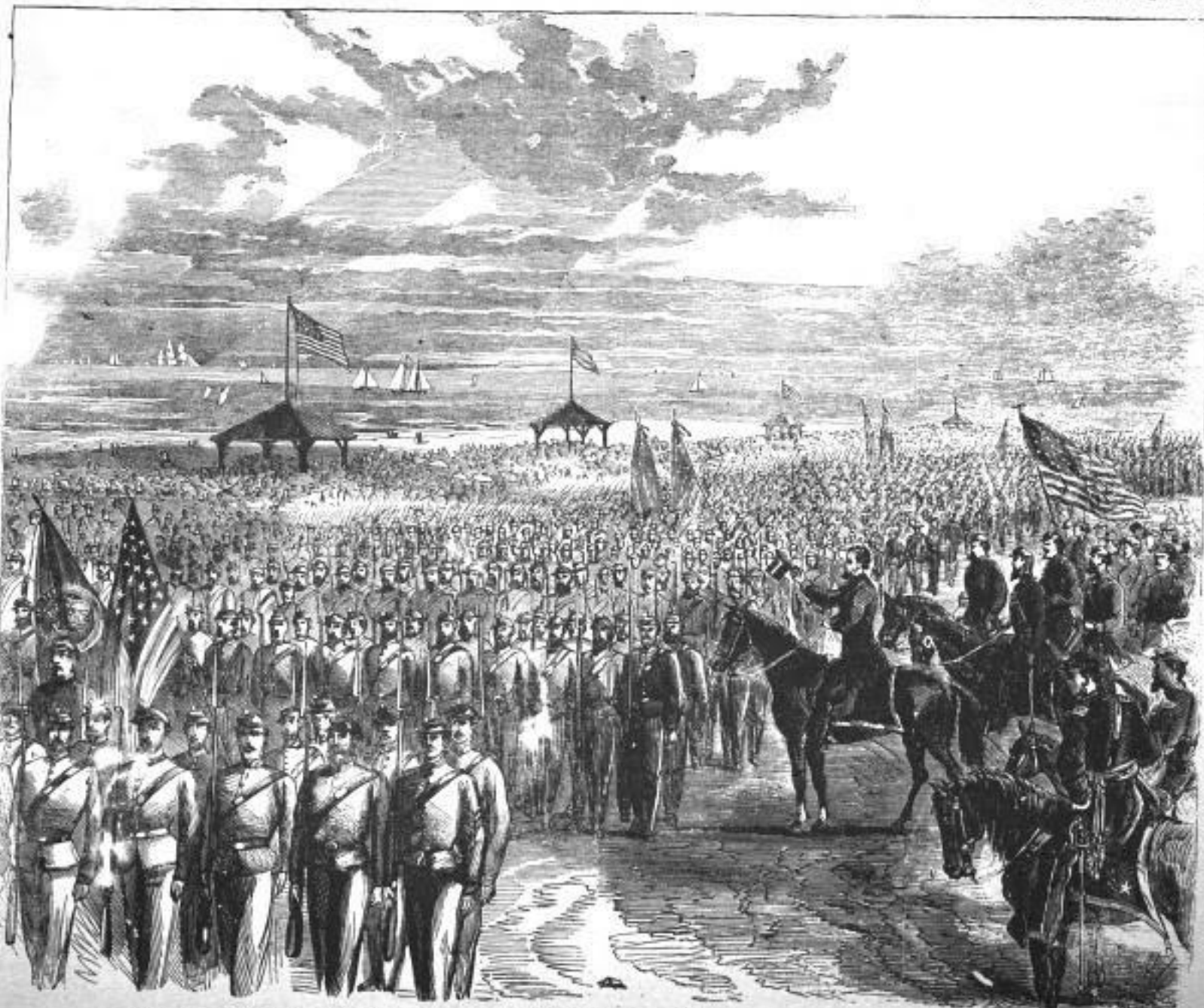
At 5 o'clock the line was formed facing the hotel. At this time the square and the streets were packed with eager sight-seers, while the front of the hotel, and every available window and balcony in the vicinity, were occupied by bright and smiling ladies. General RENYON took command of the parade immediately, and exercised the men slightly in the manual of arms. Governor WARD shortly arrived upon the ground with his brilliant staff, and was received with regulation honors. The Governor and the General, accompanied by the officers of their respective staffs, rode up and down the line, expressing great satisfaction with the appearance of the troops. The Brigade then marched past the Governor in review, with company front. Their marching was excellent; but the First and Second Regiments divided the honors for steady marching and neat and soldierly appearance. The Brigade marched past a second time at "route step" and "right shoulder shift," after which the line was again formed. After a little more exercising in the manual of arms the troops were marched back to camp. The Brigade consists of the First Regiment, of Newark, Lieutenant-Colonel M. B. PROVOST commanding; the Second Regiment, of Newark, Colonel JOSEPH W. PLUME commanding; the Third Regiment, Colonel URIAH DE HART commanding; First Battalion, Major D. D. BUCHANAN commanding; Second Battalion, Major A. B. M'KROS commanding; the Newark City Battery (two brass 12-pounders), Captain MATTHEW WATERS commanding, and Captain W. F. GIBB's company of Newark City Cavalry. The review was admirably conducted throughout; the Brigade looked admirably, and showed a degree of proficiency highly creditable to all concerned.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

DURING the Crimean War, and more especially in the war in Italy in 1859, "arms of precision"—that is, guns that would carry a projectile far and carry it sure—were the great desideratum. In both these struggles attention was particularly given to having cannon of far and accurate range; the French and English infantry were armed with rifles, and though these were all muzzle-loaders, and were mainly valued for picking off sentries and in rifle-pit practice, they were found to be a most efficient weapon in the hands of the bulk of the army. The possession of Lancaster and other guns of long range gave the English the advantage over the Russians in the contest before Sebastopol; but it was reserved for the campaign in Italy in 1859 to demonstrate the vast superiority of rifled cannon over the old smooth-bore pieces then still in use in the Austrian army. The French cannon royés largely contributed to winning the battle of Solferino, and showed that "arms of precision" conferred an enormous advantage upon troops so armed over opponents who had adhered to obsolete patterns.

That was one great step in the practice of war. But another, equally if not more important, has since been introduced, namely, the construction of breech-loading cannons as well as breech-loading rifles. At Solferino it was the greater rapidity as much as the higher range of the French cannon which told upon the Austrians; and through the whole of the battles in Bohemia it has been the rapid fire of the needle-gun which has enabled the Prussians to conquer. The Prussians do not appear to have displayed in any marked manner superior generalship, greater bravery, or better discipline than the Austrians. They won battle after battle chiefly because they outnumbered the Austrians, but no small measure of their success is to be attributed to their possession of the needle-gun. It is doubtful whether the Prussian needle-gun is at all superior to our Spencer repeating-rifle. But if we are to judge from our experience with the latter, these breech-loading rifles are chiefly available on the skirmish line. It is frequently the case in a great battle that, from one cause or another, their superiority is of no avail. This was the case at the battle of Sadowa. It is very doubtful whether the needle-gun of the Prussians was any very great advantage—the battle was won, we think, not on account of better rifles, but by reason of greater numbers and superior strategy.

The latest story about the needle-gun and the



REVIEW OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE MILITIA BY GOVERNOR WARD AT LONG BRANCH, JULY 26, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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fever it is exciting in Paris is told by the correspondent of the *Star*: "The Prince Imperial asked his father to explain the difference between the needle-gun and the ordinary fire-arm to him. Wishing to give example to theoretical demonstration, the Emperor went down to the court of the Tuileries, and calling the sentinel said to him, 'Mon brave, load and fire to amuse these children,' the children being the young Prince and l'Empereur. Meanwhile his Majesty, who had a needle-gun in his hand, loaded and fired five times before the private had fired his single shot. The soldier was amazed. 'Hein,' said the Emperor, 'it's quicker work with this gun than with yours; would you like to have one?' 'Certainly, Sire.' 'Then so you shall,' answered the Emperor."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 11, 1866.

POP-GUNS SPIKED.

THOSE who think that when the late insurgents laid down their arms all our dangers and difficulties ended, if we would only consent to see it so, and who denounce Congress as maliciously or stupidly delaying reunion because it thought that in the gravest political crisis we have ever known it was not unwise to act only upon patient reflection, constantly repeat certain questions as if they were conclusive arguments.

Thus, speaking of those who have been foiled in their effort to destroy the Government, it is asked whether, by excluding them from a share in it, we expect to make them any more friendly to it? Certainly not; nor is there any wish to exclude them. But the very terms of the objection imply that they are not now well-disposed toward it. Is it, then, unwise to take reasonable, and only reasonable, security against acknowledged evil dispositions?

Or it is said that they are now as fit as they ever will be to resume their relations in the Union. Is it, then, unkind to the country to make that resumption as harmless as possible?

Or it is asked whether we admit "that the people of the United States are deficient in either the wisdom or the virtue necessary to continue the existence of the republic?" No more than Mr. Seward, who asks the question. But as in eleven of the States only that half of the people which has proved its hostility to the republic are to vote, is it distrust of the people to demand that they shall not also speak for the half who are the truest friends of the Union, and who are to have no voice?

Or we are asked whether the total failure of the rebellion, the emancipation of the slaves, the terrible bereavements and ruin of fortunes, and the overwhelming defeat in the field are not sufficient pledges of future fidelity? Certainly, in view of such facts, no generous man would be harsh. He would be as conciliatory as possible, but he must not be blind. The wounded rebel prisoners whom the Union army captured were tenderly nursed in the Union hospitals, but they were not dismissed with their arms to return to the enemy's camp. Did King George the Third say the less endeavor to assert the royal prerogative because King Charles the First was beheaded? "Ambition," says Burke, "though it has ever the same general views, has not at all times the same means nor the same particular objects......There are very few statesmen," he says, "so very clumsy and awkward in their business as to fall into the identical snare which has proved fatal to their predecessors." Now the opinions and purposes of the late insurgents have not changed. We do not expect them, indeed, to renew the rebellion to destroy the Union; but we do expect, and so must every sensible man, that, in conjunction with the Democratic party, they will try to control the Government in the spirit of caste which produced the rebellion. Is it unkind or ungenerous to insist that they shall not have an unfair advantage in the contest? Granting that it is good policy under all the circumstances to allow every late insurgent State to determine who of its citizens shall vote, does good policy also require that if it excludes from the polls thousands of tried friends of the Government those friends shall be counted in the basis of national representation? Because the South Carolina planter has been ruined by his own rebellion, and because it is good policy to let by-gones be by-gones, is it, therefore, vindictive to insist that he shall not throw two votes for every one cast by the farmer of Illinois or New Hampshire?

Or we are asked whether it is honorable, when the insurgent States have accepted the conditions originally proposed, to insist upon others? But when until now have the loyal people of the Union represented in Congress offered any terms upon accepting which the late insurgent States might resume their national relations? The President, indeed, without consultation with Congress, during the summer and autumn of 1865, mentioned certain conditions which he said he considered indispensable preliminaries to such resumption. But even he did not say that acceptance of them would entitle the States in question to that resumption. So late as the beginning of November, 1865, he telegraphed through Mr. Seward to Governor Perry of South Carolina that "it is impossible to anticipate events." His opinion of what it might be necessary for a State to do could not possibly bind Congress. He did not suffer it to bind himself. And if later these expressions of opinion were called a policy, and the President assumed that, having done what he suggested, the States were entitled to representation, the situation was not in the least changed. The honor of the country could not be engaged until Congress approved his opinions and authorized his terms. If the late insurgents thought it was, they were plainly mistaken, and their error could not bind the country to its peril.

Again we are asked whether it is constitutional or just to govern States without representation? But this objection is an intentional sophism. Was not the legislation of Congress during the war constitutionally and justly binding upon the States which were not represented? May a State by refusing to be represented absolve itself from the supremacy of national law? And if a State withdraws its representation for the purpose of destroying the Government, may not the people of the States that remain loyal and save the Government rightfully determine upon what terms, consistent with a republican government, that representation may be resumed? Moreover, what is the force of this objection, urged as it is, for instance, by Governor Orr of South Carolina, a State which deprives half its adult male population of representation?

If the war were an exhilarating little tournament, which, being ended, the knights ride jingling home to dinner, prudence and reflection are plainly impertinent. But if it were a serious and radical conflict of principles and tendencies which, whatever the result of war, still remain because they are rooted in human nature, then to insist that every thing is settled by a surrender of arms is simply in turn to surrender common-sense.

FINANCIAL ASPECT OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The Atlantic Telegraph is once more a success. At the hour we write, dispatches have been received from Queen Victoria, congratulating the President on the successful accomplishment of this great international enterprise, and from certain news agents at Valentia, Ireland, announcing the restoration of peace in Germany, and the outbreak of riots in London. The Queen's dispatch was dated from the Isle of Wight, July 27, and was received here on July 30—having probably taken 60 hours in coming, nine to ten of which were occupied by the sailing voyage from Newfoundland to the American main land. It is a little curious that but few commercial or financial dispatches have been received—very scanty quotations of Five-Twenty bonds, or cotton, or breadstuffs. So much importance attaches to these quotations that one might have supposed they would have been telegraphed at once, in advance of the *obligato* performances of Queens and Presidents. Good reasons may doubtless be assigned for the omission; reasons which will not lay the American directors of the Atlantic Telegraph open to the suspicions to which a similar reticence exposed them in 1858. Possibly, by the time these lines are printed, the wire may be in regular working order, and we may have quotations day by day from London and the other European markets.

It would be as idle to descant upon the advantages of the Telegraph, should it prove a practical success, as to commend the operation of the mariner's compass or to applaud the multiplication table. All will admit that it is an advantage to shorten communication between the two worlds from ten days to ten minutes. But while every body concedes the vast importance and substantial glory of the achievement with which the name of Cyrus Field will always be connected, people do not so generally realize how the Telegraph is going to affect business. And it may, perhaps, be worth while to show that its effect, in the main, will be to deprive our trade with Europe of its speculative character, and to establish it on as safe and as certain a basis as the internal trade between New York and the interior cities.

Let us illustrate the case. We ship to England breadstuffs and cotton. It is a maxim in both trades that, if you wish to make a profit, you must ship in the face of a loss—in other words, you must ship your goods at a time when the ruling quotations abroad are lower than the ruling quotations here. The reason is very simple. When cotton and wheat are higher in Liverpool than they are here, every one ships, the foreign market is glutted at once, and American shippers are more likely to lose than to make money. On the other hand, when cotton and wheat are quoted lower in Liverpool than in New York, the great bulk of shippers hold back their stocks; and there is a chance that the few adventurous merchants who do send forward their property may find—by the time it crosses the ocean—a bare market, and consequently a fair demand at advancing quotations. This has been the history of the export trade in cotton and breadstuffs for years, not to say generations. One of the oldest and wisest bankers in New York used to ask—when he heard of a house going into one of these two trades—how much capital have they got? If they had $100,000, he would tell his clerks to trust them—*i. e.*, to buy their bills, for a year; if they had $50,000, for six months; if they had $200,000, for two years. His experience had taught him that, at the expiration of these periods, their capital would, in nine cases out of ten, be exhausted, and they would fail. Now, the Atlantic Telegraph will put an end to all this speculative business and all these losses. An exporting merchant will sell his cotton in Liverpool the day he buys it in New York, and will ship it at his leisure without fear of risk. A produce dealer will not buy a barrel of flour or a bushel of grain for export until he has secured his profit by Telegraph. The trade will change entirely. Profits will be smaller but certain, and there will be but few losses. People will cease to assume, as a matter of course, the biennial failure of cotton and produce shippers.

On the other hand the foreign dry-goods trade will undergo a similar change. Hitherto importers and agents of European manufacturers have always been gamblers to some extent. They have guessed at the probable condition of the spring and fall markets; they have theorized as to the state of the money market; they have guessed at the probable bank expansion; and on the net result of their theories they have ordered goods. They have often been mistaken. Losses have not been as large as in the export trade, partly because the importation of dry goods in this country has seldom been in excess of the demand, and partly because our dry-goods men are by far the shrewdest merchants in the country. But still there have been many seasons when the dry-goods importers in this city would have paid the entire cost of the Atlantic Telegraph if they could have countermanded the orders they had sent out only a fortnight before. With the Telegraph all this will be altered. No orders for goods will be sent by mail. They will all go by Telegraph, and as a general rule the importer will secure a bid from the jobber before he transmits his order to Leeds or Rouen or Lyons. Whatever of speculation still adheres to the trade will vanish, and it will become as steady, as devoid of excitement, and as clear of great losses, from other causes than failures, as the domestic dry-goods trade.

Those old men who can remember the state of things which existed in the United States before the establishment of land telegraphs can easily realize the change. In those old days—they seem as ancient as Cotton Mather or the Crusades—a brisk trade was driven in this city in Southern money. Jacob Little was at the head of it. There were no telegraphs, and the mails were leisurely. No one could say for sure what New Orleans funds were worth, or how the Vicksburg Bank stood. Jacob Little made it his business to know—by means of horse expresses and fleet couriers—and in the course of a few years he made a million out of the merchants engaged in the Southern trade by his early information. By-and-by telegraphs were established, every one could ascertain the facts as soon as Mr. Little, and there was no more gambling in Southern money. It had its value, fixed and certain, for the day, and the trade in it became as safe and as free from excitement as the manufacture of horn buttons.

It will be so with all our foreign trade if the Atlantic cable prove a practical success. The smart German bankers who have made money by speculating between New York and London or New York and Frankfort in Five-Twenty bonds will find their vocation gone. It is an open question whether, in the long-run, they have ever made any thing; but there is no doubt they have often inflicted severe losses both on American and on European holders. This business—or at least the speculative part of it—will cease when the Telegraph transmits the daily quotations from side to side. We shall cease to see Five-Twenties five per cent. lower here than in Europe, or Erie eight per cent. higher in London than at the open Board of Brokers in this city. These anomalies will disappear, and the New York and London markets will show no greater variation than the markets of New York and Philadelphia.

THE POSITION OF ITALY.

As experience constantly proves that the class complacently called by themselves and others "practical men" are the most visionary and foolish of all, it is not surprising that the news of the cession of Venetia to France by Austria should have caused the London Stock Exchange to shout that peace was virtually concluded. All the elements of the situation were at once forgotten. That Prussia and Italy were close allies, that one could not act in the matter without the other, and that the object of the cession was the release of the Austrian army in Italy to strike at Prussia in Bohemia, were obvious facts which controlled the situation and made peace extremely doubtful, except upon the assumption that its terms were to reduce Austria to a secondary position, and that she voluntarily accepted her defeat at Sadowa as a death-blow to her imperial power.

But apart from the more complicated view there was another, very simple and painfully evident, which should have moderated the crude transports of the Stock Exchange. The cession of Venetia to France was the humiliation of Italy. To expel Austria has been for years the inspiring hope of the peninsula. Incarnating Austria in the person of Metternich, so long its evil genius, the wish of Italy was

> "To feel his red wet throat distill
> In blood 'twixt my two hands."

It had for six years maintained an immense army at vast expense and political risk, to undertake the work of deliverance, and improving the first favorable hour, with Prussia in alliance, with France in sympathy, and the world hopefully looking on, it struck a brave blow, and was defeated. The moral reaction of that defeat we can conceive; but the total demoralization of accepting from France as a gift what it could not wrest from Austria as a right is inconceivable. If Italy gave Sardinia or any other province in exchange, it merely cut off one end of a field to add to the other. If Italy received Venetia as a free gift from France, it held it not by its own proved power but by the favor of France. The act of reception would acknowledge its own incompetency, when its asserted competency was really the valid ground of its claim. *Italia fará da se*; Italy can and will look out for itself, has been the Italian rallying cry. Can it consent, without the utmost self-contempt, to have Napoleon say to it, "Here, little fellow, I will take care of you!"

Nothing is plainer than that Italy can not repose upon the battle of Custozza. That battle showed, indeed, the valor of Italian troops, which had been doubted; and the incompetency of their leaders, which had been feared. It was unquestionably an honorable battle to the Italians, but it was none the less a defeat, and a defeat which must be repaired. It was a matter of course, then, that "the predominant sentiment was one of profound discontent" when the news of the cession reached Milan. It was to be expected that every just-minded Italian would feel that assent would cost Victor Emanuel his crown and the country a revolution. No wonder, then, that Cialdini, a soldier of genius and a statesman, who two years ago said, "We are to-day the allies of France and the avowed enemies of Austria, but who knows what may happen to-morrow?" does not mean to allow the will of France to be the tenure of Italian nationality, and advances into Venetia. Without rashly refusing to receive Venetia by equitable treaty from France, he knows that the imperative condition precedent is the self-respect of his country, and that that condition is impossible while the present situation remains.

It is hardly possible that there was not an understanding upon the part of Austria that the condition of the cession of Venetia to France should be the cessation of hostilities in Italy. To that condition Prussia would not assent, and Italy could not. We anticipate, therefore, further war, unless Europe should insist that Austria be reduced from her position as a great power.

WELCOME, TENNESSEE!

Every good citizen must be glad that Tennessee has again resumed her full relations in the Union, and that it has been done deliberately and to the satisfaction of Congress, who are the immediate representatives of the loyal people of the country. It would have been better done, we think, by a simple concurrent resolution than by a joint resolution, for the latter requires the signature of the President, which it was evident could be given, only under protest, as the event proved; and as the preamble recited that a State could only be restored by the consent of the Legislative branch it was superfluous to ask that of the Executive. Moreover, the formal declaration of abstract right in the matter was unnecessary, and therefore unwise. Congress, supported by the loyal Union people, have definitely concluded that the late rebel States may resume their old relations under certain conditions. That decision being reached, as fast as those conditions are satisfied the States in question should be restored with as few words as possible. Mr. Bingham's preamble in the House seems to us, therefore, to have been wiser than Mr. Trumbull's in the Senate.

But these are points of mere detail and taste. The President's conduct in the matter is open to graver objection. Had he replied in a dignified tone to Congress, that while he signed the resolution he could not agree with the preamble, his course would have been precisely what was to be expected. But he undertakes to argue the point, and fails ignominiously. He says that if a State can only be restored to its national relations by the consent of the Government, it is not very consistent to assume that before that consent is given the State is competent to pass upon a Constitutional Amendment. If this be true, the President must first

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settle the account with himself. Either the Government may impose conditions or it can not. If it can, the conditions must seem such as are necessary, whatever form they may take. If it can not, if the late rebel States by the mere act of surrender resumed every relation in the Union, no part of the Government had any authority to require any condition whatever. This was as true last October as it is to-day. Yet on the 28th of that month the Secretary of State telegraphed to Provisional Governor JOHNSON of Georgia, "The President of the United States can not recognise the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union that admits as legal obligations contracted or debts created in their name to promote the war of the rebellion." Whence did the President derive authority to make such a condition?

The truth is, that this question is a point of mere political casuistry. It is unbecoming practical statesmen. It is what Mr. LINCOLN, with true insight, called "a pernicious abstraction." The President can not taunt Congress with inconsistency, for he is himself utterly illogical. He should certainly have learned that there are vital epochs in the life of nations that transcend technicalities, and that the readjustment of relations after so fierce a civil war, under a Constitution susceptible of such various interpretation as ours, is a matter to be approached in the calm spirit of fundamental principles, and not in the temper of hair-splitters. In the problem of reconstruction the Constitution is to be interpreted by the necessary intention of all government, and by the declared purposes of this Union. When the rebellion began, both rebels and Copperheads insisted that it could not be constitutionally resisted. Now that it is over, the same alliance contends that necessary and reasonable conditions of peace can not be constitutionally required. The loyal people of the country differed with them. Constitutionally they fought rebels, constitutionally they conquered them, and constitutionally they will do what is necessary to maintain their victory.

MAWWORM.

THE New York *Times* informs us that "Progress with the Abolition leaders means, first, Emancipation; next, Suffrage; and, finally, Amalgamation." Yet the *Times* knows perfectly well that where there is one of what it calls "the Abolition leaders" who theoretically holds that Government had better let people marry whom they choose, there are five hundred of what it calls "Conservatives" who are practical amalgamationists. Why does not the virtuous *Times* thunder against those who notoriously practice what it denounces, instead of snarling at those whom it assumes to theorise upon the subject?

In one of his speeches in the great Senatorial campaign in Illinois, Mr. DOUGLAS, in the spirit of the *Times* and *Daily News*, insinuated that Mr. LINCOLN was an amalgamationist. Mr. LINCOLN replied that he really could not see why he should marry a woman whom he did not fancy merely because he believed in the Declaration of Independence. So say the friends of Mr. LINCOLN now. They really can not see why marriage should not continue to be regulated by inclination merely because they believe that the peace of the Union requires the equality of all citizens before the law.

A LITTLE COMFORT.

MR. PETROLEUM V. NASBY, that zealous laborer in the Democratic vineyard, is cheered by the political prospect. A stanch adherent of the chief dogma of "the great Democratic party," that every white man is born with an inalienable right "to wallop niggers," his words of encouragement to all true Democratic believers must be most timely and refreshing. We advise our readers not to omit his letters, in which he records his observations and hopes and fears. His comments upon that jubilee of the Democratic brethren, the Philadelphia Convention of Messrs. RANDALL, PENDLETON, WEED, VALLANDIGHAM, RAYMOND, F. WOOD, & Co., we shall anticipate with pleasure. In a late letter Mr. NASBY says:

"I notice a revival of the work in this part of the Democratic vineyard which cheers me. The demonstrations our friends made in Memphis, the easin' up Grizzel by Rosse, and the call for a Jackson Convention in Philadelphia, all, all kew conspired to comfort the souls av the Jimmerley and encourage us to renewed effort. It is bringing forth fruit. Only last week five Northern men were sent whistlin' out av this section—they dusted in the night to escape hangin', leavin' their goods as a prey for the righteous; six niggers kew bin killed, and one Borrow officer shot. Truly there is every thing to encourage us."

PUTTING TOO FINE A POINT UPON IT.

ONE of our excellent "conservative" journals, the earliest and strongest supporter of the Philadelphia Convention, objects to the admission of what it impolitely calls "Copperhead" delegates. But this is the very ecstasy of folly. The worthy "conservative" is going with all his heart into a convention with the late rebels, and refuses to sit down with the late friends of rebels. If Governor ORR should come, the "conservative" would offer him a pious welcome; but the Honorables FERNANDO WOOD, CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, and GEORGE H. PENDLETON must be shown the door, or the "conservative" will exclude himself!

But will our good friend explain of what offense the Honorable F. Wood is guilty that His Excellency Governor ORR has not committed? Is it pardonable in ORR to have taken up arms against the Union, and unforgivable in WOOD to have cheered him on at a safe distance? Is a rebel competent to advise upon the true policy of reorganization, and a Copperhead incompetent? Our "conservative" friend puts too fine a point upon it. May not a Copperhead repent as well as a rebel? Have the power and tenacity of the Union not been as clearly demonstrated to Mr. PENDLETON as to Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS? "Those whose sympathies were with secessionists are not embraced in the call," says our conservative. Yet the secessionists themselves are not excluded. The inference is plain. Only those whose sympathies are now with secessionists are invited. And they will come. Our "conservative" friend will discover that the men and the spirit that controlled the Chicago Surrender Convention of 1864 will control the Philadelphia Surrender Convention of 1866.

LITERARY.

THE HARPERS have just published "Felix Holt, the Radical," by GEORGE ELIOT, or Miss EVANS, the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Romola." The first impression upon reading it is of exquisite relief from the gross atmosphere of sensuality and crime in which so many of the popular current novels immerse us. It is a great delight to be lifted out of this miasma into the serene air of great principles, to feel yourself in the hands of a master, and to balance your pleasure between the earnestness, the wisdom, and the profound human interest of the tale upon one hand, and its rare literary art upon the other. The sagacity, the insight, the delicate appreciation, the tender sympathy, indeed the high and spiritual qualities of the book, are such as belong only to great gifts and deep experience. Miss EVANS has what may be called a manly mind, yet with the most thorough intelligence of womanly nature; so thorough, indeed, that every man must learn from her books what he did not know, and revere in woman a still gayer and seemingly wayward fidelity than he had suspected. This fascinating complexity of nature is nowhere more subtly portrayed than in Esther Lyon, who is the heroine of the new novel.

Felix Holt himself is a true radical, although without the tenacious flexibility of texture a blacker outline which gentler conditions of life would have given him. But he is neither a saint nor a caricature. Indeed, he has a primitive heroic character so grand as almost to outrun sympathy. An educated man of the working-class who deliberately resolves to renounce all the methods by which energy, ambition, and intelligence usually succeed to wealth and distinction, and who devotes himself, without rhetoric, or sentimentality, or "humanity" of any kind, to poverty and his own class in order that, feeling him to be one of them, they may heed what he says, and believe that what he is they can also be, is not a common man; and to describe him and his career so that your differences with him do not disturb your faith in his simplicity and admiration for his nobility, shows a very uncommon talent. To trace with delicate fidelity the influence of such a man upon a woman seemingly his opposite, to show the force of such a nature, gradually developing a beauty and grace in a woman deeper than the beauty and grace which were already apparent in her, and which merely concealed the other, as the original religious text of a palimpsest is hidden by the lighter modern lyric over-written—this is an intellectual feat and a triumph of art which the author of "Felix Holt" has fully accomplished. Her new novel seems to us in many points superior to any she has written, and it must rank among the very few really good novels in English literature.

"Inside: a Chronicle of Secession," by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, is a tale which is not new to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. Those who read it as it serially appeared in our columns will agree that we have had no picture of the interior life of the late "Confederacy" during the war which could be in any way compared with the vividness and startling reality of this. During its serial publication we have received many letters from the section of the country in which the scene of the story is laid. The savage denunciation and blank fury of some of those were plainly the wincing of an uneasy conscience; while the fervent and patriotic commendation of others showed how true and tender was the touch of the author. Written by one born and bred and always living in a Southern slave State, yet always faithful, by the most profound patriotic instinct, to the country, one who during the raging of the war was forced into silence, the work is not in the least unkind or ungenerous to whatever is noble in character and life in that part of the country. Indeed the worst types of character in it are what may be called renegade Yankees. The true Yankee, of which ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the type, is one of the truest of men. But a renegade, a Yankee who is ashamed of the influences that make him such, and of the essential significance of the word, is among the most contemptible. "Inside" deliberates also with remarkable skill the various shades of secession feeling within the "Confederacy." The honest, deluded clod; the sophistication of pride; the assumption of arrogant ignorance; the furious fanaticism of superstition; the sincere doubt; the sturdy conviction; the sentimental affectation—every aspect of the feeling is fairly presented. Moreover, the universal and inscrutable influence of slavery, which inspired the war, is every where evident although nowhere intruded. The novel is wholly American. Its startling reality and power of delineation of the aspect of one part of the country at so momentous a period will give it a kind of historic value entirely unique in our literature. There is indeed no man who, however heartily he may have aided the rebellion and honestly thought that Yankees were mere vermin to be exterminated, who may not as he reads this book honestly thank God that whatever the present feeling of sore exasperation may be, the cancerous root of discord between us all has been cut away with the knife.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 24:

In the Senate, the Civil Appropriation bill was considered, and an amendment was adopted, increasing the salaries of members from $3000 to $5000.—The amendment appropriating one and a half millions for repairing the levees on the Mississippi was adopted.—The bill for the equalization of bounties was defeated; but this action was afterward reversed.

In the House, a message was received from the President on the joint resolution admitting Tennessee. He had signed the resolution. The credentials of the members from that State were referred to the Committee on Elections which soon made a favorable report, and the three members were sworn in.

July 25:

In the Senate, Mr. E. G. ROSS was sworn in as Senator from Kansas, vice LANE deceased.—Mr. Joseph S. Fowler, Senator-elect from Tennessee for the term ending March 4, 1861, had his credentials presented by Mr. SHERMAN, and took the oath of office.—The Senate voted to fix the date of adjournment on Saturday at noon.

In the House, Mr. KASSON introduced a bill to incorporate the National Farm School for Orphan and Dependent Children of Colored Soldiers, and other colored children, which was read a third time and passed.—Mr. WILLIAMS, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill to restore the possession of lands confiscated by the authority of the States lately in rebellion. It makes it the duty of the President or commanding officer of the military forces stationed within the particular State or district, on complaint of any person dispossessed of property for adherence to the cause of the Union, to restore him to possession of the same. The bill was passed without a division.—A bill was rejected and passed giving the courts of the United States power to grant writs of habeas corpus in all cases where any person may be restrained of liberty in violation of the Constitution of any treaty or law of the United States. The act is not to apply to the case of any person charged with any military offense, or with having aided or abetted the rebellion against the Government of the United States prior to the passage of this act.

July 26:

In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Patterson, Senator-elect from Tennessee, were taken from the table and read. Mr. SUMNER moved that they be referred to the Committee of the Judiciary, with a view to inquire whether Mr. Patterson can take the oath required by the act of Congress and the rule of the Senate. After some debate the motion was carried; yeas 26, nays 14.—The House concurred in the resolution for the printing of the official history of the rebellion were concurred in, and the resolution goes to the President.

In the House, a bill was passed, directing the Secretary of the Interior to contract with Miss Mirate Rose for a life-size model and statue of the late President Lincoln, to be executed by her, the price not to exceed $10,000.—The bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the States of Missouri and Arkansas to the Pacific coast, the corporation to be designated the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company, was passed. Mr. Price stated that as this road would run on the thirty-fifth parallel, there would be a width of three or four hundred miles between each of the three lines—Northern, Central, and Southern—so that they would not be competing.—The House joint resolution in relation to brevet appointments was passed. It provides that no such appointment shall hereafter be made without an accompanying statement in detail of the meritorious act or acts in consideration of which the brevet is given.—A message was received from the President in relation to the release of the Fenian prisoners in Canada.—The bill to revise the Neutrality Laws was next taken up, and gave rise to a debate of much interest, Mr. BINGHAM leading the measure, Mr. RAYMOND proposing the appointment of a Committee, to whom the subject should be referred, to report at the next session. The bill was passed unanimously.—The report of the Conference Committee on the Tariff bill was disagreed to.

July 27:

In the Senate, the House bill amending the Neutrality Laws was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.—Mr. Patterson, of Tennessee, was admitted to his seat, by a vote of 31 to 15, on taking the prescribed oath.—The Nebraska bill was passed, 34 to 18, but it was not signed by the President, so that Nebraska is not yet admitted as a State into the Union.

In the House, Mr. Boutwell, of the Judiciary Committee, made a report on the alleged complicity of Jefferson Davis in the assassination of President Lincoln.—Mr. Stevens reported back the Senate's amendments to the Civil Appropriation bill. The amendment appropriating $50,000 for repairing and building levees on the Mississippi River was non-concurred in. So also the amendment to increase the salaries of members of Congress to $5000 per annum.—The Airline Railroad bill was passed.

July 28:

The Senate, after agreeing to the report of the Conference Committee, increasing the pay of members of Congress, and rejecting the bounty bill to soldiers, agreed to the report of another Committee and granted the bounties to soldiers. It provides that those who enlisted for three years, and either served the whole term or were discharged for disability, shall receive $100; those for two years to receive $75.—After the passage of a resolution thanking Mr. Foster for his impartial conduct as presiding officer, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the main subject of interest during this last day of the session was the question of the bounty to soldiers. The Senate had rejected this, and had passed the bill increasing the salaries of members of Congress from $3000 to $5000, giving $5000 to the Speaker of the House, but modifying the existing pay for mileage of members, so that the aggregate pay of members will not be largely increased. The House had rejected this. A Conference Committee, at the last moment, recommended the House to concur with the Senate in passing this and the bounty bill together, several members stating that they voted for this in order to save the bounty bill; and some members stating that they should pay the extra compensation allotted to them to the soldiers. The report was finally agreed to by a vote of 61 to 50.—A message was received from the President vetoing a bill creating the Territory of Montana into a separate surveying district, upon the ground that while it was wholly unnecessary, it gave a practical monopoly to the Montana and New York Iron, Mining, and Manufacturing Company.—The House, after having been in continuous session for 18 hours, adjourned, after passing unanimously a vote of thanks to the Speaker, Mr. COLFAX.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRESIDENT.

We have elsewhere spoken of the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph. On the 27th of July the Queen, being then at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, sent the following dispatch to the President of the United States:

"The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England."

This dispatch conveyed from the Isle of Wight to Valentia, thence sent over the ocean telegraph appears to have reached Heart's Content on the 28th. At 9 on the morning of the 30th it was conveyed by steamer to the nearest point of telegraphic communication with the United States; and at half past 11 the President sent the following reply:

"The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of her Majesty's dispatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the Eastern and Western hemispheres may serve to strengthen and perpetuate peace and amity between the Government of England and the Republic of the United States."

THE CHOLERA.

The cholera has made its appearance in several parts of New York and Brooklyn, but has not as yet assumed the form of a confirmed epidemic. In New York, for the week ending July 28, there were 49 deaths reported as by cholera; but there were 116 from cholera infantum, and 139 from diseases mother and other diarrhoeal diseases. Of these probably some should have been set down as from cholera. The entire number of deaths was 771, not very much above the usual average at this season. Thus far, both in New York and Brooklyn, the disease has been confined mainly to the public institutions, and to ill-drained and ill-ventilated localities.

RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS.

A severe riot occurred in New Orleans on the 30th of July. It grew out of the reassemblage of the Convention originally convened in 1864 to draft a new Constitution for the State. The colored population appear to have sympathized warmly in the meeting, and assembled in large crowds. Collisions occurred between them and the whites. When the Convention assembled a mob of whites gathered around the building, and by the middle of the afternoon the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. The Mayor issued a proclamation requiring all citizens not regularly engaged in special police duty to retire to their homes. Finally, General Baird, commanding the troops there, proclaimed the city under martial law. During the course of the riot a number were killed, among whom were several members of the Convention. By parts, probably exaggerated, say that 100 negroes and 2[illegible] whites were killed.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President has nominated Orville H. Browning, of Illinois, for Secretary of the Interior; and Daniel Clarke, the New Hampshire Senator, for Judge of the United States District Court of that State.

The testimony before the House Committee on the condition of Utah discloses the fact that the laws of the United States are openly and defiantly violated throughout the Territory, and that an armed force is necessary to preserve the peace and give security to the lives and property of citizens of the United States residing there. A copy of a special order issued in 1862 by Brigham Young was published to the Committee for the murder of eighty innocent men, discharged teamsters of General Johnston's command, then at Fort Bridger, Utah, on route for California. Fortunately the officer designated to execute the order was a humane person and did not execute it.

Congress, by a recently enacted law, appropriated $60,000 for the purchase of cereal, vegetable, and flower seeds. Also, $54,000 for the propagation and distribution of the plants, cuttings, and shoots, which are to be restricted to such as are adapted to general cultivation, and to promote the general interests of horticulture and agriculture.

There are at present 10,750 soldiers in the government hospitals.

From Fortress Monroe we get a somewhat detailed account of the reported disturbances on the eastern shore. The trouble appears to have originated in an attempt on the part of some whites to exercise their old-fashioned rights under the black law code, in hunting down some freedmen for the purpose of punishing for one who, their work had attempted to rob the throat of a white man. The negroes were rabbed, when they made resistance to the civil authorities, who issued warrants for the arrest of some of the white men. The 14th July was set apart for the hearing of the case. On that day about a hundred armed white men assembled, swearing they would kill every negro who attempted to testify, and threatened the magistrate with violence if the prosecution were continued. The magistrate, seeing the state of affairs, sent for the aid of the United States troops, on whose arrival the fugitives were not to be found.

Mr. Speaker COLFAX has declined being a candidate for Senator from Indiana, and having been renominated for Congress from the South Bend District, will leave on the day of adjournment for his home, to contest his district for a re-election.

The President, on July 26, sent to the House a message in reply to a resolution requesting him to take steps with a view to the release of Fenian prisoners. He inclosed a communication from Secretary Seward, who says the representations made to the British Government have been received and taken into consideration by it and the Canadian authorities in a friendly spirit.

Ulysses S. Grant is now General, and William T. Sherman Lieutenant General of the United States Army. Farragut also, instead of being a Vice-Admiral is now Admiral. David D. Porter is Vice-Admiral.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

We have by steamer into Bremen from Europe down to the 23d of July, and brief items by the Atlantic Telegraph to the 24th. The success of the Prussian arms had been constant. On the 18th they gained an important victory at Aschaffenburg, near Frankfort on the Main, over the army of the Confederation. The Federal Diet removed to Augsburg. The Prussians moved on toward to Vienna, and severe fighting is reported to have occurred at various points. Insurrections are reported to have taken place in Italy, but the details are too vague to enable us to form any adequate idea of their extent and character. The Italian fleet made an attack on the fort of Lissa, off the coast of Dalmatia. The only feature of the action positively certain is that the Italian iron-clad *Re d'Italia* was sunk; it is said also that another frigate was sunk, with all on board. Italian accounts say Austrians, that their fleet, after seven hours' obstinate fighting, silenced the fort, and that the Austrian squadron retired, after one man-of-war and two steamers had been sunk; while Austrian reports claim that the Italian fleet was driven back, and was being pursued by the Austrians in the direction of Ancona. We must await further advices to be able to form a clear idea of what now appears to have been the closing scenes of the war, whether in Germany or Italy.

Meanwhile, as announced briefly by telegraph, and somewhat more fully by steamer, an armistice for five days was agreed upon, at the suggestion of Napoleon, between Austria and Prussia. According to the best accredited reports Prussia demands, as conditions of peace, the formation of a new Germanic Confederation from which Austria shall be excluded. If Prussia succeeds in retaining the conquests which she has made, she will have added some seven or eight millions to her population; this, with her preponderance in Germany, will raise her to the rank of one of the three Great Powers—Russia, France, and Prussia; while Great Britain will have fallen into the second rank with Italy. The latest telegraph, in dispatches, which bear date London, July 28, merely say that "An armistice of four weeks has been signed by Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, and the other German States; the preliminaries embrace a lasting peace over the whole Continent of Europe, but no details of the negotiations have been received."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The Empress of Mexico has left that country for Europe, it is said, upon a diplomatic mission.—If the official reports of the allies are to be received, the action fought on the 20th of May on the La Plata was of very considerable importance. President Mitre says that the Paraguayans lost 2000 dead, abandoned on the field of battle, and 3[illegible] prisoners, mostly wounded, besides what were sunk and scattered. The loss of the allies is stated at 207 killed and 2015 wounded, the greater part being Brazilians. This action is now called the Battle of Tuyuty.

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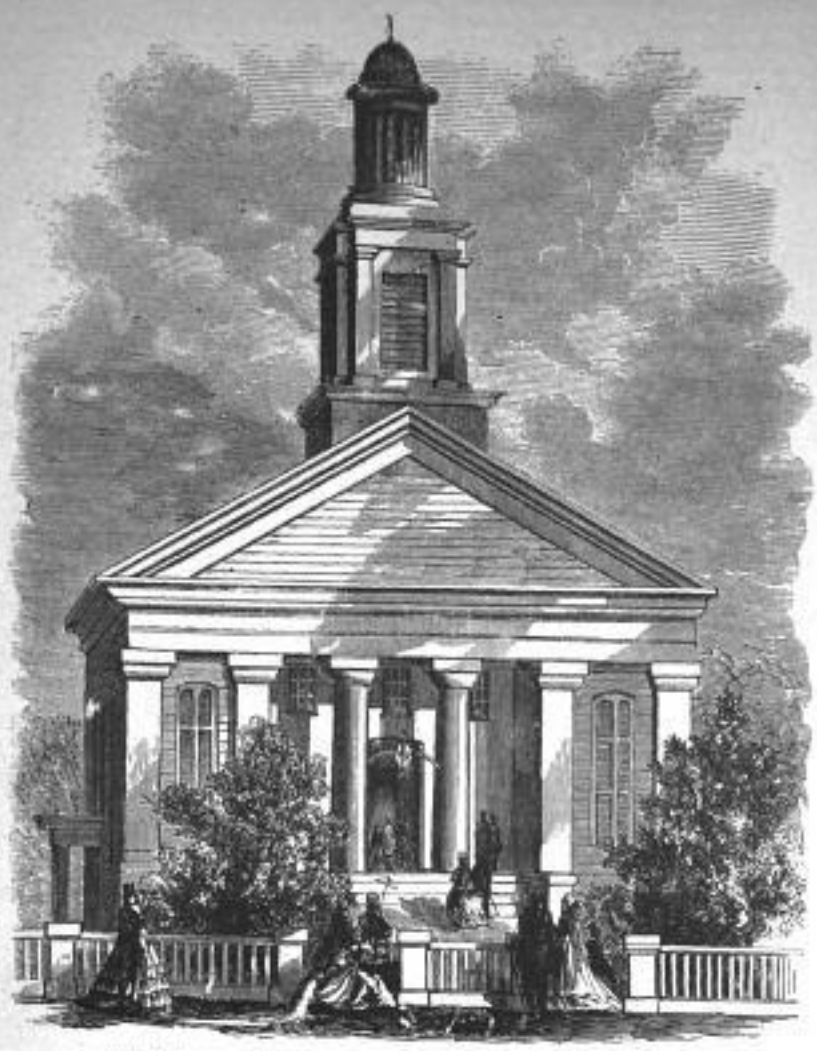
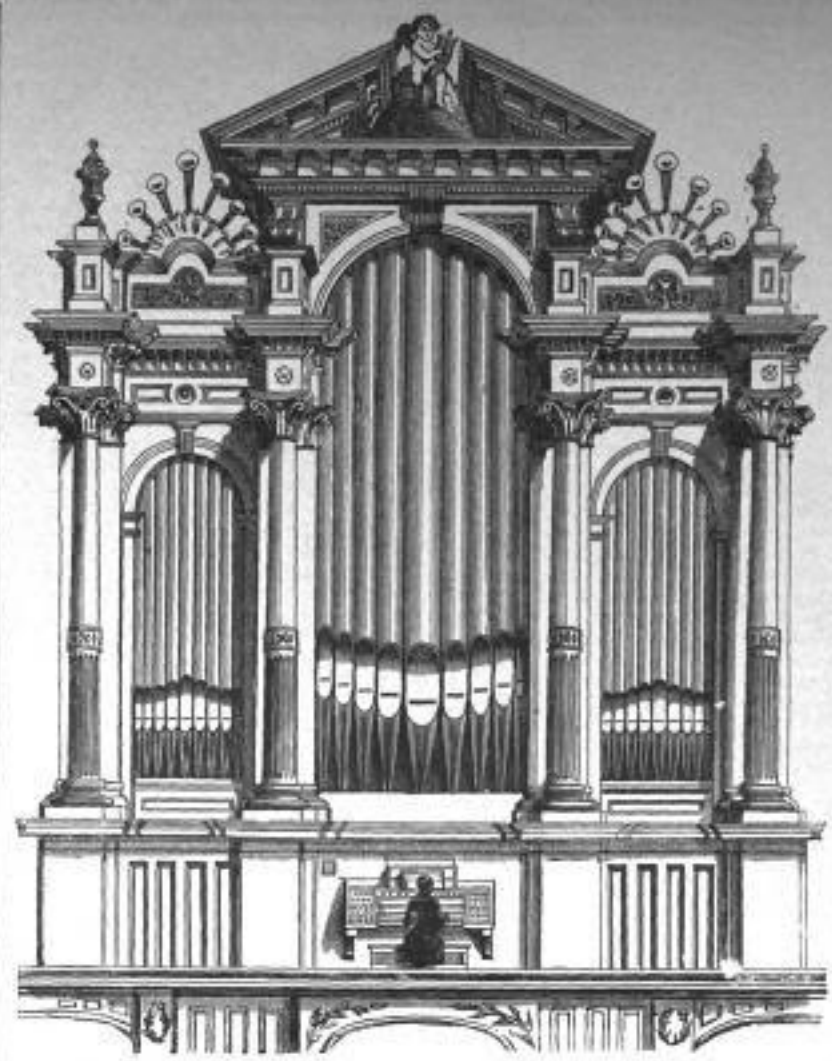


HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, 1841-3. [Sketched by Edwin Drakin.]

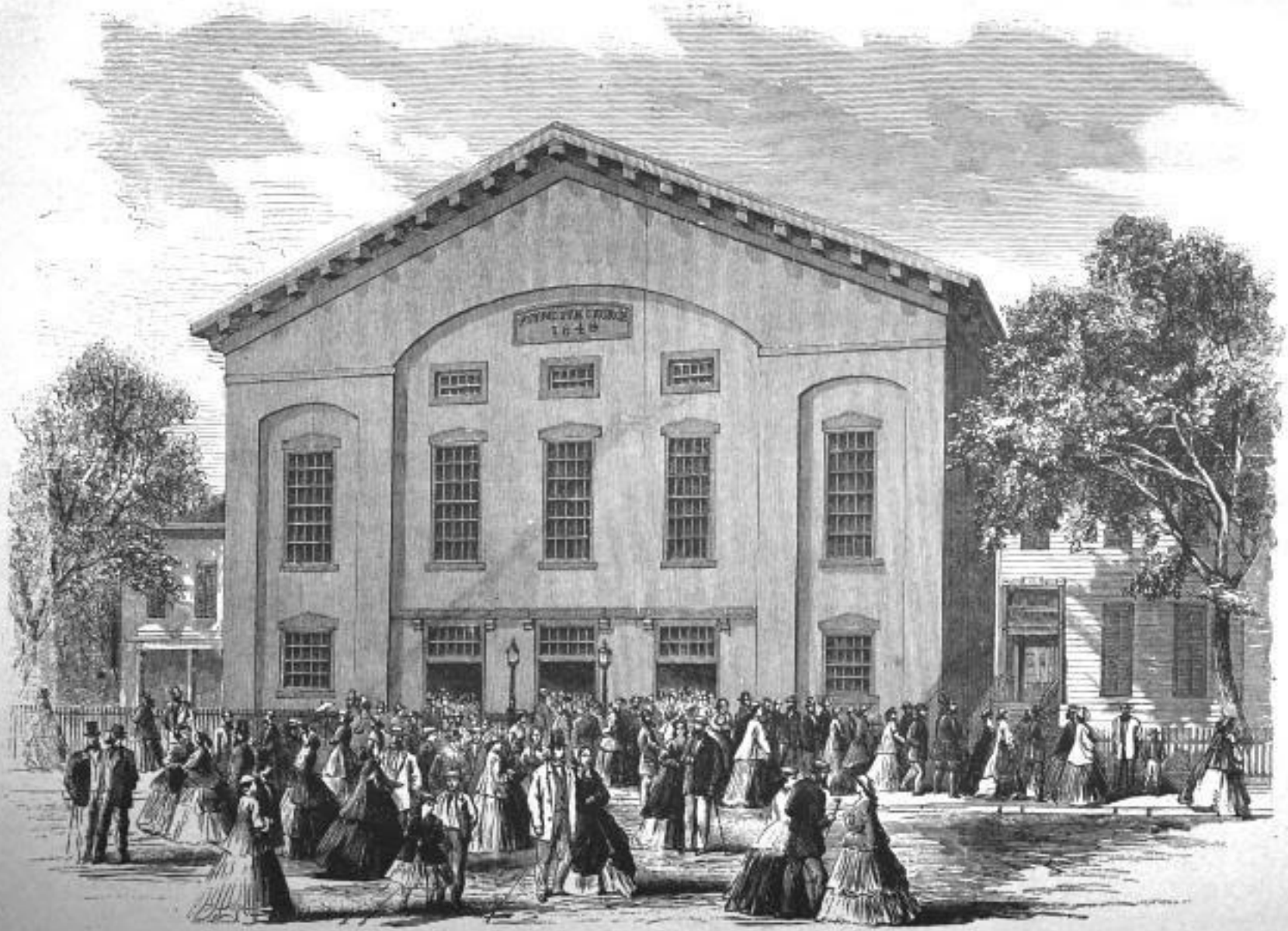


THE GREAT ORGAN IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, OPENED July 31, 1866. [Sketched by C. H. Weller.]

BEECHER'S CHURCHES.

As an interesting contrast we print, this week, a picture of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's meeting-house at Indianapolis, Indiana, where he passed the greater part of his ministry at the West; and a picture of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where he has drawn crowds of listeners for now nearly twenty years. The Indianapolis church was Presbyterian; the Brooklyn is Congregational. Mr. Beecher's settlement at Indianapolis lasted from 1839 to 1847. He then left a pulpit which he had made famous throughout the West, to occupy another which he was to make famous throughout the world.

Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, are the most gifted and distinguished of thirteen children of Dr. Lyman Beecher. The mother of both was Dr. Beecher's first wife, Roxana Foote, a woman of extraordinary intellectual ability, and equally extraordinary strength of personal character. Dying in Henry's childhood, his impressions of her are derived through his imagination rather than through his memory. To this day he bears her in his thought as his chief



PLYMOUTH CHURCH (HENRY WARD BEECHER'S), BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—[Sketched by C. H. Weller.]

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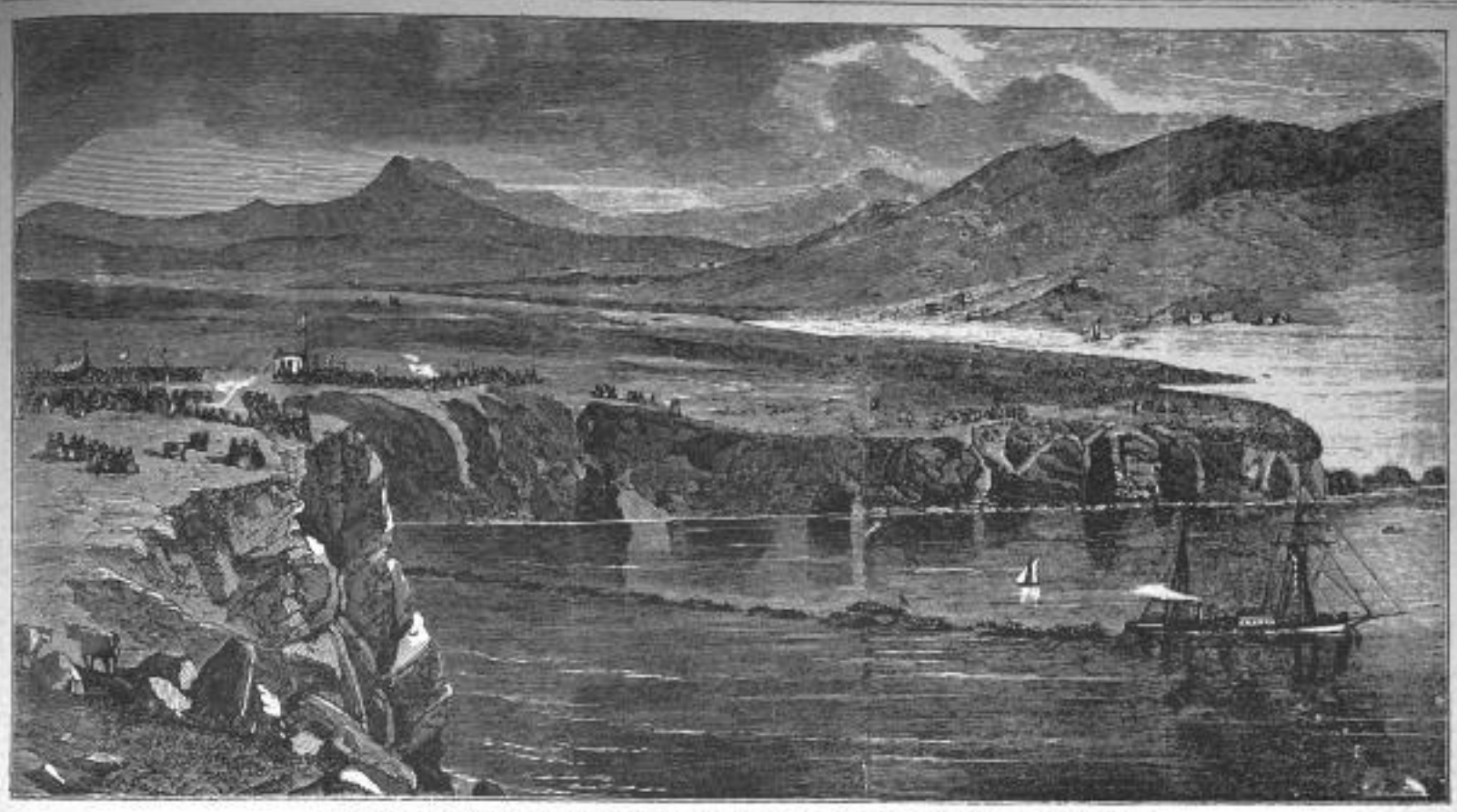


THE ATLANTIC CABLE—LANDING THE SHORE-END AT VALENTIA, IRELAND.—[See Page 502.]

ideal of womanhood, and as the chief guardian genius of his life; nor, in his sermons, does he ever pour forth a nobler eloquence than when, in some rapt and fervid moment, he repeats, like COWPER, "his mother's picture."

Mr. BEECHER is now fifty-three years of age—almost entitled to rank as one of the venerable celebrities of old Litchfield, that famous birth-place of successful men. But probably no man ever crossed the half-century boundary of his mortal life more thoroughly a boy than HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The date of Mr. BEECHER's settlement in Brooklyn was October, 1847. In the summer of the next year his church was burned. Like generals whose horses are shot under them, both he and his father had their pulpits consumed from under their feet. While the present Plymouth Church was building the congregation worshiped in a large one-story tabernacle in Pierpont Street. If the present edifice should follow the fate of its predecessor, perhaps out of the ashes would arise that once projected but now abandoned new structure which was to hold six thousand persons, and overlook Brooklyn Heights like a monument. Mr. BEECHER's congregation is always too large for the building. The 300 pews, together with the aisle and wall seats, give sittings for about 2700 people. After crowding the doorways and stairs the total audience numbers about 3000. The sum-total of pew-rents for the current year is the rather astonishing figure of $42,000. In 1862 the Sunday School-room was rebuilt and enlarged at a cost of $14,000. The school now numbers 1100 scholars and teachers. The church has about 1700 communicants.

In 1863 Mr. BEECHER made a trip to Europe between the months of May and November, and performed in England a service to the United States which can never be forgotten by his grateful and admiring countrymen.

From the beginning of Mr. BEECHER's residence in Brooklyn he has been an incessant public speaker in all the New England lyceums, and has frequently made short and quick journeys into the Western States to speak on the great public questions of the day. He has probably given more public lectures than any other man in America.

On the establishment of *The Independent* in 1848, Mr. BEECHER became its familiar weekly "Star Contributor"—so called on account of the (*) appended to his articles. During the years 1862 and 1863 he was the Editor-in-Chief of that journal. He now contributes to it every week a sermon. These sermons are taken down by a short-hand reporter, and are sometimes revised by the author, and sometimes not. Mr. BEECHER is great in many and various respects, but is nowhere so great as in the pulpit. He is undoubtedly the most brilliant preacher who has ever appeared in this country. As a man of genius, as a Christian minister, as a practical worker among men, as the most delightful of companions, in short, as just HENRY WARD BEECHER he is one of the rarest of the rare men of our time.

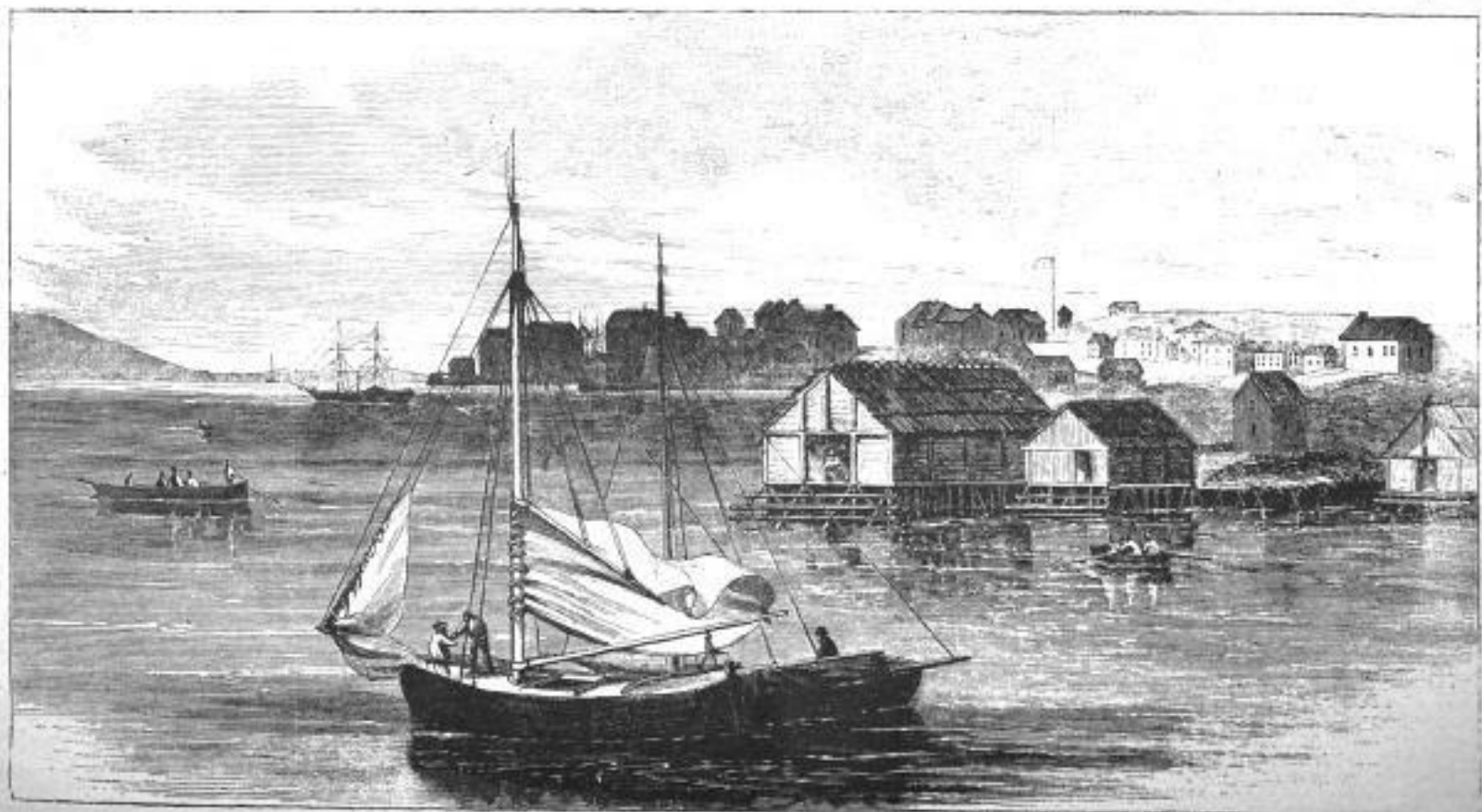
Just at present, however, the chief lion of Plymouth church is not its minister but its organ—a sketch of which we herewith append:

In January, 1865, Plymouth Church Society, of Brooklyn, made a contract with a Boston firm for an organ, which was to be the second largest in America, and to be finished in January, 1866. The original sum voted by the Society was ten thousand dollars, but since it has been increased to about twenty-five thousand dollars. The organ is now completed, and was opened July 31. This instrument, constructed by E. and G. G. HOOK of Boston, measures from the basement to its highest point forty-eight feet four inches; its depth is twenty-three feet, and the width from side to side twenty-nine feet. The organ has four manuals, in each of which are fifty-eight keys. The compass is from C to A; in the pedal there are thirty keys, from C to F. This embraces the entire range of the musical scale—ten octaves—which is as great a difference in sound as the human ear can easily appreciate. The tone of the lower notes, which are very often so muffled as to give but little variety, are expected to be very clear and distinct.

The wind is supplied by four bellows and two reservoirs putting in motion a pneumatic lever, which is applied to the organ. The couples throughout are attached to it, so that all four manuals can be played at once almost as easily as the key-board of a grand piano. Every register in the organ is operated by the pneumatic power, and secures a uniform and very easy motion in all weathers. The cost of this arrangement has been great, as it involved the making of a large number of small bellows placed in different parts of the organ. Its advantage is obvious, and is an improvement on the many organs in which is required a weight of some five or six pounds to bring down a key. Four engines, with upright cylinders six inches in diameter, with a 12-inch stroke, move levers attached to the four bellows. The engines are perfectly automatic in their motion, the water being supplied from the main pipe of the Ridgewood aqueduct.

One feature in this organ, which belongs to it alone of all the organs in this country, is a stop called the Tuba Mirabilis. All the pipes of this stop are made of pure tin; the bass pipes, which are shaped as trumpets, project over the top of the organ horizontally, and form a pleasing effect by the peculiarity of their position, and by the fine contrast with the black walnut. They are reed stops of eight feet and four feet pitch, of enormous power, at the same time recommended as smooth and musical in their quality. They have somewhat of the effect of a trumpet in their tone, but are of greater power. Some idea may be formed of these two registers by the fact that the two combined are almost equal to the strength of the remainder of the organ.

The organ, as it now stands, is the largest ever



THE ATLANTIC CABLE—VIEW OF HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 502.]

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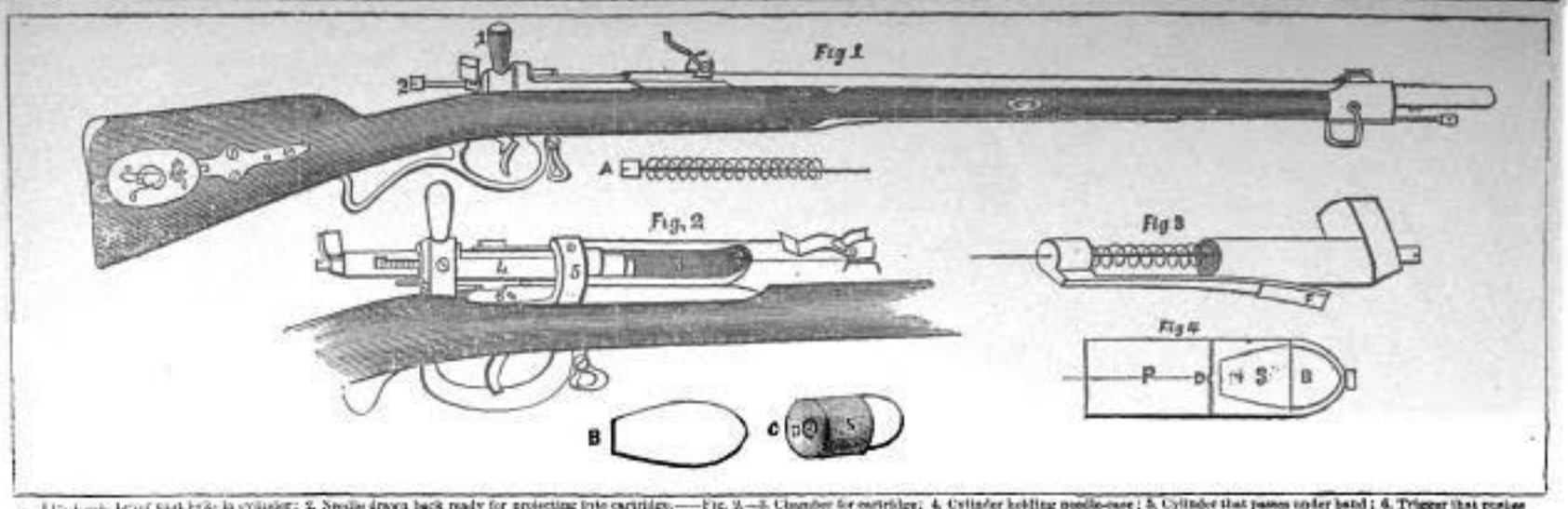

Fig. 1.—1. Lever that bears in cylinder; 2. Needle drawn back ready for projecting into cartridge.——Fig. 2.—3. Chamber for cartridge; 4. Cylinder holding needle-case; 5. Cylinder that passes under head; 6. Trigger that pushes on spring F in Fig. 3.——Fig. 3.—Case containing needle; F. Spring lifted by trigger 6 in Fig. 2.——Fig. 4.—Section of cartridge; P. Powder; D. Detonating powder in hole of sabot; S. Sabot holding the ball; Dotted line shows passage of needle on to detonating powder at D, through the gunpowder, marked P; A. Needle in spiral spring; B. Ball; C. Sabot containing ball; D. Detonating powder at end of sabot.

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.—[See First Page.]

built in America. The Boston Music Hall organ is the largest on the continent, but was built in Germany. The cost of the instrument is about twenty-five thousand dollars—a very low figure considering the immense labor expended on its construction.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE LAID!

We think we may now assume that this great international enterprise is at length successfully accomplished. On pages 501, 504, and 505 we give several illustrations of this work, which mostly explain themselves. From the London *Daily News* we abridge the following description of the landing, July 6, of the shore-end of the cable at Valentia, the European terminus of the line:

"At 9 A.M. the line of boats was perfect, and before 3 the cable was successfully landed, and its end brought ashore the white hut. Signals were interchanged between the ship and shore immediately. Mr. Willoughby Smith and Mr. Collett, accompanied by Mr. Cyrus Field, who, with characteristic energy, had seen Glengariffe, and hurried through a two days' land journey in ten hours, went into the testing room and in a few minutes "working beautifully, all well," was announced as the message from the ship. The *Curry* then stood out to sea, and proceeded to lay the rest of the shore-end, consisting of some 20 miles of thick and heavy cable. At 5 this morning she telegraphed that her work was done, and after buoying the part intended to lie in 120-fathom water, rejoined the *Great Eastern* at Berehaven. The whole affair was accomplished before those on board the great vessel, or those who were journeying thither by way of Glengariffe, knew it had been commenced, and in its leading features presented a striking difference to the ceremony of last year. Earnest gravity and a deep-seated determination to repress all show of the enthusiasm of which every body was full was very manifest. The excitement was below, instead of above the surface. Speech-making, hurrahing, public congratulations, and vaunts of confidence were, as it seemed, avoided of a set purpose.

"The 40 boats, each a boat's length apart, were first stretched by a guide-rope from the ship, which kept them in position. Mr. Temple, Jun., superintended the arrangement of these, and made constant flag signals to the ship and bathers in charge of the boat next to it. Before commencing operations the local boatmen were earnestly exhorted not to repeat their error of last year, when they delayed matters at a critical time for nearly two hours, by dragging the cable into the sea that they might cheer their own success at having so nearly landed it. The faithful promises they made were duly kept, and with the exception of an unimportant misapprehension of a signal, which momentarily delayed the paying out, the cable was laid without a single hitch. Strong and heavy as was the shore-end of 1865, that brought from the William Curry yesterday was more gigantic and ponderous still. The few hundred yards running from low-water mark up the cliff into the electrical room were, it is true, dwarfed by their predecessor in the same trench. These, though abundantly strong, are comparatively slender, having been made the same size as the cable designed to cross the Atlantic, and for a double reason. First, as they are to lie buried in the earth, uninfluenced by tides or weather, it would have been a serious waste of money and material to manufacture them of the same enormous size as the ponderous rope intended to brave the fury of Atlantic waves breaking upon the coast. Secondly, more weight would have made it difficult to carry it up the cliff. It is the strongest wire cable ever made, and, in short lengths, is as little flexible as stiff posts and rails. Thanks to its enormous weight, it was payed out almost straight from the ship, and did not vary four per cent. from the line chalked out for it. There was something far more touching in the quiet and reverent solemnity of the operatives yesterday than in the slightly boisterous jovitality of the peasantry last year."

We next heard that on Friday, the 13th of July, the deep-sea line had been spliced to the shore-end, and that the telegraphic fleet, consisting of the *Great Eastern*, with the cable on board, accompanied by three other vessels, had set out upon its voyage. On Sunday morning, July 29, brief dispatches reached New York from Cyrus W. Field, announcing that the *Great Eastern* and her consorts had reached Heart's Content—now well named—on the morning of the 28th, and that the cable had been laid, was in perfect working order, and that they were then in telegraphic communication with Ireland. It seems that the enterprise this time was a perfect success, not having been marred by a single important misadventure. The whole distance sailed by the fleet was 1686 nautical miles; the whole length of cable payed out was 1866 miles, showing a "slack" of only 12 per cent. The rate of sailing was very uniform, the least distance run in a single day having been 105 miles, the greatest 126 miles, the average rate being a little less than five miles an hour. During the fourteen days constant communication had been kept up between the *Great Eastern* and the station at Valentia Bay.

The first message sent over the cable after being laid was this: "*A treaty of peace has been signed between Austria and Prussia.*" This message reached Heart's Content on the 29th, having been sent from Valentia, we suppose, only a few minutes before. It gives intelligence eleven days later than had been received by telegraph. The telegraphic line to connect Heart's Content with St. John's, and thence with the United States, has to be completed. Until this is done dispatches must still be sent by vessels between these two points; so that as we write (July 30) New York is still distant a full day from Europe. The missing telegraphic link will be soon supplied; when this is done, if the lines work as is anticipated, there will be almost instantaneous communication; indeed, taking into account the difference of time between the two places, we may receive dispatches from Europe a little earlier than—measured by the sun and by chronometer—they were sent.

It is also announced that the *Great Eastern* will immediately be sent to endeavor to recover the cable lost last year, and to relay it. If this succeeds there will soon be a double line across the Atlantic.

The first attempt to stretch a telegraphic wire across the bed of the Atlantic was made in the summer of 1857. The cable was coiled half on board the United States steamship *Niagara*, and half on the British steamer *Agamemnon*. They began to lay it in mid-ocean on the 29th of June, the *Niagara* proceeding toward the American coast, the *Agamemnon* toward Ireland. After the wire had three times broken the attempt was given up. The following August it was renewed on a different plan. The shore-end was made fast at Valentia Bay, and the *Niagara* began paying out on the 7th, the purpose being that the *Agamemnon* should begin operations when the *Niagara* had exhausted her half of the cable. On the 11th, after 335 miles had been laid, the wire broke again. The third attempt was made with the same vessels in 1858. The ends of the cable were joined in mid-ocean on the 29th of July, and on the 6th of August the two ships arrived simultaneously at their respective destinations. This cable worked for a time, but the electric current grew weak and finally failed altogether.

The cable, in 1858, had a breaking strain of a little over three tons, or was capable of bearing five miles of its own length in water. The present one will bear a strain of eight tons, or twelve miles of its own length in water.

JEAN RATHBURNE'S LIFE.

A spring long and cold, a short and fervid summer, an autumn bearing scant fruit—that was Jean Rathburne's life. And now she is dead, and the long, wild grasses are tangled above her grave by vagrant winds which wanton through them.

It was the will she left behind her which was the key-note to her life, and made it significant—a strange will, yet perfectly legal, and proved in court like the rest of them. She bequeathed, after a few trifling legacies, all her fortune—some three hundred thousand dollars—under the supervision of competent trustees, to further the happiness of seven young orphan girls. It was, of course, the income which was to be used thus, the money itself was to be a permanent fund, and those whom it enriched, when they married or otherwise ceased to need its aid, were to have their places filled by the trustees. She chose the first board of managers herself, and made provisions, when any of the number should die, for the election of others in their stead.

She explained her intention minutely. It was not to make the girls good merely, or respectable merely, or well-clothed and well-fed merely; but, if possible, to make them happy, to indulge their whims, and give their individualities a chance. For she said, and this voice from her very grave was the only complaint she had ever been known to utter:

"One woman, who has found life very sad, would like to make it brighter for some of those who will live after her."

That was all, a quiet, calm statement of facts—she had found life very sad—but did any wail ever come out of bitterer depths?

Her parents had died before she could remember them, and left her a fortune and a guardian; left her, too, with a nature at once shy and sensitive, with a tendency to morbidness and hypochondria, which needed, surely, the influence of a warm, loving, cheerful home.

Instead of that Sampson Dredlife and his wife starved her and froze her. I do not mean literally; there was fire and food enough in their great, comfortable house, and Miss Rathburne, as an heiress should, was served with the best.

But she was always Miss Rathburne—never Jennie, or darling, or mother's blessing, or heart's delight, or any of those fond, foolish names familiar to the lips of happy mothers. She knew well enough that no one loved her, and that strengthened her shyness, and deepened her despondency.

So she grew up to twenty-one—a long, slow, cold spring, as I said. Then her fortune came into her own hands, and with a certain Widow Dredlife, a sister-in-law of Sampson, to matronize the establishment, she went into a house of her own. The widow carried with her the old Dredlife influence, and the new home was at first scarcely other than a repetition of the old. Except that now Miss Rathburne began to go into society, and was enough of an heiress to be received there with favor.

She was not pretty, yet her figure was lithe and slender, her complexion was clear, and if she had ever been animated might have been bright. Her eyes were large and dark, but the fire in them smouldered rather than sparkled. If she had had a little self-esteem, if some one had told her now and then that she was handsome, she might have been so; for many a woman sets up for a beauty on far less capital. But compliments never flowered in the Dredlife soil, and Jean had grown up feeling herself hopelessly plain, till the feeling had affected the very hue and lineaments of her countenance.

She had no taste in dress either—women seldom have who do not see any charm in their own faces. She wore colors which made her look sallow or dark nearly always, and her gowns detracted from the grace of her figure instead of being skillfully chosen to enhance it.

According to some creeds all this should have made her good by making her humble, but it had just the opposite effect. It nourished secretly a bitter, cynical pride, a grudging sense of injustice, a hard self-contempt—noxious weeds which do not grow in that sweet Valley of Humiliation where Bunyan's pilgrims walked, and "the herb called heartsease flourished."

This was just the state—sick of herself, at odds with the world, yet desperately bent on wringing happiness out of something—in which Jack Brevoort found her.

He did not love Jean Rathburne—you are not to suppose that for a moment. At her brightest and best she would never have been his style; besides, a little blue-eyed girl, at home in his mother's nursery, a poor cousin, held so much heart as he had, and was more to him than any one else ever would be. But she lacked money just as entirely as he did, and it is not in such cases that two negatives make an affirmative. Of course, he could be much more dangerous to Miss Rathburne's peace than if he had really loved her, for his coolness would enable him to take advantage of all openings. He sorely needed money, and he had settled it with himself that he must marry it. He thought fate, which should, of course, have a special kindness for the old Brevoort blood, had placed her in his way on purpose.

He meant to make her in love with him; so he commenced, like a skillful tactician, by trying to make her in love with herself. For the first time she found herself studied with unmistakable interest. He noticed her tastes, and showed quietly his appreciation of them. He gave her hints about dress, and she grew handsome rapidly—much to his satisfaction; for, though he would have been ready to marry her in any case, it would be much more agreeable to have a wife who furnished to spectators an excuse for one's choice in something besides dollars and cents.

It was not altogether the new colors that she wore which improved her. A subtle flame ran through all her veins, and kindled the smouldering fires in her eyes. Her cheeks were pale no longer, or her face spiritless. When she looked in the glass she saw what seemed to her, in contrast with her old self, a radiant vision. And when with this new Jean Rathburne Jack Brevoort began to fall in love it did not surprise or startle her.

This was the summer of her life—fervid as short; it lasted three months. This time only, to her sad, colorless existence, came happiness!

Brevoort was an ardent lover. He was gifted in the art of seeming to a degree amounting to positive genius. Then Jean was too sturdily honest herself to doubt the honesty of others, and too delicately generous ever to remember that she was rich and he was poor. So her summer was warm and bright, and all her roses bloomed!

It was something to see her in these days—her old dead-and-alive self no longer; in its stead a sparkling creature, melting into the unspeakable glory of love and womanhood. How a man who truly loved her would have delighted in what Jack Brevoort watched with the cynical coolness of Mephistopheles!

He hurried on the preparations for their marriage when once she had accepted him. He could not do without her, he said, longer than till fall. It was the truest word he had uttered since he began his courtship; but the need he had of her was of a nature he would not have found it pleasant to communicate. *She* thought it was the eagerness of love.

It was to make some of the arrangements which his approaching marriage rendered necessary that Brevoort went out of town for a couple of days; and of course, in his character of impatient lover, he must write each day to his betrothed. The first letter—Jean Rathburne's first love-letter—was full of subtly sweet words, tender phrases, allusions which made her pulses beat fast. She read it till she knew it by heart, and then kept reading it over to see if she had forgotten any thing.

The second she opened with fingers trembling with expectation. It commenced with "Dear Hal!" Her delicate sense of honor bade her fold it up again, for she understood at once that it had been sent to her by mistake. But as she doubled it over she caught her own name. She would have been more than woman if she had not read it then.

It was simply the letter of one fast young man to another, about betting and debts and horses. It shocked her taste; but she loved him enough to have excused it but for this passage:

"George can not say that I am not making effort enough to pay him. I am to marry Miss Rathburne in October. Splendid woman as she is, she is not my style—never would have been. I care more for Nell's little finger. However, a man who owes forty thousand dollars, and has some conscience still left about paying it, can't very well afford to indulge in the luxury of a heart. I believe I got rid of mine pretty effectually some time ago."

Those were words which no sophistry could ever beguile her into forgiving. Her summer was over. The untimely black frost had come.

Who "Nell" was she did not care, or "George," or "Hal." She had no curiosity at all. Enough for her that love had failed her.

She looked in the glass with sad, charged eyes, and lost forever all the fond self-complacence of recent days. There was nothing about her to love, after all. She had been deceiving herself yet more utterly than she had been deceived. The very depth of her self-abasement made her patient.

It was morning when the letter came, and at night Brevoort was to return. So she sat all day and waited, without knowing how long the hours were, or feeling once the weariness of delay. She felt as if her heart and her pulses were standing still, waiting also. She was too utterly benumbed to care for any thing. Through the weary day the only thing like occupation which she attempted, was to draw one check for fifty thousand dollars in favor of Jack Brevoort, and sign it.

At last he came. She heard the well-known ring, the firm, proud step in the hall—how she had loved to note and remember every one of his peculiarities! Then he opened the door, and came up to her as usual.

She made a slight gesture of warning, and that, or something in her face, repressed the enthusiasm which would otherwise have expressed itself in caresses.

"I believe forty thousand dollars is the amount of your debts?" she asked, in a clear, metallic tone.

For once his self-possession failed him. His knees shook under him, and he sat down.

"Who told you?" he gasped.

"Yourself."

She took out the letter, and laid it in his hands. He looked at it, and knew Jean Rathburne well enough to give up his game.

"I haven't one word to say, though I'm not quite so heartless, perhaps, as that letter makes me seem. I should have been kind to you. But you may as well despise me through and through."

"Just as well," she answered, dryly. "Of course I withdraw from my promise to marry you; but your good intentions about paying your debts must not be frustrated by my troth-breaking. Here is a check for fifty thousand dollars. The margin of ten thousand over your own estimate of your liabilities will cover any little items you may chance to have forgotten, and make you a free man again, who can afford to have a heart."

"Do you think me mean enough to take it?"

"I think you will take it. There is a kind of justice in it too. I would have given you several times as much, freely, if you had loved me as I thought. You deserve something for the weariness it must have been to you to act a part so long."

Her voice softened while she spoke to a tender, womanly pathos. He looked at her, with her sad, downcast eyes, her heavily-falling hair, her face that

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in its very woe was sweet, and he came nearer to loving her than he had ever come before.

"You can't forgive me," he said, "and I won't ask you."

Then he took his hat and went away, leaving the check lying on the table.

She sent it to him next day in an envelope, without an additional word. Pride bade him return it; but his necessities constrained him. Jem Rathbarne smiled grimly when the check came back to her from the bank, punctured, like a railroad ticket, with little round holes.

Pride would have kept some women, in her place, in the midst of the world. She was prouder still, and disregarded the world altogether. She never was seen any more in society. She had had her day—her summer was gone, with its roses. She chose to pass her autumn alone. She pensioned off the widow Dredlife, and sent her away. She did not feel young or volatile enough to need matronizing any more.

If she suffered, no one knew it. As I said, the only complaint she was ever known to utter was that sentence in her strange will.

She died young. Natures like hers wear out fast, when no spring of hope sustains them. Without doubt she was thankful when "the life that had been so sad" was over. She did not know, there under the daisies, that the first tears Jack Brevoort had wept in years were shed above her grave.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

Now, little readers, before we go any farther in this pleasant garden work, I must tell you one thing—you will find two sorts of hard words in my chapters. One sort I put in myself. Not very often, but just now and then one, which perhaps suits my purpose better than a short word, and likewise gives little readers something to do. I like to send them to the dictionary once in a while—it is a good habit. But there is another sort of hard words that creeps in—very hard words; for they are not to be found in any dictionary at all, nor even in scientific books, nor learned ones. So what are little readers to do then?—why just ask the printer! Perhaps he knows the meaning of "sublimary," which he put in one of my last chapters, but I confess I don't—so you must just ask him.

It was not the fashion in Mr. May's house for the children to take the lead in conversation. A strange, old-time notion prevailed there, that those who had lived longest in the world knew best what to talk about; or at least "had the right of way," as they say on the railroads. So, though the children were always allowed to express their opinions and make known their wishes in proper time and place, it was well understood that neither opinions nor wishes were of importance enough to take position in the front rank of affairs, but must wait, nicely bridled and held in, until their turn came. And thus it fell out to-day that dinner was over and the dessert set on, and even that nearly finished, before a word could be said about Lily and her strange appearance. Mr. and Mrs. May were discussing some matter of which the young ones understood not a word, but to which Sam gave his undivided attention; and the children were obliged to keep pretty quiet, and to speak softly—when they spoke at all—to each other. Jack, indeed, contrived to say a good deal without speaking a word—knitting his eyebrows, and rolling up his eyes, and making all sorts of inconceivable signs of wonder and admiration; which Lily could not help seeing, do what she would. Little Primrose whispered,

"Oh, Lily! did you really get it done?" and Lily deigned no reply whatever either to words or looks, but went on eating her dinner as fast as she could; so that Clover, really anxious to know the history of such a strange-looking face and neck, yet ventured to ask no questions, but just showed her sympathy by helping Lily to every thing she wanted, and that Clover herself could reach.

At length Mr. May, having finished both his discussion and his apple, found leisure to notice the children, and very soon saw the contrast between the delicately-clean hands of Clover and the red, imperfectly-scrubbed ones of Lily. Mr. May was very particular about hands.

"Had you no soap and water in your room, Lily?" he asked.

"Yes, papa—but—I couldn't get it off!" Lily stammered out with much difficulty.

"It's 'these diggings,' papa," explained Jack.

"Oh! But I thought they were to have gloves?" said Mr. May, looking across the table at his wife.

"And they have," she said, with a smile.

"Useful gloves they must be," said Mr. May, in an ironical tone. "And the sun-bonnet also, extremely valuable."

"Papa, I didn't wear them," said Lily, in whose eyes the drops were gathering fast.

"I inferred as much."

"It was the first time, you know, papa," pleaded Clover, her own eyes growing very misty. "And Lily was so eager—and I think she forgot all about it till she was quite down there."

"No," said Lily, resolutely, "no, papa; I only forgot for a minute—just till I was three steps down the hill. And then I was in a hurry, and I wouldn't go back."

"No excuse at all is the best one that ever was made," said Mr. May, his good-humored smile coming back on the instant. "The whole truth always. But believe me, my dear, *hurry* is a bad digger and planter and every thing else; let *rose* help you another day. And be content to have tiger-lilies in your garden; don't transform yourself into one."

"Papa, I don't feel cross," said Lily, understanding the "tiger" in a very literal way. "At least I didn't till Jack made faces at me."

"No, no," said Mr. May, laughing, "that is not what I meant. A tiger-lily, my dear, is a fiery red flower, with black spots. Come away, Jack, and let your sister alone. I have an errand for you."

Poor Lily! such a picture of herself was too much; and her father's amused tone gave it full effect, and was even worse than Jack's laugh. She controlled herself just for one minute, until they were both out of the room, but the next found her on her knees, sobbing out her sorrows in Mrs. May's lap.

"I hate digging!" she burst forth, "and the spade, and the garden, and every thing else! And I don't care who has it all, for I don't want it."

"Oh, Lily!" exclaimed little Primrose. "Not your beautiful garden?"

"No!"

"But where will you put your seeds?" said Primrose, while Clover stood silent and sad.

"In the fire!"

"Poor Lily!" said Mrs. May, gently stroking the head that moved restlessly in her lap; "she is tired and troubled, Prim—don't talk to her just now. When one is troubled, you know, nothing seems pleasant."

Lily burst into a gentler fit of tears at that, seizing her mother's hand and smothering it with kisses; and Clover drew Primrose softly away to the other side of the room. Sam was standing by the mantlepiece, but he did not speak a word; and the silence was first broken by Lily herself.

"Mamma, I didn't speak truth—I don't hate my garden—I love it, oh, so much! And I tried so hard, and I was so disappointed!" and the hot tears dropped down again very fast.

"Yes, I know all about that," said her mother, soothingly; "I watched you all the time, Lily, from my window."

"Oh, mamma, why didn't you call me?" said Lily.

"I thought you were learning so much that I would not interfere."

"Mamma, are you laughing at me?" said Lily, raising her head.

"No indeed."

"But I think you were mistaken, mamma; I don't think I learned any thing," said Lily, sighing. "I dug it *dreadfully*—and so little!"

"Who thought she could dig her garden without help and without teaching?" said Mrs. May.

"Why—oh, is that what you mean? Yes, I did learn *that*," said Lily.

"And you learned the value of a spade like my grandmother's needles," said her mother, smiling.

"Ah, mamma! how well you know me," said Lily. "You thought what was coming."

"Yes, I thought. And you have learned, too, that the way to enjoy one's garden is not to stay in it the whole morning."

"Yes, indeed," said Lily, laying her face wearily on her mother's knee. "I'm as tired as I can be."

"A little lesson on self-conceit, a little lesson on patient painstaking, a little lesson on self-control," said Mrs. May. "That is the morning's work, Lily."

"Yes, mamma. And a great big lesson on obedience; for if I had worn my sun-bonnet and gloves papa would not have called me a tiger-lily."

"Mamma," said Sam, "if lessons are over, may we have a little play? I have a new game in my pocket."

"Play away," said his mother, "if you will only let me look on."

"A new game!" cried Lily, forgetting all her sorrows in a moment.

"Yes. Come, Clover, come, Prim;" and Sam drew up a chair to his mother's side, and the children clustered round him. Sam put on a face of grave importance, and took out of his pocket a rather large package, carefully wrapped up and tied.

"Now," he said, "before we begin our game I must distribute the contents of my package." And carefully opening one end Sam took out a very small paper bag with something printed on the outside.

"'Convolvulus minor—mixed,'" said Sam, reading it off. "Who is the happy owner of this?"

"Oh, it's our seeds! our seeds!" cried Lily, while little Primrose clapped her hands and said, "Oh, mamma!" and Clover's face flushed all over with pleasure. "Sam, you're the very best fellow that ever was! That's mine, Sam—give it to me, quick!"

Sam laughed, and tossed the little packet into her lap; and Lily looked at it, and read the name with eyes that fairly shone with joy.

"Convolvulus minor," she repeated. "Yes, you dear little beauty, you belong to me. What comes next, Sam?"

"'Ipomea grandiflora superba,'" said Sam, taking out another packet.

"Oh!" cried Primrose, with a long-drawn breath of intense gratification, "that's mine!" And no packet of gold dust could have been so received and handled and smiled over.

"'Hyacinth beans,'" read out Sam, turning with bright eyes to his patient-looking oldest little sister, standing so quiet at his side, but with every finger trembling with eagerness. And how they closed upon the little packet, and felt of the beans through the paper, and knew they had never handled such riches before!

Then followed "Zinnias," again for Clover, and "Asters" for Lily, and "Sweet Peas" for Prim; and then one and another, through the whole fragrant list—or three lists—until each little heart was as full of happiness as it well could hold.

"Mamma," said Primrose, "they feel so different! Some are hard and stick all out, and some don't feel as if there was any thing at all inside. Do you think they can be empty, mamma?"

"Listen," said Mrs. May, shaking one of the "empty" papers at Prim's ear.

"Oh, I hear them! It's not empty! The seeds go rattle, rattle!" cried Prim. "And look, mamma, when I held it up to the light, so, I can see such little, little seeds running all about."

"Such pretty papers!" said Lily, admiringly; "white ground and pink names. But how can some of these seeds grow? They look just like dust. Mamma, what makes seeds so different?"

"What makes plants so different? At the command of the Lord 'the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed *after his kind*.'"

"How wonderful it is!" said Clover, using her favorite phrase. "But I wish I understood how such little dust-seeds can grow to make plants."

"That will be good work for a rainy day," said Sam. "To-day we must put some of those in the earth, so that they *may* grow."

"Mamma, will all the little seeds make little plants, and all the big seeds big plants?" said Primrose.

"You will see. If I were you," said her mother, "I would write down a description of each kind of seed, and then of the sort of sprout or leaf that each sends up first, and then of the full-sized plant."

"Oh, that will be perfectly delightful!" said Clover. "I like to write about things. Mamma, dear, what a grand person you are to think!"

"Ay, and to do," said Sam, wrapping his arms, child-fashion, round her neck. "But now, children, I must go to work for a while for myself, and then we'll go out to the work-shop and sow seeds."

BABY CASTLE.

Baby owns a tiny castle
On the carpet plains of home,
And its walls are woven willow,
Fine within from floor to dome;
Snowy curtains at the window;
Downy couch where baby dreams;
Laces, too, that softly glimmer
In the sunlight's golden beams.

That's the heritage of baby,
And he's held in state so grand,
Mother says—if no one else does—
"He's the king of baby-land."
Here he bravely fights his battles,
When old puss would slyly creep,
Over guarded moat or turret,
Just to curl herself in sleep.

All is still in baby's castle,
Not the slightest noise we make;
Surely, now the rogue is napping;
Peep! the blue eyes wide awake!
See! the dimpled arms are round us,
Hear the "cooing" mild and low;
May the angels keep you, darling,
Every where your feet may go!

Baby's man-at-arms is mother,
And she watches all day long;
When his babyship would slumber
Then she sings a loving song.
Soon comes "papa" home at evening,
Storms the castle all so gay,
Makes a prisoner of baby,
Bears him joyfully away!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

How was Jonah punished?—Whaled.

They are fond of titles in the East. Among his other high-sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as though he had prepared for a long reign!

Counter-attraction.—A pretty saleswoman.

A gentleman, residing near Boston, drew the attention of the town council to a slough in the road as a nuisance, but no notice was taken of it. One day he found, to his amusement, that two councilors had walked into it by accident, and were floundering about in the mire, when he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen of the town council of Boston, I have often petitioned to your honorable body against this slough, but I never had any attention paid to my petition. I now come forth to express my delight to see you at last moving in the matter."

The mayor of a country town was questioning the boys at the ragged-school, and he asked them what were the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, Sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, Sir."

A Chinese widow fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of his tomb remained damp; and as it dried too slowly she saw no harm in aiding the operation.

A Queer Parcel.—The following somewhat remarkable advertisement appeared in the columns of a recent number of a newspaper: "Lost, by a poor lad tied up in brown paper with a white string, a German flute in an over-coat, and several other articles of wearing apparel."

A Sovereign Remedy for the Sweating of Cattle—A pound.

The Woodman's Reply.

No man; this 'ere tree
Can't be no longer spared;
It ain't no odds to me
If Master Brown was spared;
But Master Brown say, "Green,
You chop that there tree down,"
And what he say he mean,
Sure-ly, do Master Brown.

I don't possess the 'ed
To argify with you;
A lady born and bred
Is safe to speak what's true.
But put a case: I taken
A job from Mr. B.,
And little 'tis I makes
Out of the likes of he.

Your heart-strings, and all that,
Round this 'ere tree may cling—
To contradict you flat
Would not be quite the thing;]
But if you talk of shade,
There's other boughs than these,
And other folks have played,
Maybap, round other trees.

It's weery good to feel
A mysting of the eyes
For shades of oak or deal,
And old straw hats likewise—
To keep, if you're a maid,
The things that make you very;
I've got no fault to find,
If they're your own to keep.

But this 'ere old oak-tree,
As you don't want cut down,
Excuse me, mam, you see,
Belongs to Master Brown.
To him you should apply,
Though 'taint no use, I think;
And if you please, mam, I
Should like your health to drink.

Solution of Haunted Houses.—A haunted house is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extra-ordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.

"Johnny, my dear, run to the store and get some sugar," said a mother to her precocious son of eleven years. "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring a paper of tobacco along."

It was a starving corset maker who thus vented his miserable complaint: "Groans that I should be without bread—I that have stayed the stomachs of thousands."

A young poet out West, in describing Heaven, says, "It is a world of bliss, fenced in with girls." Where's the man that won't repent now?

A wizzy doctor of divinity, whose physicians had ordered him for a time on a purely vegetable diet, demurred, on the ground that "he should not be able to say grace before meat."

Faces in the Fire.—Hob-Goblins.

"A stethoscope," says a young medical student, "is a spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your own ears."

A Tennessean, in London, being asked about the fertility of the soil of his State, declared that they "raised corn enough there to make whisky for all the world, besides what is wanted for bread; and that the pumpkins grew so large it was customary to split a full-sized one in the middle and scoop out either half for a bed-room, while the little ones made admirable canoes."

"Master," said the clown of a circus, "what is the difference between occupation and business?" "Difference? there is none." "Oh yes, there is. I'll give you an instance: Maximilian's taking possession of Mexico is an occupation, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, he hasn't any business there, has he?"

Fashionable.—The latest style of bonnet has arrived up. It is described as consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws.

The latest novelty in the "feminine line" is patent eye-lashes, now for sale in many city fancy stores. A bachelor old bachelor says that the way things are going now, a man that needs a wife will only have to step into a milliner's shop, purchase a waterfall, "plumpers," false curls, false calves, etc., put them together, and have one without further trouble.

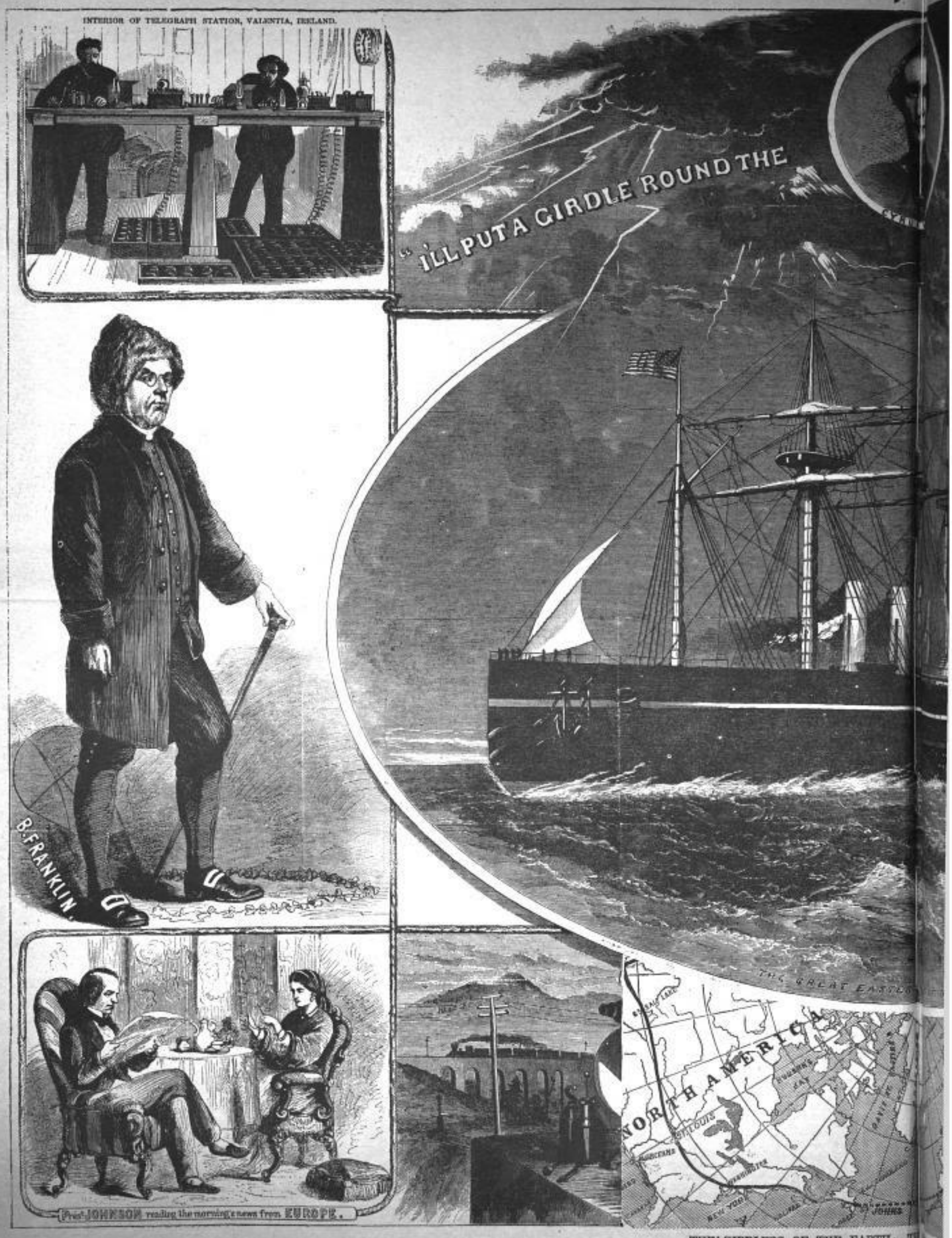
Question and Answer.

Maiden. "Who was the first Man, 'Liza?"

'Liza. "I forget."

Maiden. "Already? Why, Adam, to be sure! And who was the first Woman?"

'Liza (after a thoughtful pause). "Madam!"



THE GIRDLERS OF THE EARTH:—T

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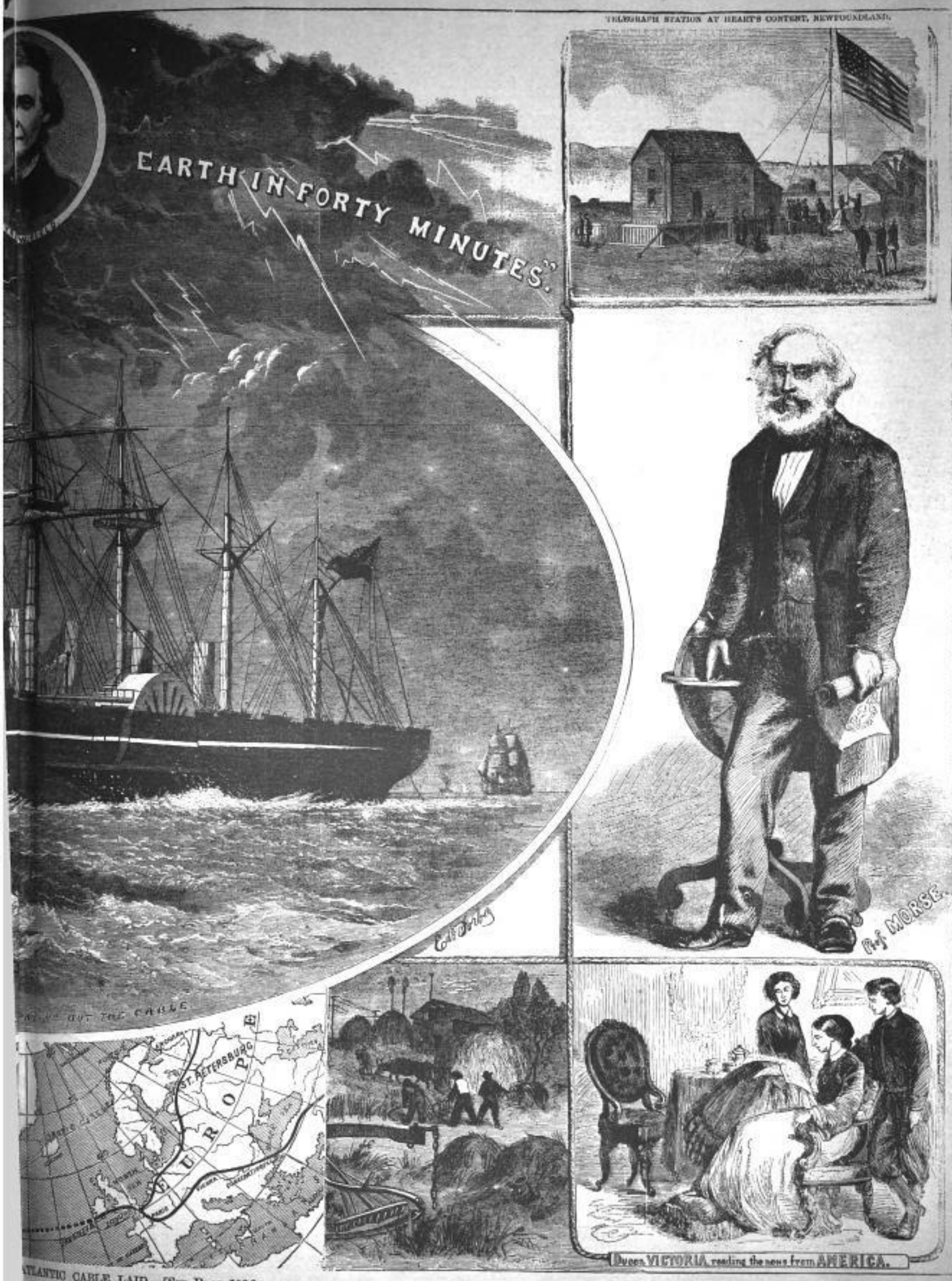

ATLANTIC CABLE LAID.—[See Page 502.]

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THE WELCOME.

[Respectfully dedicated to the Signers of the Call for a "Convention of Loyal Southerners," which is appointed to meet at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday, September 3, 1866.]

Room for the Spartan Band
Of brothers true and tried;
The joy and hope of this fair land,
Its glory and its pride!
Faithful amidst the faithless found,
Where'er they tread 'tis holy ground.

From Mississippi's streams,
Hurrah! they come! they come!
The eagle of that State
Well knows its ancient home;
From Carolina's groves of pines,
And where the dark "Palmetto" shines.

City of Penn! thine arms
Extend, and wide unfold;
With welcome greet the trusty ones,
The loyal and the bold!
Honor the vet'rans brave who fight
In treason's camp for Truth and Right

Come from Virginia's shore,
Where, standing o'er the chain,
Fair "Liberty" exults
That "Tyranny" is slain.
From where the orange-blossoms blow,
To where Arkansas' waters flow.

Let maidens' smiles reward
The banner-bearing bands
Who carry "Freedom" in their hearts
And "Union" in their hands!
Bring forth the best from "Beauty's" bowers
And strew their thorny paths with flowers.

In Alabama's chart
Dwells many a gallant son;
Tennessee's mountaineers
Are valiant every one:
Let the loud summons rend the air
Where the Lone Star is sparkling fair!

As in that noble hall
They weigh their hopes and cares,
With cheers we'll gild its wall,
And carpet it with prayers.
Meet guardians to such men of worth
From the free millions of the North!

Call all our brethren forth:
From where the pillars stand,
And where the bird broods on her nest,
Louisiana's land.
Call all—and on the roll of Fame
Blazon in gold each loyal name!

Now hushed be every voice—
No sigh, no sound be heard;
Let every soul rejoice
To hear the whispered word.
'Tis "Liberty" from shore to shore,
And "Union" now and evermore!

JOHN.

INCH BY INCH.

One fine morning in August I arose at early dawn, and had just finished dressing myself, when an old black woman put her head into my room, exclaiming: "Hy, is you dressed, massa?" and seeing that I was, she went on: "I bring de coffee and cigars; how de dis mornin, massa?"

"Come in, Judy," I answered; "I'm all right. But what is the matter? You don't look well."

"I is right poorly, tank God!" she replied.

Judy did not leave the room, as usual, when I had taken my coffee; so, knowing that she had got something on her mind, of which she wished to disburden herself, I said: "Well, Judy, what is it?"

"Will massa look at de 'rometer tumbly?"

"Look at the barometer! What for, Judy?"

"I tink we is goin' to hab hurricane."

"A hurricane! Why, there never was a finer morning once out of the heavens."

"Dat for true, massa; but we is goin' to hab hurricane for all dat. Massa no go to Paradise dish day."

"Not go to Paradise! Why not, Judy?"

"Paradise nice place in fine weather; but him too much near de mountains for safe in hurricane."

"Well, I'll look at the glass as soon as I have finished my coffee; but as to not going to Paradise, that's out of the question."

The old woman left me; and, finishing my coffee, I stepped out to examine the barometer. It stood at 30.0, and, as I have said, the morning was a splendid one; so, knowing that there was a young lady at Paradise who was expecting me, I laughed at Old Judy's fears, and determined to start.

At this moment my friend came bustling out of his room. "How's the glass, Tom? Judy says we are going to have a storm, and she's always right."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "The glass is as firm as a rock; and as to Judy's feelings, that's all nonsense."

"Ah! but I tell you it's no such thing. I've been in four hurricanes, and Judy has foretold every one of them. We may not get it to-day; but she's better than any weather-glass; so, if you take my advice, you will defer your trip to the Gordons."

"Stuff!" I replied. "I gave my word, and go I shall! I don't want to drag you out, if you're afraid, but you must not think to frighten me."

"Ah, my dear boy!" answered my friend, "when you have had one taste of a West Indian hurricane you will not want a second; besides, there is not a worse place in the island than that same Paradise of Gordon's. The wind gets between those two mountains, and rages up the valley like mad."

I was duly impressed with my friend's advice, and loth to leave him, for I perceived that he was really in earnest; but, truth to say, there was a certain Mary Gordon at Paradise (the same, by-the-by, of her father's plantation), for whom, as sailors say, I had a sneaking kindness, and nothing short of the absolute presence of the tornado would have stopped me. Besides, I was in full health and spirits; and it was not likely that I, who had been knocking about in all parts of the world, could sympathize with the feelings of an ancient black woman, or with those of the climate-worn and sensitive old planter with whom I was staying. Mounting my horse, therefore, with a black boy for a guide, I started on my journey.

I rode on at a brisk pace, for there is something in the early breeze of a tropical morning which is peculiarly refreshing, and diffuses a buoyant elasticity into your frame, which is only to be restrained by active exercise. In addition to this, the scenery through which I was travelling was of the most enchanting description; while I, with a light heart, was speeding on to seek a creole bower in a tropical "Paradise." I had got about one-third of the way, when I came to two roads; I was somewhat puzzled which to take, for I had forgotten my guide, and had ridden so fast that I felt certain I had left him far behind. I was about to take the one to the left, when a voice behind me exclaimed: "Him de wrong way, massa; de lef is de right way." I turned round in surprise, and there I found my little black guide clinging to the horse's tail. The horse, I presume, being used to this sort of thing, took no notice of it, though the young rascal had in his hand a pointed stick, with which at times he accelerated the animal's movements.

The road, though it proved a very bad one, was wild and picturesque in the extreme. It followed the course of a deep gully, whose sides became more and more precipitous as I advanced, but were covered with a green and luxuriant vegetation, consisting of bushes and creepers, the blossoms on which were marvelously beautiful.

After wending for some distance through the bottom of this ravine, I at last emerged into the open country, at a spot of peculiar beauty. On my right and left rose high mountains, whose peaks, now and then visible through the clouds, seemed to reach the heavens. The whole of these mountains were clothed with a perpetual verdure, while before me was a valley spreading out in grassy slopes to the edge of the sea.

I had never seen any thing so truly grand. I was fascinated; for in no part of the world is the imagination so powerfully affected by scenic effect as in the tropics. The majestic grandeur of the mountains, the mingled beauty and variety of the vegetation, and the deep and sombre forests, were all new to me. Then the strange convolutions of the clouds, which, pressed by the wind against the opposite side of the sierra, came rolling and tumbling over the mountains, now concealing and now disclosing some of the most romantic spots in nature, excited in me such lively and rapturous interest as could not be easily forgotten.

"Massa no go to Paradise dis day if him 'top looking at de mountains all de mawning," said my little guide.

Admonished by this I again started. I had not proceeded much farther when I perceived that Old Judy's prognostics were not without their significance, for a brilliant though ominous scene presented itself to my view. A tremendous bank of black clouds had risen up, as it were, out of the bosom of the ocean, and hung almost stationary on the distant horizon. I was looking at this when all at once it seemed moved as by a mighty wind; mass after mass of murky vapor rolled up, and spread themselves athwart the heavens.

"Hurricane do come, massa, now for true!" cried my little Cupid. "Ole Judy always right; and massa no make haste de rain catch we."

I did not heed what the boy said, for it was a strange and magnificent sight upon which I was gazing. One half of the heavens was black as night, and the other bright and radiant, the sky without a cloud. Never, perhaps, did the eye of man rest upon a greater contrast, never was a scene of greater loveliness mingled with one of more appalling magnificence. The contrast reached its climax when suddenly from out the dark pall flash after flash of lightning descended into the sea, and the thunder, after growling hoarsely in the distance, was echoed back by the mountains, reverberating from cliff to cliff, and from rock to rock. It was Peace and War personified; but, alas! the blue sky, the emblem of peace, was being fast swallowed up by the rolling war-cloud, which, in all the majesty of angry nature, was hastening to blot out all that remained of tranquillity and beauty.

At last I turned to go. Both my horse and my guide seemed impressed with the necessity of exertion, and I found myself, as it were, racing with the storm; but before I could reach my friend's plantation the clouds were flying over my head, and the wind was howling aloft as though a gale was blowing; though, below, there was not a breath of air, not a leaf stirred, and not a ripple ruffled the placid sea.

Paradise now appeared in view; and it well deserved its name, for a more beautifully situated place I had never seen. By the time I reached the house it began to rain, and, leaping from my horse, I dashed up the steps into the hall. I was warmly greeted by Mr. Gordon and his two daughters; for though Mary was not quite so demonstrative as Grace, the glance of her eye and the rose upon her cheek told me that I was not unwelcome.

"Very glad you are come," said Mr. Gordon, "though we did not expect you. But how is it the colonel is not with you?"

"He would not come because Old Judy prophesied we were going to have a hurricane. I laughed at her at the time, but I fancy I made a terrible mistake."

"No doubt of it. That old woman is always right; the glass has gone down like a lump of lead; so let us get our breakfast at once, or we shall be done out of it. Here's Mrs. Senter and her girls; I think you know them."

Mrs. Senter was the widow of a Scotch planter, very fat and very fussy; but with the remainder of the party my story has nothing to do. During breakfast the wind increased in violence, and by the time it was over the hurricane had commenced in good earnest. Mr. Gordon seeing this, immediately set about making preparations to withstand it. Windows and doors were hastily but strongly barricaded, and the most portable articles of value, together with a quantity of provisions, were conveyed down a trap-door into a cellar, built on purpose for safety during hurricanes.

This was scarcely accomplished when the field-hands and the whole population of the village came hurrying up to seek for shelter and companionship with their master and his family.

Meantime the whole sky had become as black as night, the clouds as they advanced descending almost to the surface of the sea, which was now lashed into the wildest fury by the gale. Every now and then flashes of the most vivid lightning burst from the clouds, and descending were instantly engulfed in the sea; the next moment they reappeared from beneath the white foam, and apparently ascending toward the sky were met by other masses hovering above.

The thunder burst in appalling crashes over our heads, waking up the echoes of the neighboring mountains, and shaking the house to its very foundation; the rain, too, descended in cataracts: it seemed as though the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the eternal waters were pouring down upon us. To add to the awfulness of the scene, it gradually became as dark as pitch, the wind every instant increasing in intensity.

About eleven o'clock the noise of the gale was something I had never before heard, and yet every moment it seemed to wax stronger and stronger, till it increased to such an overwhelming roar that the strongest efforts of the human voice, in closest proximity, were quite unheard.

The building began to show by its quakings that it was time to get below into a place of greater safety. The negroes were therefore roused from their stupor, and by signs desired to go below.

The house by this time had become little better than a rocking vessel, while a shower of shingles and tiles was every instant swept from the roof. Very soon all, save Mr. Gordon, were safely conveyed below, Mary and I being the last to descend. As we did so a loud crash proclaimed that something had fallen; and I darted back to see if any accident had happened to my host. When I got back to the room I found him uninjured; but a sudden break in the clouds and a gleam of light disclosed an extraordinary sight to me. The air was filled with missiles of all descriptions—branches of trees, huge stones, beams, and all sorts of movables, which were driven along with incredible speed.

Suddenly a violent shock was felt, sending a thrill through my heart, for I expected to see the whole house come falling upon us. The clouds had once more closed up, and darkness again covered the earth, the rapidly repeated flashes of lightning only rendering it more impenetrable; while the roaring of the wind, and the crashing of the thunder, made up a hideous tumult such as appalled the heart, and almost annihilated the mind.

I have but a very dim recollection of what afterward transpired, till I found myself descending the ladder with Mr. Gordon; but I know that before we closed the trap the storm had resumed its empire, and the vibration of the walls told me they could not stand long unless it abated. When we had done this, though the sounds from above were every now and then startling and appalling, we were in comparative quietude, and were enabled to relieve our dumb-show by the interchange of thoughts and feelings. To hear the sound of our own voices, and communicate our thoughts by words, after the overpowering din by which we had for the last hour been encompassed, was a comfort which words can not express. The relief to poor Mrs. Senter must have been immense, for now she could hear herself speak, and listen to her own groans.

"The Lord preserve us!" she exclaimed; "but this is awful. I shall die with fright. If I had never left Aberdeen I should never have— Gracious powers, what's that? We shall all be swallowed up!"

At this moment there was a report, and then a rolling crash over our heads, which made the earth shake beneath us.

"That's the house gone," said Mr. Gordon, quietly. "I expected it would not hold up long."

This was followed by a wail among the negresses, and a young girl rose up, exclaiming: "Eh, me Gad! I lef me piccaniny sleep; warra I do now? Tan away der—tan away—let me go fetch him."

"Chough-body!" replied an old woman; "you is mad; you lef you senses wid you piccaniny too. Tan till. Garramighty take care ob piccaniny now—nobody else can."

This, however, did not seem to afford much comfort to the poor girl, who did nothing but sit and wail.

My mind had hitherto been so occupied that I had not time to take in the peculiarities of the scene by which we were surrounded. Immured in a large, dark vault, lit only by the feeble rays of two candles and a lamp which hung from the ceiling, there was just sufficient light to give every thing, except those within the radius of these lights, a grotesque or diabolical aspect. The negroes in the distance, most of whom were huddled on the floor, appeared the very personification of spirits of darkness awaiting their condemnation; one old negro, tall and spectral, in the back-ground, looking like a malevolent demon gloating over their fall.

During more than an hour we remained in a state of incertitude as to what was going on above us: all we knew was that the noise of the storm had sensibly diminished. At last I could hold out no longer, and mounting the ladder, I endeavored to open the trap, that I might see what was the state of things above ground. I undid the latch, and essayed to lift up the door; but my strength was not sufficient to lift it. I called up Mr. Gordon and one of the negroes; but our united strength failed to move it; and at last, after repeated efforts, we were fain to give over, for it became clear that the ruins of the house had fallen over us, and till assistance could be obtained from above we were prisoners. Our position was by no means an enviable one, for we had no idea when, even if ever, we should be released, and our stock of food was very scanty. But this was not the worst evil we had to encounter, for presently, as we sat, a low mysterious rumbling came from the bowels of the earth. A few minutes elapsed, and then the noise increased—reached us—the earth rose under our feet—the whole edifice reeled—the walls cracked—and the ladder leading to the trap split into fragments, and fell among the negroes, whose wild and despairing cries rent the vault. It was a moment of intense agony. We all stood transfixed with awe, for we expected nothing less than that the earth was about to open and swallow us up.

No sooner had the earthquake passed than a new danger menaced us. Through one of the cracks in the wall water was flowing rapidly, and the floor of the vault was already covered some inches deep. At first, neither Mrs. Senter nor the negroes seemed to comprehend this; but as the water rapidly increased, Mrs. Senter became alive to her peril.

"Why," she exclaimed, starting up, "we shall all be drowned! Is there no means of escape? Can you think of no way of extricating us?" she asked of me.

"None whatever," I replied. "We are in the hands of God; He alone can help us, if it is His good pleasure."

The old lady's countenance became ashy pale, and then she threw up her arms and shrieked: "I can't die—I won't die! Will nobody save me? I'll give any thing—I'll buy your freedom, and make you rich," she continued, turning to the negroes.

"Ess, ma'am, we save you if we can; we no let buckra ladies die if we help it; but negger life as good as any body's, and bum-by, when de water come ober de head, we no help ourselves: we all be like den—we all be free, and rich too, de Lord be praise!"

As the water rose it was quite a study to watch the faces of those about me, particularly of the negroes. The gradual transition from anxiety to fear, and from that to the wildest despair, would have been ludicrous in the extreme had not our situation been so appalling.

While all around were crying and wailing, however, Mary and Grace were perfectly quiet. Their courage did not fail them for an instant, though the water had now reached above their knees. In the faces of these two girls might be read that uncomplaining patience, that high and enduring fortitude, which is a special characteristic of Anglo-tropical women. The contrast between their calmness and the wild despair of Mrs. Senter and the negroes was very noticeable. It was a time to try the courage of any one. Mr. Gordon I knew was not wanting in courage, but his fortitude seemed to have forsaken him. His locks were wild; the muscles of his mouth twitched and quivered, and now and then he muttered something that I could not hear.

Inch by inch the water rose till it reached my waistcoat. One by one the buttons disappeared, as each minute our enemy gained upon us. Still I was loth to relinquish all hope. Meantime, not a word had been uttered or an exclamation made by Mr. Gordon or his daughters. Mrs. Senter had ceased her cries, for she had persuaded a tall negro to hoist her upon his shoulders, where she sat grasping one of the candles with great satisfaction. She was in a fool's paradise, for she did not remember that the instinct of life was as strong in the negro as in herself, and that the moment the water rose high enough to endanger the life of the negro he would in all probability leave her to her fate. No, there was no help or escape for us, and all we could do was calmly to wait the approach of that death which was slowly creeping upon us. A moment of more awful suspense could not be contemplated. I have been through many perils, but never any thing like this. A man may be brave when his blood is hot, and the tide of battle carries him on; but to stand still and see the grim destroyer coming nearer and nearer, minute by minute, and inch by inch, requires a very different sort of courage.

The water had by this time reached almost to our shoulders, and I felt my fortitude giving way: I wanted to call aloud, to shriek for help; there was something so horrible in the idea of being thus drowned, like rats in a cellar, that I recoiled from it. All this takes little time to describe; but the rise of the water was so slow that more than half an hour had elapsed since it first entered the vault. And now again came the rumbling of the earthquake, and the sickening sensation of its shock. The place shook, the water was agitated, and partially subsided. For a time I could not believe my eyes; I expected to see it rise again; but I watched it closely, and found, to my great joy, that it was rapidly diminishing. It was certainly a moment of intense relief, though our danger was not all over. We were saved from immediate death; but how were we to be extricated from our living tomb? how were we to make our situation known to others?

For several hours we remained in this state—part of the time with the additional horror of darkness, for the lights had burned out, and we had no others to replace them. I can't tell if I or any one else slept, but I know that after a time we all appeared in a state of stupor, for not a word was uttered. At one time I fancied my senses were leaving me, for my brain was filled with strange, unearthly visions.

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From this I was suddenly aroused by the most appalling shrieks.

"What is it?" asked I. "What is the matter?"

"The water coming in again! Don't you hear it?" cried Mrs. Senter.

I listened. There was a noise certainly, but it did not appear to be that of water; then it ceased. I felt about me; but my senses were so numbed that I could not tell if the water was rising or falling; or, indeed, if there was any water at all. I listened again, and most certainly there were sounds, and that they came from above was unmistakable. At first they were indistinct, but each moment they became plainer, and at last I could distinguish the blows of picks, then the noise of shovels, and these at last were mingled with the shouts of human voices. Help was truly at hand. The sense of reprieve from such a situation was more than the most stoical could have borne with indifference, and we all joined in the shouts of the negroes to their comrades above. A few minutes after this, to our inexpressible delight, the trap opened, and a gleam of sunlight burst in upon us.

I shall not attempt to depict our feelings or the wild joy of the negroes both above and below; nor shall I be able to give any correct notion of the manner in which Mrs. Senter conducted herself, so frantic was her joy. I only know that Mr. Gordon and his two daughters embraced me in their excitement, and that I thought the latter experience very agreeable.

Our final deliverance was delayed for some time for the want of a ladder. While one was being procured the negroes and people above were very anxious to know if we were all safe.

"Dar Massa Gordon," said one.

"And dar Miss Grace and Mary," exclaimed another.

"And de leetle brickra, Massa Onzon" (the nearest approximation to Sprayaren a negro could make), "be all right too."

"Ms piccaniny, ms piccaniny!" cried the poor young mother from below.

"Ah, Psyche!" answered a man's voice from the trap, "you is bad girl. You lef your child in do bed, and you tink nothing ob him, but run way and take care ob yourself; but he all right, tank God!"

It is singular, but nevertheless true, that amidst the wreck of the negro village the child was found unhurt, and, a few minutes after we reached the ground, was in the arms of its mother.

The first thing we did on arriving at the surface was to look round to see the devastation which the hurricane had produced.

The scene of destruction which our eyes fell upon was something which baffles description. The whole face of the country was, as it were, changed. It looked as though a burning blast had traversed the island, for, where yesterday every thing was green and luxuriant, all was now bare and black. So marvelous a transformation in so short a time I had never seen: vegetation, human habitations, and animal life had all vanished.

Paradise itself was a mass of ruins, and the sugar-works were greatly damaged; but Mr. Gordon bore his loss with great equanimity.

Our rescue was due to a party of hands employed at a cove about a mile and a half distant from the house, where Mr. Gordon had a landing-place, and who, although they had been exposed to the full fury of the gale, escaped uninjured, and at daybreak started to look after the safety of their master. We were immured in the vault for more than twenty-four hours—the longest day and night, by far, that I can remember.

RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

A most valuable work on the Resources and Prospects of America has just appeared from the pen of Sir Morton Peto. In a volume of moderate size, he presents us with a great mass of statistical information, carefully compiled from the bulky Reports of the Commissioners of the Census of the United States, and from other sources not easy of access to readers in general. The work is, however, far from being a mere compilation; on some parts of the subject the author writes from personal observation, and on every part he freely offers his own opinions and reflections.

Sir Morton Peto begins by referring to the remarkable fact of the prosperity of America even during the trying time of the Civil War; for this he accounts by attributing it to the "wonderful elasticity of the resources of the United States." The national debt, which was only sixty-five million of dollars at the commencement of the war, or thirteen million pounds sterling, is now almost three thousand million of dollars, or six hundred million pounds sterling; but such is the confidence of the people in the resources of their country that they expect it to be all paid off in thirty years, or even in a shorter time. "From the President at Washington," Sir S. M. Peto says, "down to the humblest agriculturist in the Far West, I found but one prevailing feeling respecting the debt." He was referred to the experience of the past. He was told "that the debt entailed by the war of 1812 was wholly discharged from the ordinary sources of revenue in a period of nineteen years; and that practically the burden of that debt had never been felt by any body, though, considering the difference in the numerical population, the capital, wealth, and the future prospects of the country, it was almost as great a debt, in proportion, as the present."

Chief among the natural resources of the country is its fertile soil, of which more and more is every year brought into cultivation. The extremely rapid increase of the population is in part due to the facility with which the means of subsistence and of comfort are obtained by all who are capable of work, but in great part to immigration. The population of the United States was only 5,305,925 in 1800, and in 1860 it was 31,429,000; but it is calculated that "of the whole population in 1863, the immigrants of the present century and their descendants number more than twenty-one million, or two-thirds of the whole."* The immigrants are derived from all countries of Europe, but in greatest numbers from Great Britain and Ireland. Many Chinese have recently settled in California. The encouragement afforded to the settler is very great. If he is the head of a family, or twenty-one years of age, he receives from the Government, substantially as a free gift, one hundred and sixty acres of land; and each of his children, on attaining the age of twenty-one years, receives the like. If he chooses to pursue his trade, or to seek employment as a laborer in any of the large towns or in the more densely-peopled parts of the country, he finds wages much higher than in Europe, and the necessaries of life comparatively cheap. The high price of labor generally compels the settler who becomes a farmer to depend on himself and his family for the cultivation of his farm, but he can confidently reckon on produce more than sufficient for his support. The increase of population in some of the newly-settled districts has been extremely rapid. Minnesota in 1849 had a population little exceeding four thousand; in 1860 the population exceeded one hundred and seventy-two thousand; and in 1864 it was estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand. Wisconsin had only 5338 inhabitants in 1830, and in 1860 it had 775,881. Indiana had a population of 4875 in 1800, and in 1860 a population of 1,350,428. The annual produce of wheat in this State is now nearly ten million bushels, and of Indian corn upward of seventy million bushels.

The prosperity of California began with the discovery of gold, but it is already a wheat-exporting country, and seems likely to become the granary of the Pacific. The rapid prosperity of the States is generally due to their agricultural resources. Sir S. M. Peto says: "I hope I shall not wound the national esteem of my American friends when I say that I regard their country as essentially agricultural, and by no means essentially commercial or manufacturing. But I think their own records establish my position. Of about 8,217,000 heads of families and other individuals whose occupations were recorded at the period of the census of 1860, it appears that upward of three million, or more than one-third, were directly occupied in the tillage of the soil. . . . On the other hand, the number of merchants and clerks in America is only three hundred thousand. . . . The population engaged in manufactures does not assume a very large proportion to the whole population."

The American estimate of American manufactures, and of the number of people engaged in them, is only reached "by including all the fishermen, blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, mantua-makers, seamstresses, painters, varnishers, printers, hatters, masons, mariners, millers, sawyers, lumbermen, and handicraftsmen of every sort in the community." Manufacturing industry, properly so called, is almost entirely confined to a few of the Northern States.

The extent of improved land in farms in the United States, according to the census returns of 1860, was 163,110,720 acres; the extent of unimproved land included in farms was 244,101,818 acres; and the uncultivated territory not yet included in farms was 1,166,369,862 acres. The rapid progress of agriculture is shown by the fact, that while the cash value of the farms under actual cultivation in 1850 was estimated at $3,271,575,000, it had risen in 1860 to $6,645,065,000—being an increase of no less than 105 per cent. in those ten years. The amount of agricultural produce has also increased even during the war. In consequence of the high price of labor, the farming is generally very imperfect; yet, mainly from the advantage of climate, the American farmer is able to produce a bushel of wheat at much less cost than the most scientific farmer in England can. The wheat, well protected by the deep snow in winter, comes rapidly forward in the cool weather of spring, and the bright sunshine of the summer months brings it to great perfection. Wheat and Indian corn are the grains principally cultivated in the more northern parts of America. Rice is grown in some parts of the South. Indian corn supplies the principal part of the food of the people, both in the North and in the South. It is of extremely easy cultivation, and its productiveness is far beyond that of other grains. Peas and beans are largely cultivated in America. Potatoes are produced in great quantities in the Northern States, and sweet-potatoes in the South. Turnips are little cultivated, the climate being too dry. The dairy produce, both of butter and cheese, is large. The improvement of quality in American cheese since it began to be imported into Britain has attracted the notice of almost every consumer. It is accounted for by the establishment of a great "cheese-factory" system in the dairy districts of the State of New York and neighboring regions. "Each farmer sends his milk to the dairy, and is credited for the quantity supplied. Skilled persons are employed at the factories to make the cheese, and it has been found that these factories turn out an article of far better quality than used to be made in private dairies." The prices of grain and dairy produce in America depend mainly upon the prices in London. The exports of grain from the United States in 1863 amounted to 77,396,082 bushels, of which 47,082,026 bushels were sent to Great Britain and Ireland. The grain-trade was rapidly developed after the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, and of late years it has increased with wonderfully accelerated rapidity; much grain produced in the Northwestern States finding its way eastward by the Erie Canal, much of it from the lake ports by the St. Lawrence, and much of it by the railways. Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, which was scarcely inhabited twenty-five years ago, and which exported only 4000 bushels of grain and flour in 1841, exported 18,712,386 bushels in 1863.

Wool is not yet an important article of produce in the United States, although in some places there are fancy farms, where great attention is paid to the breeds of sheep; and merino sheep of unsurpassed, or perhaps unequaled, excellence are to be found in Vermont; but California is expected soon to become a great wool-producing country. The climate of the Atlantic States is not suited to the silk-worm, and attempts at silk-culture there have failed; but it is supposed that it may succeed admirably in the Pacific States.

Nowhere in the world is the feeding of swine so important a branch of rural economy as in some parts of the United States. Cincinnati has long been celebrated for its trade in pork. The hog is killed, cut up, and packed by machinery. Cincinnati kills and exports four hundred thousand hogs per annum. Chicago has, however, lately acquired even greater importance as a pork-exporting town. A million of hogs are killed annually at Chicago. It is now, indeed, not only the largest market in the world for pork, but also for corn and timber, although it was but a mere Indian trading-station till 1830, and its pork-trade began in 1835 with the "packing" and exportation of three hundred hogs.

The high price of labor has stimulated invention, and no people have so abounded as the Americans in mechanical contrivances to supply the want of human hands. Many of these machines—as the sewing-machine—have been brought to Europe, and some of them are extensively used in Britain, although less important to us from the comparative cheapness of labor. As might be expected, many of the American inventions are intended to facilitate the labors of agriculture.

Of the textile manufactures of America, that of cotton is by far the most important, but the number of spindles is not much more than one-sixth of that employed in Britain; moreover, much of the cotton spun in America is spun in the cotton-producing States, to be used in the form of cordage, or made into cotton bags and packing-cloths. Notwithstanding the duties imposed in the United States, great quantities of cotton goods of British manufacture are imported. The linen manufacture is inconsiderable. Sir S. M. Peto does not hesitate to condemn the whole system of protective duties, by which American manufactures are unnaturally fostered, as injurious to America itself and to the world. As to the protective duties on cotton goods, he says: "Not only are the Americans thereby unnaturally raising the price of an article of the largest consumption among every class of their own community, but they are actually raising this price at their own expense as growers and exporters of the raw material from which these articles are made; and all this for the protection of an interest which can not compete with its rivals in its own market, and can not produce any thing like the quantity required for the use of its own population."

Sir S. M. Peto is very zealous in his advocacy of free trade. He expresses his confidence that as the people of Britain refused to be taxed for the exclusive benefit of agriculturists, so the people of America will see long refuse to be taxed for the exclusive benefit of manufacturers. The whole question has a special importance at present, in view of the commercial relations between the United States and the British provinces in North America. It seems almost impossible that any other system than that of free trade can long prevail between countries so situated as those on the northern and southern banks of the St. Lawrence. Under an opposite system, smuggling can not fail soon to become an evil of most formidable magnitude on the long line of the frontier.

The mineral wealth of the United States is very great. Gold is found in some of the Eastern States, particularly in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; and the gold-producing region of the West—still very partially explored—includes the States of California and Oregon, and the Territories of Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Dacotah, Washington, Colorado, Montana, and Arizona—an area of more than a million of square miles, extending from British Columbia on the north to Mexico on the south, and from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Silver-mining may be said to be only in its infancy, although in New Mexico and Arizona, which were acquired from Mexico in 1848, silver-mines have long been worked. In the hands of another race, and under a better government, they will now probably soon become greatly more numerous and productive. An immense lode of silver ore, known as the Comstock Lode, has been discovered in Nevada, and nearly one hundred different companies have obtained the right to work parts of it. A fine city, called Virginia City, has sprung up in close proximity to these mines, with a population already of more than ten thousand; and the whole of Nevada is rapidly increasing in population, while new silver-mines are continually being opened in different localities.

Iron ore exists in great abundance in the United States, and is widely distributed. Perhaps in no part of the world is it more abundant than in the State of Missouri, where great hills are entirely formed of it. Little, however, has yet been done to turn the iron ore of Missouri to account. The district is deficient in coal, and the railway system is too incomplete to supply this want. Another district, extremely rich in iron ore, but hitherto almost unproductive, lies in the northern part of Georgia, passing into Alabama. It is in Pennsylvania and New Jersey that iron ore is at present most largely worked. There are iron-producing districts also in New England, New York, Ohio, Virginia, and both the Carolinas; and during the last ten years a considerable amount of capital has been invested in iron-mining in Michigan, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. But the iron-masters of America can hardly hold their ground, as yet, against competition with imported iron. The vast supplies of iron ore which America possesses are rather to be regarded as a store for future ages than as a source of wealth to be largely developed in the present. There are very rich mines of copper on the shores of Lake Superior, near Ke-we-wenah Point, where masses of native copper of extraordinary size have been found. Copper-mines have also long been wrought in New Mexico. Lead is wrought, but not to a great extent, in Missouri, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Quicksilver has been found in California, but the produce is not yet very considerable.

The coal-fields of America are the greatest in the world. They are computed to be thirty-six times the extent of those of Great Britain and Ireland. They are chiefly situated in the basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The whole annual produce of coal, however, does not yet amount to much more than fourteen million tons, or about one-10th of that of Britain. Wood is the ordinary fuel for domestic purposes, and is even employed for steam-engines, while the Americans dispense with steam wherever they can, and avail themselves of their "water-privileges." The abundance of iron, coal, and limestone in America, however, is suggestive of great expectations concerning the future, when the country shall be more densely peopled, and able to make use of its own mineral treasures.

Sir S. M. Peto devotes a chapter to petroleum, or rock-oil, and gives a most interesting account of the American oil-wells. The oil which flowed from oil-springs was merely collected by skimming it from the surface of water on which it floated till 1858, when a well was sunk in Pennsylvania, and at once began to yield 400, and afterward 1000 gallons a day. Great excitement ensued, and a search for oil began throughout the whole district. Many of the experiments were unsuccessful, but when oil was struck the fortunate adventurer was suddenly enriched. Some of the wells yield oil without the trouble of pumping; it flows from them in a copious stream. Some wells yield 2000 barrels, and one even 3000 barrels daily. Towns have sprung up in the oil-district of Pennsylvania; and in Oil City business is now transacted to the amount of £3,000,000 annually. Other parts of America have also been found to be rich in oil. It would be out of place here to do more than merely allude to the oil-wells of Canada; but there are oil-fields in several parts of Pennsylvania, in Ohio, Kentucky, and Virginia, while it is said that indications of oil have been found in many other States.

Our limits do not permit us to follow Sir S. M. Peto in his account of American commerce—the foreign trade, the coasting trade, and the internal trade on the lakes and rivers—to which he devotes a section of his work. One fact claims particular attention, that no less than one-half of the export trade of the United States is to Great Britain; next to this is the export trade to France; but the third largest export trade is to the British provinces in North America, while the exports to other British possessions are very considerable. From this may be seen the vast importance to both nations of constantly maintaining friendly relations.

Sir S. M. Peto devotes another section of his work to railways. The rivers of the country, great and numerous as they are, are utterly insufficient for the purposes of its internal commerce. The railway system of America is great and rapidly extending; but most of the railways are as yet mere single lines, and their construction is so imperfect that the rate of traveling is far less rapid than in Britain. Sir S. M. Peto enters very fully into the whole subject. He visited America, indeed, in the capacity of chairman of the London Board of Control of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, and his suggestions on the construction and management of railways will scarcely be received by the Americans as those of a stranger, but with the respect due to one whose interests are identified with their own, and whose experience gives value to his counsel.

The South is treated in a section by itself. Differing from the North in its climate and in its productions, it differs still more in consequence of slavery, now happily abolished, but so recently that the results of the great change have scarcely begun to appear. There are, as yet, few lines of railway between the North and the South. The Southern planters, in the times now past, did not wish to have them, for they were afraid of the use which might be made of them to carry away their slaves, and of the influence of much communication with the North. The Southern States have for a long time been nearly stationary in population. Immigrants did not flock to them, for the white man laboring with his own hands was despised both by the slaveholders and by the slaves. All this must now be changed. There is much land in the Southern States which invites settlers. Even in Virginia the "improved land" amounts only to 11,437,921 acres, while 19,675,215 acres are "unimproved;" whereas in New York the improved land is more than double the extent of the unimproved. Much of the uncultivated land in the South is adapted for the cultivation of cotton and other strictly southern products, but much of it also is well suited to wheat. Of the products of the South, the most important—besides cotton, rice, Indian corn, and tobacco—is sugar. The cultivation of the sugar-cane is limited to the most southern regions, and has of late decreased; but the sorghum or sugar-grass recently introduced from China is admirably adapted to the climate, not only of the South, but indeed of almost all parts of the United States, and its cultivation has rapidly extended, especially in the Northwestern States.

Sir S. M. Peto's work is so full of information that what we have been able to extract is but a little portion of it. The spirit in which it is written is also excellent. It is the work of an Englishman who loves his own country and her institutions, but who regards America and Americans with the most kindly feeling. It is calculated to dissipate prejudice, and to promote good feeling on both sides of the Atlantic.

* There is a wide error in this statement. From 1790 to 1810—a period of twenty years—the increase in population was over 36 per cent. This would double the population every twenty-three years. During this twenty years there were less than 200,000 persons who had immigrated. Now, if we suppose the case of no increase from immigration, it would not be unreasonable to assume the population would go on in such a country as this to double once in twenty-five years. By this estimate, the population in 1790 being 3,900,000, would in 1815 have been 4,660,000 (below the mark): in 1840 it would have been 12,040,000; and in 1865 there would have been living 24,000,000 of persons descended from the original population of 1790. The native population of 1865 must have been at least 21,000,000. The actual population in 1860 was 31,000,000, of which there would have been 19,000,000 (instead of Sir S. M. Peto's 21,000,000) to be accounted for as immigrants and their descendants.—Ed. Harper's Weekly.

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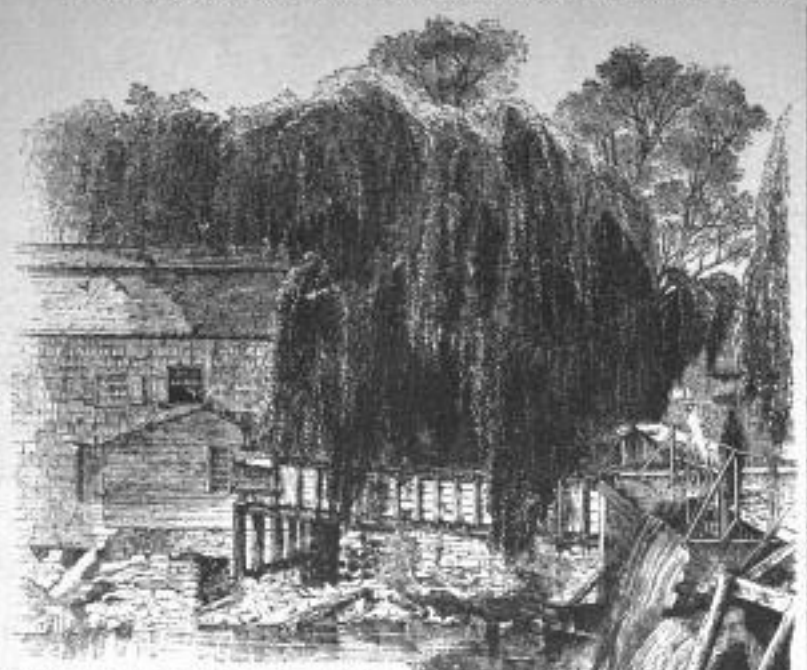
THE MEMORIAL CHURCH TO WASHINGTON IRVING AT TARRYTOWN, ON THE HUDSON, AND CLASSIC VIEWS IN THE VICINITY.



THE OLD MILL.

Washington Irving died November 28, 1859, and was buried in the cemetery at Tarrytown. Since then two attempts have been made in that village to perpetuate his memory by a Memorial. One of these—a Bridge over the Pocantico, at the spot where Ichabod Crane, the school-teacher of Sleepy Hollow, was thrown from his horse by the dreadful onslaught of the headless horseman—failed, we may suppose, from want of interest in the plan. The other, a Church, projected by the rector, wardens, and vestry of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, is rapidly becoming an accomplished fact. The corner-stone of this memorial edifice was laid July 5, by Bishop Potter. The site is well chosen, being on the principal street of Tarrytown, a few feet from the spot where Major Andre was captured, and Ichabod first saw the spectre. The building is of the style of architecture known as

THE SPOT WHERE ANDRE WAS CAPTURED.

Middle Pointed, and will consist of nave, chancel, and side-aisles, with incisive tower at the east end, adjoining chancel. The interior dimensions will be—of nave, seventy-eight feet; chancel, nineteen feet six inches. The entire width will be fifty feet. There will be a clear-story lighted by triangular arched windows, traced. The tower will terminate with bold gables, and at southeast angle will be further supported with an octagonal stair turret, which in its turn will be carried up above the main tower, and will be finished with tall spirelet. Eventually, a marble statue of Irving will be placed in the vestibule. The edifice will seat about five hundred persons. Messrs. Renwick and Sands are the architects.

Near by is the monument which marks the spot where Andre was captured. It is of simple design, and on the east side bears the following inscription:

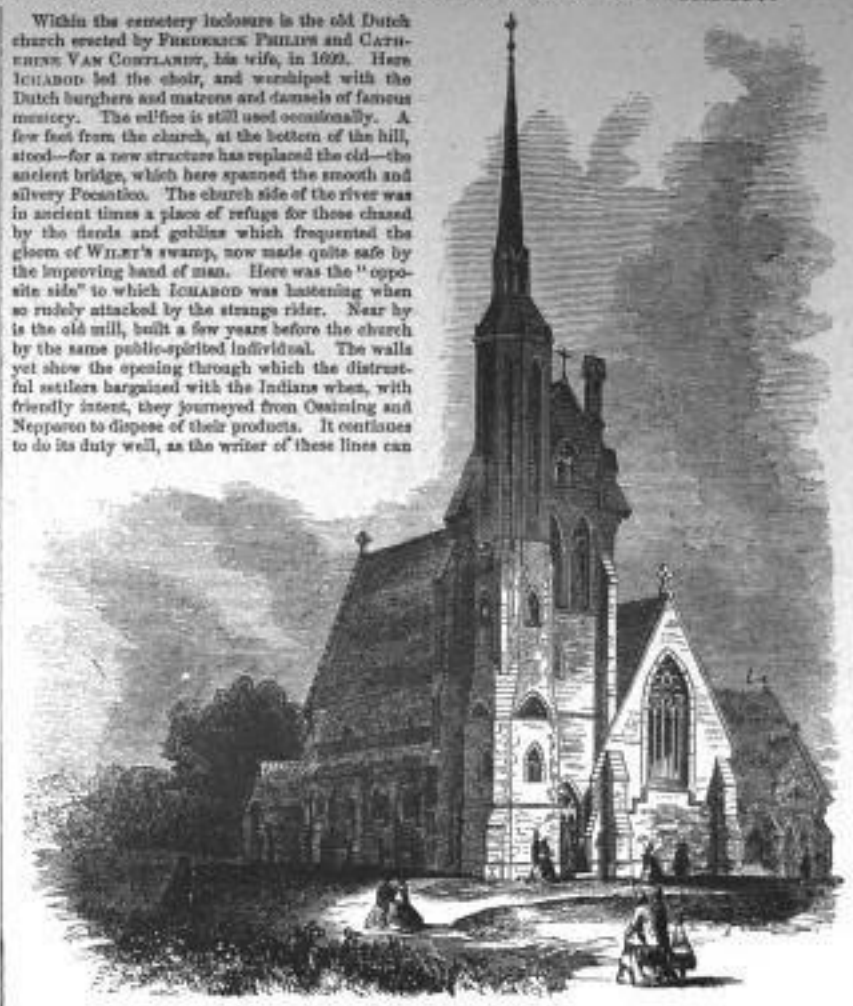
ON THIS SPOT
The 23d day of September, 1780, the Spy,
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
Adjutant-General of the British Army, was captured by
JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN WART,
All natives of this county.
HISTORY HAS TOLD THE REST.

The People of Westchester County have erected this Monument, as well to commemorate a great Event, as to testify their high estimation of that Integrity and Patriotism which, rejecting every temptation, rescued the United States from most imminent peril, by baffling the arts of a Spy and the plots of a Traitor.
Dedicated October 7, 1853.

In the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, a little to the north, is the burial-place of the Irving family. Within the inclosure, ranged in two lines, are the different graves. Each has a plain head-stone of white marble, on which are inscribed the name and age at death of the occupant. As will be seen, the grave of Geoffrey Crayon does not differ from the rest of his family. The inscription simply tells that

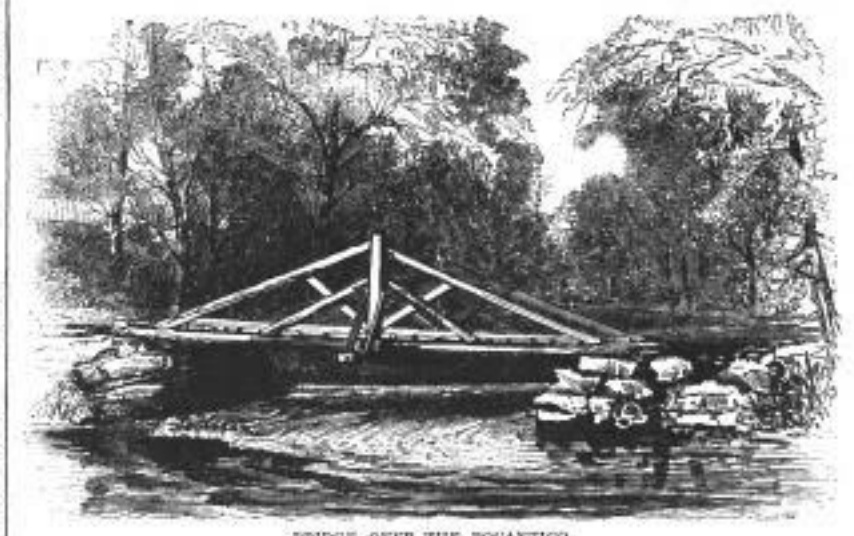
WASHINGTON,
SON OF WILLIAM AND SARAH S. IRVING,
DIED
NOV. 28, 1859,
AGED 76 YEARS 7 MO. AND 25 DAYS.

Within the cemetery inclosure is the old Dutch church erected by Frederick Philips and Catherine Van Cortlandt, his wife, in 1699. Here Ichabod led the choir, and worshiped with the Dutch burghers and matrons and damsels of famous memory. The edifice is still used occasionally. A few feet from the church, at the bottom of the hill, stood—for a new structure has replaced the old—the ancient bridge, which here spanned the smooth and silvery Pocantico. The church side of the river was in ancient times a place of refuge for those chased by the fiends and goblins which frequented the gloom of Wiley's swamp, now made quite safe by the improving hand of man. Here was the "opposite side" to which Ichabod was hastening when so rudely attacked by the strange rider. Near by is the old mill, built a few years before the church by the same public-spirited individual. The walls yet show the opening through which the distrustful settlers bargained with the Indians when, with friendly intent, they journeyed from Ossining and Nepperan to dispose of their products. It continues to do its duty well, as the writer of these lines can



THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

testify. The photographs from which these sketches were made were taken by G. G. Rockwood, 539 Broadway, New York.



BRIDGE OVER THE POCANTICO.

THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA.

Is considered the head of the Teche navigation, although boats can get up while high-water lasts to Martinsville, and in times of flood the navigation of the lakes and bayous is almost unlimited. New Iberia is a brisk little town, now stagnating under the prevailing dullness of business all through the South. The majority of its inhabitants appear to be French, and with the manners of New Orleans. Stores and drinking-houses are thrown wide open on Sunday, and there is card playing and billiards all day. The churches, also, are open for the convenience of such as choose to go—principally of the female population, or young men who go for the sake of the company of their sweet-hearts. This is a point at which a good portion of the cattle herds driven from Texas arrive. The herders and drovers—rough-looking fellows—are often seen riding about the streets. There are no prominent buildings of any account, the county buildings being at Martinsville. It has the characteristic features of many of the little towns in West Louisiana, and for that matter might be a little bit of Yorkville or Manhattanville but for the different appearance and language of the inhabitants.

RECEIVING RATIONS.

When this sketch was made in June last, more than 20,000 of the people of Alabama—whites—were receiving Government rations; and it is believed that 10,000 more were probably sharers in the supplies thus drawn.

The much-abused Freedmen's Bureau has succeeded in persuading the negroes to go to work; so that they no longer look to the Government for

IRVING'S GRAVE.

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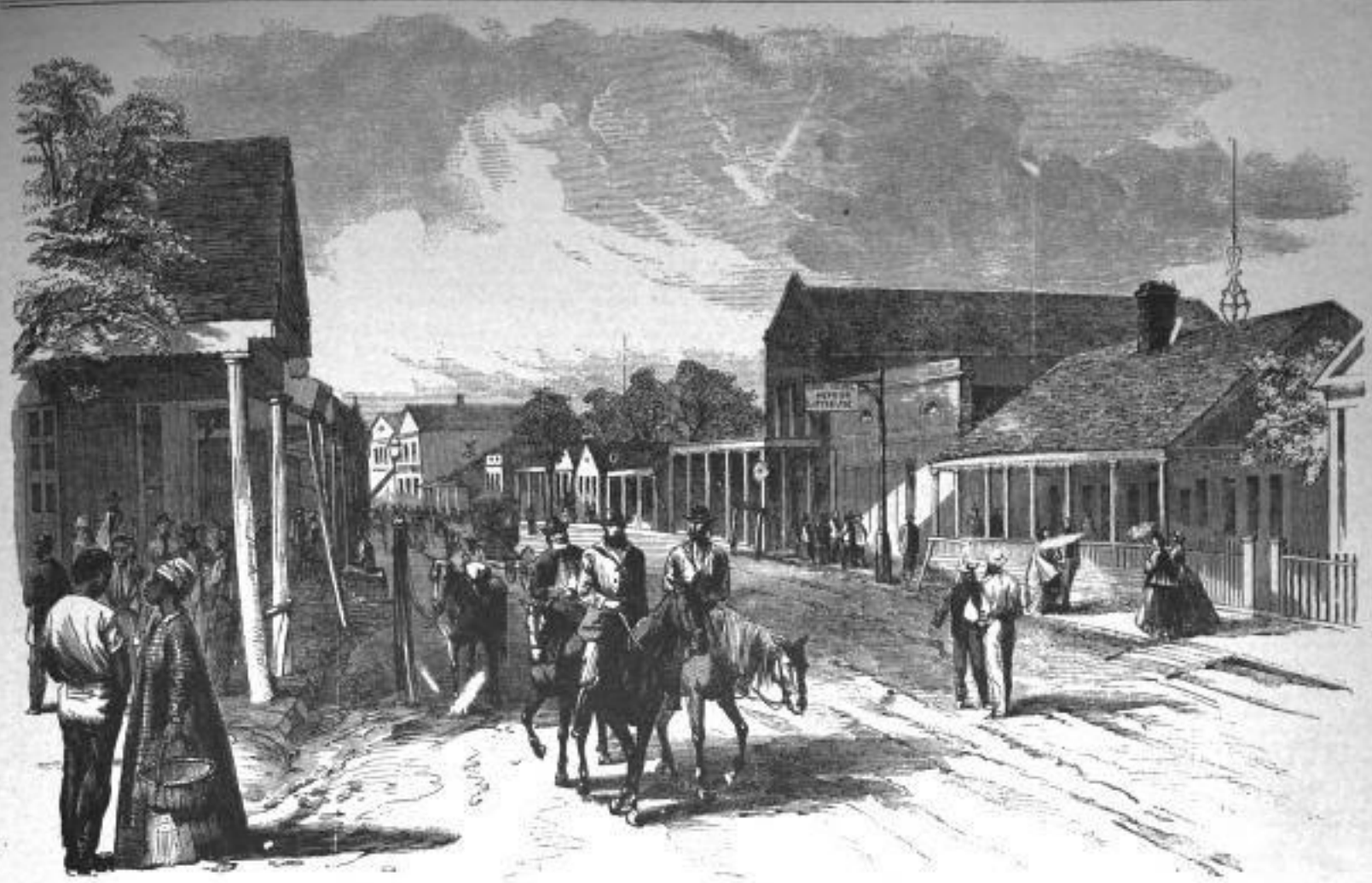


NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 508.]

support, except in the matter of obliging their employers to give them their just dues, not always paid with grace. With the whites the case is different; the curse of laziness, which the presence of slavery inflicted upon them, is hard to overcome: ignorant as the negroes—and even falling behind them, now that the latter are seeking education—they are almost entirely without ambition beyond the simplest wants of nature. They are, however, generally engaged in cultivating land to a limited extent, and the crops secured, the Government will withdraw its support and leave them to their own resources. Much of the money expended by the Bureau has gone to the support of the poor white people of the South, the greatest sufferers by, and victims of the war. That numbers of them must have starved to death without such assistance is undeniable; your bitter Southerner and Union-hater never thinks of this, or else chooses to ignore it, when engaged in the favorite occupation of denouncing the Freedmen's Bureau.

The picture represents claimants for relief pleading their cases, and receiving orders on the Commissary from Major Prance—an officer, who is one of many that I have met, sacrificing their personal comfort and desire to be at home to a sense of duty; and, of all trying positions, it is hard to imagine any thing worse than that of a Bureau officer, stationed away from troops, among a covertly hostile population.

A. R. W.

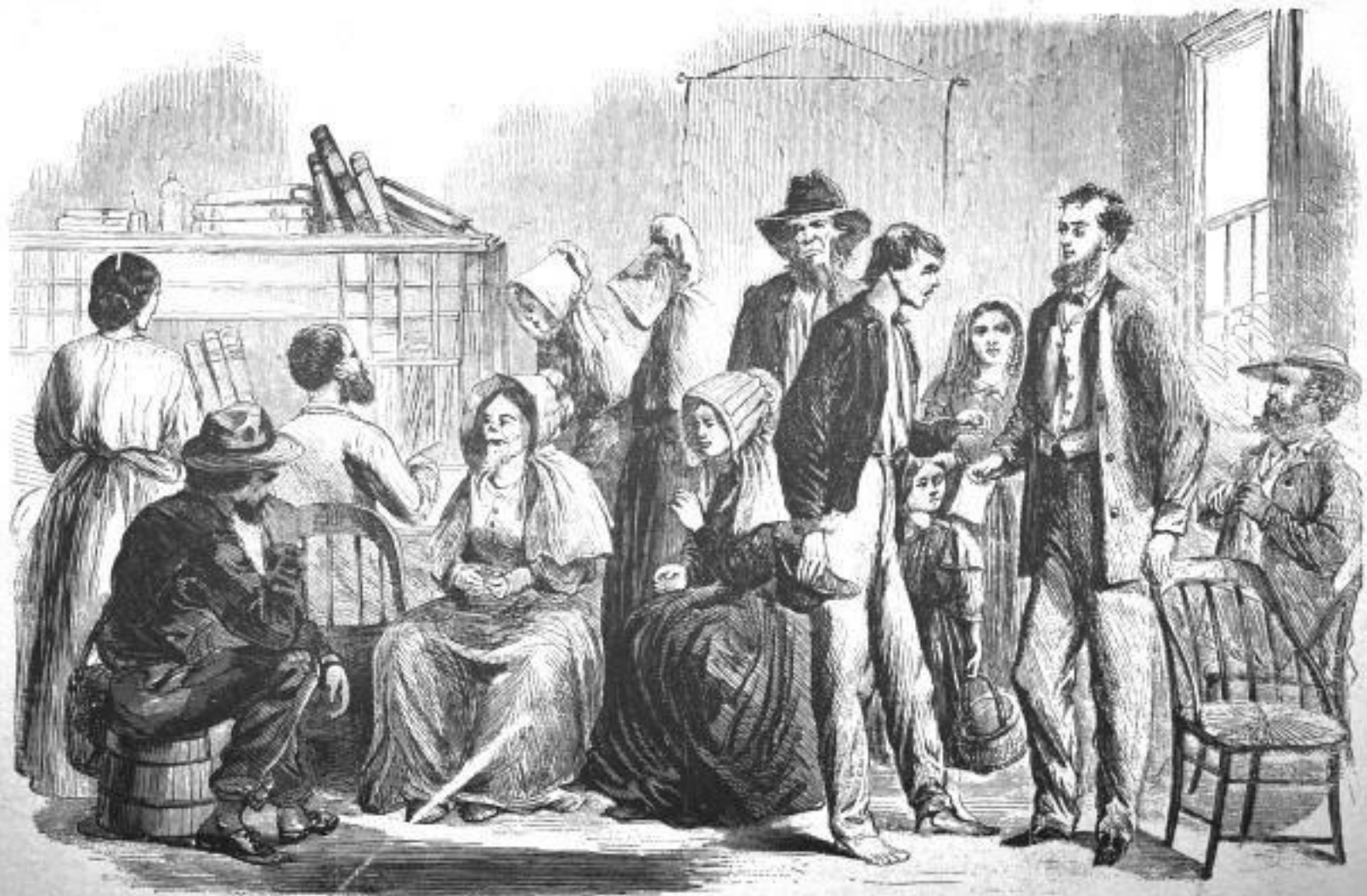
DOUBLY PAID.

One very warm summer day the Emperor Paul fell asleep in his arm-chair after dinner near an open window, which commanded a view of the garden at Katschina; while some of the court ladies were whispering together in an adjoining apartment. A daring young officer, who was a great favorite with the latter, perceiving them as he passed their window, was about to commence a conversation with them, but they signed to him to beware of disturbing his sleeping Majesty.

"Do not betray me," whispered he, "and I will have some sport!"

He looked cautiously around, and seeing that he was not observed, crept softly to the window of the next room and called out in Stentor tones the drowling watch-word of the guard: "Flaschal!" then darted instantly into the bushes and escaped unperceived.

The Emperor started up from his nap in a terrible rage at such an impudent jest, but could obtain no other answer from the ladies, who naturally desired to shield their friend, than that they did not know



ALABAMIANS RECEIVING RATIONS.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

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who it was. He then sent for the commandant and ordered him to produce the offender within an hour. The latter interrogated each individual of the guard and every one he met, but could learn nothing; and at last in his despair, for a command from Paul was not a matter to be trifled with, he summoned a young soldier and said to him,

"I will give you two hundred rubles if you will say that you woke the Emperor in that manner. He will probably cause you to be punished, but why should you care for that?"

The soldier, who was a resolute man, agreed to it and received the money, and exactly an hour after the order had been given accompanied the commandant into the Emperor's presence. But in the mean while his Majesty's anger had died away. Looking intently at the soldier, he said, "A superb voice! give him three hundred rubles!"

Via ALBANY.

Just as Mrs. Wallabout reached the wharf the boat swung off. While she might have jumped, she had not the ready-made courage; when she had acquired a stock, the distance was hopeless. It was the last boat connecting with the last train for June Roseville, and Mrs. Wallabout looked after it in despair. Mr. Wallabout and the little Wallabouts were at June Roseville expecting her. They would drive down to meet the train, and Mr. Wallabout would be displeased. Mr. Wallabout was a precise person, who disapproved of errant females, and did not believe that people lost boats and trains except through carelessness. He had never lost a train in his life.

Mrs. Wallabout stood on the wharf, holding fast her umbrella, her traveling-bag, and her brown paper parcels, and took counsel with herself. Her guardian-angel advised her to retreat to a hotel and try a new day and a fresh start; but Mrs. Wallabout shrunk from the notion. Hotels look bleak to solitary women; and people stare so! Then her evil genius suggested the Albany boat.

"To be sure Albany is fifty miles beyond June Roseville," argued this evil principle; "but then you hardly realize the fact. You take your stateroom. You have a cool night on the water; and you arrive at Albany in time to drop down to June Roseville in one of the early morning boats, and have saved three-quarters of a day from New York."

"So I can," murmurs Mrs. Wallabout, clutching at her parcels with renewed energy, and hurrying off to the *St. John*. Exit guardian-angel in disgust! and, by-the-by, is it not astonishing what a snubbed race are these same guardian-angels, and how attentive we are sure to prove to our evil genius, however absurd! The very first step brought this unprincipled principle out in the lie! He had said to Mrs. Wallabout, "You will take state-rooms." There were no state-rooms to be taken. Mrs. Wallabout offered five, seven, ten dollars! Twenty would not buy one.

"You can have a berth, ma'am," said the stewardess, severely, evidently feeling that Mrs. Wallabout did not appreciate her blessings. "There will be plenty of folks that would be thankful for as much as that!" and though Mrs. Wallabout even then could have gone back, she quailed before the fat Fate in the turban and meekly laid her bundles on the shelf, on which she was shortly to be packed away for the night, though she sighed to herself that "Mr. Wallabout would disapprove more and more; he considered these crowded cabins so unhealthy!" so did the evil genius predominate.

Mrs. Wallabout went up on deck and sat down in the most remote place possible. Mrs. Wallabout was pretty—have I mentioned the fact?—and all unconsciously displayed a pair of trim little boots, resting on the round of a chair in front of her. A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing this pretty young woman disconsolate by herself, took upon him to furnish her with an agreeable object of contemplation by marching up and down in her neighborhood, and bestowing on her long and admiring glances. Mrs. Wallabout, waking up to the fact, grew rapidly uncomfortable, looked the other way, tried to feel indifferent, tried to look unconscious, wished Mr. Wallabout was there, and was sure he would think it highly improper. More benevolent gentlemen peeping under her hat-brim and staring at her perseveringly! Mrs. Wallabout for rented herself to think what she had done to attract attention! wished she could box their ears—was sure if she was a man she would leave unprotected women in peace! remembered that Mr. Wallabout believed that no woman was ever annoyed by undesired attention; was sure it was very disagreeable! and went down to the cabin, oppressed with a general sense of guiltiness, and of Mr. Wallabout's disapprobation.

In the cabin—but prudence forbid that I should hint at what Mrs. Wallabout saw and heard that night, when frantic women without berth or stateroom stormed the door like lionesses in Valhallaroar! At the earliest hint of day the hapless little woman crept out on deck again, but was almost instantly driven below by more benevolent gentlemen, for whom she was now painfully on the alert. The boat was late; also Mrs. Wallabout's bag was missing. Think of that, when Mr. Wallabout never lost any thing! The implacable stewardess had no consolation for her. "Can't answer for any thing, ma'am, that is left in the berths!" Mrs. Wallabout tried the deck once more. They were very late, and her impatient little heart was fit to jump out of her bosom. She went over and over what she should do: how she would spring to the wharf the moment—no, the instant—that the boat touched; how she would run for life and the June Roseville boat; what streets she should take; what short cuts she could make. She had her shawl and her bundles on one arm, her ticket in her glove, and her umbrella ready for the start, and was quite worn out, dear little woman! with so much rapid mental exertion, when the *St. John* came in at her pier, just about an hour too late for the June Roseville boat. Mrs. Wallabout could have cried. What would Mr. Wallabout say? Say what he would, there was nothing now but to take the train. Where was the dépôt? Mrs. Wallabout hired a man to show her the way—just ten steps—and she gave him fifty cents—five cents a step; and Mr. Wallabout disliked extravagance, though he was not penurious; but this was a magnificent colored man, and he overawed Mrs. Wallabout, naturally timid, and now nervous and discouraged.

In the dépôt a tall man eyed her earnestly. Mrs. Wallabout shrank away, thinking him another benevolent gentleman, but presently she discovered in him Mr. Pawlett. She knew Mr. Pawlett, and she was so tired of being alone that she beamed on him almost as if he had been Mr. Wallabout himself. She handed him over her umbrella; she bestowed on him her parcels; she gave him her ticket in charge; she hung her shawl on his arm; and then she felt herself a free woman, and could have snapped her fingers at a host of benevolent gentlemen. For Pawlett, whether he was overwhelmed with the bundles, or dazzled by Mrs. Wallabout—who came out all the brighter for her night's eclipse—or was simply careless, I am unable to state; the result was the same. They seated themselves in the car; they sat there ten minutes at the least; they looked about them; they could have corrected their mistake a dozen times. It is inconceivable that they should have taken the Harlem train; but they did it, and were well under way before they discovered their mistake. With some hesitation Mr. Pawlett announced the fact to Mrs. Wallabout. Mrs. Wallabout made a wild movement, expressive of jumping out of the car window. She also debated within herself whether or not to cry, and give Mr. Pawlett a piece of her mind, but concluded to do nothing as the safest course in a new situation, and leaned back in her seat with a despairing "What will Mr. Wallabout say?" Pawlett laughed, but was evidently nervous. The conductor, very sympathizing except about the corners of the mouth, advised them to get out at the next station, take the first train for Hudson, and wait there for the afternoon train.

Mrs. Wallabout heard in the silence of despair. Wandering all over the country with a strange man! What was loss of train and bag to this? The next station consisted of a dispirited dépôt and an intolerable grocery. There was no ice in the water, and there were flies in the lemonade. What if they should meet Mr. Wallabout? Mr. Pawlett had just demonstrated that there were spiritual as well as physical storms. What if her moral whirlwind should blow her Mr. Wallabout? What if he should come on them from around the corner? There was no consolation in a parasol. Mr. Wallabout would know the very swing of her dress-skirt. There would be less chance of a meeting if they sat quietly in the dépôt; but then was not that like a tête-à-tête? Suppose he should be in the Hudson train? And Mrs. Wallabout nervously surveyed Mr. Pawlett. There was no slurring over the dreadful fact. Mr. Pawlett was a good-looking—yes, a fine-looking man. He was a man with whom a lady might run away; and Mr. Wallabout was so strict in his notions of propriety. She wished the unconscious Pawlett, trying in a gentlemanly way to make the situation tolerable, a hump and a squint—for that time only, and by particular request, of course.

Arrived at Hudson, worse yet. Mr. Wallabout had business at Hudson; often went there; and Mr. Wallabout was—yes, he was a little jealous. She heard his step a dozen times or more at dinner—that dreadful dinner, of which she scarcely ate, to the affliction of Pawlett. She would have liked to run away and hide her head under the bed-clothes, but Mr. Pawlett proposed music, as they had the drawing-room to themselves. Mrs. Wallabout sat down in a tremble. Why, was it not possible to say, "Mr. Pawlett, I am *so* much afraid of meeting Mr. Wallabout, who will never understand it, and I should like to be very quiet, and get down to the dépôt through some back street, and get rid of you, dear Mr. Pawlett, as fast as possible?"

Mr. Pawlett leaned over the piano. He flattered himself that he was making the lady comfortable. Mrs. Wallabout commenced, and then—oh! Mrs. Wallabout's prophetic heart! in walked Mr. Wallabout. Pawlett reddened to the temples. For Mrs. Wallabout a tingling, pricking sensation attacked her. Then she burst out in a cold perspiration; then she flushed up in a hot glow. What did Mr. Pawlett say? What did Mr. Wallabout say? She could never have told you; but she knew what she said, and that was,

"I was afraid you would come."

There is no record left of Pawlett; but how pleasantly this clever and opportune speech must have sounded in his ears. Poor Pawlett! and poor Mrs. Wallabout, when husband and wife were at last left together, Mr. Wallabout reserving that stern silence that demands explanation so much more significantly than words.

"I am so very sorry," commenced the little woman, imploringly.

"That you met me? I suppose so."

"Now, Charles, you know—"

"How did you come here, Mrs. Wallabout?"

"I went to Albany."

"You went to Albany!"

"I was coming to June Roseville."

"And went fifty miles out of your route?"

"But, my dear, I lost the train, and the boat was late—"

"What boat?"

"The Albany boat. It was the last train—"

"The Albany boat was the last train? I should think it was—the last you should have taken."

"But, Charles, I lost the last train to June Roseville, and I disliked to spend the night in New York, and I thought I could come down from Albany in the early morning, and the *St. John* was late; and I—we—I met Mr. Pawlett—"

"I saw that you did."

"Well, if you won't hear me?"

"Am I not listening with all possible attention to hear what you and Mr. Pawlett were doing in Hudson?"

"We took the train—"

"To Hudson?"

"No—the Harlem train. We thought, we didn't look, we never knew—"

"And do you expect me to believe such a story as this?" interrupted Mr. Wallabout, sternly. "Why not make your story at least plausible. Say you came here to meet me or something of that sort?"

"That was the very thing I dreaded," returned Mrs. Wallabout, naively. "I knew you would be angry, and it does sound improbable, but it is true; and isn't truth always stranger than fiction? and besides (brightening), even if you do think that I would tell a lie I would be a goose to prefer Mr. Pawlett to you, don't you see?" clenching this notable argument by laying her little hand in his, with a piteous appeal, that only a monster could have resisted.

Mr. Wallabout was not a monster. He looked long and fixedly at his wife, and then, with a covert smile, drew out a bit of paper and fell solemnly to work. Mrs. Wallabout watched him in an agony of apprehension. What could it be? a rough draft of articles of separation? Mr. Wallabout laid down his pencil, surveyed it critically, held it up; and this was what Mrs. Wallabout saw:

Plan of Mrs. Wallabout's Journey to June Roseville, via Albany.

A Bow Knot.

And that was Mr. Wallabout's revenge. Sensible Wallabout!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Flying from the burden of city life in midsummer, many join the throng that are rushing toward the snow-capped peaks of the White Mountains—some with a genuine love for their wild scenery, others because the tide of fashion flows in that direction.

Extensive preparations have been made for the accommodation of guests this season. The Profile House has been enlarged by the addition of two wings. A new building has been erected adjacent to the Glen House, larger even than the original building, and connecting with it by a covered passage. The Waumbek House, on Jefferson Hill, has been doubled in size; and several other hotels in the vicinity have been materially enlarged and improved.

But travelers, rushing through on wings of steam, eager to reach their ultimatum of interest, whether that be the Tip Top House, Franconia Notch, The Flume, The Old Man of the Mountain, or his "Wash-bowl," seldom give time or thought to the beauties of nature through which they fly. The usual route from New York takes in some of the most charming scenery in the world, all along the valley of the Connecticut River. If the tourist can spare a day at Springfield, a drive of an hour or so will bring him to the foot of Mount Holyoke, the ascent of which is by no means difficult. Indeed there is a carriage-path most of the way up. From the summit of this mountain the eye is delighted by a most lovely picture—the valley of the Connecticut, in all its luxuriant verdure, the river itself gleaming like a silver thread in its circuitous windings through the green intervales. Still further on the journey stop at Hanover, Orford, or some town in that part of New Hampshire. Thence a carriage drive of a couple of hours across the country affords romantic mountain views, as well as brings the traveler to another railroad route to the White Hills. Instead, however, of hastening forward to them, take a down train, dip at Plymouth—where there will be sure to be something worth eating—then go on to Weirs, a little village on the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee. A little steamer, *The Lady of the Lake*, is in readiness, and an afternoon could not be more agreeably spent than in sailing on this lovely sheet of water. The whole lake is studded with miniature islands, and the water is clear and pure. There is a good hotel at Wolfeborough, on the opposite side, where one can find excellent accommodations. Although Lake Winnipiseogee is on one of the direct routes to the White Mountains, travelers from New York so seldom take that route that they lose this delightful excursion, supposing always that they were not in too great a *hurry* to stop and see what is really worth seeing. Traveling "*in a hurry*" is any thing but enjoyable.

The Portland *Press* gives an incident of the recent fire there which exhibits so much manliness of soul that we are almost ashamed to quote it. We do it in the firm belief that the "creature" spoken of was not an American:

"We hear of a creature in this city, which walks on two legs and wears a coat, and resembles a man. In fact the creature owns a shop and house, and trifles in a small—very small—way. On the night of the fire his neighbors helped him to save his property, while the whole opposite side of the street burned down. His clerk, who lived directly opposite, labored indefatigably for his employer while his father's house and his own effects were going to ashes. Until 4 o'clock in the morning they kept the shop wet, and by unremitting efforts saved it and the house in the rear of it. After working all night in an atmosphere of flame and cinders men are sometimes thirsty. Those men were thirsty, and inquired of the creature whose house and shop they had saved if he had any water. 'No.' Any small beer? 'No.' The clerk, who knew better, went down to the ice-chest, pulled out several bottles of Hindle's mild beverage, found in the pan a little water, tolerably clean, which had drained from the ice, mingled with it sugar and sliced lemons, and dispensed these cooling drinks to the deserving crowd. Next day this extravagant youth, on returning to his duties, found charged to him on the books of the concern four bottles of beer, one pound of sugar, and four lemons."

Ice is one of the greatest luxuries of a hot day. Although sometimes the demand for it is so great on excessively warm days that it is difficult to obtain it in some parts of the city, this is not owing to any scarcity of the article, but because of the limited facilities of delivering it. It is stated that the quantity of ice required for this market is about 750,000 tons per annum, of which about 75,000 tons are shipped to the Southern cities, the West Indies, and South America; and even Spain and Portugal have been purchasers in this market. To secure this 750,000 tons for delivery in summer, it is necessary to put up in winter at least 500,000 tons, as the wastage is equal to one-half. A great deal is used by meat-packers, who by means of ice are enabled to put down their meat in summer as well as in winter. Notwithstanding the immense quantities of ice required for this market, the dealers estimate that at least 100,000 tons will be left over this season. It may not generally be known that ice not used during the season for which it is intended is usually thrown away. If kept over it is not so good, becomes caked into a solid mass in the houses, and can not be taken out with facility. It is found to be more economical to throw it away, and replace it with the fresh crop. The most extensive ice-houses, among the many from which our city is supplied, are at Rockland Lake, where there are two of these houses, each 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 55 feet high. Each is capable of holding 40,000 tons of ice.

One can scarcely help feeling that it was almost a just punishment which recently befell a man living near Mobile, who one night attempted to frighten some girls by wrapping a white cloth around his body and personating a ghost. All ran but one, who pulled out a revolver and deliberately fired six balls into his head and body. At the first shot the ghost fell, but she continued firing. She then went home and related the circumstances, and parties returning to the spot found life completely extinct, two balls having penetrated the forehead and the other four the region of the heart. The sympathy of the people favored the girl, and she had not been arrested.

"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedents: Adam and Eve, 0; Shakspeare, 18; Ben Jonson, 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington, and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterne, 28; Linnæus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth, and Peel, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, last time, 120. If Adam and Eve married before they were a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120, bachelors and spinsters may wed at any age they like, and find shelter under great names for either early or late marriages.

A Southern paper is responsible for the following:

One day a Mormon woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching an alleged wrong of an officer of the church.

"Let me see, Sister—I forgot your name."

"My name?" was the indignant reply. "Why, I am your wife!"

"When did I marry you?"

The woman informed the "President," who referred to an account book in his desk, and then said:

"Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

Every body is launching out in terrible denunciations against the "falsifier" of woman. One writer says:

"Imagine counting a lovely Hebe, with a mass of golden curls covering her neck and shoulders, and with long lashes veiling her eyes, like a beautiful silk fringe; and then imagine, if you can, seeing one by one of the curls and lashes disappear within the recess of a board curl-box."

On the same subject the *Mississippi Exchange*, after inveighing against "false calves," "false eyebrows," "false hair," "plumpers," etc., remarks:

"Young gentlemen need have no fears as regards the ladies of this section—they are all right, and need no artificial fixing; but we do advise them never to marry a Yankee girl without a full investigation."

When you make a quotation be sure always to give your authority. The force and beauty of the original is often greatly increased by so doing. For example:

Let not good or great content ye—
Higher and still higher,
Only for the best, the greatest
Labor and aspire
All the Year Round.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time,
By H. W. Longfellow.

Till I well could weep, for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base
A. Tennyson.'

The mountain rill
Seeks with no error thee the far bright sea
Than my unchanged affection flows to thee,
Park Benjamin.

Farewell! I've yet one solace left, which cheers my lonely hearth,
And in that thought a thousand hopes are springing into birth;
How beautiful the vision comes, amidst life's gathering cares,
In shape—a Champagne bottle, and a box of fine cigars
From J. G. McCabe.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore
By Byron.

The girls are all a fleeting show
For man's delusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's not one true in seven
Exchange Papers.

But seen too oft, familiar to the face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace
A. Pope.

How gulls, once harbored in the unwieldy breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great
Dr. Johnson.

But my thread is oh, so fine!
Smallest moments form the loss,
And I weave 'mid aching fears,
For I dread the fatal shears
From Harper's Magazine.

A wealthy old gentleman in Pittsburg, who had denied his young and beautiful bride nothing that the most extravagant taste could suggest, awoke one morning a short time ago to find himself deserted. The fickle fair one had flown, and had left behind a few little bills, amounting to the trifle of $3000, and a note stating that she would come back if her husband would settle on her the sum of $20,000. She had taken the precaution to carry off her diamonds, and all her costly robes, together with a large sum of money which had been given her for her own use.

Fortune is as fickle as fashion. A certain Mrs. Walker, of Hartford, an Englishwoman by birth, who has hitherto been in "moderate circumstances," has recently become the heiress of a large property, valued at $35,000,000. She, with her husband and children, are about starting for England to receive the "golden egg." It is said she will return and make Hartford her permanent residence. When in full possession of her property, Mrs. Walker will probably be the richest woman in the United States.

A German professor of great learning, and patient in investigation, gives us some information, which he asserts is as highly important for us to know. He asserts that an atom of atmospheric air is just 2000 hundred-thousand millionths of an inch in thickness, and that it weighs 15 ten-thousandths of a grain. And to think that for every cubic foot of air we breathe we inhale 216,000,000,000,000,000 of these atoms.

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"Remarkable for delicacy, freshness, and purity"—Burnett's unrivaled Cologne Water and Cocaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

Kelley & Co.'s Gift Enterprise.—The first to embark in the Gift Enterprise business in Chicago was the firm of A. A. Kelley & Co., located at 105 Randolph St. Who does not remember their gift store, which opened two or three years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to find with their purchases tickets which entitled them to valuable gifts of jewelry or other prizes? Thousands of our citizens were thus fortunate, and these have the best of evidences that Messrs. Kelley & Co. always perform all they promise; that they are honorable men, and do business honorably and on the square. Their Gift Concert which they now advertise, the drawing of which is to take place on the 23d of August, promises to be one of the most successful of the series of Gift Concerts that have taken place in Chicago.

1. The gifts to be distributed are all that they are represented to be. 2. All the prizes will positively be distributed to those holding the lucky tickets after the drawing. 3. There is such a very large number of prizes that every one's chances are decidedly in favor of drawing something. 4. The citizens of Chicago, who know A. A. Kelley & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their enterprise. These are some of the reasons why we feel safe in commending Kelley & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public. Let the people come up and buy the tickets still remaining unsold. The drawing will positively take place on the day advertised. Money may be sent by mail for tickets, and will be promptly responded to.—*Chicago Journal.*

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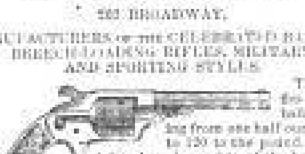

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DETAILS OF THE DRAWING.—The Subscription Books, on being closed, will be placed in the hands of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act as the Chicago members of the Committee to conduct the award of Premiums: WM. F. COOLBAUGH, Pres't Union Nat. Bank; AMOS T. HALL, Treas. C. B. & Q. R. R.; E. G. HALL, Hall, Kimbark & Co.; CLIFFORD BRIGGS, Ewing, Briggs & Co.; J. C. DORE, Pres't of Board of Trade; JAS. H. BOWEN, Pres't Third Nat. Bank; JAMES C. FARGO, Sup't American Express; FRANCIS A. HOFFMAN, Ex-Lieut. Governor; I. Y. MUNN, Munn & Scott, Elevator; J. A. ELLIS, Pres't Second Nat. Bank. These gentlemen, together with such others from different parts of the country as they may add to their number for the purpose of fairly representing the shareholders at large, will have the sole management of the award in all its details.

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1	do.	do.		10,000
1	do.	do.		5,000
1	do.	do.		4,000
1	do.	do.		3,000
1	do.	do.		2,000
10	Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each			10,000
20	do.	do.	500 each	10,000
20	do.	do.	100 each	2,000
20	do.	do.	50 each	1,000
200	do.	do.	10 each	2,000
1,000	do.	do.	5 each	5,000
1	Gift, Residence in Chicago			6,000
10	Gifts, Lots in Chicago, $500 each			5,000
40	do.	Pianos, $500 each		20,000
80	do.	Melodeons, $150 each		8,000
100	do.	Bibles, $20 each		2,000
200	do.	Gold Watches, $150 each		30,000
200	do.	do.	100 each	20,000
200	do.	Silver Watches,	60 each	12,000
300	do.	do	40 each	12,000
1,000	Sets of Plated Teaspoons, $3 each			3,000
1,000	Call Bells, $5 each			5,000
1,000	Plated Fruit Knives, $2 each			2,000
2,000	Gold Pens in Holders, $4 each			8,000
2,000	Photograph Albums, 5 each			10,000
2,000	Gold Pen Holders, $5 each			10,000
238,043	Gifts		Worth	$538,043.

The drawing will take place after the concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to take charge of the same. All agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the drawing as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal News Agencies, Hotels, and Book Stores, and at our office, 105 Randolph St. Tickets, $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and 3-cent stamp for return postage.

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The cable thus far works with success, but the means of communication between our great cities and Heart's Content are provokingly inadequate, and are not to be relied upon for promptness. This difficulty will soon be remedied, and then we shall be able to read in the morning papers all the important European news of the previous day. At the office in this city, of which we give an illustration on this page, telegrams for Europe are daily received at an expense to the sender of about a dollar a letter. Already the monetary quotations in this city and London are becoming equalized, and the uncertainty and suspense which have hitherto acted as disturbant elements are being obviated.

CITY AND VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

We present our readers with a panoramic view of Great Salt Lake City and the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, taken from a point north of that city, and embracing all the table land south of it, for a distance of more than twenty miles, where the mountains bound the horizon.

Great Salt Lake Valley is about 30 miles long from north to south, and from 20 to 25 miles from east to west. On the east it is bounded by the Wahsatch Mountains, and on the opposite side by the Oquirrh, or West Mountain Range. The highest peak of the mountains surrounding the valley is about 11,500 feet high, and is said to be covered with perpetual snow.

The mountain in the distance, in the centre of the picture, is 36 miles from the city, and forms part of a chain that lies west of Utah Lake. The lower chain seen nearer is the "Divide," over which is the principally traveled road to California via Nevada.

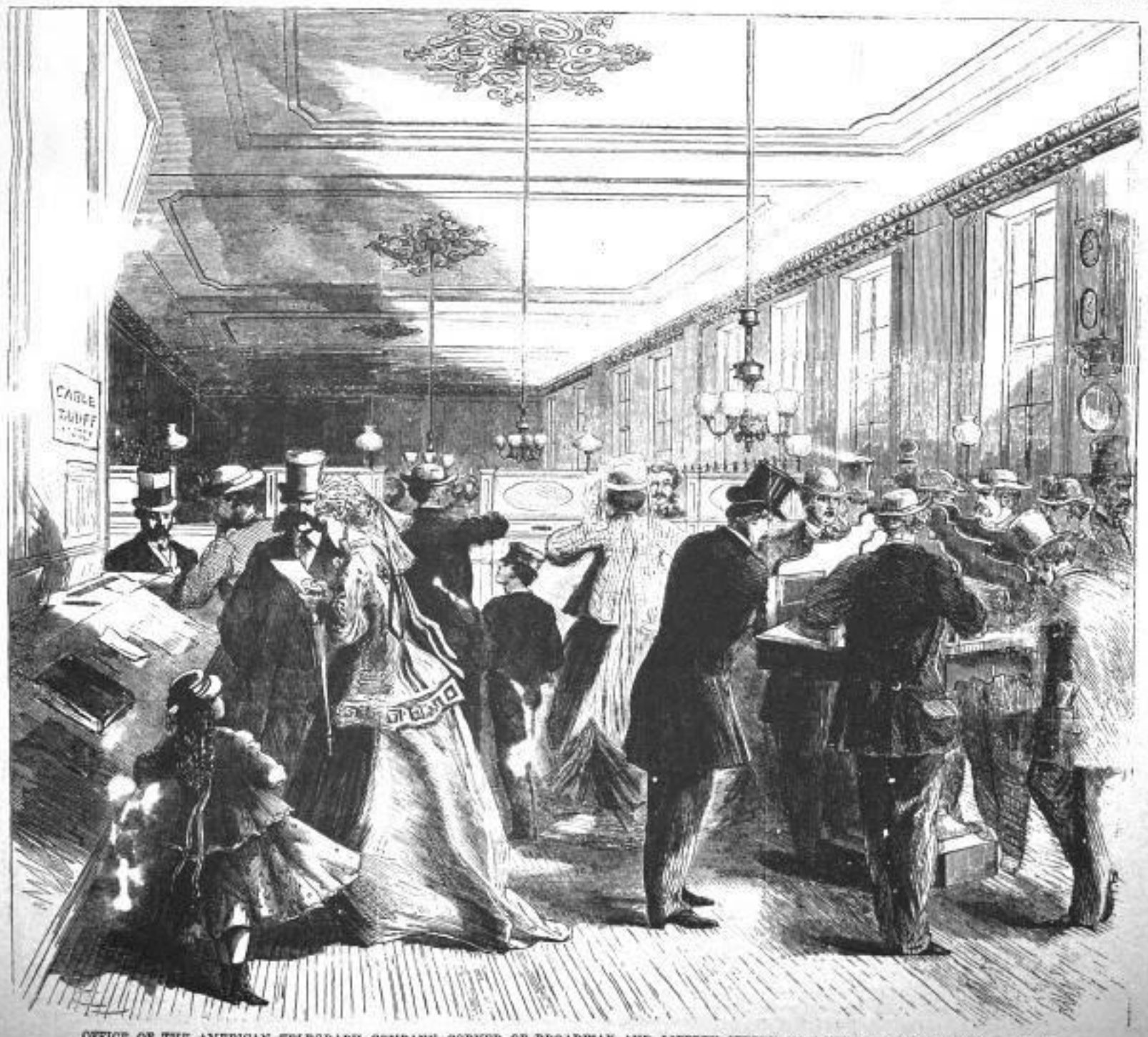
The Jordan River passes between the two distant points in the centre south of this view, and flows past the city, and empties its fresh water into the Salt Lake. Very fine trout and other fish are caught in the Jordan. The Great Salt Lake is about 16 miles northwest of the city, the northern part of the West Mountains terminating abruptly near its shores.

The cultivated lands in this valley are to the south and west of the city, on the borders of the different streams that rush down the mountain gorges or cañons to the Jordan. The waters of the City Creek, north of the city, are used for domestic purposes. The other streams adjoining the city are called Red Point, Emigration, Parley's, Mill, Big Cottonwood, and Little Cottonwood Creeks; and the roads leading for the supplies of fire-wood and lumber are made on the sides of the different streams.

The principal entrances to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake are through Parley's and Emigration cañons, and all travelers agree that the view, on reaching "the Bench" from those cañons, is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, showing at once the city, the valley, the glittering face of the famous Salt Lake in the distance, and the chain of mountains bounding the whole panoramic landscape stretching out before them.

Great Salt Lake City is divided into 21 wards, and is, from east to west, about 3 miles long, by 2 from north to south. Each ward has its schoolhouse, sustained by voluntary contributions. A law, however, has recently been passed authorizing each school district to impose a tax for the maintenance of a free school; and in no case is a child denied admission to the schools whose parents are unable to pay for their schooling—in such cases the Ward Fund is drawn upon. The books in common use in the schools of the Territory are Wilson's, Ray's, and M'Guffey's. The population of Great Salt Lake City is upward of 20,000 persons.

There are some very fine buildings fast springing up in the city, and within the last six years, in this particular, the place has made astonishing progress. In fact, within that period East Temple Street, or Main Street frequently called, has been almost rebuilt, and is now filling up with imposing-looking stores and banking establishments. The principal stores are those of W. S. Godbe, Wm. Jennings, Kimball & Lawrence, Walker Brothers, and Woodmansee's. Godbe's store is palatial in appearance, and when the ideality of its architect finds its elaboration in the finish of ornamental plastering, above the rock-cut basement it will present a still more imposing appearance. Mr. Jennings's store, on the opposite side, has a solider magnificence; and Kimball & Lawrence, Walker Brothers, and others, are equal to many in the Eastern States. Then there is the new City Hall, the Theater, and on the outskirts there are some



OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK—TELEGRAMS FOR EUROPE.

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splendid private residences. These are all the growth of the last six years.

In the fore-ground of the picture is the residence of President BRIGHAM YOUNG. The large square building south of it is the grand theatre, capable of seating about 2000 persons; it is pronounced by visitors far superior to any theatre on the Pacific slope, and equaled by few in the East.

The large building, in the course of erection in the Temple Block, is the new tabernacle, designed to hold from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, and it will be 250 feet long, 180 wide, and 80 feet high. The foundation of the Temple lies to the east of it. This Temple will be 150 feet long by 125 wide, with six towers, as seen in the engraving from the architect's plan.

Great Salt Lake City abounds with very fine gardens, and large quantities of choice fruit are raised. Peaches, plums, apricots, pears, apples, grapes, and all the various kinds of small fruits are cultivated in great abundance.

Great Salt Lake City, from the Bench view, as it first meets the eye of the visitor, is seen looking out as from a forest of fruit trees. Irrigation is the only reliable source of watering the farms and gardens; and the waters of City Creek are conducted down the sides of each street, and ditches are cut to lead the water into each lot.

"The Pioneers," about 143 chosen Mormons, entered the desert under the leadership of "President" BRIGHAM YOUNG, on the 24th of July, 1847, nineteen years ago. To their indefatigable labors, untiring industry, a new world has been opened to colonization and commerce, and in a few years more the railway will open up the Rocky Mountains to tourists, who will, doubtless, for a time at least, make Salt Lake City the Jerusalem of the West; as the Mormons in their earliest days were free to call their favorite city.

We can not close this notice without adding that with whatever differences of opinion may be entertained of the Mormon faith, the great virtue of labor can not be denied to the Mormon population; and high admiration is universally expressed of the executive ability of BRIGHAM YOUNG, who has redeemed the wilderness, made it a fruitful field, and "made the desert to blossom as a rose."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

THE MASSACRE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE late tragedy in New Orleans, terrible as it was, will be of the most salutary effect. Thirty years ago slavery shot LOVEJOY in Alton for defending the right of free speech. Year after year slavery insulted, threatened, and mobbed Northern men for preaching the Declaration of Independence. For five and six years past slavery has exiled, tortured, hung, and burned Southern men for fidelity to the Union. But the sure mills of God grind slowly on, and slavery is abolished.

We have entered upon a new era. Already men are shot by stealth in the late slave States because they declare justice to be the best policy. Already school-houses are burned and teachers hunted away because they seek to enlighten the minds which slavery had darkened. Already the New York *World* and the other Northern lackeys of slavery denounce Southern men who were true to the Union through fire and flood as "traitors and cowards." In Memphis hatred of the principle of equal rights before the law massacres the most friendless and unfortunate part of the population; and in New Orleans the advocates of the same principle, meeting to discuss the subject, are ferociously murdered. But still the slow mills of God grind on. The seed of equal rights will be watered, not drowned, by the blood of the sowers. It will surely grow into a harvest which no storm can destroy. It will bear its natural fruit of national peace and prosperity; and in the happy day of its ripening those who sought to destroy the seed, whatever their station, whatever their temporary power, will be remembered only as the murderers of LOVEJOY and the assassin of LINCOLN are remembered.

It is of no importance whether the members of the Louisiana Convention of 1864 were wise or unwise, fanatical or moderate. Any body of men, any where in the country, have the unquestionable right of assembling under any call whatever to consider public affairs. The desire of discussion is their authority. Any number of citizens of the State of New York may lawfully meet any where in the State to propose a new Constitution. One man alone may lawfully proclaim a new Constitution. There is no law against debate or against propositions of any kind, however sweeping or radical they may be. But when men proceed from debating to enforcing their propositions they become amenable to the law and must answer for their overt acts. The Secession Conventions of 1860-61 were properly tolerated as the disunion arguments of the abolitionists had been previously properly tolerated. The Fenian meetings to found an Irish republic were perfectly lawful. But when the secessionists passed from declarations to deeds, and fired upon the forts, and seized the navy-yards, and stole custom-houses; and when the Fenians attempted with arms to make war upon a peaceful neighbor, the United States justly interfered.

The President knew, as every body else knew, the inflamed condition of the city of New Orleans. He had read, as we had all read, the fiery speeches of both parties. He knew, unless he had chosen willfully to ignore, the smothered hatred of the late rebels toward the Union men of every color. He may have considered the "Conservatives" wise, humane, and peaceful. He may have thought the Radicals wild and foolish. He knew that the Mayor was a bitter rebel, whom he had pardoned into office. He knew that the courts had denounced the Convention, and he was expressly informed that they meant to indict the members. He could not affect ignorance of the imminent danger of rioting and bloodshed. Still, if, as he constantly asserts, Louisiana is rightfully in the same relation to the Union that New York is, he had no authority to say a word or to do an act in that State except "on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive when the Legislature can not be convened." Why did he presume, then, to judge of the authority of the Convention? What has the President of the United States to do with the manner in which delegates to a State Convention are selected? If his own assertion be correct as to the present relation of Louisiana to the Union, the President convicts himself of the most extraordinary and passionate act of executive usurpation and federal centralization recorded in our history.

If, however, he had any right whatever to intervene in the absence of a demand from the Legislature or the Governor, it was derived from the fact that Louisiana is held by the military power of the United States, in which case her present relation to the Union is not what the President declares it to be, and he has ample and absolute power to do in that State whatever is necessary to keep the peace. And he knew, as he knew his own existence, that a simple word to the military commander to preserve the peace at all hazards would prevent disorder and save lives. He did not speak that word. Assuming to plant himself upon the Constitution, which by his very act he violated, he telegraphed to the Attorney-General of the State. He threw his whole weight upon the side of those from whom he knew in the nature of things the disorder would proceed, and from whom it did proceed. He knew the city was tinder, and he threw in a spark. Every negro hater and every disloyal ruffian knew from the President's dispatch that the right of the citizens to assemble and declare their views would not be protected. The Mayor's proclamation was a covert but distinct invitation to riot. He announced to a city seething with passionate hatred of the Convention, that it would "receive no countenance from the President." It was simply saying, "The Convention is at your mercy."

And the mob so understood it. A procession of negroes carrying a United States flag was attacked. It defended itself; and the work which one word from the President would have stopped, and which he had the full authority to speak if he could speak at all, went on to its awful result. The rebel flag was again unfurled. The men who had bravely resisted it for four years were murdered under its encouragement, and while they were still lying warm in their blood the President telegraphed that they were "an unlawful assembly," and that "usurpation will not be tolerated"—words which he had no shadow of authority to utter except by the same right which empowered him to save all those lives; a right which he declined to exercise.

The President, who has undertaken by his own arbitrary will to settle every question of the war without consultation with the representatives of the people, says to the murdered men in New Orleans, "Why did you assume to act without obtaining the consent of the people?" The autumn elections will terribly echo that question. Surveying the Executive action of eighteen months, with its plain tendencies and apparent inspiration, seeing that it has left the President with no other party than the most vehement of the late rebels at the South, the Copperheads at the North, and the timid and trimming adherents of the Union party, while the great mass of sturdy Unionists in all parts of the country at the North and South still maintain the ground they have always held, those Union men will write upon the back of every ballot they cast at the coming elections, "Usurpation will not be tolerated;" and upon its face, "Why did you assume to act without obtaining the consent of the people?"

THE FALL OF A "GREAT POWER."

THE first message by the Atlantic telegraph was beautiful and appropriate, for it was a message of peace. It was also of signal historical importance, for it announced the fate of the Austrian empire. We said last week that we anticipated further war, unless Europe should insist upon the reduction of Austria as a Great Power. The news is that war has ceased, and ceased upon what seems to us the condition we named. For BISMARCK certainly began the war to weaken Austria. He has been marvelously successful in the field, and Austria consents to peace upon the terms he dictates. A campaign of less than a month has expelled Austria from Italy, and excluded her from Germany. It has reduced her population by nearly one-sixth, and of that which remains nearly one-half is German, which will naturally lean toward Germany and be a discordant element among the Sclavonians and Magyars, which make up the rest of the population.

A "Great Power," which declines to enter a Congress that wishes to divide her territory and submits the question to the sword, and which virtually by one great battle is then forced to yield and submit to division—forced to surrender a province of 5,000,000 of inhabitants, and withdraw entirely from a Confederation of states of which she was the honorary head—is too sorely humiliated both in her own eyes and in the view of the world to be considered the same Great Power that she has been. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, says that she ought to be comforted; that she will still retain 33,000,000 of people; that she will still have fertile countries; that she will still have vast spaces of undeveloped territory, and that although she has not much sea-coast, still it would be hard to insist upon depriving her of Trieste. But is this the way to speak of a "Great Power?" If France should force England to relinquish Ireland, and compel her to agree not to enter future European Congresses, and a Spanish statesman, commenting upon the situation, should say that it would be hard to insist that England should give up Liverpool, would Mr. GLADSTONE, as an Englishman, be consoled by hearing that England still retained Scotland and Wales, and might devote herself to binding them together by good institutions? Would he feel that England was still a "Great Power" or a power upon sufferance?

Lord STANLEY, the new British Foreign Secretary, evidently anticipates the erection of "a strong, compact empire extending over North Germany." He does not call it by the name of Prussia, but it will be of course a German body with a Prussian head. This power in Middle Europe, with Italy as an ally, will certainly not be less formidable than France. Germany, France, and Italy, with England, would then be a natural alliance against Russia. Austria might be an advanced-guard of Russia, but that is not to be a "Great Power." However gently, therefore, the case may be stated, it seems to be clear that the battle of Sadowa was a fatal blow to Austria; while the armistice agreed upon, when the enemy was within striking distance of Vienna, and the entire acceptance of his terms—if the news be true—reveals a consciousness of impotence which is an utter moral defeat.

Yet under this heavy blow Austria sinks with little sympathy or sorrow from the world. For the world owes her nothing. Neither civil nor religious liberty, nor literature, nor art, nor science, have been enlarged or illustrated by her fostering care. She has been a "Great Power" by brute force. She has overrun provinces and held them by military despotism. By bayonets, prisons, and terror she has maintained a sullen union of protesting and alien peoples. The empire has been a camp. Its law was the sword; and if it falls, it falls as despots fall who have lived by blood and rapine.

THE PERFORMANCE AT PHILADELPHIA.

MR. HERRON, of New Orleans, writes to the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Louisiana that, after seeing the massacre, he declines to serve as a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention. It is not surprising. There was not a rioter who fired upon the negroes or upon the members of the Convention who does not belong to the party of the Philadelphia Convention. The "Union" representation from the late rebel States to Philadelphia is drawn exclusively from the Union men who "hate niggers" and scorn equal rights. They denounce Congress because Congress refuses to allow them to count in the basis of their representation the "niggers" whom they despise. They claim to be "conservative," because they insist that a voter in South Carolina shall have as much power at the polls as two or three voters in Illinois. They swear at Congress as "radical," because it demands fair play. They are coming to Philadelphia, shooting Union men on the way, because they know that they shall meet in the Convention VALLANDIGHAM, who spat upon the flag, and FERNANDO WOOD, who apologized to ROBERT TOOMBS because he could not send him arms to fire upon Union men. They are coming to the Convention because they hope to rule it, and, with its assistance, to rule the country.

We are very glad they are coming. We anticipate with great pleasure the spectacle of that assembly. It will be edifying to see Mr. VALLANDIGHAM with his foot upon the flag, and General DIX with his arms around his neck, whispering fondly, "If any man hauls down the flag, shoot him on the spot." It will be suggestive to observe AUGUST BELMONT, who allowed a young Englishman to wear a rebel badge in his house, graciously patronizing the neophyte SEWARD, who at last owns that Tammany Hall is the only true Union League; and the genial DEAN RICHMOND putting THURLOW WEED in his pocket; and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, a paroled prisoner of the Government, who still justifies the constitutionality of secession, teaching Postmaster-General RANDALL the alphabet of constitutional Union.

We have never doubted what the result of the Convention would be. It will be either nothing or the reorganization of the Democratic party. Mr. WEED and Mr. RANDALL and General DIX and Mr. SEWARD will act with the Democrats in the autumn elections, or they will return to the Union party. If they attempt a JOHNSON ticket it will be merely a second-hand FILLMORE performance of 1856. If they sustain the Democratic party, which has no more intention of disbanding itself than a snake of committing suicide, they will support a policy dictated by those who, like Mr. STEPHENS, hold the doctrine of constitutional secession, and who believe that tranquillity is possible while a seventh of the population are excluded from all political power, and one section of the country is politically preferred to the other.

As for purging the Convention, it is simply impossible. Every body will come except the earnest and intelligent Union men of the country. Such men from the North and South and East and West are not expected nor invited. It is a Convention of those who oppose Congress, and who hold that Mayor MONROE, of New Orleans, is a truer Union man than ANDREW J. HAMILTON, of Texas. From such a body how can Mr. VALLANDIGHAM be excluded? He hates Congress and Radicals and "niggers;" he defends the President and JEFFERSON DAVIS; believes in the equal rights of the States, and despises those of the people of the States if they are of an improper complexion. What more would a "Conservative Union" Convention have? The test question must be, in the nature of the case, not what *was* but what *is* a man's Unionism. And the proofs in every case will be the same. "Do you go for putting down Radicals and 'niggers?'" "I do." "Do you love the Union according to Delegate STEPHENS?" "I do." "Pass in."

And when once in, the positive and not the negative element will control. It will not be what BISMARCK called "the perfumed moderates;" not those who don't agree with all that Congress has done, but would like to see a better spirit at the South; not the lukewarm but the boiling-hot element which will stir the pot. The *Daily News* has already notified Mr. RAYMOND that he must not hope to enter. The *Times*, indeed, retorts that Mr. BEN WOOD must be excluded. But the political contest in this country is between active and earnest forces. Mr. WOOD represents one of them, and Mr. RAYMOND does not represent the other. But whoever falls between will be ground to powder.

"ALL RIGHT" AT LAST.

THE cable is "all right," but where is DE SAUTY? A pensive public, in the midst of its gratification and delight, looks eagerly at the signature of every dispatch, and still hesitates and doubts and wonders, for how can it be sure unless it reads, "All right, DE SAUTY." Indeed it is a cruel fate. The directors owe to the world a distinct reply to the question, "Where is DE SAUTY?" By what authority did the *Great Eastern* sail without him? For what reason was he left behind? What is he doing? Where is he doing it? Is DE SAUTY "all right?" Where is DE SAUTY?

Wherever he may be, however, the cable is here. Another of the great steps is taken in the mastery of man over the world in which he was placed to "subdue it," and it has been taken as noiselessly as if it were the rising of a new star. The editorials in the papers were not even leaded. The headings were less tremendous than those which often announce ordinary events. The news was received as a matter of course. For so great is the confidence of men in man that it appeared nobody seriously doubted it would be done. But as the attempt had failed twice there was a possibility that the present effort would not succeed, and no one allowed himself too warm an expectation.

We spoke last week of the influence of the Atlantic Telegraph upon the commercial relations of this country and Europe. In his reply to Mr. FIELD's congratulatory telegram, Secretary SEWARD rather unnecessarily suggested what in a certain case its political value might have been. But its general influence and value are quite incalculable. It is, however, a plain and pleasant truth that whatever brings nations, and parts of nations, nearer together tends to better intelligence and consequent peace. Telegraphs and railroads are true pacificators. The slight threads that run over the highways trembling and singing in every breeze are but types of the fine and sensitive fibres of sympathy and understanding which they weave around the minds and lands which they connect. Wars will not be immediately abolished by the application of steam to travel, or of electricity to communication. But not to speak of their actual service in shortening the duration of wars, they are, and this is their chief significance, indicative of the progress of that higher civilization which will finally appeal to reason and not to brute force.

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It is not the least agreeable reflection of the many which salute the completion of the great work, that the energy and inextinguishable enthusiasm of Cyrus W. Field are thus justified and rewarded. There have been many fanatics, and of many kinds, in this country, such as Sam Adams, Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney, John C. Calhoun, and John Brown, and to this illustrious company Mr. Field's name will be added. Fanaticism is simply that quality of indomitable tenacity and persistence which accomplishes a purpose. It is the driving wheel of the world. It is the salt that saves society from stagnation. It seems foolish and impracticable until the work is done, and then the faith and will which were reviled as Fanaticism are revered as Genius. Failure could not frighten Mr. Field, nor skepticism dishearten, and eight years of unflagging devotion are crowned with complete triumph. He has not only caused two continents, separated by an ocean, to touch each other, but he has given every toiling and doubtful inventor new faith and tenacity, and he has taught the world a more generous sympathy with what seems visionary endeavor.

It is "all right" with Mr. Field; but is De Sauty, also, "all right?"

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S OPINION.

At this moment it is interesting and important to know General Sheridan's view of the feeling of the late insurgent section. He is not an "Abolitionist" nor a "Radical," in the ordinary sense. A late correspondent says:

"He said there was an undoubted change for the worse in the attitude of the South within the last six months, and bad symptoms appeared to be increasing. It now looked as if these infatuated people were once more to precipitate their own misfortune. Nothing could have been more considerate than the disposition of the nation toward its defeated foe, even in the heat of passion and flush of victory; and had the rebels only manifested a temper correspondingly reasonable—as, indeed, was very natural to be expected after such chastisement—there could have been no further difficulty. The South evidently had no statesmen, else so plain a problem would not continue to be so bungled; for it should be clear that no class, once set free, can long remain disfranchised: and as they ought to have forestalled their foes in giving freedom to that class in war, so afterward common sense ought to have prompted at least the latter prudence in making allies in peace of those with whom they are bound henceforth to live. Instead, however, it appeared certain that the rebels had learned nothing from experience, and would, in fact, drive their only chance into unfriendly hands. The safety of the public peace and of the private rights of Union men in the South still required the mediation of a sufficient military force; and if called upon to give his testimony it should be that the United States troops ought not yet to be removed from the South."

Recent events in General Sheridan's Department certainly tend to confirm his view.

THE "VENGEANCE" OF THE UNION PARTY.

Judge B. R. Curtis, of Boston, an eminent "conservative," and therefore a very mild supporter of the late war, has written a letter in favor of the Philadelphia Convention, in which he says that he hopes that body will rebuke "the spirit of hatred" which he is pleased to remark is inconsistent with "true love of our brethren." Other eminent "conservatives," and especially those who fomented the New York riots of 1863, are equally concerned lest our neighbors and fellow-citizens should not be sufficiently loved. The charge is sometimes insinuated, sometimes loudly asserted, that Congress and the Union party demand vengeance upon the late rebels, and that the motive of the security they seek for national tranquillity is nothing but the desire of revenge. The conclusion to which it is hoped this accusation will drive the country is, that if we would immediately inaugurate the reign of Christian charity we must intrust the government, at the next election, to the patrons of the draft riots, with St. Clement, of Ohio, at their head.

What, then, are the facts? The facts are simply that the Union party, the party of the successful maintenance of the Union and Government, have neither asked nor executed one solitary stroke of retaliation or revenge against any individual or State concerned in the rebellion. Many soldiers and some civilians still hold, as the President constantly taught, that if there be a law against treason, and if any citizen is convicted by an impartial trial, he should be solemnly hung as a traitor. This may be impolitic, but to denounce such a feeling as a desire of vengeance is to misuse words willfully. It is to say that if Wilkes Booth had been arrested immediately after his crime, and had been lawfully tried and convicted, it would have been vengeance and an outburst of "the spirit of hatred," which Judge Curtis tells us is inconsistent "with true love of our brethren," to demand that the law be executed. The simple truth is, that there was never at any time in any country so conclusive a victory won, after so tremendous and vital a struggle, in which the attitude of the victors was so perfectly reasonable and humane as that of the loyal citizens of the United States known as the Union party. The cry of vindictiveness is the mere angry shout of a baffled faction, which Judge Curtis and others condescend to swell. And it would be a curious inquiry whether it is not a "spirit of hatred" upon their part toward certain persons and political sympathies nearer home which inspires them to lend their support to the charge.

The only revenge sought by those who have saved the Union is a security that its peace shall not be imperiled by conferring increased political power upon those who tried to destroy it; and a law that those who from political ambition led the insurrection shall be ineligible to political preferment at the pleasure of the loyal people in Congress. They seek neither proscription, confiscation, executions, nor exile for the defeated. Yet the "Conservative" party which uttered a great cry of rage when John Brown, with a handful of men, made a raid for liberty into Virginia, and smiled grim assent when the brave old man was hung, now when hundreds of thousands of men have made a raid for slavery against the Union and Government at such fearful cost of loyal suffering and blood, call it "vindictive," and "revengeful," and a proof of "hatred" if the United States, without harming a single hair of a single head of the raiders, says firmly and only that they shall not have gained increased power in the Union.

INFLUENCE OF EARLY EDUCATION ON HEALTH.

If we were to announce it as a fact that the general plan of training horses is injurious to them, not only lessening their strength and speed, but laying the foundation for various diseases, we think that very many of the trainers and owners of horses would earnestly consider our views. But we doubt whether a similar announcement about the training of children in our schools would receive much attention from parents and teachers. Why? Not because a horse is really estimated to be of more value than a child, for this is certainly not true of most persons. What, then, is the reason? It is found in the fact alluded to in a previous article, that it is the common notion that the training of the mind must of necessity impair the physical powers. One can not realize how deeply rooted is this error in the general sentiment, unless he particularly observes the evidences of its existence. We see it continually in the modes of expression used by fond parents in relation to the influence of study upon the health of their children. There is evidently a sort of satisfaction mingled with their regrets, and to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" is so sure a passport to commendation, not only in advanced but in young scholars, that the temptations lead strongly in that direction.

A very ruinous part of this error is in the supposition that all that is lost to the physical in such cases is so much gain to the mental. The individual is to be looked upon as a whole, made up of mind and body most intimately connected, so that whatever injures the one more or less injures the other. If, then, in the cultivation of the mind due regard be paid to the body, the mind will be stronger and do more work than it could if the bodily powers were impaired and deranged. It is to be remembered that it is not mere depression that the mind experiences from bodily debility, but with this the deranged nerves inflict a morbid irritation upon the mind.

Sometimes the error we are combating is carried to such an extent that the idea is entertained that mind is essentially refined and elevated by this impairment of the physical condition. The influence is, on the contrary, positively deteriorating; sometimes even corrupting. Much of the sickly sentimentalism and morbid unnaturalness of thought comes from this source, marring largely our current literature. Whenever there is healthy thought with impaired and deranged physical powers, it is healthy in spite of this impairment and derangement. Though vigor of body is not essential to vigor of mind, it certainly strongly favors it, and at the same time is not in the least inconsistent with mental refinement. We have seen many a pale and thin student become ruddy and stout from a proper course of exercise, without any loss of refinement of the mind, but with addition to its vigor, sometimes very decidedly manifested.

The injury which is done in education to the physical powers is not obvious in advanced scholars, for the simple reason that we have in them the accumulated results of the harm inflicted during a long course of years, beginning in early childhood. And often the worst part of the injury is experienced in the earliest years, when the brain, the chief organ of the nervous system, is in a soft and growing condition, and therefore easily impressed. Mind and brain are so intimately connected that we are in the habit of speaking of the brain as representing the mind; and so we say that if we puzzle and addle the soft brain with things only fit for brains that have acquired their full firmness, we shall mar it in its growth and make it liable to disease. The foundation of many an attack of inflammation of the brain or of insanity in adult life has been laid in childhood in the school-room.

Much is said, and very properly, of making children spend too much time in study. Brains as well as muscles may be overburdened with work. But the difficulty is not altogether in the amount of labor, but partly in the character of it. The more interested and satisfied the mind is in its work the less is the liability of harm from it. But there is commonly little of satisfaction or interest in the school-room. Learning is made too much a wearisome drudgery. The child is obliged to learn words and forms of statement and rules, of which he understands little or nothing, while the food which his mind naturally most craves is cruelly withheld. He wants to know about things, and his mind is crammed with mere words. As well might you feed your cattle on dry husks in place of corn.

An attempt is made to relieve the tedium of the common mode of education by various incentives to competition; but this introduces an unnatural and feverish excitement, which really ministers to the harm that is done to both mind and body by the drudgery of mere drilling. The only remedy is to be found in so conducting education that *the natural desire for knowledge may be suitably gratified.* That the mind of the child has such a desire, and is not naturally averse to acquiring knowledge, is a fact that can be learned only by furnishing proper food to the mind in a proper manner. And it is just here that a grand reform in education is needed. Not only should more time be given to physical culture, but the mode of mental culture should be radically changed. The change which we advocate is necessary both for the full and symmetrical development of mind and the highest physical culture in the educated. The details of this change we should like to notice, but our limits forbid. The subject is one which deserves a serious examination from all who are interested in education, and it is high time that drilling in words and forms and technicalities should cease to be considered the chief business of the teacher, and take its proper place as subservient to the educing of thought.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHOLERA.

Just as we have the news that the cholera has become epidemic in London, the disease is becoming here less alarming. Still the mortality report for this city during the week ending August 4 is very high. The total number of deaths from all causes, including those which occurred in the institutions, was 949, of which 229, or one-fourth, were from cholera. The latest reports from the islands and institutions were very encouraging.

Dr. Harris, speaking of the ravages of cholera abroad, says: "The fatal ravages of the epidemic at latest dates in the city of Amiens, where 1000 perished in the first few days out of a population of only 63,000; at Antwerp, where from 40 to 50 have perished in a day; at Berlin, with more than 50 deaths to 80 cases daily; at Delft, with 229 deaths to 356 cases; and in various towns in Holland, this summer, 3665 deaths in a total of 6648 cases; and now in Southampton, London, and Liverpool, where the infection has begun to localize itself in its old haunts, and where, in cases that untreated in the first moments of the diarrhoea, more than half the victims of cholera died, are proving that the nature and tendencies of the present epidemic do not differ from those of the previous years."

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The Public Debt of the United States, as it stood on the 1st of August inst., amounted to $2,633,399,276, being a reduction since the previous statement of June 1, in sixty days, of $37,190,091. In the same period the further sum of $46,314,956, in the temporary Currency obligations of the Treasury, has been funded into Five-Twenty 6 per cent. gold-bearing stocks of 1865. The present is by far the most favorable statement of the progress in reduction of the Public Debt yet reported. It is $22,000,000 or $15,000,000 better than was generally looked for, and shows a grand reduction from the maximum of the Public Debt, unprovided for in August last, of *one hundred and twenty-four million of dollars*—say $124,153,259. Since the 1st June the Gold Coin in the Treasury has increased from $50,679,357 to $61,392,158.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Assistant-Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia has made application for authority to place Stewart County under martial law, on account of the indisposition of the civil authorities to do justice to the freedmen. The citizens have even joined with the rioters in murdering freedmen after they were arrested and bound. A judge killed with his own hands a freedman, and was allowed to escape unpunished. The offence of the negro was that he had defended his house against a gang of robbers.

The published report that negroes have been kidnapped on the coast of Florida and sold to Cuba is denied at the Navy Department. In consequence of the reports the Department directed Commodore Winslow, commanding the Gulf Squadron, to make a thorough investigation of the matter, and he reports that the statements are without the slightest foundation.

Attorney-General Stanberry has given an opinion that the nominations for public offices rejected during the session of the Senate can be legally made by the President during the recess.

John Ross died in Washington on the night of August 1, aged about 75 years. It was not until he signed the recent treaty between the United States and the Cherokee Nation that he was restored to his former privileges and again recognized as the Chief, which position he held for forty years. His remains will ultimately be taken to Cherokee Country for interment.

The Johnson State Convention met in New Haven, August 2. Nearly 200 people, including members and spectators, were present. Senator Dixon presided, and read a lengthy address, condemning the policy of Congress and sustaining that of President Johnson. Resolutions in the same tone were adopted. Thirty-nine delegates were appointed to the Philadelphia Convention.

The Douglas monument at Chicago will, when completed, somewhat resemble Brock's monument on Queenstown Heights. The base is to be fifty feet high, the shaft forty feet, and a statue ten feet high, surmounting the whole. It will be made of the white limestone.

One of three guerrillas recently captured and hung near Little Rock, Arkansas, proved to be a woman.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE GERMAN WAR.

On July 13 Archduke Albert formally assumed the command of the Austrian Army. In his address to the army he alludes to the victory at Custozza, and speaks of the result of the battle of Sadowa as an "undeserved disaster."

On July 24 the Federal Diet took its departure from Frankfort-on-the-Main to Augsburg.

In regard to Bismarck, and the support of his policy by the German States, the London *Times*, of July 18, makes the following comments:

"Sixteen of the smaller States have accepted the Bismarck programme, and are fain to be devoured. Three of the larger Sovereigns—Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse—have forfeited their throne by that also-ran which 'always puts men in the wrong,' and will only be reinstated upon good show of penitence and amendment. There is henceforward to be only one will in the Fatherland—the will of the Prussian statesman, who, after overcoming all resistance, offers to abdicate his power into the hands of a National Parliament. On one point only that assembly will have no occasion to deliberate. The military and diplomatic functions belonging to the Executive of the future State have already been absolutely, exclusively, and irrevocably vested in the hands of Prussia. On all other subjects the people's representatives will have carte blanche, and they will cut the cloth of the Royal and Ducal families of the minor Princes according to the pattern that seems best to them; and will doubtless give proof of more than German subtlety and ingenuity in fixing the limits of a Sovereign Power from which the prerogatives of peace and war have forever departed.

"It is no wonder if all Europe, if Germany, and even if Prussia herself seem to us yet to experience some difficulty in realizing the full extent of the change which the events of the last three weeks have wrought on the destinies of that country. German perception is proverbially slow; German action deliberate. It is only now, when the well laid and better executed plans of General Moltke have led the victorious armies of the Crown Prince and of Prince Frederick Charles to the gates of Vienna, that any thing like spontaneous movement becomes perceptible among the ranks of Teutonic patriotism; and the men of Hanover and Brunswick, of Bremen and Hamburg, of Hesse, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg, now join hands in support of Bismarck's programme of Federal Reform. Thirty millions of North Germans, mostly Protestants, are one in mind and heart, and, whatever changes fortune may have in store, the sufferings of the present war will have to be hailed as the birth-throes of German nationality, at least as far as the line of the Main and the Bohemian Mountains.

"South of that river and of those highlands nothing but confusion and discord seem to prevail. The victory of Aschaffenburg has thrown open to the Prussians the gates of the old City of the Bund, and that mere Rump of a Diet has been driven in ignominious flight to Augsburg. The Prussians entered Frankfort on Monday evening amidst the cordial welcome of the inhabitants, and the demoralization of the Federals is so complete as to compel the Bavarian Government to sue for a three days' armistice with the Prussians. It is possible that the march of invasion may on this side stop at the Main. The Prussians would rather not meddle with the country beyond that river, and an extension of his power over South Germany did not certainly enter into Count Bismarck's calculations. Matters are nevertheless ripe for great changes even in those Franconian and Suabian districts. The appeal of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Emperor Napoleon has produced that effect which it was so easy to anticipate. The dread of a French Protectorate at the head of a new Confederation of the Rhine has sent a shudder through the veins even of the most reckless Democrats and Ultramontanes of Wurtemburg and Baden. We hear every where of pamphlets and proclamations to the German people, urging co-operation with Prussia as the only means of safety for the common Fatherland; we hear of invectives against Austria, as the foreign, Slavo-Magyar, effete, Roman Catholic, half civilized State, that could never again place itself at the head of Germany, and which yet stands in the way of German union under Prussian supremacy, and does not shrink from the unnatural policy of calling in foreign intervention. Should the German Parliament, as it is expected, meet in Frankfort or Dresden at the beginning of next September, it is difficult to conceive how the members from the Southern German States can be excluded from it. It was easy for Cavour and Napoleon to give the first start to the instinct of unity in the Italian people, but when once awakened it soon became impossible for the first movers to keep that instinct within the limits which they would fain have prescribed. The Germans, it is true, do not jump at conclusions with the same ardor and alacrity as their Southern neighbors; but it is possible that Bismarck may have raised a ghost which it may be beyond even his power to lay."

Advices by the cable of the 4th instant inform us that the Peace Conference is to be held at Prague, and that the preliminaries of negotiations have already been agreed upon. These include the withdrawal of Austria from the German Confederation, the cession of Venetia, the loss of her share in the Danish Duchies, and the payment by her of a large share of the war expenses of her adversaries. Germany is to be divided into two confederations, separated by the line of the Main. The Northern Union will be controlled by Prussia, and the Southern probably by Bavaria.

The *Moravian*, with news to the 27th ultimo, brings intelligence of an engagement that took place before Presburg, just before the armistice was agreed upon, in which the Austrians were defeated. A Hungarian legion has been formed in Silesia for the invasion of Hungary in case peace is not declared.

The *City of Boston*, with advices to July 28, gives very little news that had not already been anticipated.

The preliminaries of peace proposed by Prussia and approved by France are officially announced as follows:

Austria to recognize the dissolution of the former German Bund and the organization of a new Confederation from which she would be excluded.

The north of Germany to form a union under the military and diplomatic direction of Prussia.

The optional formation of a union of South Germany as an independent international body.

National bonds between these two unions.

The annexation of the Elbe Duchies to Prussia, with the exception of the Danish portion of Schleswig.

Part payment by Austria of the Prussian war expenses.

The maintenance of the integrity of Austria, with the exception of Venetia.

A more detailed version of the preliminaries, and perhaps the most accurate, is given as follows:

Prussia to annex the Elbe duchies, the southern part of Hanover, and Electoral Hesse, so as to establish a large and easy communication between the whole of her territories.

All the states to the north of the Main to form a confederation, of which Prussia should have the perpetual presidency, which she should represent abroad, and of which the military forces, organized in the same way as her own army, should be placed under her command.

The states to the south of the Main to be at liberty to form among themselves a distinct confederation, to which Austria, by reason of her German territories, should be admitted.

Should these two Confederations think fit to establish relations between each other for affairs common to both, by means of reunions of Plenipotentiaries or a Diet, the presidency to belong to Prussia, and the votes to be so arranged as to give ten to the Northern Confederation and six to the Southern.

Austria to preserve the whole of her territory, with the exception of Venetia, which would be handed over to Italy.

Austria to pay to Prussia a war indemnity of 200,000,000 francs, but in this sum would be considered the portion of the Austrian debt which Italy would take upon herself by reason of the cession of Venetia.

ENGLAND.

On Friday night, August 3, the bill for a renewal of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in Ireland was read a second time in the British House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone supported the Government, and expressed his admiration of the manner in which our Government had treated the Fenians in this country.

ARMISTICE IN ITALY.

On July 25 a suspension of hostilities for eight days was concluded between the Italians and the Austrians.

Previous to the armistice the Italians had been very successful in the Southern Tyrol.

THE NAVAL BATTLE AT LISSA.

The following is the Italian account, contained in a letter from Florence, dated July 21. The following official account of the naval engagement between the Austrian and Italian fleets, dated "the Straits of Lissa, July 20," has been received here: "The Austrian squadron not having made its appearance, as expected, on the evening of the 19th, some of our iron-clad vessels forced their way yesterday into the Port St. Georgio. This morning disembarkation commenced, when the naval vedettes signaled that the enemy's squadron was in sight. The Italian fleet put out to meet them, and a battle commenced. Admiral Persano hoisted his flag on the *Affondatore* and bore down upon the Austrian fleet under a heavy fire. The stern of the Austrian admiral's vessel was destroyed. The fight was very severe. We lost the iron-clad *Re d' Italia*, which the Admiral had left, and which sunk from a collision with the enemy at the commencement of the battle.

"The iron-clad gun-boat *Palestro* caught fire, and the commander and crew refused to leave the vessel. She blew up amidst their cries of 'Long live the King! Long live Italy!' No other vessel was lost or fell into the enemy's hands. The Admiral renewed the attack upon the Austrian squadron, which retired to Lesina, without waiting for our fleet to come up, and the Austrians continuing their retreat, the Italian squadron remained mistress of the scene of action. The damages sustained by the enemy are considerable." Further intelligence is expected. The crew of the *Re d' Italia* were nearly all picked up by the *Vittorio Emanuele*.

Further information received here (Florence) from Lissa reports that one Austrian man-of-war and two steamers were sunk by the fire of the Italian squadron.

Deputy Boggio is stated to have been killed in the engagement.

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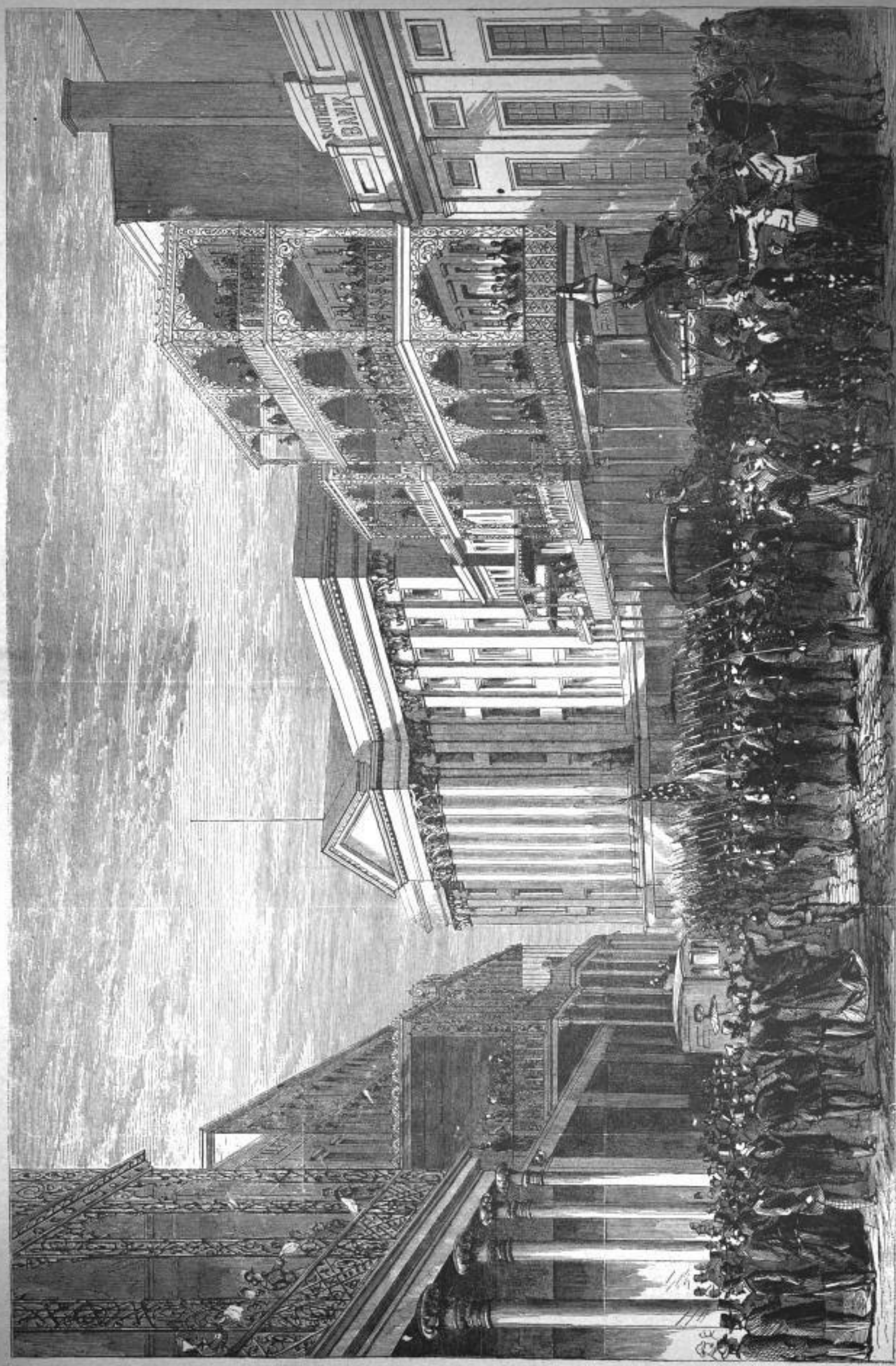

THE EXCITEMENT IN NEW ORLEANS—VIEW ON ST. CHARLES STREET.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 525.]

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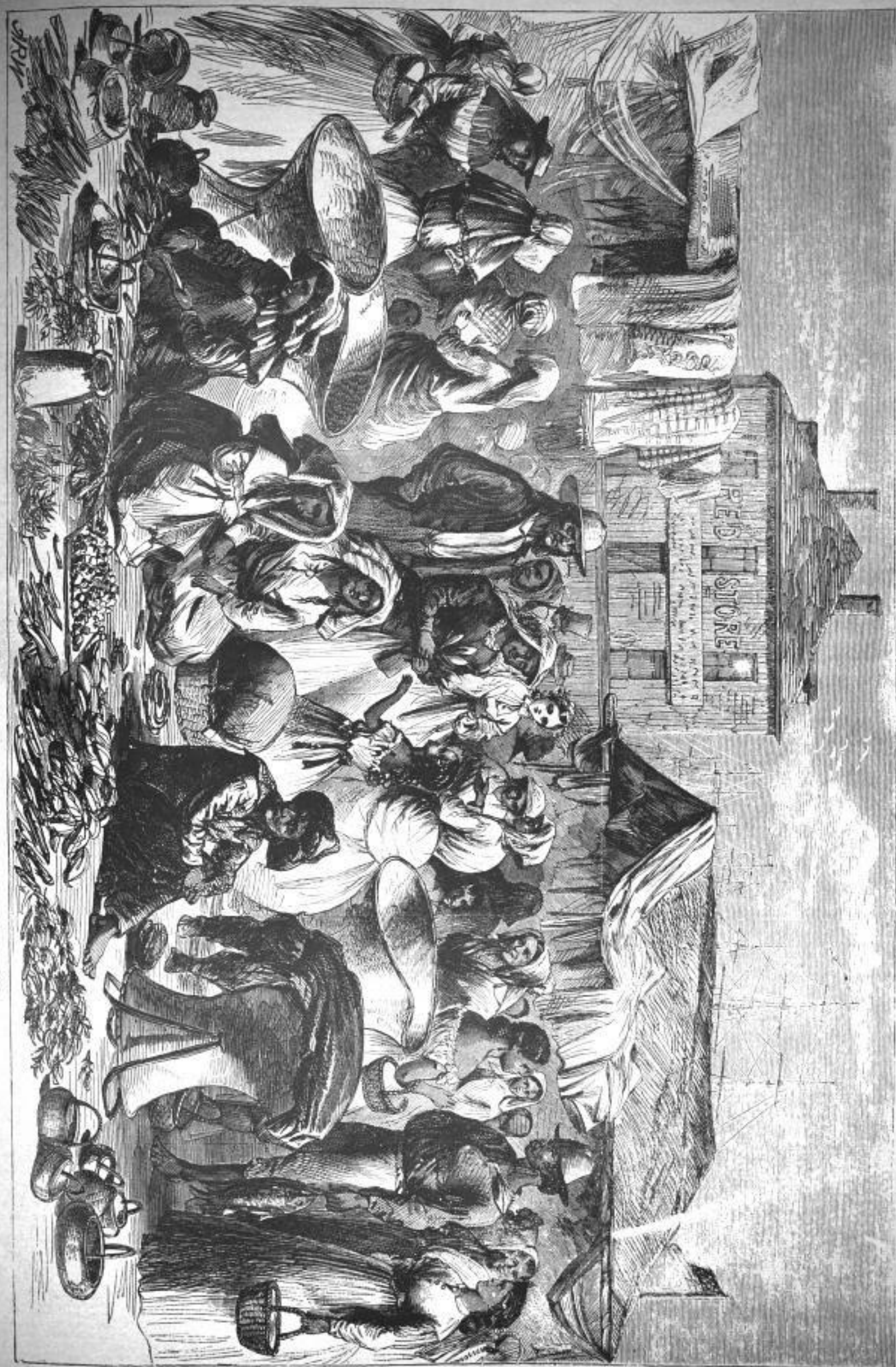

SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS—THE FRENCH MARKET.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

THE MURDERS AT SUNSET CANON.

I.

In 185– I was practicing law in Mariposa, California, with a friend and partner named Ichabod Thorne. We had a lucrative and free-and-easy time of it among the Mariposians and the wild, rough miners and cattle-raisers of the vicinity. The Vigilance Committee was then a thing of the past: there were rude court-houses, sheriffs, half-civilized policemen, and other formulas, and frequently honest attempts at the administration of justice, to be met with even at the foot of the Sierra Nevada; and consequently my profession found employment as the emergencies of the times arose. True, the Californians were still fond of taking justice in their own hands, and our prim, legal gallows was now and then robbed of its prey by the violence of the mob. But we were accustomed to regard such eccentricities good-naturedly, as arising from the mere force of habit, and were pretty well content so long as we could charge heavy fees, and have them paid in the bright yellow dust which was not only the cause of the presence, in that not very inviting region, of nine-tenths of the inhabitants, but also of nine-tenths of the crimes from which I reaped my own pecuniary harvest.

It was at the close of a pleasant showery Sunday, just at the commencement of the rainy season, which here endures for several months, that I sat in the "office" portion of our rude cabin in Mariposa, awaiting my partner's return. He had been visiting the Gonzagos, some very dear friends of ours, at Sunset Cañon. This locality was about thirty miles northeast of Mariposa, at the very foot of the towering Sierras, and was aptly and beautifully named, from the loveliness of the spot itself and the general grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

The cañon was the property of Santiago de Gonzago, who occupied it entirely as a rancho, and who was esteemed one of the best and wealthiest of the native Californians of that vicinity—perhaps of the entire country. He had a large number of peons in his employment, possessed more mules, sheep, and cattle than he could readily count, besides being interested in large quartz-mining claims farther south, and the great castle-like building of adobe, where he resided with his wife and his daughter Inez, was quite a primitive place in its way. Gonzago was generally known throughout the country as "the Don."

Ever since our residence at Mariposa—a period of nearly two years—Thorne and I had been accustomed to spend our Sundays at the Gonzago Rancho, and months before this particular Sunday my handsome young partner had lost his heart, and was generally regarded as the accepted suitor of the fair Inez.

In the evening, late, Thorne came in from the Don's.

"You found them all well, of course?"

"Yes, and I had a jolly time. But have you heard the news?"

"None at all," I replied.

"Why that devil La Mort and his rangers are at work again. Only three days ago, in the Long Gully of the second ridge, four miners were murdered in their cabin, and all their 'loot' seized. Of course it was the work of that French fiend; for, you know, we heard of him being near Fort Miller only a week ago, and he was then on his way up the valley."

"Pshaw! it is absurd to ascribe half the murders in California to that poor devil of a Frenchman. He's bad enough, God knows, but he is not ubiquitous."

Despite my ridiculing his suspicions I must say I was somewhat alarmed at what I had heard, and was glad enough to be assured by my friend that he had persuaded the Don to use additional precautions in guarding his horse. This "La Mort" was a French freebooter and murderer, who had for many months been the terror of San Joaquin valley and the Tulare district. I never heard his real name, nor exactly how he came by the terrible sobriquet by which he was widely known—for there were but few of his countrymen in California, and even the destroying band, of which he was the ostensible head, was mostly composed of Mexicans, with a few desperadoes from the jails and penitentiaries of the Eastern States. As is usually the case with criminals who are seldom seen, and who operate in wild and sparsely populated countries, this villain got credit for more rascalities than it would be possible for him to perform.

Just as we were preparing to turn in there was a knock at the door, and I admitted a stranger. The still falling rain, and consequent muddy ground, had hindered my hearing the approach of his horse, which I now perceived standing in front of the house. The stranger was a medium-sized, wiry-looking fellow, with short sandy whiskers, rather sinister green eyes, thoroughly dressed to meet the emergency of the weather, and with a certain official brusqueness in his manner and address. The moment I saw him I thought him to be a sheriff or sheriff's deputy from some neighboring county; and so, according to his own statement, he proved to be.

"Is this Mr. T——?" he said, gruffly, but with a sort of politeness in his tone, which also appeared to contain a slightly foreign accent.

I bowed assent, and he continued:

"Farcour is my name. I am the chief of the San Francisco detective force. You have doubtless heard of me before?"

I herewith surrendered my veracity to my desire to be polite by signifying that fame of Mr. Farcour, the famous San Francisco Detective, had penetrated far deeper into the interior than Mariposa.

"I am in the special employment at present," continued Mr. Farcour, "of a wealthy firm—Messrs. T—— & Co.—of San Francisco, for the capture of a notorious thief and scoundrel, through whom they have lost heavily. I was directed to call upon you and your partner by Mr. Stanwix, their attorney at law. Here is my badge."

Detective Farcour hereupon threw open his heavy riding-cloak and displayed an elaborately-mounted German-silver badge, or shield; but it scarcely needed this display, I thought, to determine the office of the wearer. In my professional capacity I had had to deal with numerous specimens of these gentry, and my present visitor's entire bearing was that of the Detective *par excellence*. Every word he uttered was given with that premeditated terseness which he would have displayed in the witness-box, while confronting the criminal whom he had hunted down to justice; he accompanied himself with explanatory gestures, and that keen, restless, half-evil green eye of his would dance about in his head from one object to another as he spoke till you thought that it could have no interest in the owner's words, while at the same time it appeared wonderfully wide-awake. As I received and made a mental note of these impressions almost immediately, and as I was well acquainted with Mr. Stanwix, the gentleman mentioned, and knew him to be in the employment of the San Francisco firm alluded to by my visitor, I shook the latter by the hand and asked him to take a seat before the fire. On second thoughts I invited him to partake of the evening meal, the remnants of which still covered the little table in the middle of the room. He accepted my hospitality without any profusion of thanks, and ate like a very hungry man; while Thorne, weary after his long ride, threw himself upon the bed in another corner of the room without undressing, and was soon sound asleep.

Detective Farcour signified that he intended to remain all night, if I had no objection, and, as I made none, all night he accordingly staid—only leaving the room long enough to stable and feed his horse in the rough shed which answered for that purpose immediately back of the house.

Farcour appeared to be very fond of talking, and he talked well. According to his own account his exploits in his peculiar branch of adventure were of a most marvelous character. He appeared to have spent his life in chasing thieves and forgers and murderers all over the inhabitable globe. I made a wide margin for every thing he said. Indeed, one or two of his yarns were, to my own knowledge, entirely without foundation; but then he was very entertaining, and, in fact, quite witty at times, so that I threw no cold water on his garrulity by letting him see that I knew him to be a liar. His powers of mimicry were also quite marvelous. By a sudden twist of his short, stumpy nose he would make himself appear nigh a century old, or another skillful arrangement of his features would give him the fresh, blooming appearance of a country clown; while his flexibility of voice accompanied his assumed characters to perfection.

It was some time before it occurred to me to ask him the object of his presence in Mariposa. Imagine my surprise when he coolly informed me that he was in search of the famous La Mort.

"La Mort!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that that villain can be captured?"

"There is one man in California who can and will capture him," said Farcour.

"And who may that be?"

"Modesty forbids me mentioning names," was the complacent reply.

"Oh! Ah!"

Then this intensely modest man proceeded to give me recitals of numerous desperate hand-to-hand encounters which he had had with the redoubtable freebooter, all of which bore marks, both chronologically and otherwise, of being strictly untrue. He heard my recital of Thorne's intelligence of the murder at Long Gully with an impassive countenance, and then said, knowingly tapping his nose with his forefinger, that he had known all about it hours before, and more too—a glaring falsehood, if his introductory assertion, that he had just come from San Francisco, were true.

Among other accomplishments of Detective Farcour his facility as a "pump" was something worthy of admiration. I had always flattered myself that I was peculiarly non-committal, even for a member of my profession, but before our conversation was concluded, I was mortified to find that my guest had actually pumped me dry. He knew all about my business, knew of my intimacy with the inhabitants of Sunset Cañon, knew of Thorne's visit there and recent return thence, and pretty much every thing else that could be of any interest. I was so chagrined at this that I was not displeased when he signified a desire to retire. Showing him to our "spare bed" in the back room of our shanty, I threw myself beside my partner, and was soon in a strange, grotesque dream, in which law-offices, robbers, murderers, and San Francisco detectives were senselessly jumbled up together; but not before several sonorous and healthy snores from the next room apprised me that Mr. Farcour was fast forgetting the fatigues of his long ride in the arms of nature's sweet restorer.

II.

We were all awakened rather early in the morning—that is, at about 9 o'clock, for we were not early risers—by a messenger from Gonzago's Rancho, who thundered at the door with noise enough to awaken the dead. I threw up the window hastily, and recognized the man below to be one of the Don's peons. He was standing at the door, with his face perfectly livid with apprehension and emotion, and the mule from which he had just dismounted was covered with foam and breathing hard.

"What is the matter, Antonio?" I exclaimed, dismayed at the man's horrified appearance; and at this moment Thorne also came to the casement, while I could hear my guest of the night before bustling about in the room behind me.

But the man was too breathless and terrified to speak. Thorne opened the door, and we soon had him inside, when he sank exhausted in a chair. A pull at my flask of whisky revived him, and he gasped faintly, "La Mort!"

"What's up, my man, what's up? Out with it!" said the bluff detective.

The man spoke English very imperfectly, and we had some difficulty in comprehending him.

"They're—they're murdered!" at last we made out.

"Murdered! who?"

"The Señor, Don de Gonzago!"

"Impossible!"

"Si, Señor, and both the others!"

"What!" almost shrieked Thorne; "not Inez? surely not Senora Inez?"

"Si, Señor! Oh, oh, oh!" and the poor man began to rock himself to and fro, and to groan and whine, old woman like, in the extremity of his terror.

Thorne's grief and rage at this horrible news was indescribable, and it scarcely exceeded my own. While this was being extracted, word by word, from the messenger, Mr. Farcour had said very little. He had sat in the midst of us, with a note-book in his hand, busily making memoranda, and watching every thing keenly with those little green eyes of his, but without displaying the least emotion. In spite of my grief and horror I could not withhold a sort of admiration for the utter impassibility of the detective under these trying circumstances. If he was a gascoade, he unquestionably at the same time possessed the best qualities of a good officer.

The intelligence spread through the town like wild-fire, and in a short time our little office was besieged by the curious and horror-loving of all sexes and ages, both American and Mexican. Detective Farcour took command of every thing with the ease of a man who understands a position, and knows how to take advantage of it. The people soon became aware of the nature of his office and the object of his visit to their town. They therefore looked upon him as their natural leader in this emergency, and I was glad enough to relinquish any responsibility which I might otherwise have been compelled to assume. In a short time upward of a dozen stalwart and eager men were mounted in front of my office, waiting for us to accompany them on the pursuit of La Mort and his gang; for at first no one doubted that this redoubtable wretch was the author of all the mischief. The influence of Gonzago, his wealth, and the general esteem in which he was held, served to render this tragedy doubly important, and every one appeared to be anxious to do something toward achieving the ends of justice.

When we were about to start Detective Farcour, in his most consequential manner, called together a sort of council-of-war in the office. He was hardly the same man, in appearance, of the night before. A hideous black patch concealed one of his twinkling green eyes, and he wore a black wig of vast and voluminous proportions. This, he explained, with a knowing wink from his remaining green eye, was for the purpose of deceiving La Mort and his comrades, to many of whom he professed to be personally known.

"Gentlemen"—said the wiry detective, with another knowing wink, and with the air of a Major-General addressing the members of his staff on the eve of an offensive movement requiring peculiar strategy—"Gentlemen, you have all got but vague notions of the interior workings of this great crime; while I, from my professional habits of quick, comprehensive, and lynx-eyed observation, have already grasped all the circumstances of the case, and now know all about it. This murder has been the work of no marauding band—no violent operation, you see; but it is the perpetration of one individual—two at the utmost. Is La Mort the chief actor? Perhaps he is; and, again, perhaps he isn't. Do not let us be blindly governed by our unruly prejudices. Let us first look among ourselves, and see if there is no one at whom the long, marble, unerring finger of suspicion may point. Will any of you gentlemen oblige me with the loan of a pair of wrist-bands—you understand, hand-cuffs, of course?"

As Detective Farcour approached the conclusion of this rather egotistical speech his single restless green eye rested steadfastly upon my friend and partner, Ichabod Thorne. The hand-cuffs were speedily forthcoming, and the detective examined them with a critical eye, lightly jingling the two bracelets against each other. Apparently satisfied of their soundness he approached Thorne with a sinister smile and said, delicately, "Allow me, Sir?"

I could not forbear smiling at what appeared to be the humor of the detective. Thorne, however, still laboring under the terrible stroke which had visited him, was in no humor for jest or play, and roughly put out both hands to repulse the detective. But, to our amazement, there were just two little clicks, and Thorne found himself securely handcuffed.

"Take them off, you cursed fool!" he growled, with an oath. "This is no time for fooling!"

"I agree with you perfectly," said Mr. Detective Farcour, of San Francisco, "and that is just the reason why I am not fooling. I never fool during business hours."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Thorne, his face now fairly white with anger.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Detective Farcour, very coolly disregarding the question, and turning to the rest of us; "gentlemen, excuse my abruptness, but business is business. Mind what I say; I do not accuse this gentleman of having murdered three innocent, helpless human beings. All I mean to say is, that a reasonable amount of suspicion rests upon his head; and experience has taught me that when suspicion rests upon a man, guilty or not guilty, grab him; for you may need him in the future."

Thorne here quietly suppressed his rage and put on the air of a man who is compelled, for a certain length of time, to be bored by a buffoon.

"Come, come," said I, getting angry also; "let us have done with this farce, and be off!" And at the same time a number of others, likewise regarding the matter in the light of an unseasonable joke, began to show signs of impatience.

"Farce!" exclaimed the detective with some dignity; "gentlemen, this is no farce. This gentleman" (indicating Thorne by a motion of his head) "visited the scene of the murder yesterday and returned here last night at half past ten o'clock. Is *that* no ground of suspicion?"

"No, certainly not!" said half a dozen voices in concert.

"Very good, gentlemen," resumed the detective, cool as before; "but do you see those two little specks of blood on the shirt-sleeve of the prisoner; and that one big spot of the same sanguineous, red current of life on his buckskin boots? Are these, gentlemen, no grounds of suspicion?"

We all looked curiously at the portion of Thorne's dress indicated (and none more curiously than the prisoner himself), and we made no answer, for there, sure enough, were the red, dark stains which blood alone can leave. Thorne saw them also, and was considerably confused.

"Gentlemen, do you see this?" continued the detective; "is this no ground of suspicion?" and with these words, with a quick, dexterous movement, he put his hand in my partner's bosom and drew forth a long dagger, the bright blade of which was slightly dimmed with dry blood. "Perhaps," continued Farcour, "some of you gentlemen may have seen this little sticker before. At any rate the jewels in the hilt are alone worth a small fortune; and what is this engraved upon the blade?" He looked at it attentively, and read in slow, distinct tones, "Santiago de Gonzago, from his friend Pedro de Carlemo. 1854."

Thorne looked absolutely stunned with surprise and alarm. We had all seen the dagger before, and there was a general shrinking from my partner's side. I alone remained near, perfectly confident of his being the victim of some villainous trick. A further search of the prisoner, who submitted quietly, produced the following memorandum, hastily scrawled in lead-pencil on the fly leaf of his note book:

"*Ten steps northward from the great pine-tree; then twelve steps eastward into the chaparral; stop and dig.*"

"Do any of you gentlemen happen to know of a particular pine-tree at or near the place of the murder?"

Yes, we knew of an enormous pine just outside of Gonzago's residence, for it had long ago been considered as a kind of landmark for travelers from the West to the quartz mines of the Sierras.

"Then, gentlemen," resumed the detective, "we may at once proceed to Sunset Cañon. If I am not much mistaken we shall find some treasure in close proximity to that big pine-tree."

"Wait," said I. "Let me see that paper." I took it and examined it closely. It was written in a hasty, trembling hand, but I had no hesitation in declaring that it was not in my friend's handwriting.

"I hope that is so, Sir," said Farcour, with a shake of his head, as much as to say that he did not believe what I asserted. "I hope that is so, Sir; but then, you know, when a man is excited, and in a hurry, and perhaps in the dark, he isn't always particular how he writes, you know."

If an angel had leaned from the sky and proclaimed my friend's guilt in trumpet tones I would have disbelieved it. Thorne himself was now perfectly self-possessed, and seemed resolved to take every thing easily. The only explanation he deigned to offer was, that he was the victim of a malicious trick, which would soon be exposed, and its perpetrator properly punished. But it was not without great alarm that I noticed the impression which the detective's words had made upon the wild, rough characters who thronged my office. They did not know Thorne so well as they did me, and now they eyed him with scowls of suspicion and positive hatred; while Dan Mifflin, a gigantic miner, who was the bully and most disreputable character of the community, placed one hand upon his revolver, and with the other made a rapid and ominous motion under his chin, accompanied by a strange sound in his throat, indicative of the operation of a hempen cravat.

Nevertheless, no violence was offered, and in a few minutes we all started for the cañon; I riding by my friend to assist him in managing his horse, as he had but little use of his hands on account of the handcuffs.

We reached the cañon fully three hours before sunset, and found the rather numerous population of the ranche in a state of great excitement, the women and children standing about in the sun in whispering groups. Of course our arrival, when the object of our visit was made known, was a subject of much interest. We entered the kind of rude court-yard of the ranche, and soon commenced our inspection. The principal building, in which the murdered Don and his family had resided, was a large one-storied affair, with plain, rough walls of adobe, and comprising some five or six apartments. The superstitious peons had made no attempt to remove the dead bodies, which were lying just where they had been found in the morning. I was even more alarmed when I saw the expressions of distrust and hatred with which they eyed my shackled friend when they learned from some of our party the nature of the improvised examination which had resulted in his being ironed by Farcour. As we entered the house of death, with the detective at our head, we were followed by numbers of peons, who, with other ignorant classes, still adhere to the superstition that if a murderer touch the corpse of his victim his guilt will be inevitably proven by a sudden gush of blood from the wounds he has inflicted. Thorne bore himself even better than I had expected; for I feared that he would be completely overcome by the sight of his murdered friends, and that his emotion would augment the disfavor in which he was already viewed.

I will not dwell upon the sickening details of this ghastly spectacle. The first bedchamber we entered contained the dead bodies of Gonzago and his wife. The former had probably been slain in his sleep, and had barely stirred after receiving the deep stab which had penetrated his heart. The wife had probably been awakened in time to grapple once or twice ineffectually with the murderer, as the body bore a number of wounds, and its strained, unnatural position on the floor indicated that its owner had sprang or been dragged from the couch. In order to satisfy the Mexicans and one or two of our own party, Thorne took each of the dead bodies by the hand and gazed long and

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earnestly in their ghastly faces; this action, of course, being followed by none of the anticipated gush of blood from the now cold wounds.

I pitied him sincerely at the conclusion of this trying ordeal—that is, in that portion of it where we visited the chamber of the murdered Inez, whom he had loved with all the affection of a strong and earnest disposition. The poor girl had also, probably, never awakened to the cruel blow which had deprived her of life. She had received two stabs, both in the breast, and either one of them sufficient to have effected immediate death; and the body was now lying in an easy posture on the couch, with a pleasant, natural expression on the pale, beautiful, upturned countenance, whose loveliness, after the eyes had been closed, was not in the least distorted by the violence of the agent that destroyed her. Almost every one knew of Thorne's former intimacy, and he was narrowly watched as he approached the bed. His grief was simple and noble. He knelt down, and silently wept upon the cold, dead hand, while one or two of those strong, terrible sobs, which can only be wrung from a brave, manly heart, escaped him; a moment more and he was himself again, and upon his feet. His action here would have created a favorable impression in sticks and stones; but Mexican peasantry are duller than sticks, and the prejudices of wild, rough miners, ever searching morbidly for "examples" to terrify criminals, are much more insensate than the hardest granite; so my friend was looked upon with increased dislike and suspicion.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the numerous unnecessary and even ridiculous examinations carried on by Mr. Detective Farceur during that afternoon and evening; but they all went to prove to every one but myself that La Mort was a myth, and that Thorne was the guilty man. I confess that my faith in his innocence was for a moment staggered when, upon following the written instructions which had been found in his vest pocket, we dug for the treasure in the chaparral, and disclosed a casket, known to be the Don's property, containing several thousand dollars in gold checks and coin, together with some papers which, however, could be of no value to any one but Gonzago himself. My confidence in my friend's innocence immediately returned upon serious reflection; for the house had been robbed of valuables to ten times the amount discovered in the casket; and it was extremely improbable that the robber would keep a memorandum of only the most insignificant portion of the plunder. But this argument met with no favor with Detective Farceur and the rest.

"You see, there may have been other memoranda that we missed," said the detective, cocking that little green eye of his. "Certainly there is one thing to be done, and one only. Your *friend* [emphasizing the word *friend*] must be consigned to the jail at Mariposa—that is, if we *get* him there."

There was something ominous in the tone in which the latter portion of this sentence ("if we *get him there*") was spoken, and did not by any means serve to diminish my anxiety. The next morning—we passed the night at the ranche, with Thorne under a strong guard—the building in which we were quartered was beset by a mob of nearly two hundred Mexicans—peons of the murdered man, and others, who had gathered from far and near—led by two or three "white men," prominent among whom was the Dan Mifflin before referred to. They were greatly infuriated, and demanded the instant surrender of the prisoner to their vengeance. To my very great surprise Detective Farceur was rather lukewarm in his resistance of the mob. He talked a great deal about summary justice, sniffed about the law being exceedingly lax, and looked with servile obsequiousness upon the ignorant ruffians who were most conspicuous and clamorous. Luckily there were six of our party upon whom I could depend. They were stout, hardy, honest fellows, rude miners from the mountains, some of whom were under personal obligations to me, and I placed myself at their head with confidence.

The door was securely barred in a few seconds, and the first blow against it was struck by the ruffian Mifflin, armed with an axe. I appeared at the casement, revolver in hand, and resolved to act promptly.

"If you strike that door once more," said I, addressing Mifflin, "I will put a bullet through your heart!"

"Two can play at that game!" exclaimed the villain, and, swerving back, he dropped his axe and clutched a revolver.

I instantly discharged my pistol, and, with an oath and a cry of pain, his right arm dropped nerveless at his side, broken and splintered at the elbow. The crowd at his back commenced to advance with waving knives and pistols, and I saw that no time was to be lost. Calling upon my six men to prepare for fight, I unbarred the door, swung it open, and went out, still retaining my pistol in my hand, ready for further use.

"What do you want?" I asked, and they knew by my tone of voice that I was not to be trifled with.

"We want to hang that bloody-minded *friend* of yours!" cried Phil Massey, another desperado from the coast. His reply was hailed with fierce shouts and yells from the motley crew around him.

"You must prove him guilty before you hang him," I said, coolly. "He will be imprisoned and regularly tried at Mariposa, and, if found guilty, he will be hung—not before. *You* hang him, you dirty, contemptible cut-throats. Would you hang him the way you strung up poor Rollin, for the murder he never committed, last spring? Would you hang him as you did that wretched Jew peddler, only a month ago, when his innocence was proved, and the real criminal arrested, before his body was cold? Look at your leaders now, you infernal fools! Dan Mifflin there owes his neck to the noose for the murder of two Indians on the Kern River, less than a year ago; Phil Massey there, beat a Mexican woman to death at the Los Angeles fandangoes; and the dirty thief next to him has twice escaped the penalty for horse-stealing! *You* hang him! There are six true men behind me, armed to the teeth; and for my character, you know it well enough. The first man who advances a step for the purpose of violence is a dead man! Come on, if you want fight!"

This address had even a better effect than I had anticipated. My whole party filed out of the building, with revolvers cocked and ready for use, and the demonstration of the mob ceased almost on the instant, the Mexicans composing it sheathing their weapons, and slinking away to their huts, and all the Americans, except the three especially complimented in my little speech, coming toward us, and looking considerably ashamed of themselves. I cared nothing for the defection of Mifflin and his brother ruffians; and, after giving Mr. Detective Farceur a brief lecture, which probably did not materially increase his self-esteem, the whole party were soon mounted, and riding homeward, with the prisoner in our midst. In about three hours and a half he was safely lodged, under strong guard, in the old stone-building which answered for the Mariposa jail.

III.

There was not much "red tape" in the process of a California criminal trial in those days. The Judge was on hand early, the prosecuting attorney "rushed" his case with careless rapidity, and witnesses for either side were rattled off without an excess of circumlocution. Through my influence, which was considerable, the trial of Thorne lasted more than one day—an unusual thing at that time.

I confess that I was downhearted at the conclusion of the first day. Detective Farceur was the principal witness, and he talked to the jury for about three hours on the stretch. Every thing looked black for my friend, in whose innocence I never ceased to firmly believe. The Judge, Mr. Y——, who was very friendly to us both, also confessed that there was little hope. The first day had been entirely occupied with the prosecution, and the night found me racking my brains in order to contrive some kind of substantial defense to be forthcoming on the morrow, when a strange chance threw the means of completely vindicating my friend's honor directly across my path.

It had rained during the day, but the night was calm and lovely, with a wealth of moonlight, when I walked restlessly toward the banks of the little river, in a vain endeavor to obtain some mental repose. As I drew near the scrub-oaks which grew thickly on the margin of the stream I caught the sound of voices engaged in low but angry altercation. A strange feeling, which I had never experienced before, impelled me to approach and listen. Using great care, I got very near to the speakers without being discovered, and there listened to a conversation carried on in French which riveted me to the spot with mingled emotions of amazement and delight. Two horrible criminals were discussing villainies of the past and planning new ones for the future; and the voice of one of them was clearly recognizable. I only listened for a very few minutes, and then returned swiftly and silently to my office, with a mountain of anxiety removed from my breast.

On the following morning the rude court-room was even more densely thronged than on the preceding day. The Judge was on the bench, the jury in their places, and every thing ready for work when I entered the room. Thorne, who had been considerably depressed on the preceding day, quickly caught the reflex of my beaming countenance and brightened up amazingly; while the jurymen yawned, as though they would have gladly pronounced a verdict of "guilty" at once, without waiting for a long-winded argument from me.

"Are you ready with your defense, Mr. Y——?" inquired the Judge.

"I will be in a moment, Sir, as soon as some friends of mine arrive," I replied. "And here they are."

At that moment the room was invaded by twelve men, armed to the teeth, who, as previously arranged, posted themselves in different portions of the room so as to effectually guard all modes of exit. Even the two windows, though placed high above the floor, were not neglected. The prosecuting attorney made a great splutter about this "high-handed proceeding," as he was pleased to denominate it, and even the Judge requested an explanation in a rather abrupt manner. But I assured his Honor, and every one present, that, before I finished my defense, the wisdom of the "high-handed proceeding" would be made manifest to all.

I then took up the case and gave the learned Judge the benefit of a harangue, which I purposely spun out to ridiculous length, and in which I viewed all of the phases of the evidence for the prosecution in a hundred lights, and weighed them with the finesse of a miser counting his hoard. The prosecuting attorney at first gaped, then yawned, and then fretted and fumed; and, at last, even the Judge lost patience and said, rather pettishly: "This is entirely unnecessary, Mr. U——; your remarks produce no effect upon the jury. If you have any witnesses produce them."

"I have but one, your Honor."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Detective Farceur, of San Francisco."

Every one appeared to be considerably astonished at this, but none more so than the detective himself. He was still disguised by the hideous black patch, but his one sharp, little green eye twinkled nervously as he once more mounted the witness-stand, which was only an arm's-length from my own position. The reader must remember that the scene and conversation which I am about to describe occurred in California in the year 185–, and not in a very formal court of justice.

Q. "Mr. Farceur, how long have you been a detective policeman?"

A. "About twenty years, off and on."

Q. "Where were you on the night of the murder which Mr. Thorne is accused of having committed?"

A. "On my way to this place from the West. I arrived at your office on that night."

Q. "Are you sure you did not come from the northeast instead of the west?"

A. "Very sure I did not."

Q. "Mr. Farceur, do you speak French?"

A. "Imperfectly."

Q. "You spoke it very fluently in your conversation with a fellow-villain among the scrub-oaks on the river-bank last night."

The detective started as if he had received a load of buck-shot. His little green eye shrunk so far back in his head that it looked like a shining glass-bead, and he gave other indications of being decidedly ill at ease. My remaining queries were short and sweet.

Q. "Mr. Detective, did you never go by any other name than 'Farceur?'"

A. "No, Sir."

Q. "I think you have. Suppose you let the Judge and jury see your face. I will assist you."

With that I reached my hand out very quickly, and with two motions deprived the witness of his eye-patch, of his false whiskers, and of two cunning wigs, which made a great alteration in his personal appearance. He now stood forth a clean-shaven, black-haired villain, with crime stamped legibly upon every lineament.

"Now, Mr. Detective Farceur," I resumed, "are you sure there is not another name by which you are best known, and to which you are accustomed to answer?"

"No," he replied doggedly, "I know of none."

"But I know your name perfectly," I persisted, "and I want these people to know it. It is La Mort!"

The effect of these words, spoken in a loud voice, was magical. As one man every person in the court-room sprang to his feet. The counterfeit detective looked about wildly, and then, drawing a knife from his bosom, cleared the inclosure at a bound, and rushed to the door. But in an instant he was knocked down and dragged back to the stand.

It is scarcely worth while for me to dwell upon the summary manner in which I proved him, out of his own mouth, to be the murderer of the Gonzago family, and to be none other than the dreaded La Mort. He was hung the next morning in the open plaza, in the presence of several thousand people. I never could exactly fathom his motives for the plot by which he so nearly succeeded in procuring the execution of an innocent man; but, of course, the golden god must have had something to do with it. Lynch law was not so popular in Mariposa county for a number of years thereafter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a man in Pennsylvania who is so forgetful of countenances that his wife is obliged to keep a wafer stuck to the end of her nose in order that he may distinguish her from other ladies. Even then he occasionally makes a mistake.

CABLE-ENDS.

Why is a happy husband like the Atlantic Cable?—Because he is spliced to his *Heart's Content*.

'Tis said the present success of the Ocean Telegraph was in the fact that the directors never lost sight of the "great end" of their undertaking from the start.

The greatest "wire-puller" of modern times—Cyrus W. Field.

On the arrival of the *Great Eastern* at Newfoundland the sailors unanimously declared that the whole thing was "played out," and during the passage they held an indignation meeting, at which loud shouts of "*Down with the Cable!*" were heard.

Shall we call Mr. Field an aristocrat because he is so very proud of his "*connections*?"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Grundy, "and so they have put telegraph poles all the way 'cross the ocean! I shouldn't wonder if they tried a pontoon bridge next."

When is a lawyer like a horse?—When he lives by Gray's Inn Fields.

Archbishop Whately once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: "How is it that white sheep eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause.—After keeping them wondering for a while, he said: "The reason is, because there are more of them."

SIGNS.

It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in the windows.

It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his brow. It is a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes out of the cellar.

It is a good sign to see a woman dressing with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her finery.

It is a good sign to see a man advertise in the paper. It is a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for him.

It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school. It is a bad sign to see them educated at the evening school in the street.

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice found all right except one hammer. "Oh, don't be troubled, my honey," said his Irish porter; "Sure the nager took it out to open the hogshead with."

A poor man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken a remedy, replied: "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I have taken lots of physic."

A CABLE-ISTIC LAY.

They've gone and done it!—spite of croak,
The cable's laid at last;
Victoria and our Jonathan
Are now made doubly "fast."

A golden wedding may it prove,
Without or flaw or cracks;
Sea-mented by dear thrilling facts,
Where once they'd only "smacks!"

A tie that Time shall never break,
Since Time must fly the course—
Lick'd out by Lightning and the clique
Of that remorseless Morse.

A New-found-land the bride have found
Near this new continent;
Had ever "Sparks" a fairer Fanny,
Near to their "Heart's-Content?"

August affair! It augurs well,
This tie of shore to shore;
'Tis Brunel's tunnel, wire-drawn—
And not so great a bore.

Great Eastern, and ye battle-ships,
Ye know not what ye do!
That tiny thread of talking wire
Shall whisper "Peace!" to you—

To Earth—to Man! Old Sol himself
May go and cool his team;
A Greyhound takes an hour's hot "dash"
To chase a telegram!

Your cod-fish aristocracy—
Grand-Bank-ers, rest in fine—
Excuse, they're taken all aback
By such a shocking "line."

Your "Bulls" and "Bears" may pitch and toss,
But win no more their games;
Bear-haven keeps the Bulls at Bay,
By hearing all their schemes.

Then here's a cheer for Samuel Morse,
His sires and abettors!
He hatch'd the little errand-bird—
But Hughes taught him his letters.

"More servants wait on Man"—still more—
Above—below—around;
Winds, water, vapor, fire!—what next?
Look up! The answer's found.

The age of wonders still is ours;
To fly is but to dare!
Soon, soon shall Man, with winged power,
Triumphant Rule the Air!

The saying of a White Mountain stage-driver to a New Yorker riding with him, "I *guess* if I went to New York I should gawk around as you folks do up here!" is realized.

A man in Hartford advertised recently that, on receipt of a certain sum, he would by return mail instruct any applicant how to make a fortune. His directions were: "Peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and always be ready to pick up a stray chicken."

The Cairo *Democrat* thus poetizes the latest agony of hoops:

"These hoops are like the poet Gray;
This you at once can see;
For they, as Gray did, show the world
A handsome L-E-G."

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?—To keep a check upon his stomach.

What is that which can often be found where it is not?—Fault.

When has a man four hands?—When he doubles his fists.

Funny-sounding drums—Conundrums. A good one is very hard to beat.

"PARTY TIES."—White Chokers.

"How fast wicked men can go on in their sins!" exclaimed a good but unsophisticated old lady; "it only takes two seconds to fight a duel!"

A man out West says that he moved so often during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at his gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

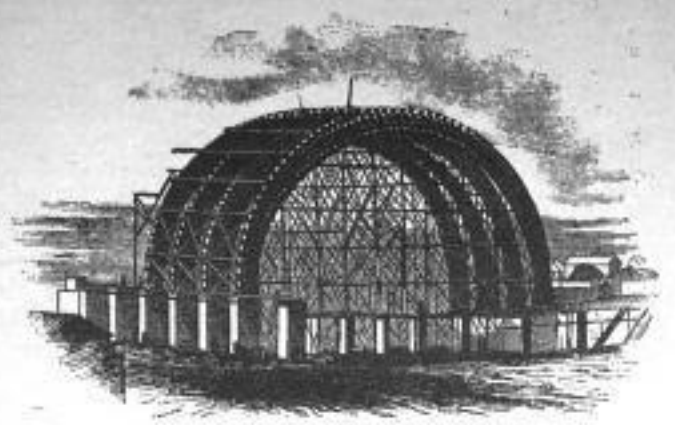
Josh Billings says he has got a good constitution, but not a good memory. His recollection has been lost, it was, the other night, but don't remember where he lost it.

RATHER MORE THAN A BETTER HALF.

Mr. Meek. "I MAY BE A LITTLE LATE TO-NIGHT, DEAR. DON'T SIT UP FOR ME."

Wife of his Bosom. "I WON'T! I SHALL COME FOR YOU!"

[*Mr. M. is home by* 10.30.

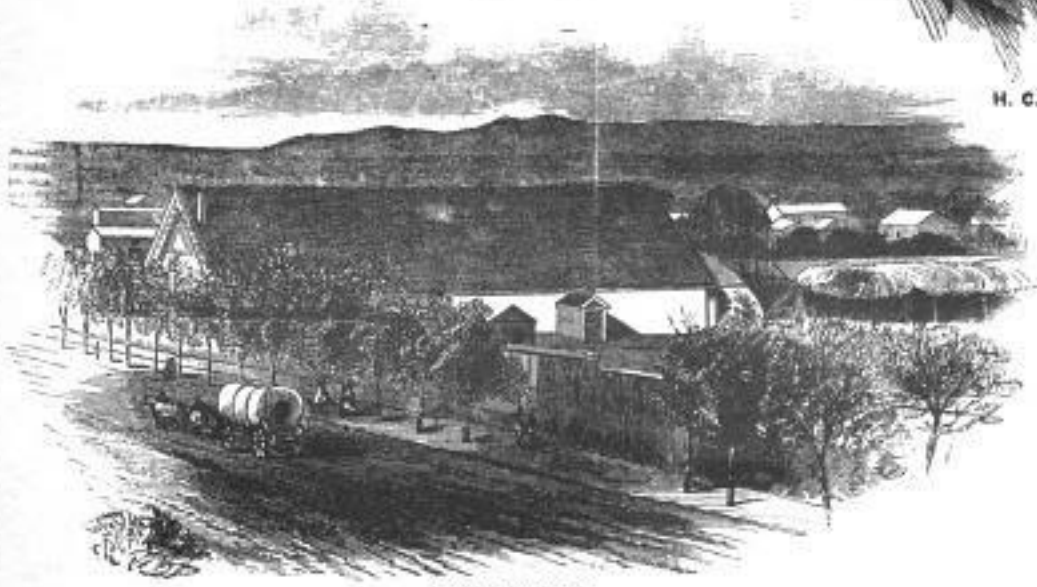


ARCHES OF THE MORMON TEMPLE.

H. C. KIMBALL.

E. SNOW.

A. LYMAN.

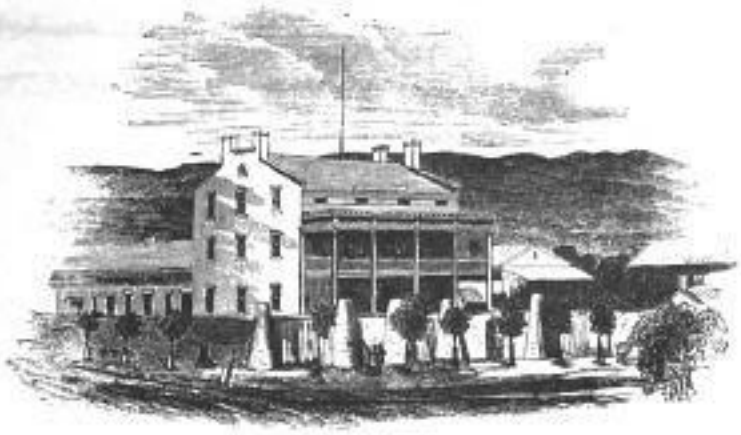


THE TABERNACLE.

G. Q. CANNON.

E. T. BENSON.

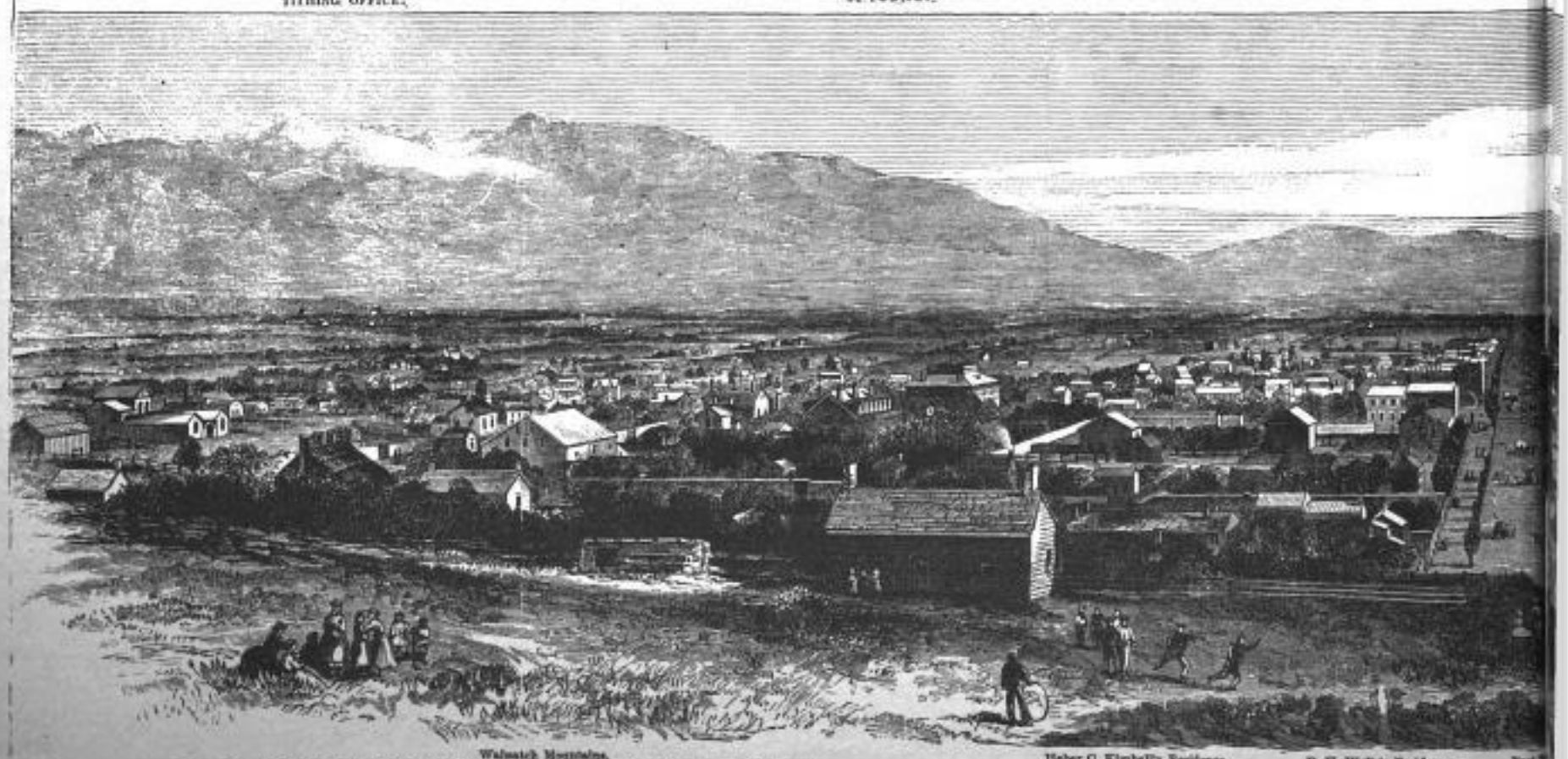
O. PRATT.



TITHING OFFICE.

J. YOUNG.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE TWELV



Wahsatch Mountains.
Brigham Young's Stables, Blacksmith's Shop, School-house, Bee-hive House, Printing-office, and Lion House.

Heber C. Kimball's Residence.

D. H. Wells's Residence.
"Deseret News" Office.

THE CITY AND VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH.

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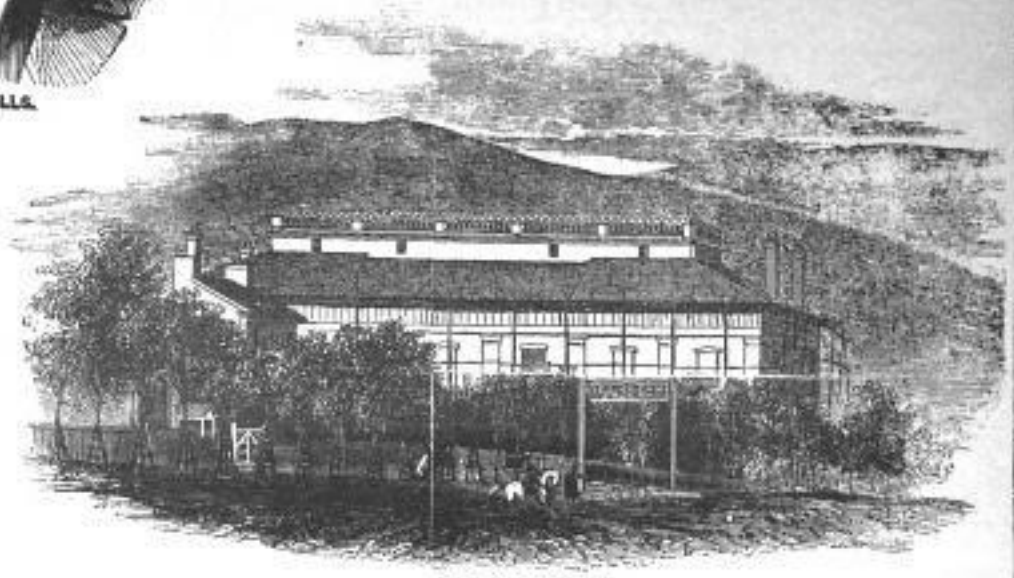
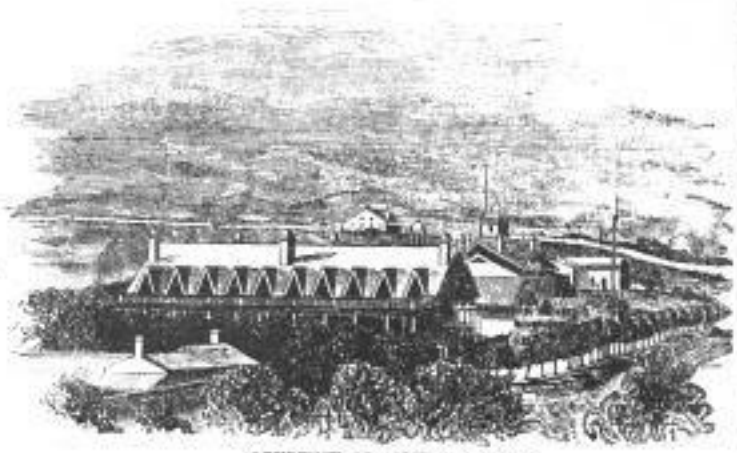
APOSTLES OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

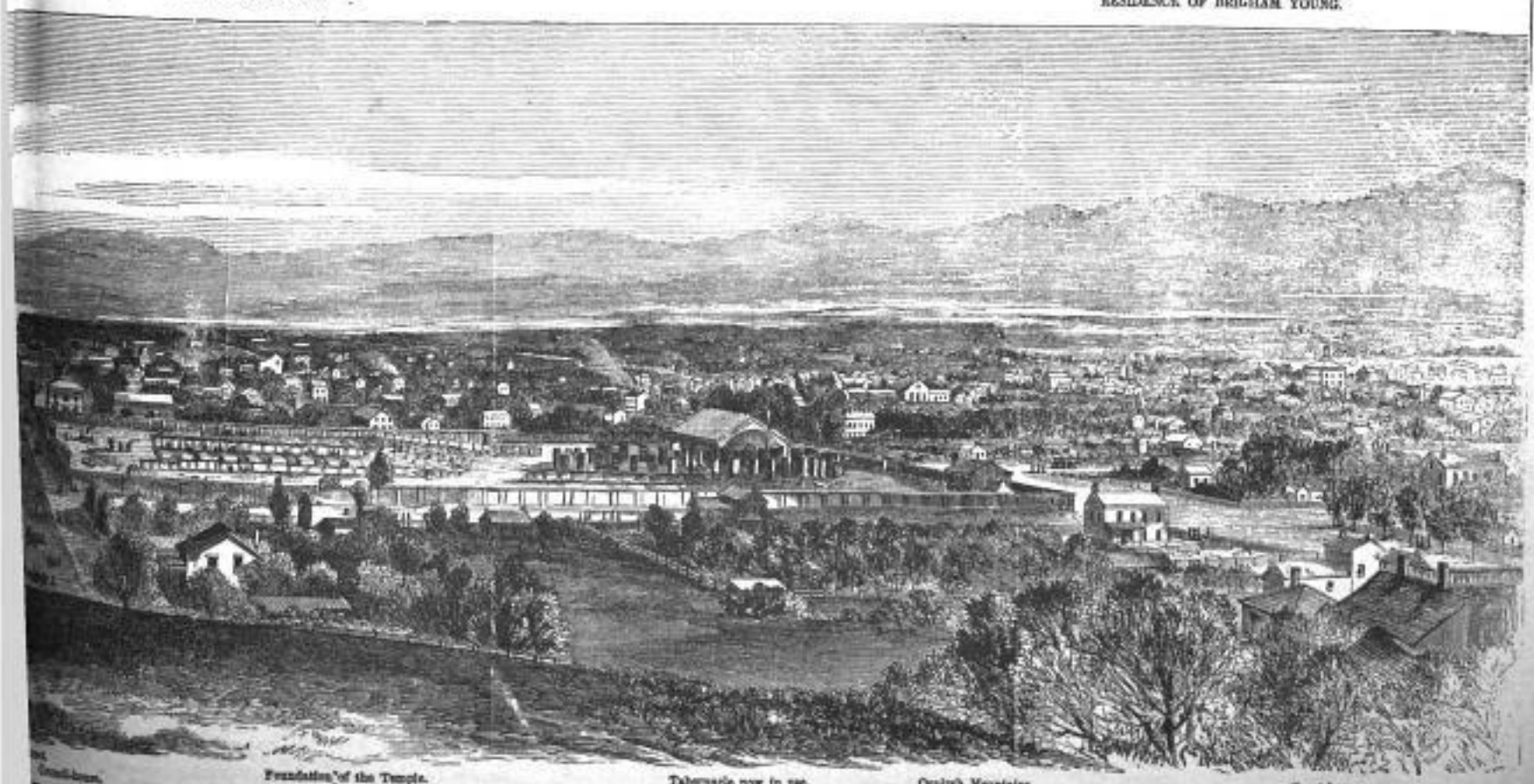
THE MORMON TEMPLE WHEN COMPLETED.



THE NEW THEATRE.



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAVAGE & OTTINGER, SALT LAKE CITY.—[SEE PAGE 513.]

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SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

A babe at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-wing'd butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
Forever hers till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees—
So rich is autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass-grown flow'ry sod
On earth's kind shela'ring breast,
Forever freed from grief and pain—
So sweet eternal rest.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was the prettiest work possible to sow those seeds. First of all, Sam went over the lists carefully, studying Mr. Vick's Catalogue, and laying aside all those seeds which were perfectly hardy, and therefore might be sowed in the open ground. A few of the half-hardy kinds must also wait, because they would not bear transplanting; while two or three hardy ones must be sowed in pots, because, unless transplanted, they would not come to their full double perfection.

The next thing was to choose out flower-pots—to find how many would go in each little green-house box—or rather, how many must go, to hold the different kinds of seeds, and then to pick them out of such a size as the box would hold. Then in the bottom of each, over the little round hole, Sam laid a bit of a broken flower-pot, and over that several more bits. That was for "drainage," he told the children; the first bit to keep the earth from running all away through the hole, and the rest to prevent its ever getting sodden and clogged beneath the plants. Then the pots must all be filled with the prepared earth—not quite full, but within an inch or so of the top; and here the new trowels came in play. It was charming work to take up a trowelful of the earth and pour it carefully into a flower-pot! and Sam showed the children how to shake it down, and pick off all the lumps from the surface, so as to leave a smooth, soft, even place for the seeds. But to put them in, and cover them, and press down the earth again, was really a work of art. For the seeds were of such different sizes! Here were Clover's hyacinth beans, large, stout things, that looked quite able to take care of themselves; and here was the petunia seed, so small and fine that it seemed as if a puff of wind might blow it all away. Lily's canna seeds, too, must be soaked in hot water; and every thing must have a label; so, altogether, it was quite a complicated affair.

"Mr. Vick says," remarked Sam, "that about as good a rule as can be given for planting seeds is to cover them twice the depth of their own diameter."

"But what's their diameter?" said Prim.

"The distance straight through the seed, from one side to the other."

"Dear me! but we can't measure," said Lily.

"No, you must look well at the seed and guess—measure by eye."

"I could measure these," said Clover, handling her hyacinth beans; "but some of the seeds are so very little, Sam?"

"Well, those smallest of all you don't cover at all," said her brother; "or, at least, only in this way: See! you make the earth just as smooth and soft and even as you can all over the top, and then you sprinkle the seeds very thinly on it—so."

"Why don't you sprinkle them thick?" said Lily.

"It cause if the plants come up too thick they will be crowded and weak," said Sam; "and then you would have to thin them out, and so throw away a great many plants. And that is troublesome and disagreeable. There, Lily, scatter just a few of your petunia seeds on the earth. Now if they were larger we would scatter or sift some earth over them; but as they are so very small you can take your hand, or the bottom of this other flower-pot, and press the earth and seeds gently down together. There!—that will cover them sufficiently."

"Where shall I stick my label?—in the middle?" said Lily.

"Why no! you would poke down ever so many seeds with it. Stick it in close at the edge of the pot, and next time put it in before you sow the seeds. But stay, have you written on it?"

"Yes. Oh, I guess it will do," said Lily, yielding the label with an unwilling hand. Sam looked at it and shook his head. Lily had written first a very large P, which took up so much of the little slip of wood that the following letters were quite matter of conjecture, and, indeed, she could get no further than the second syllable.

"How are you going to know that from pinks?" said Sam, whittling the letters off with his knife. "Don't try to write too much on a little label like this. If I were you I would put only numbers—write No. 1 on this label, and then No. 1 on the bag of petunia seed."

"What an excellent plan!" said Clover. "But wouldn't ink be better?"

"Ink would run on this soft wood. No, the pencil-marks will last long enough, if they're made on a smooth surface; but if you wanted them never to wear out, then the way is to brush over the label with a little white lead, such as painters use, and write on it while it is wet with this same pencil; and then you would have an indelible label."

So the planting went on with great zeal and success; and the little paper bags grew empty, and the green-house boxes grew full of pots; and the children were brimming with a delight that could hardly even talk in its rapt excitement.

"Why should I sow only part of my pinks here?" inquired Lily, in answer to some counsel of Sam's.

"Because, if these should not do well, you would have some seed left to try again," replied Sam.

"Then I'd better save some of all the kinds," said Lily. "What a pity! I've put every one of my canna seeds in the hot water! Will it do to take some of them out?"

"Not after they have once been in," said Sam. "But cannas are worth nothing—will make no show—unless they are planted early, so it was best to sow them all at once."

"How many things there are to think of in gardening!" said Clover, covering her zinnia seeds with a light hand. "Sam, I'm afraid our boxes won't be very warm out here."

"No, indeed. Perhaps mamma will admit them to the bow-window."

"I'll run in this minute and ask her!" cried Prim. Which she did; and of course mamma said yes.

So when all the seeds were planted—all that were to be planted then—Sam carried the boxes into the house and set them on a kitchen table that was already placed in the bow-window. And very pretty they looked, with the little red pots full of brown earth, and the neat labels, and the clean bright panes of glass sloping down over all. The sun darted in to look at them, and the three children stood bending over them in a half-bewitched state.

"Must we keep these panes of glass tight shut all the time?" said Clover.

"Yes, in cool weather. Sometimes at mid-day, if it gets very warm, you can raise one of them a little, or slip it aside, just to let in air."

Lily lifted one of the panes and thrust in her finger.

"Oh, Sam, it's real warm in there now," she said.

"So it ought to be. It will hardly be too warm before the seeds come up."

"Will they come up to-morrow, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"To-morrow! Have you any idea of the work that must be done down in that brown earth before your seeds come up?"

"Oh, Sam, that is just what I want to know," cried Clover. "I think there never was any thing quite so beautiful as our boxes and seeds. I'd like to study them all day."

"Well, you can study them from a new point of view now," said Sam, laughing, "for there comes Maria Jarvis. She'll give you lessons!" And Sam marched off out of the room, while Lily rushed to the door to welcome her friend, and Clover and Primrose followed more slowly. If the truth must be told, they would rather have watched their boxes just then.

"How do you do?" said Maria Jarvis, making great efforts to arrange her short hoop to her satisfaction. "Mamma had business to do in the village, and so I thought I would drive on and see your place. I suppose you haven't done much to it yet."

"Sam has dug up part of my garden," said Lily, innocently.

"Oh, is Sam your gardener?" said Maria. "Our gardener is named William. He's the head gardener, you know; and then there's Patrick and Michael besides. William's the best gardener in the country, I suppose. A great many people call him Mr. Stubbs."

"Lily was talking of our gardens, not of papa's," said Clover; for Lily was quite breathless, and had no words ready. "And in our gardens my brother Sam is head gardener, and we're to be Patrick and Michael ourselves. Don't you have a garden all for yourself too?"

"Oh yes, but William takes care of it," said Maria. "I couldn't, you know, it's such dirty work. My! I don't know how many frocks I should want if I did any thing but walk in the garden. I've just had ten new ones made for the summer, and mamma said it was such a plague to arrange to have 'em all different, the trimmings and all—I guess she wouldn't want to get any more. But Miss Simmons (that's our dress-maker in town), she's really a very clever young person, mamma says; and when mamma was quite worn out with the trimmings, and didn't know what to do with my pink foulard, Miss Simmons went about and about all over town till she found some rose-bugs. Just the thing for a pink dress, you know; and she put rose-bugs here—and here—and here—all over it. Mamma was delighted. I'll show it to you the next time you come. What's your best dress?"

"White muslin," said Clover.

"White muslin's very nice if it's trimmed all round the bottom with colored ribbon," said Maria. "I've got two made so, a pink and a green; and I've got another embroidered all over with blue spots."

"What flowers are you going to have in your garden, Maria?" said Clover, trying to get upon some subject where Lily and she would feel at home.

"Oh, I don't know; just what William puts there," said Maria. "He always has something new every spring, papa says."

"I shall have pinks in mine," said Lily.

"Pinks are very old-fashioned," answered Maria. "So William says. I suppose you'll have fuschias, of course."

"No, I guess not," said Clover; "we shall not. I don't know what papa may do."

"Oh yes, you must have fuschias," said Maria. "And then in the green-house you must have gloxinias and air-plants—things that won't grow in every village window, as papa says."

"But we haven't any green-house," said Clover.

"Oh, but of course you'll build one," said Maria. "Sarah had the most beautiful present the other day!—from the gentleman she's engaged to, the same one that gave her the bracelet. It's a butterfly for her hair."

"I shouldn't like a butterfly on my hair," said Primrose, decidedly.

"Not a real one, you little goose," said Maria. "It's all gold and enamel, and ruby eyes, and diamond spots. And it clasps into her hair, so—just like a brooch. It's the sweetest thing! So suitable for summer, mamma said."

"Well, won't you come and see what we have for a green-house?" said Clover, leading the way to the bow-window. "Sam made us these boxes himself, and we've just been planting our seeds. And mamma is going to tell us how they grow."

"How they grow!" said Maria. "Well, you are the strangest girl! It must be a great deal of trouble to take care of such little boxes, I should think. And papa says a few flowers aren't worth much. Quantity, quantity—and what other people don't have—that's what papa likes. But I hope you'll enjoy them, I'm sure. Good-by, I've had a delightful time, and I'll show you all my flowers when you come, and Sarah's butterfly. Good-by!"

And away whirled the carriage, after which Clover and Lily stood gazing with bewildered eyes.

QUITE UNEXPECTED.

I.—A "SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER."

Amos Wynne was simply a tenant farmer, cultivating so much as was cultivable of some five hundred acres which his father had farmed before him, and his grandfather before his father. If it had been a first-rate farm it would hardly have required three generations of diggers and delvers to work it it without gaining enough to leave it and go to something better than tenant farming.

Amos had grown up steady and industrious; had married a good wife, though a poor one; after his father's death he had managed the farm prudently; and, being a man of considerable natural shrewdness, had actually saved money and was looking forward to establishing his children in life a little more advantageously than he and his brothers had had to start. But unhappily he was one of those who had been out in the disastrous '45 of this century. Intoxicated with the prospect of doubling in a year or two the savings of twenty years, his head had been turned along with many a wiser head. He had let the glozing tongue of a neighbor persuade him to buy railway shares at a great premium, he had seen them go up to a greater premium, and had waited for a greater still. Then when the crash came he had been one of those who were caught and had lost actually all his savings. Just now, too, a new misfortune had befallen him which he would have thought little of a year ago, but which was grievous to him in his straitened circumstances. The murrain had been among his cattle and taken six of the finest beasts. As he walked in his rick-yard, therefore, he reckoned up for the twentieth time the probable, possible, and I doubt also impossible proceeds of the sale of those ricks, and thought sadly of the small surplus that would be left him after payment of his rent.

Winding down from the hill-fields behind the house, he saw standing before him one whom he at once put down as belonging to the class of "suspicious characters." He was on the foot-path, it is true, and so could not be ordered off. A stout, strongly-built man of some sixty or thereabouts, he had the true vagabond air and carriage, with the evidently exuberant health and activity which are so often denied to people who are not of the vagabond family. He was clean though, and seemed to take some care of his plentiful gray beard and whiskers, which contrasted well with his darkly-bronzed skin—a skin that had got its coloring plainly under foreign suns.

He came up to the farmer and addressed him, speaking with much gesticulation, and flourishing his staff to such an extent that Amos involuntarily raised his hands to protect his ears. He had a marked impediment in his speech, spoke with a strong foreign accent, and was evidently quite ignorant of his locality. Conversation, therefore, was by no means easy. Amos gathered at last that he wanted to be directed on his way to Rudyard and to be told the distance. The way was straight enough, the distance was six miles, and as it was already growing dark and not over good road, he recommended him to lose as little time as possible. The poor man unfortunately had stumbled, only a hundred yards or so back, and sprained his ankle; so before going on he sat down at the foot of one of the ricks, pulled off his boot and stocking to look at and rub the sprain; and having done so, found all his efforts to get on his boot and walk again fruitless. Certainly Amos Wynne had to confess that he tried his best to walk and go about his business, spite of the evident torture it was to him. It was plain, indeed, that he was as unwilling to ask a night's lodging as Amos was to offer it. The request had to be made at last, however, and could be no less than granted. Leading the way into his house, the stranger followed him. The refinements of drawing-room and dining-room were unknown in Amos Wynne's simple homestead. There was a large kitchen, well hung with bacon, where the servants were sitting at their evening meal. And there was a parlor or "house-room," where the rest of the family spent their leisure hours. "Come in and sit down," said Amos, leading him into the kitchen at the back-door, and at once going forward himself to tell his wife in the other room of the unexpected guest. The stranger followed close upon his heels, entered this other room with him, carrying the impracticable boot in one hand, and limping painfully. It was evident he had not understood his invitation to be to sit with the servants, and though a little taken aback, as Amos was, there was something in the man's graceful bow, and in the quiet self-possession with which he saluted all in the room, that hinted at the possibility of a servants' kitchen not being perhaps his proper place, at his having perhaps looked on better days, and even sat at good men's feasts as host instead of guest. "Would you, madam, give me a slipper?" he asked, seating himself on one of the vacant chairs by the fire, and taking a child on his knee as if he had known the family all his life.

Tea was brought in, and he drew up to table and evidently enjoyed his meal, not omitting to be so attentive to the two daughters as to win the good opinion of those young ladies, and make their brothers and young Dennis, the favored lover of one of them, a little sensible of their own remissness. Then, as the evening were on, Amos naturally wanted his pipe, and asked his guest to join him. Whereupon out came from the stranger's pocket the blackest and best of meerschaums and a pouch of tobacco, which Amos was forced to confess was the finest of any thing he had ever smoked in his life. And as smoking by the fire is of itself dry work, in due time the little black bottle of whisky was produced, and two modest tumblers were mixed, and Amos actually found that he was admitting this stranger, whose name he did not know, into a great deal of his confidence. It hardly occurred to him that he was being questioned at all; but little by little he had told him whose farm this was; how old Sir Evelyn Rudyard had died a month ago, and the new heir was a cousin who had lived abroad all his life and never even seen the vast estates which had now fallen to him by the death of a childless old man; how desolate the old Hall at Rudyard had been this Christmas-time; and how the poor had missed their annual coals and good cheer. Then, with a touch of bitterness, he had hinted at his own losses; at the difficulty he had in making both ends meet; at the determination he had come to that he would, the very next rent-day, up and speak boldly to old Sir Evelyn, and ask him for a reduction of his rent; and how, now the old landlord was dead, he felt it would be hopeless to ask a favor from a new one yet a while, and he would have to struggle on. To all of which the stranger listened carefully, speaking words of cheer now and then, as one who had himself known trouble.

But the younger people were inclined to merrier ways of spending the evening. Harry Dennis had brought his violin, and was in great perplexity about it. He was the only one who could play upon it, and it was clear he could not dance too; so Bertha had to dance with her brother, to the satisfaction of nobody.

"Let me try it," said the strange guest; and then, shade of Paganini! how he did fiddle! The twinkle of his elbow and the flash of his fiddle-stick were nothing short of marvelous. There was not a dance, new or old, but he knew the measure of it; and you could see by the involuntary motion of his knees that, had it not been for his sprained ankle, his sixty years would not have kept him from standing up with the youngest.

At last came the hour for retiring—and that, too, no late hour, for the servants had to be up betimes. In they came, men-servants and maid-servants, and took their chairs round the room with the rest of the family. The big family Bible was opened; and Amos, all seriousness and gravity, laying aside the evening's mirth, read out the sacred message. It happened that he had come that evening to the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, and to that final judgment where the great King blesses them who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and received the stranger, inasmuch as by so doing they have done it unto Him.

II.—"RAGGED AND TOUGH."

A night's rest did the sprained ankle a world of good. Early in the morning the stranger was up and prepared to leave. But as the Wynnes were early risers too, and already about to sit down to breakfast, and as he had made himself quite popular the night before, he was urged to stay, and, with slight urging, staid. After breakfast, too, instead of going on his way at once to Rudyard, he, like a man accustomed to have no plans, or to change them from hour to hour, took all at once the bold resolve to walk off the stiffness of his ankle by no less an undertaking than the ascent of the Wrekin. It lay full in sight from the window; and to him, whose eyes—and feet too, indeed—had often rested on the peaks of Switzerland, it looked a modest hillock enough. And what were its two or three patches of snow compared with the eternal glaciers? Till now he had never seen this much-talked-of Wrekin. It was all one to him whether he reached Rudyard at night or earlier. No one expected him, he said, rather wearily, or would give him as kind a welcome as he had found last night; he would be as well wandering up and down

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the Wrekin as any where else; so up the Wrekin he would go, lame or not lame.

Then two of the young men—Gregory Wynne and Harry Dennis—somewhat ashamed, it may be, of having spoken of the ascent of the Shropshire hill this winter's morning as an immense undertaking to an old man who made so light of it, said that they too would go; and off the three started on their walk. Near as it had seemed, it was close upon two hours—the paths being slippery—before they reached the top and sat down upon the little mound that marks the summit to enjoy the reward of their labors.

On that day there was a meagre prospect. Indeed, for a while the three pedestrians thought themselves alone on the hill. Not another human being was there to be seen. For surely that dirty little heap of animated rags, that moved from time to time in and out of sight among the bushes and behind the rocks, could hardly be a human being. Nor did they quite satisfy themselves that it was one till Gregory Wynne, following it up, brought it out from its hiding-place, and revealed it as a boy.

He was a little imp of barely three feet high. Upon his head he wore the remains of what had once been a cap, but now more nearly resembled a coronet, there being but little of it left save the rim. His hair stood up through the middle of it, not unlike a bunch of shabby plumes. The amalgamated garment, which did what it could toward covering the upper half of his body, had once been in two pieces—jacket and waistcoat. It had, at some advanced period of its history, been made into one. But how many pieces it would have been in now, if incautiously taken off, it would have been hard to say. There was a greater proportion of leg visible than would have been reckoned decorous even by a Highlander. Indeed, had it not been for two or three pieces of string judiciously tied tight round each leg, above and below the knee, the trowsers and their wearer must have altogether parted company. His boots showed a novel principle of construction—or, at any rate, of adaptation—which might commend them to the notice of the father of a family of growing boys. The soles and upper leathers having long parted company, the way of getting into them appeared to be, first, to place the foot firmly on the sole, then put the upper leather (which was open at the side) over it, and tie the two together with a stout piece of string. The more obvious objections to this fashion, for winter wear, naturally suggest themselves in the exposure of the toes at one end of the structure and the heel at the other. At any rate, by a copious use of string, evidently a primary article in his toilet, this small creature did entitle himself to be considered a clothed human being.

"What's your name?" asked the elder stranger.

"Jack Richardson; but at the blacksmith's shop they call me 'Ragged and Tough.' What's yours?" replied the boy.

"Mine," said the old man, "is Peter. How old are you?"

"Eight last Michaelmas. What else besides Peter? and how old are you?"

"Peter Lameleg; sixty-two," said the old man.

Harry Dennis was smoking—we are almost ashamed to confess it, so early in the morning, but it was an exceptional case with him. Said the youngster, "I'll give you a penny for your cigar."

Harry explained that it had cost him threepence, so he could not part with it at that rate. Moreover, he had not got another.

"I'll give you threepence for it," said the child, producing the money. But it appearing that business could not be transacted at that or any other rate, he had to be content with a promise of the reversion of the end of the cigar when done with—had to be content, or at least to seem so.

By-and-by Mr. Lameleg, encouraged by the younger man's example, was seduced into lighting his pipe; and having done so, laid his tobacco-pouch for a moment on the rock beside him. In an instant, and with a scream of exultation, it was pounced upon by Ragged and Tough, and he was bounding with it down the rocks, where no one with any regard to the soundness of his limbs could follow except at the slowest rate. They were sitting on the edge of a deep ravine, the opposite wall of which was distant only a few yards.

In less time than it takes to read these two or three lines, the lad had descended the gorge, had climbed the opposite side, had mounted a tree in front, and now grinned at them across the chasm, while he deliberately produced a short black pipe, filled it, lit it, and immediately showed, by the methodical way in which he smoked it, that he was no new hand at a pipe.

He was still within easy speaking distance; and, as it was clearly no use threatening him or scaring him away, negotiations were opened with him across the chasm.

"Now, my boy, bring it back," said the old man.

"Cu—cu—come and fe—fe—fetch it," he replied, mimicking his stammer; "will you thrash me if I bring it?"

"No."

"Will you give me another pipe?"

"Yes."

Then he deliberately helped himself to another pipe, good measure, wrapped it in a bit of his jacket that he tore off for the purpose, pocketed it, came back, gave up the pouch, and sat down by its owner, trusting fearlessly to the promise that he was not to be thrashed.

Every body has heard of the Irish lad who boasted that he washed himself once a week whether he needed it or not. Our poor little Jack, it was clear, knew nothing of such sanitary regulations, and confessed, without any hesitation, that he never washed himself at all; which, indeed, no one could have suspected him of doing. Being questioned as to his earnings, he said that in fine weather he sometimes got as much as a shilling a day, in bad weather hardly a sixpence—sometimes nothing. He produced eightpence in copper, fivepence of it yesterday's money, and threepence gained this morning. At night, he said, he generally bought a penn'orth of bread, a penn'orth of pudding, and a penn'orth of meat for his supper, two penn'orth of ale to drink after it, and a penn'orth of tobacco to smoke. His breakfast cost him twopence when he had any. Sometimes he gave his sister a penny or two when he saw her walking about in the cold; and sometimes she gave him a penny or two when she had any.

"Did he never take his money home to his mother?" Harry Dennis asked.

"No; she would drink it all."

"Nor to his father?"

"No; he would drink it faster than she would, and I would sooner drink it myself."

"What, do you drink too?"

"Yes, when I have any money to spare. Eh! I was drunk on Saturday night."

When he had not drunk all his money he hid it under a stone before going in to his mother, and took it up again in the morning, if he happened to be there first; but his mother often found out where he put it.

Then turning the conversation to the subject of clothing, young Wynne tried to impress upon him the advantages of spending his spare money in new clothes instead of drink. "If you put away twopence a day for a week that will be a shilling, and you can buy a new cap," a proposition which was readily admitted and approved. "Then, if you put away twopence a day for another week, you can buy a pair of second-hand boots."

"Where?" interrupted he, jumping quickly to his feet.

"Well, at any rate you could in a fortnight," said Gregory, puzzled to answer.

"Ah, yes, but you said in a week," he retorted, being evidently much better informed as to the price of second-hand boots than his instructor.

He had once been to school for two days, but left because Swiddy Dick kicked him on the shins. It was a Sunday-school, but he didn't remember that they taught him any thing. He knew this hill was called the Wrekin, and he knew that was Wellington. He didn't know where England was, or what a queen was. He didn't know who made the sun, but suspected it was not Harry Dennis.

They had sat longer than the old man meant to sit, and as he had already said good-by to them at the farm, he resolved that he would go straight from the Wrekin top to Rudyard. By doing so he perceived that he would cut off an angle of about a mile, which he would have had to traverse had he gone by way of the farm. But he remembered suddenly that he had left something in his bedroom—a pocket-knife and some keys, I think—which he could not well dispense with. From where they sat the farm-house lay full in view, and beyond it a mile or so could be seen the point of junction of its by-road with the road along which the stranger would have to travel on his director way. He pointed out these places to the urchin, Ragged and Tough, and asked him if he would run round by the farm-house, get these things, and meet him with them at the corner for the reward of threepence, a commission which that young Mercury willingly enough undertook, on being furnished with a scrawl from Gregory to produce as his credentials, and asking them also to give him something to eat.

"But can I trust you to bring me them when you have got them?" asked their owner.

The lad seemed to understand at once that it was his honesty that was in question. "A man gave me half a crown once for a penny, and I took it him back. Keep my money till I bring them," he said, and, tossing his rappers at their feet, started off at a run, and was lost beneath the shoulder of the hill. They saw him here and there in the fields as he drew away from the base beneath them, and watched him pursuing his way steadily from stile to stile, till at the last, with the help of a glass which one of the young men carried, they saw him, a mere speck, make his way within the gates and disappear. Then they rose and went down hill leisurely on the director road to Rudyard, the young men going with their companion part of the way.

Coming in due time to a cross-road which led to the Arkill Farm, the young men shook hands with their friend, whom they parted from unwillingly, and he, with many kind words of thanks for the hospitality he had received, pursued his journey alone. Half an hour brought him to the corner where he had expected to find his young messenger waiting. In this, however, he had been too sanguine, and after he had sat and waited another half-hour, casting meanwhile very impatient glances toward the farm, he had, after all, to make up his mind to walk on to the house and seek him. It was full in sight, but separated from him by a valley which, after the walk up the Wrekin, he would rather not have had to cross, especially as the lamed foot began to remind him that it was as yet hardly sound again.

As he walked on with a rather visible limp, and still more visible ill-temper, he was suddenly brought to a stand by the appearance of a little cloud that overhung the house. Even while he gazed it grew darker and larger, spreading itself in dense volumes over all the homestead. Fierce tongues of flame shot up through blinding smoke, and sparks by thousands rose and were wafted by the wind toward him from over the valley. The gate opened, and a man on horseback rode out and galloped off to the town as if for his life.

Mr. Lameleg was lame no longer. He ran in a style that would have done credit to many a younger man, and before many minutes had passed was on the scene of the disaster. It was in the rick-yard that the fire had begun, and it was too clear that but little could be done to stay the progress of the flames. The ricks stood in two rows of four each, and the fire had begun in the second one of the inner row. Happily there was not much wind, but the little there was, while it bore the flames away from the house and the farm-buildings, bore them on to the other ricks, and already three of the eight were blazing furiously. To save these, or any portion of them, was clearly hopeless. Amos Wynne and his family, and the men who had hurried in from the neighboring fields, were doing their best, but working without concert, or any common object. Indeed, on Amos himself the catastrophe had seemed to come so crushingly, that he was more inclined to stand by in silent despair than to struggle against it. "Robbery, and murder, and fire," he murmured to himself; "O God! who sendest me the plagues of Job, send me his patience too, and his happy deliverance." They had broken a hole through the hard-frozen pond, and were running to and fro with all the buckets that could be got together, pouring their dribblets of water wherever they thought it could do good.

The stranger's coat and hat were flung aside in an instant. "Now, my men, to work here!" he shouted, in a voice that was plainly used to command. Loose straw was lying between all the ricks, and the flames leaped by its aid from one to the other with fearful rapidity. He saw at a glance which of the stacks were certainly lost, and which it might be possible to save. To clear away this loose straw was the first task. He did not merely order what was to be done, but he did more of the work than any two other men. Then he divided his forces—one half he set to work to pull down and carry away two of the ricks that were sure to take fire next if nothing were done to save them. But as he knew it would be impossible to get more than half of them down, he put the rest of the men to another task. Close by there was a large heap of rotting stable manure. He had it brought as rapidly as possible and piled between the stacks on fire and the stacks in danger, and more especially as thickly as they could against the sides of those in danger. Then, as he saw the flames gaining on them, they ceased trying to pull down the stacks—having got them perhaps half down—and began to spread this manure thickly over the top of the parts of the stacks left standing. By dint of hard labor they managed to get these two stacks well covered, and by this time help having come from neighboring farms, they contrived also to get the up-piled heap in front of the burning stacks well drenched with water. In the midst of all it began to snow heavily, and this helped them a little, forming a thin covering on the manure. Happily when the flames reached them, as they soon did, they found that their ravenous tongues no longer devoured all before them, but were stopped by their barricade. When the parish engine arrived and began to play upon the nearest of the flaming ricks it was seen that the worst was over.

But, indeed, that worst was bad enough for poor Amos Wynne. His fire insurance policy had expired three weeks before, and he, intending to renew it for a larger amount, had not renewed it at all. Such a loss to him, coming at such a time, was little short of ruin, and he thought more wearily than ever of the rent-day ahead. While thinking of what was lost, however, he was not quite oblivious of what was saved, or of him to whose exertions he was so much indebted. "I owe you much," he said to the old man; "pray come in and let me thank you, and thank the good Providence that sent you here at such a time."

As they went in they overtook two of the men who had come with the fire-engine. They were carrying between them the body of a child. The poor rags that hung about him were drenched with water and littered with manure. The poor little face was blackened with smoke and ashes. The poor little limbs lay motionless. It was the body of poor "Ragged and Tough."

III.—THE NEW LANDLORD.

Then, then, was how the old year was to end for Amos Wynne. It was its last day, and to-morrow came in the new one. What a mockery it would seem to wish him a Happy New Year! When he got into his own house he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head to his knees in silent despair.

The stranger had followed the two firemen into the kitchen, and they had deposited their senseless burden on the table. Another man immediately followed them, bringing a short black pipe which he had picked up close to where they had found the child. Gregory Wynne was standing by the old man. They both knew the pipe again at once, and remarked to each other that the origin of the fire was explained.

"It is not so clear," said the stranger, "that your father has any thing to thank me for. If I had not sent the lad here this would never have happened."

It proved that the boy was not dead, though at first they had thought him so. He was indeed fearfully burned, and there could be little hope of his recovery. But by-and-by he breathed, opened his eyes, and, the sense of pain returning with the sense of life, moaned piteously. His worst burns, however, and those from which there was most danger, were those where the fire had deadened all feeling in the poor child's limbs, and where he had no pain at all. The smaller and more painful burns were dressed with soothing oils and lint. Mrs. Wynne and her daughters, forgetting the mischief the boy had wrought them, seeing only his poor scorched body and his helplessness, worked with tender fingers about him, and in a little while restored him so far that he could tell his story. It was a very plain, straightforward one, and the sum of it was this:

He had got the trifles he had been sent to fetch.

"They are in my pocket," he said to the old man, not suspecting that both pocket and trowsers had been burned off his legs.

They had given him a good dinner in the kitchen, and one of the farm-laborers, delighted with his precocious prattle, had also given him, unknown to any one else, some ale. Then he had left to go on his errand, but at the gate his quick eye had seen the three whom he had left coming down the hill after off, and, having time to spare, the possession of tobacco had proved too great a temptation for him. He had stolen into the rick-yard, sat down behind the second rick, and smoked part of his pipe. Then, hearing some one coming, he had run off to finish it behind a more distant stack, and there he had fallen asleep. This much he could tell of himself; the rest was easily put together. At the first of his smoking-places the fire had broken out after he had removed. His second hiding-place had only been reached by the fire in its expiring efforts, and there he had been buried unperceived, partly with straw, partly with manure. He confessed that this burying of him awaked him, but at first he durst not come out for fear of being whipped, and he lay still, not knowing what was wrong. Then afterward, when he had tried to get out he could not; and he remembered no more about it.

They told him of the fire and of the damage he had done.

"You won't thrash me?" he asked, pitifully. (The attention of a thrashing seemed to be the only attention he had ever received from any one, and he could hardly believe that he was to escape without one now.) "You can give them my money, to pay for the stacks, Mr. Lameleg," he said, suddenly remembering the eightpence which he had left in pledge for his own honesty. Poor Ragged and Tough appeared to be less conversant with the value of corn-stacks than with the value of second-hand boots. But having thus made what pecuniary amends he could, he seemed easier and more hopeful of good treatment.

Apparently reminded by the child's last words, the old man left him and went in to Amos Wynne.

"And what do you think will be the extent of your loss?" he asked.

"Four hundred pounds, not less, I am sure," was the answer; "and how to replace it I know no more than you child."

"Don't despair," said the stranger; "your fire-insurance will help you, and perhaps the new landlord may make your tenancy easier when he sees how hardly you have been pressed. At any rate I can be of no more use here, and strangers are only in the way at such a time. I will have a wash and a crust of bread and cheese, and then I will go."

"I shall be sorry if we never see you or hear of you again," said Amos.

"Oh, but perhaps you will! What are you going to do with the child?"

"Keep him till he is better, or till all is over with him. The doctor says he will probably linger a few days at any rate."

In times of domestic as well as of national calamity every one has his own special point of view from which he looks on the misfortune that has befallen him in common with those around him. As the old man passed the hay-window in which Harry Dennis and Bertha were standing, he heard Harry say, "I suppose we shall have to put it off again?"

"I suppose we must," said Bertha; "but I hope it will not be for long."

They were speaking quite openly, so the stranger asked, "What is that which has to be put off?"

"Only our marriage," said Bertha, very frankly, with a smile which was a good deal belied by her eyes. "He was to have come and fetched me in a month."

"Ah, well, you are young; it is only waiting and trusting each other a little longer."

And then in a little while the old man shook hands with them all, and went his way once more, more sadly though with more show of mutual kindness than before.

It was some two hours later. The melancholy dinner, of which no one seemed to have partaken, had been cleared away. Amos Wynne remembered that there was some letter about this disaster which he must needs write for that night's post, and the inkstand and pen could not be found. There is seldom more than one little bottle of ink in a country farm-house, and it is well if its contents are not either as thick as mud or watered out of all their blackness. At last it was found in the bedroom that had been used by the old man. Beside it lay a closed envelope addressed "Mr. Amos Wynne," in a hand unknown to all of them.

"Who would have thought," said Amos, "of his taking the trouble to leave a note to thank me?"

It was not much of a note. When the envelope was opened it contained merely a half-sheet of note-paper, on which was written, not over-legibly, simply the words, "*I was a stranger, and ye took me in*"—no signature, and no word more. Along with it was a small piece of folded paper which fell out and fluttered to the floor. When unfolded it proved to be a check on the local bank in the neighboring town, in favor of Amos Wynne, for the sum of four hundred pounds. This check was signed P. Rudyard. Mr. Lameleg was none other than the new landlord.

That night at Arkill Farm was not so dull a one as the earlier part of the day had promised. The old year was sped to its exit, and the new one was welcomed to the world with all seemly mirth, not unmixed with solemn thankfulness. Poor little Ragged and Tough was brought in for half an hour, and propped so that his big, bright eyes could look on from out of his lint and cotton-wool, and enjoy the wonderful sight of a well-lighted room and happy faces. Then he was taken away, patient and happy as the rest of them.

Mr. Lameleg's agency that Amos Wynne might get his rent reduced proved remarkably exact. Ragged and Tough did not die, but slowly recovered, and in due time came to be as tough as ever, though never again so ragged; for Sir Peter clothed him, and sent him to school, where "Swiddy Dick" could no longer reach his shins, and had him taught where England is, and who did make the sun, and gave him more exact ideas of the value of corn-stacks, and even at the last promoted him to be his own boy in buttons. It was also Sir Peter himself who gave away the bride when Bertha and Harry Dennis were married—without that dreadful postponement—and who stood up at the wedding-breakfast and said, stammering as bad as ever, that he hoped (as we may surely hope for all our kindly, patient readers) that if in the unknown future, any year seemed closing on them as darkly as the last had threatened, its clouds might be chased away as quickly, that each new year might dawn upon them as brightly, and be as fruitful in happiness as this one bid fair to be.

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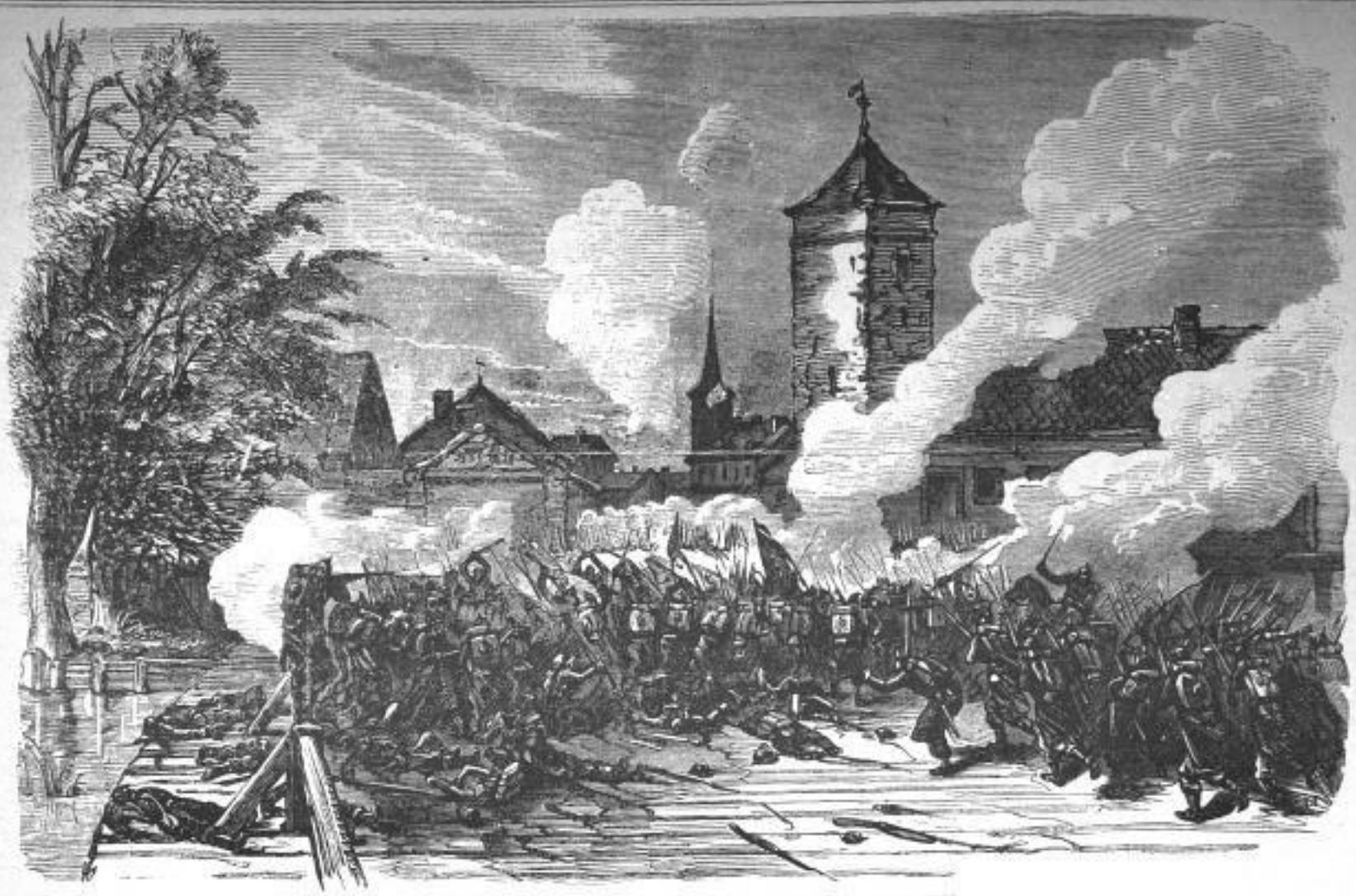


BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE STORMING OF GITSCHIN, June 28, 1866.

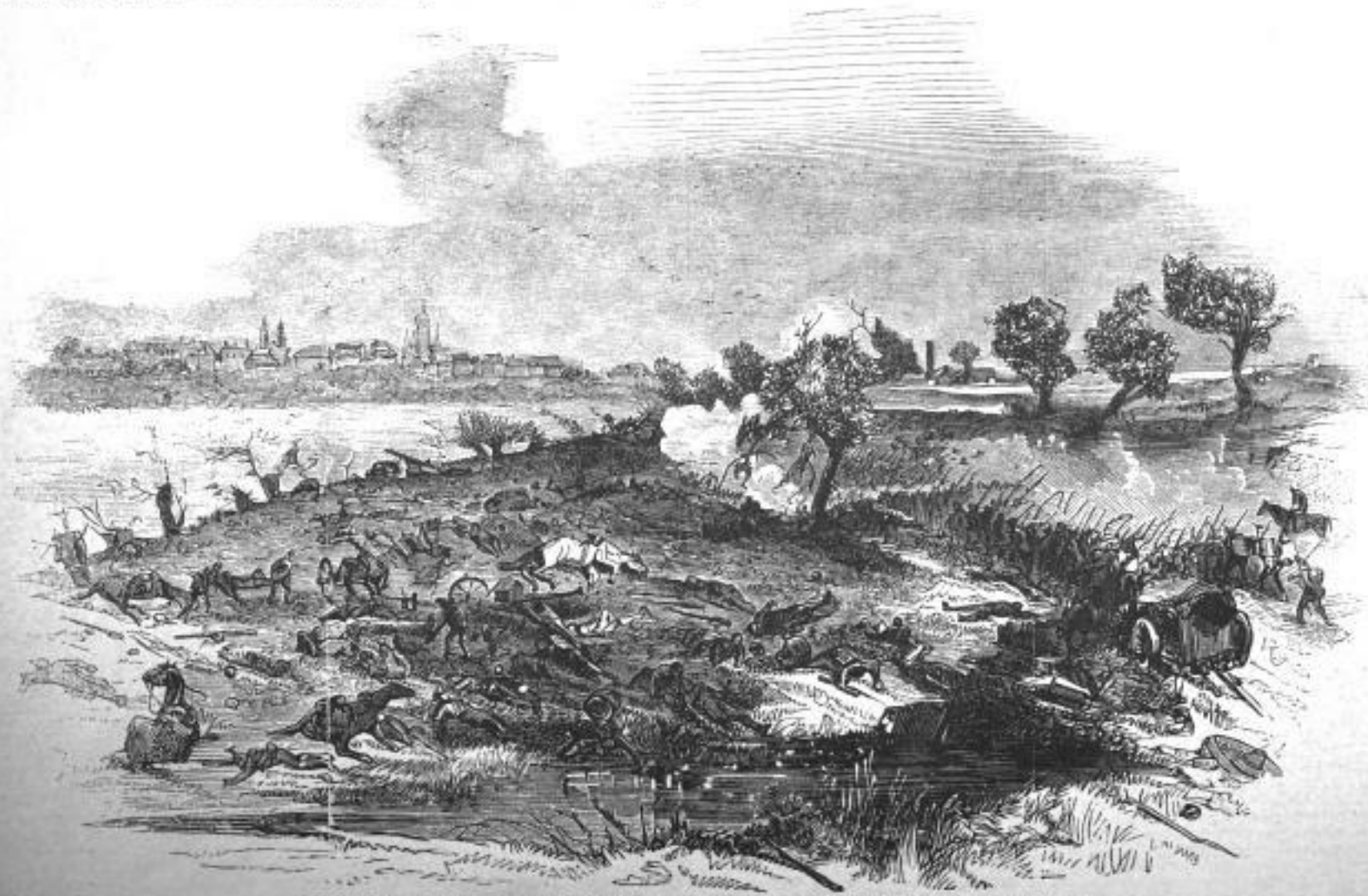
THE BATTLES IN GERMANY.

We give on this page two illustrations relating to the battles in Bohemia, by which the Prussians, gaining a series of victories which were consummated on July 3, in the disastrous defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa, overcame every obstacle to their rapid and successful march against Vienna. The latest news by the cable left the Prussian army in front of Vienna, and at this stage of the hostilities an armistice had been entered upon with a view to peace-negotiations.

But notwithstanding this recent intelligence it will be interesting to our readers to turn back to those terrible contests, the results of which, in the reconstruction of Germany, are still to be made known. For this purpose we have published two engravings, one illustrating the storming of Gitschin, the other giving a view of the battle-field of Königgrätz, the evening after the contest.

THE STORMING OF GITSCHIN.

On the 27th and 28th of June had been fought the battles of Nachod and Trautenau, each of which had resulted in a victory for the Prussians. A third and equally bloody engagement occurred on the 28th, near Munchengratz, fifty miles west of the battle-fields just mentioned. The Prussian troops employed on this occasion belong to the first army, under the command of Prince Frederick Charles, and had penetrated into Bohemia from Saxony by way of Reichenberg. The day previously Turnau, at the junction of the North Bohemian railways, had been occupied by them. Moving thence in a southwestern direction, they found themselves confronted, it is reported, by 50,000 or 60,000 Austrians and 20,000 Saxons. The enemy had taken up a strong position on the top of a hill, contesting the possession of it with great obstinacy. The loss on both sides was about equal, but success remained with the Prussians, who immediately advanced in a southeastern direction to Gitschin, a place well known in history as one of Wallenstein's possessions. The great General lies buried here in the Convent of the Carthusians. The town lies some fourteen or fifteen English miles southeast of Munchengratz and of Turnau, with which two places it forms a triangle. It is situated on the Cydlina, one of the confluents of the Elbe. From the positions occupied, according to the latest reports, by the second army under the command of the Crown Prince, Gitschin is distant about twenty-three to twenty-six English miles. It constitutes very nearly the central point of the road leading from Jung-Bunzlau over Sobotka, Gitschin, and Horzitz to Josephstadt, respectively, to Königgrätz, and which constitutes,



BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE BATTLE-FIELD OF KÖNIGGRATZ AT 9 O'CLOCK P.M., July 3, 1866.

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as it were, the string of the bow formed by the railways between Jung-Bunzlau, Turnau, Eisenbrod, and Josephstadt. On the 29th ult. the third and fifth divisions carried Gitschin by storm, inflicting a loss of 3000 men on the Austrians, and making much upon 2000 prisoners. The 24th and 64th regiments, well known as having distinguished themselves in the assault on Duppel, shone again conspicuous in their feats of arms. In storming the Castle of Gitschin, which was built by Wallenstein in 1610, they are reported to have climbed up the walls like cats, despite the fierce fire with which they were received. The Prussian losses in the storming of the town and castle are reported as very heavy, the position being naturally strong and the resistance of the Austrians most determined.

A correspondent writes: "The Prussians, advancing from the direction of Turnau on Gitschin, had a fight at the villages of Podaltz and Diletz, which were held by Austrian and Saxon troops, supported by artillery and three of Austria's finest cavalry regiments. According to the report of the prisoners, the King of Saxony himself took part in the fight. After a severe struggle both villages were carried, and the Prussians made for the Lochow Road in order to cut off the retreat of the Austrians, who were retiring from Lochow on Gitschin. The Austrian cavalry charged the advancing Prussians, but the latter received them without forming square, and the horsemen recoiled, broken by their steady fire. The Austrian troops in Breda and the Saxons and Austrians in Diletz were quite separated by the capture of the village of Podaltz, and the former were almost entirely taken; the latter were cut off from retreat in large numbers. The loss of the Saxons between Diletz and Gitschin was tremendous; they fell thickly, and the ground was covered with corpses. The Prussians suffered much, but they fought most heavily, and, with only four regiments and half as many guns as their opponents, carried a very strong position held by a much superior force; for the Prussians had in the field but 16,000 men, and the allied strength is estimated at 85,000. At Diletz the Prussians lie more thickly than at Lochow, for the more numerous artillery of the defenders plowed with terrible effect through the dense columns of the assailants as they advanced to the attack. But between Diletz and Gitschin the ground is covered with broken arms, knapsacks, shakos, and fallen men, who are mostly either Saxons or Austrians, for here the needle-gun was more used than artillery. The Prussians took about 7000 prisoners in the two combats, and the Austrian loss in killed and wounded was estimated at 2000. On the 29th the Prussian head-quarters were moved to Sobotka, and the army took up a position in front of Gitschin, prepared for battle. In the afternoon the strategic object of the movements of the two Prussian armies was achieved, and communications were opened in Bohemia between Prince Frederick Charles and the Crown Prince."

On the 24 of July the King of Prussia arrived at Jitschin, where he was received by Prince Frederick Charles. The streets every where showed the traces of the obstinate engagement which had been continued within the town. The enemy had fled in disorder under cover of the night. By the victory of Gitschin the junction of the two armies under Prince Charles and Frederic William, the Crown Prince, was made possible.

ERASTUS W. SMITH, A.P.D.—[Photograph by Gurney & Son, New York.]

Benedek in the mean while, after the defeat of the Saxons, had found it necessary to fall back to Königgratz.

THE BATTLE OF KONIGGRATZ, OR SADOWA.

We have on a previous occasion given the details of this battle. Our illustration represents the battlefield as it appeared at nine o'clock P.M. after the conflict. The battle was fought July 3, and lasted twelve hours. Early in the morning the Prussian army, commanded by the King in person, and [illegible] under Marshal Benedek, [illegible] and Königgratz. For six hours the [illegible] obstinately defended a strong position to the [illegible] of Hiotitz, which was not taken by storm until two P.M., after which the enemy was quickly driven out of his other positions. By seven P.M. the rest of the Austrians were in full retreat, and their defeat was complete. In this battle the Prussians took 116 guns and upward of 20,000 prisoners.

THE LOST FOUND.

The scene presented in our engraving on this page is one of no rare occurrence at our Police stations. It is a scene of happy reunion both to the bewildered little children, who, having strayed beyond the limits of their neighborhood, and being unable, in their alarm or by reason of their infantile years, to give the friendly policeman any information as to their homes, have been made for the night as comfortable as circumstances permitted; and also to the anxious parents, who, after a night of agonized apprehension, have at last found the unhappy wanderers.

ERASTUS W. SMITH, A.P.D.

On the 18th of May last the New York University conferred upon Mr. Erastus W. Smith, the subject of this sketch, the honorary degree of "*Doctor Physicis Artibus*" (Doctor in Physical Arts). In a letter, accompanying the one from Chancellor Frieze making the announcement, Professor John W. Draper designates this as the first degree of the kind ever conferred in this country, and the highest the University can give. It places the University, as he says, in connection with mechanical engineering, one of the most important and growing professional interests of our city and country.

It may be profitable for those who are toiling in the same arduous department to know how the enviable prominence, which justifies so high a recognition, has been attained.

Mr. Smith is a native of the State of Connecticut. His parents having moved to Ohio when he was at an early age, he was there employed with his father as carpenter and mill-wright. He afterward was occupied for a short time in a steam-engine manufactory in the same State, but soon becoming convinced that a better opportunity for advancement would be found in a first-class establishment, he came to New York, and apprenticed himself to the late James P. Allaire, proprietor of the well-known Allaire Works, for some years the most noted in the country. After four years of service, perceiving that a knowledge of the physical sciences was necessary to the attainment of any thing like do-

THE LOST FOUND—A SCENE AT THE POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

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tinction in the profession he had chosen, Mr. Smith relinquished his place, and pursued those studies at the New York University, graduating in the class of 1844. He then returned to the Allaire Works, and toiled faithfully for six years longer, during which period he was, in the words of his respected employer and friend, Mr. Allaire, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, "employed in every department, from the lowest to the highest. He has been the principal in the construction of some of the best vessels that sail on our waters, sea, and lakes; for capacity and ability I am sure he has no superior (in the compass of my knowledge of men) in his profession."

After this long and diversified experience in construction and designing, Mr. Smith determined to rely upon his merits as Consulting Engineer in preference to making permanent engagement with any one establishment. From this point his advancement has been rapid and complete. The Ocean Steam Navigation Co., the Collin's Line of steamers, the New York and Havre Steamship Co., the New York, New Orleans, and Havana line of steamers, the Merchants' Steamship Co., the Norwich and New York Transportation Co., and the North American Steamship Co., have all, at different times, been under his direction, either in the capacity of Engineer-in-Chief, Constructing Engineer, or Superintendent of Machinery. Many of the largest and finest engines ever built in our country are from his designs and drawings. Among these may be specified the steamboat *Metropolis*, of the Fall River Line; the *Mississippi*, *St. Lawrence*, *Empire State*, and *Buckeye State*, on the Western lakes; the *Independence*, *Favorita*, and *Oregonian*, for the Pacific Ocean.

Passing somewhat into the domain of Civil Engineering Mr. Smith is at present Chief Engineer of the new iron bridge at Harlem, and also Consulting Engineer to the Board of Public Works in Chicago, in reference to the tunnel now being constructed under the Lakes. Seven important appointments as Consulting and Constructing Engineer are this day held by him, giving evidence of the great confidence reposed in his professional ability, prominent among which should be mentioned his position as Constructing Engineer for Mr. W. H. Webb, the contractor with the United States Government for the iron-clad ram *Dunderberg*.

A consideration of the effect of mechanical engineering upon the results of the last war will convince any one that the recognition of its professors among the honored and educated is not misplaced. It has well been styled the "Iron War." Mechanical genius gave to our military heroes the power to consummate their triumphs. Invincible ships, resistless weapons, rapid transportation, these were the means which had, at least, much to do with the glorious end.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

THE FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

The French Market, when I visited it, had been in full blast since sunrise, presenting the same appearance as Fulton or Washington Markets on a Saturday afternoon. Here all the negroes speak French, and many of them wear sabots, those clumsy feet-coverings being for sale at several places in the Market. Will it be put down to blind prejudice if the writer states that neither the meat, fish, vegetables, nor fruit are so fine as can be found at the above-named markets? Even in the matter of oranges and bananas they are behindhand, probably owing to the fact that very few licenses are given for the traffic, and it becomes a monopoly in the hands of a few Italians, who buy in the cheapest market, and sell at exorbitant prices. So well are these estimable foreigners organized that a man coming into port with a cargo of fruit has to take the first offer made him, or run extreme risk of selling at all. Whites, creoles, and negroes elbow about, unpleasant smells abound, and the sun pours over all a blistering heat.

Just in the hottest spot of the whole market the most picturesque subject is found, namely, the Indian dealers in herbs and baskets. Grouped around, in stolid indifference to the heat, with heavy folded wraps resting on their heads for protection against the sun, they patiently await customers for their okra, and other herbs and roots. Years ago a large number of these aborigines ornamented the city, but as they grow tame they disappear from the city as fast as from their ancient hunting grounds.

In connection with the excitement consequent upon the New Orleans riot I have made a sketch giving a street view in that city. The scene is laid on St. Charles Street, and represents the march of Phil. Sheridan's troops through the city. The building in the distance is the St. Charles Hotel.

A. R. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Leaving our own bustling metropolis *en route* for Eastern sections, one can not but remark the more staid and quiet demeanor of the denizens of the New England States. Even if you chance to reach New Haven on a Commencement day, it is evident that nobody is greatly excited. The College walls undoubtedly conceal some anxious faces and restless feet, but little of this appears without. All is very proper and decorous, and there is no unseemly haste even on the College Green. Class meetings and Commencement exercises chiefly interest those immediately concerned and strangers. To the inhabitants of New Haven these things are an "old story." So a majority of them stay quietly at home, cordially extending their hospitality to the many friends who take this time to visit them! To be sure a goodly number of the young ladies show their bright faces in the galleries, or on either side of the stage, some time during Commencement exercises. But then, in general, each one has a "*friend*" who takes a part, or she has a friend who has a "*friend*" who takes a part; and, by keeping your eyes open, you can almost "guess" who is the special "friend," by watching the ingress and egress of fair, flushed faces and dainty little hats. Even the time-honored "President's Levee" awakens little interest among those who for years have heard the same invitation extended to "citizens and strangers." So that, although New Haven is proud of Old Yale, she is not much moved from the even tenor of her way by the annual recurrents of its Commencement.

In Boston, also, there is a marked difference in the manner of the people. The universal rush and hurry and "*hubbub*" which is so characteristic of New York is quite wanting at the "Hub." Business men walk with a certain grave deliberation which gives one a sense of their stability. They do not seem to fancy that five minutes more or less can either make or mar their fortunes. Even in Washington Street one may walk slowly along, or stop at the corner of the street, without much danger of being knocked down by some rushing pedestrian—though indeed the narrow sidewalks would afford some excuse for close contact.

In promenading the streets of Boston one is struck by the great abundance of fresh fruit temptingly displayed. The little baskets and small square boxes used for berries in New York are never seen there; smooth, clean-looking, round boxes, holding a quart or two, are the fashion in Boston. And these boxes, having about the diameter of a good-sized tea-plate, show off nice fruit to excellent advantage. Fruit also is cheaper; and those frequenting restaurants and hotels conducted on the European plan reap some advantage. For whereas at a first-class New York restaurant one must pay forty cents or more for a plate of Lawton blackberries and cream, the same is served in a first-class Boston hotel or restaurant for twenty-five cents. The bill of fare indicates a similar difference in many articles. We wonder if the *diminuendo* continues as we go East? and query, if so it be, whether it would not pay to be quartered a while among the forests of the Aroostook?

It is certainly not a bad injunction to practice upon which Dr. Hall gives in reference to the cholera: "Bear in mind always that perfect and infallible exemption will be the result of personal and domiciliary cleanliness, of a plain and regular mode of living, and of a composed, confident, and fearless mind." He also gives a special caution not to continue any labor or occupation until exhaustion follows. "The time to stop work is when the feeling of tiredness first begins to force itself upon the attention."

There are comparatively few persons who, in times of sudden alarm, whether it be of fire or water, sickness or accident, possess entire presence of mind. It is in part a natural gift, but can be measurably acquired by most persons. A lady, living in the interior of New York State, whose handsome residence was burned to the ground last winter, told us that she actually saw an infatuated man throw a looking-glass out of the window, and then carefully carry a chip mattress down stairs! She had *heard* of such things, but had never been an eye-witness before. The Portland *Transcript* says that one gentleman left his office for the last time during the recent fire with a pack of envelopes in his hand, when a valuable article lay within reach which he might have taken instead. One lady went into the street with a new tin pail in her hand, when her silver-ware, which was in the burning house, was equally accessible. It might be well for every one to remember that all are liable to sudden alarms, and to decide mentally what to do in certain cases.

The following is said to be reliable matrimonial statistics in regard to the recent graduating class in Yale College. The information will be interesting to young ladies generally:

Engaged	18
Now under breach of promise	5
Will not marry till the governor is willing	10
Will not marry till they can support a wife	1
Will not marry till their wife can support them	22
Like children, but refuse to marry in any case	9
Wedded to their pipes and slippers	25

As there were 95 who graduated it seems that no information has been obtained respecting five of the class—perhaps they are already married! From this class 22 have decided to enter the legal profession, 20 the ministry, and 11 will study medicine.

Not long since a London journal remarked that "the cause of the Atlantic Telegraphy is indebted to Cyrus W. Field more than to any other individual man, or to any body of men." This gentleman, who, it is said, has made no less than thirty-eight voyages across the ocean in connection with the business of this great enterprise, was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. As a child he was remarkable for his promptness and energy, and could always be relied upon to accomplish what he undertook, if the result was attainable. He came to New York when about fifteen years old, and entered the store of A. T. Stewart as a clerk. When about twenty he commenced business for himself, opening a paper warehouse. He was devoted to his business. Whatever he did he did with all his might; and this trait has been characteristic of him through life. The laurels he has won through perseverance can never be taken from him.

Unripe and stale fruit should be strictly avoided at this season. If the law can not prevent such unhealthy rubbish from being offered for sale, people had better exercise whatever common-sense they may possess. "I should judge," said a gentleman the other day, deliberately measuring with his eye a cart filled with little, hard, green apples and pears, "there were about ten cases of cholera in that cart!" We suggest that such "cases of cholera" be reported to the Board of Health.

The following method of seeking employment must have had a startling effect upon those to whom the application was made:

Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. At this moment a poor fellow approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice, said:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and if you would—"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers. "Don't you see my friends are going to fight? We are not in a charitable humor."

"It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that these gentlemen are about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins."

A singular instance of jealousy is recorded in a Western paper. A young girl belonging to one of the first families of Indianapolis, being jealous of an elder sister, procured a stick of nitrate of silver, and dissolved it in her sister's wash pitcher. The result is that the latter has turned black, and callers are told that she is ill of a contagious disease. She will grow white again in time.

At the Paris Prefecture of Police a regular account is kept of all lost articles which have been deposited there by the finders. During the last twelve months 22,000 articles of various kinds have been deposited, amounting in value to 885,000 francs, or £35,400. In addition to this, within a single month the following articles were deposited with the police: A gold bracelet with diamonds, deposited by a working house-painter; 700 francs in bank-notes, by a female servant; port-monnaie, containing shares and 170 francs in money, by a coffee-house waiter; a valuable gold watch, by a poor widow; a debenture for 500 francs, payable to bearer, by a boy fifteen years old; 3000 francs, in bank-notes; 1700 francs, by a cab-driver; 3800 francs, by a cabman; and a bracelet in gold and diamonds, valued at 15,000 francs, by a cabman. These acts tell greatly in favor of the honesty of the humbler class of Parisians.

If the following, which we clip from an exchange, be really true, the knowledge will be invaluable to florists and farmers. It is certainly worth a trial:

"A decoction of the leaves of common chamomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants dispersed through it. No green-house or hot-house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is a singular fact, that if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant chamomile near it."

Among the many incidents which have been told of Gettysburg—some true, and perhaps some false—here is one which, although connected with a serious subject, is irresistibly ludicrous:

Among the wounded in the battle were several Germans from a German regiment, and one of them having died, it was proposed that the German chaplain should officiate at the funeral. Accordingly a grave was dug; and the body, attended by many comrades, was borne to its last resting-place. Arriving there, the German chaplain began:

"Mine frens, *dis ish de first time dis man has died*." Observing a titter among his audience, he began again in a tone of Christian severity:

"Mine frens, I say *dis ish de first time* dis man has *died*." Human nature could bear no more, and the boys shouted. Indignant at the disrespect shown him as minister, the chaplain turned round, pointed to the open grave, and simply saying "Stick him in," marched away.

An English paper makes the following statement regarding salaries in this country:

"The highest salary paid to any man in New England is received by the agent of a woolen-mill in Massachusetts—$15,000. The lowest is believed to be that of a Methodist preacher, who stated at a late convention in Boston that his salary for preaching last year was a new hat and a bushel of apples."

The recent calamities in Egypt, arising from the swarm of locusts with which that country was afflicted, seem to have been somewhat mitigated by a discovery in the art of cooking. Locust fritters are a novelty that the most fastidious *gourmet* must acknowledge. The recipe for preparing this dish is given in an Algerian journal, and we quote it for the benefit of those who are meditating a tour on the borders of the Nile:

"Take the locust gently between the finger and thumb of the left hand; cut it in two with a knife, and pour into the animal's inside a small quantity of good rum: let them stand two days, and then cover with a fritter paste, and fry them; sprinkle with sugar, and pour into the dish a small quantity of Burgundy. This dish, which is called *Criquets à la Bénédict*, is said to be delicious."

The following is the last form of a French sensation advertisement:

"A Russian lady of rank died lately in Paris, and her husband sent for a barber to arrange her hair as is usually done with the Russian dead. The barber took his young son with him, and, to punish the lad for some indiscretion which he had committed, brutally compelled him to read aloud 'Mon Voisin Raymond' while the hair of the corpse was being dressed. The boy was terribly frightened at the task imposed upon him, and returned home almost delirious. But the cruel father's turn was to come, and on the following night, and for many nights afterward, did the appearance of the Russian lady sit by his bedside reading aloud to him improper novels. At last the poor barber's black hair turned white under the well-deserved infliction he was undergoing; but soon after the fair Russian had exhausted her repertoire of light literature, and appeared to him no more, he was fortunate enough to discover a *dye*, which completely restored his hair to its original thickness, color, and gloss, which he now sells at the extremely low price of ten francs the bottle. Apply to Mons. ——, Rue ——, No. —."

THE FLAG IN THE SOUTH.

Ed. Harper's Weekly:

On Tuesday, 16th May, 1865, it being definitively known that the Confederacy was extinct, and that we were all once more in Union lines, the Union citizens of Washington Parish, Louisiana, and Pike County, Mississippi, assembled at Mount Hermon Church, in Washington Parish, to celebrate the to them joyful event.

It being ascertained that a lady had brought with her an old Union flag, which she had hidden for four years, like Jochebed hid Moses, the crowd became clamorous, and a long pole being improvised into a flag-staff the old dear flag was brought out, and amidst the shouts and huzzas of the Unionists the free old banner was for the first time given to the lovely breezes that fanned our sunny land.

As it went up the following original ode, written for the occasion by a Southern lady, was sung with the most rapturous enthusiasm:

Ay! bring it from its hiding-place
  Into the light of day,
And let its starry folds once more
  In Southern breezes play.
Let shouts of triumph rend the air,
  While angels smile to see
A nation, saved from tyrant chains,
  Restored to Liberty.

Long have we been denied the sight,
  And frequently have pined
To see our country's flag again
  Float proudly in the wind.
We've cherished for it in our hearts
  A depth of love untold,
And hid it from the sight of man
  As misers hide their gold.

Long has it been a banished thing,
  Derided and traduced,
And those who dared to own its cause
  Insulted and abused.
Drove by conscription from their homes,
  And oft, when forced to flee,
Pursued with blood-hounds through those woods,
  Where once they wandered free.

We've groaned beneath oppression's power
  And all the ills of war,
And dying groans and wails of woe
  Have burdened Southern air.
A pall of darkness o'er us hung
  Like that which shrouds the tomb,
And Hope's faint star was almost lost
  Amid the deepened gloom.

Now, God be praised, the dawn has come,
  The night of terror o'er,
The golden Sun of Liberty
  Shall gild our Southern shore.
Fling out our banner to the breeze,
  Let all its friends rejoice,
And songs of praise to God ascend
  From every heart and voice!

Gent., Mississippi, July, 1866.

"We heartily recommend them to all our readers."—Brandreth's Florimel, the most delicate and exquisite Perfume in the world, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Leslie's Family Magazine (New York).*

Moth and Freckles.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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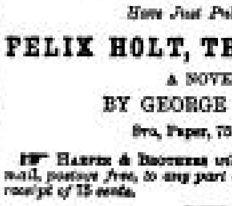

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First Patented and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. Originally patented May 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with all recent attachments, is noiseless in operation, sews with double or single thread of all kinds with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each revolution of the Wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c. The best machine manufactured. *Warranted* not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

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Single machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders,

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Thousands die, as it were, inch by inch, of bodily weakness; for debility will kill as certainly, though not so quickly, as a raging fever. Is it asked how the weak shall be made strong, the debilitated sustained and restored, the exhausted refilled with vital energy? We aver that of all invigorating preparations given by science to man, from the institution of the art of healing to the present hour, not one has wrought such wonders in the way of restoration as HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. This is indeed the tonic of tonics. As a revitalizing, strength-supporting, life-prolonging agent, the like of it is not to be found in the catalogue of medicines. Among the various articles used to arouse the dormant powers of nature, it stands alone—the great awakener of the paralyzed physique. It not only awakens the physical powers from a state of collapse and inanition, but it imparts permanent vigor to the muscular and nervous systems—reinforcing, as it were, both the strongholds and the outworks of vitality. The aged, the dyspeptic, the nervous, the broken-down of both sexes are recommended to try it. They will assuredly find it a present help in time of trouble.

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STOVES.

All the Cooking for a family may be done with Kerosene Oil, or Gas, with less trouble and at less expense, than by any other fuel.

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$2000 a Year and Expenses to Male and Female Agents, to introduce a new and useful invention, absolutely needed in every household. Agents preferring to work on commission can earn from $10 to $20 per day. For particulars address W. G. WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the Desideratum Holder for fastening neckties, looping up dress skirts, &c., &c. Our Agents make and freely make $5 to $20 per day. Circular sent on receipt of stamp. Bell & Co., Springfield, Mass.

LADIES of intelligence wanted to canvass; very liberal arrangements offered. Call or address Mme. Demorest's Emporium of Fashions, 473 Broadway, N.Y.

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Dr. Lamonte's Corrolla will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York.

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AGENTS—"GUIDE TO BUSINESS SUCCESS" and "A KEY TO HONEST WEALTH." 150 pp., just out. Send for sample copy, postpaid, price $1. L. N. WHITE & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

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Member of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. "We shall have to prosecute you, Madam, if you continue to clothe that unhappy Brute during the warm weather."

Indignant Old Maid. "Prosecute me, indeed! I would like to know, if some *Brutes* are permitted to carry Umbrellas and wear Clothing, why my Dog should be denied the same privilege?"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

Snow-White Steel Shirt Collar,
31; Cuffs, $2; Bosom, $5. "Self-adjusting." Patented Sept., 1865. "Sent by mail." BILLOU & FOGGAN, Inventors, Patentees, and Manufacturers, Nassau St., N.Y.

POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 672 Broadway, near 4th st., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $50 each.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets, and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.

In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
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THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.

This now celebrated Revolver excels all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger metallic cartridge (32.100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 23 Beekman Street, New York.

Economy is Wealth.

If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most serviceable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the

PATENT REVERSIBLE PAPER COLLAR

MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
AGENTS,
WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO SOLDIERS.

WILLIAM S. MORSE AND CO.,
Attorneys and Solicitors of Claims,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

We will forward all necessary papers for the collection of bounty on application.

From the Washington Daily Chronicle.

Major Wm. S. Morse was the author of the bill for the equalization of bounties, as originally introduced by the Hon. Geo. W. Julian, M.C. of Indiana, and passed by the House of Representatives on the 28th of July last.

The soldiers owe more to his efforts than to any other person for the passage of the present law.

Send your discharge to our address, and we will prepare and forward all necessary papers by return mail. Correspondents liberally dealt with. Address

WM. S. MORSE AND CO., Washington, D. C.

REFERENCES: Major-Gen. Robt. C. Schenck, Chairman House Military Committee; Major-Gen. John C. Ketchum, M.C., N. Y.; Hon. Geo. W. Julian, M.C., Indiana; Hon. Hamilton Ward, M.C., N. Y., and Senators and Members of Congress generally.

PEABODY'S BREECH-LOADING
MUSKETS, CARBINES, AND SPORTING RIFLES,
FOR METALLIC CARTRIDGES,
MANUFACTURED BY THE
PROVIDENCE TOOL CO. ARMORY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequaled for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlets and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

Mosquito Nets
WITH PATENT PORTABLE FRAMES.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY, 447 Broadway.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

50 PER-CENT SAVED BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this "Yeast Powder" in 15 minutes. No shortening is required when sweet milk is used. Nos. 54 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

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The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

CAPITAL PRIZE 30,000 DOLLARS

THE NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT
Will positively be given at
WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO, ILL., August 22, 1866.

THE FIRST PRIZE CONCERT TO BE GIVEN IN THE UNITED STATES.
NO POSTPONEMENT.
250,000 Valuable Prizes, valued at $500,000, will be presented to Ticket-Holders, Including $100,000 in Greenbacks.

The time rapidly approaches, and only a few days remain before the Drawing takes place. All wanting Tickets should send in their orders at once, as only a few remain unsold. Such an opportunity occurs only once in a person's lifetime.

With the help of our numerous agents, located all over the United States, we have reason to believe that every ticket will be sold before the day designated.

Number of Tickets Issued, 500,000. Price, One Dollar.

This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the people of the United States.

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

1 Gift in Greenbacks	$30,000
1 do. do.	10,000
1 do. do.	5,000
1 do. do.	4,000
1 do. do.	3,000
1 do. do.	2,000
90 Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each	90,000
20 do. do. 500 each	10,000
20 do. do. 100 each	2,000
20 do. do. 50 each	1,000
800 do. do. 10 each	8,000
1,000 do. do. 5 each	5,000
1 Gift, Residence in Chicago	5,000
10 Gifts, City Lots in Chicago, $500 each	5,000
40 do. Pianos, $500 each	20,000
20 do. Melodeons, $150 each	3,000
100 do. Bibles, $20 each	2,000
200 do. Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
200 do. do. 100 each	20,000
200 do. Silver Watches, 65 each	13,000
300 do. do. 40 each	12,000
1,000 Sets of Plated Teaspoons, $5 each	5,000
1,000 Call Bells, $3 each	3,000
1,000 Plated Fruit Knives, $2 each	2,000
2,000 Gold Pens in Boxes, $4 each	8,000
2,000 Photograph Albums, 5 each	10,000
2,000 Gold Pen Holders, $5 each	10,000
258,243 Gifts	Worth $238,043.

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

The drawing will take place after the concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to take charge of the same. All agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the drawing as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal News Agencies, Hotels, and Book Stores, and at our office, 105 Randolph St. Tickets, $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and 3-cent stamp for return postage.

Great inducements are offered to AGENTS, who are wanted every where. Write for our terms at once. Send reference with application.

SPECIAL TERMS, or CLUB RATES.—3 tickets to one address for $4 50; 10 tickets, $9 00; 20 tickets, $17 00; 30 tickets, $25 20; 40 tickets, $33 60; 50 tickets, $43 50. In every case send the name of each subscriber and their Post-Office address. Money by draft, Post-Office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.

Every Other Ticket Draws a Prize.

REFERENCES: Gen. Benj. F. Butler, Lowell, Mass.; Tappan, McKillop, & Co., Commercial Agency, Chicago, Ill; Lot C. Whitford, Wholesale Paper Dealer, Chicago; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. T. Quimby & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, Chicago; John E. Potter & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.; James L. Harbin, Importer, New York; Van Valkenburgh & Co., Importers, New York; S. B. Cobb, Chicago; Jas Holmes, Cashier Third National Bank, Chicago; Crosby & Ainsworth, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

READ WHAT THE CHICAGO PRESS SAY.

North American Prize Concert.—Among the first Gift Enterprises ever commenced in Chicago was that of Messrs. A. A. Kelley & Co., which has been perpetual for more than three years past, and has given the most perfect satisfaction, if we are to judge by the extensive patronage accorded it. They are the proprietors of the "North American Prize Concert," now so extensively advertised in this and other papers, and indorsed by some of the best business firms in this country. From what we know of Mr. Kelley, we are positive that he will, "in the future as in the past," deal fairly and honorably with all who take stock in his enterprise. His prizes are large and numerous, and will, without doubt, be scrupulously awarded to holders of lucky tickets. Every alternate ticket will draw a prize. Call at the store, or address A. A. Kelley & Co., 105 Randolph Street.—*Chicago Times.*

Kelley & Co.'s Gift Enterprise.—The first to embark in the Gift Enterprise business in Chicago was the firm of A. A. Kelley & Co., located at 105 Randolph St. Who does not remember their gift store, which opened two or three years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to find with their purchases tickets which entitled them to valuable gifts of jewelry or other prizes? Thousands of our citizens were thus fortunate, and these have the best of evidences that Messrs. Kelley & Co. always perform all they promise; that they are honorable men, and do business honorably and on the square. Their Gift Concert which they now advertise, the drawing of which is to take place on the 22d of August, promises to be one of the most successful of the series of Gift Concerts that have taken place in Chicago. 1. The gifts to be distributed are all that they are represented to be. 2. All the prizes will positively be distributed to those holding the lucky tickets after the drawing. 3. There is such a very large number of prizes that every one's chances are decidedly in favor of drawing something. 4. The citizens of Chicago, who know A. A. Kelley & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their enterprise. These are some of the reasons why we feel safe in commending Kelley & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public. Let the people come up and buy the tickets still remaining unsold. The drawing will positively take place on the day advertised. Money may be sent by mail for tickets, and will be promptly responded to.—*Chicago Journal.*

All communications should be addressed to A. A. KELLEY & CO., 105 Randolph St., Chicago (P. O. Drawer 1424).

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERT,
For the Benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home Fund, at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Thursday Evening, August 2, 1866,
POSTPONED UNTIL THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, AT WHICH TIME IT WILL POSITIVELY OCCUR.
300,000 Tickets, at $1 each. 75,000 Presents, valued at $250,000, consisting of Fine Residences, Lots, Pianos, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c.

Treasury Department, Office of Internal Revenue, Washington, June 27, 1866.

Whereas H. A. Hall and others, as "managing directors" of the "Grand National Concert" to be held in Washington, D.C., on the 2d of August next, have made due application to L. Clephane, Collector of Internal Revenue for the collection district of the District of Columbia, for permission to hold a lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to such "managing directors" to hold such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise free from all charge, whether from tax or license, in respect to such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise.
E. A. Rollins, Commissioner.

CARD.—A large number of tickets remaining unsold, it will be necessary to postpone the drawing until Thursday the 11th of October, 1866, at which time it will positively occur.

The many swindling schemes that have been presented to the public during the past few months somewhat delayed our sales, until we were able to satisfy the people throughout the country that the enterprise was genuine, and solely for charitable purposes. The Directors are confident of the sale of every ticket, and have allotted sufficient time to guarantee the sales without any further postponement.

Major H. A. HALL, President Soldiers' and Sailors' Union.
WILLIAM S. MORSE, Secretary,
Washington, D. C.

All orders must be addressed, with stamps enclosed, to Lock Box 31.

WE REFER, BY PERMISSION, TO
Major-Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, U.S.A.; Gen. Robert C. Schenck, M.C., Ohio; Gen. Halbert E. Paine, M.C., Wis.; Gen. John H. Ketcham, M.C., N. Y.; Gen. James G. Blunt, Kansas; Gen. J. N. Hedrick, Iowa; Gen. D. C. McCallum, D. C.; Gen. G. V. Dayton, N. Y.; Hon. Thos. W. Ferry, M.C., Mich.; Hon. George Lawrence, M.C., Penn.; D. C. Forney, Esq., D. C.; Major J. R. Doughty, N. Y.; Hon. Richard Wallach, Mayor, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Henry C. Deming, M.C., Conn.; Hon. Elon C. Ingersoll, M.C., Ill.; Hon. Samuel J. Randall, M.C., Penn.; Hon. T. G. Bergen, M.C., N.Y.; Hon. Henry Wilson, U.S.S.; Hon. Ira Harris, U.S.S.; Hon. B. F. Wade, U.S.S.; Hon. Kellar V. Whaley, M.C., West Va.; Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, M.C., Penn.; Hon. A. H. Laflin, M.C., N. Y.; Hon. Leonard Myers, M.C., Penn.; Hon. William A. Newell, M.C., N. J.; Hon. George W. Julian, M.C., Ind.; Hon. Stephen F. Wilson, M.C., Penn; Hon. Jno. J. B. Grinnell, M.C., Iowa; Major G. M. Van Buren, N. Y.; Gen. R. B. Hayes, M.C., Ohio; Hon. S. T. Holmes, M.C., N.Y.; Hon. G. R. Latham, M.C., West Va.; Hon. James A. Marvin, M.C., N.Y.; Hon. Thomas T. Davis, M.C., N.Y.

Agents in New York, DUNCAN, NAVARO, & CO., Bankers, No. 5 Rowling Green.

SENSIBLE! CAUTIOUS!!
I had my medicine put up in one of Stoddard's Patent Graduated Vials, and now have a cheap and reliable graduate measure at home. A word to the wise, etc. HAGERTY BROTHERS, Agents, New York.

50 MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP PER-CENT SAVED BY
USING B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP-MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making hard and soft Soap. One pound will make 12 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.
B. T. BABBITT, 54, 56, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

Dr. Foote's Advertisements.

OLD EYES MADE NEW, without Spectacles, Doctor, or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. Foote, M.D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED.—Sent free. Address E. B. Foote, M.D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.—400 pages—100 Illustrations. $1 50. Sent by mail every where postpaid. Contents Table sent free. Address the Author, E. B. Foote, M.D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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THE REISSUE OF

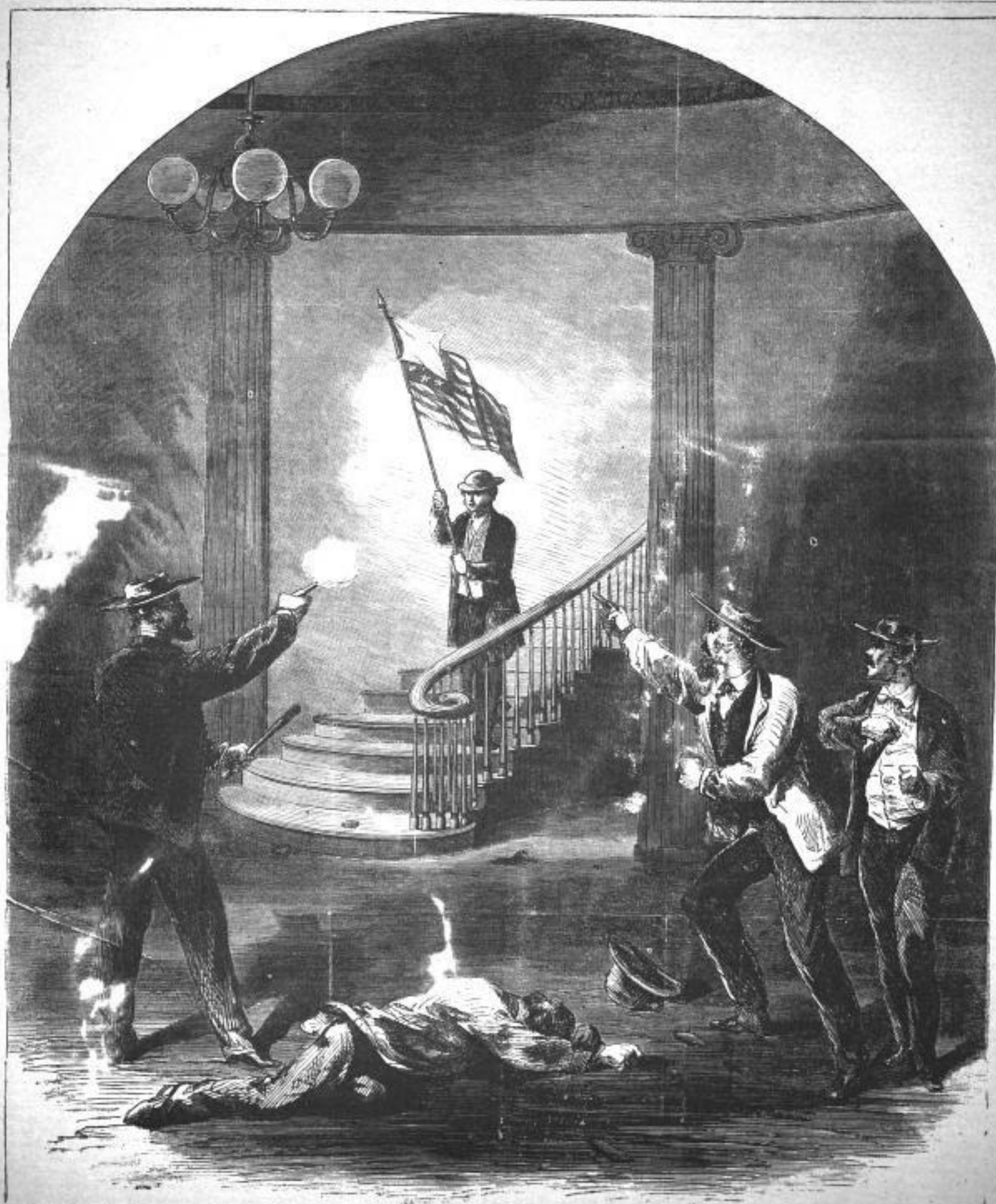
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 504.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
AUG 24 1966



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—MURDER OF THE REV. MR. HORTON IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—SKETCHED BY DAVIS.—(SEE PAGE 559.)

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A CRY FROM THE VINEYARD.

God sends his servants to bed when they have done their work!—Thomas Fuller.

Oh, Father, I'm weary—how long must I stay
In this Vineyard weed-tangled, with work for all day?
The sun is so scorching, the winds are so ill,
That I faint at the travail—or shiver and chill;
My feet they are wounded, my garments are torn,
And the labor grows harder than labor at morn.
Even the grapes they are bitter, and quench not my thirst,
And woes are so many I know not the worst!

"Oh, child," spoke the Father, "let patience be thine,
Till the grapes thou find'st bitter ferment into wine.
A robe there is weaving which can not be torn,
A robe which by wedding-guests only is worn;
A crown there is promised with jewels more bright
Than a monarch's proud diadem radiant in light:
And the breath of the flowers which fade not nor die,
Shall heal every wound, and shall hush every sigh!

"Oh, child, well-beloved, when the evening shall come
Be sure thou shalt slumber and rest in thy home;
A bed is preparing more soft than the cloud
Which floats in the ether one bright star to shroud,
When the white moon is shining to silver it o'er
As the cradles of princes were burnish'd of yore:
And He who once trampled the wine-press alone
Will bring thee to rest when thy labor is done!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 25, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT JUDGED BY HIMSELF.

No event since the end of the war has so profoundly moved the country as the massacre at New Orleans, and none of the circumstances connected with it have been regarded with more painful surprise than the action of the President. Ever since the meeting of Congress last December he has strenuously insisted that the late rebel States, by conforming to certain terms which he had named, without consultation with Congress, were fully restored to their equal relations in the Union with the loyal States. He has publicly denounced Senators and Representatives as traitors and disunionists because they did not agree with him. He has vetoed the most important bills passed by Congress, assigning among his reasons in every instance that legislation during the exclusion from representation of the States in question was of doubtful constitutionality. He has uniformly spoken of those States as no longer in an exceptional situation, insisting that war was over, that all its methods were at an end, and that nothing remained to complete the normal condition of the Union but the admission of representatives duly qualified.

Louisiana is one of these States. The President told us that it was upon exactly the same footing in the Union as New York, and was to be treated by the national authorities exactly as New York is treated. He had recognized its local State Government as no less valid and independent within its constitutional sphere than that of New York, and however opinions as to the constitutionality or good policy or common-sense of his views may have differed, no one, we suppose, doubted that they were sincerely held and would honestly control his action.

But the President has suddenly shown that, while he denounces the Legislative branch of the Government as disorganizing or treasonable for not assenting to his theory, he does not mean to be bound by it himself. While he and his supporters are vociferously accusing Congress of revolutionary intentions because it does not immediately recognize what he calls the lawful representatives of Louisiana, he himself calls to account and peremptorily disregards the Governor of Louisiana, whom he has recognized as a lawful Governor as much as Governor Fenton of New York. He does in that State what he knows would not be for a moment tolerated in this.

On the 21st of July the President issues the following extraordinary order to the Governor of Louisiana, who, let it be remembered, he asserts is the peer of the Governor of Pennsylvania, of Massachusetts, of Illinois, or of any other State. "*I have been advised that you have issued a proclamation convening the Convention elected in 1864. Please inform me under and by what authority this has been done, and by what authority this Convention can assume to represent the whole people of the State of Louisiana.*" This is the order of a superior to a subordinate agent. This is a message which the commander-in-chief may properly send to a provisional lieutenant. But it is a message which the President of the United States has no more rightful authority to send to the Governor of New York than the Queen of England has. And when such a missive is forwarded by a President who has been for months tediously reiterating that the rights of the States are in imminent danger of being destroyed by despotic centralization it is both ludicrous and alarming; ludicrous, because the executive act is such a ridiculous contradiction of the executive assertion; and alarming, because it shows either the President's incapacity to comprehend the limits of the executive power, or his determination to disregard them at his pleasure.

The President's "policy" thus proves to be the President's pleasure. When it is convenient for him to treat a State as fully in the Union the President's "policy" requires us to assent. When it is convenient to consider it as under absolute military supervision the President's "policy" requires us to say Amen. If the President blows hot, we must agree that it is warm. If he blows cold, we must declare it is exceeding chilly. If he denounces Congress as revolutionary for not recognizing the representatives of Louisiana, we must beg him to sweep it out of the Capitol. If he turns on his heel and refuses to recognize the Governor of Louisiana, we must vow that he is the saviour of the Constitution.

The whole melancholy history justifies Congress. It has steadily refused to act upon a visionary theory, "a pernicious abstraction." Familiar with the causes of the war, understanding the vast social convulsions that always attend so fierce a struggle, and knowing that statesmanship deals with facts, it has not foolishly supposed that every thing was settled because insurgents had laid down their arms, nor assumed that States still quivering with hatred and hostility could be admitted to a share in the Government without patient inquiry and deliberation. It has asked only that the facts be ascertained, not assumed. Without hostile emotion, without vindictiveness, it has required that no State deliberately withdrawing its representatives, in order to destroy the Government, shall claim to have them readmitted except upon terms of reasonable precaution, and that rebellion shall not be rewarded by increased political power. Whether Congress, in its prudent care, is less patriotic, constitutional, and reasonable than the President in his immoderate haste—whether its calm and consistent policy is not as respectful of just State rights as the capricious, arbitrary, and utterly illogical and inconsistent conduct of the President—whether, in settling a civil war, it is more revolutionary to deprive a State of its national representation until it conforms to reasonable terms, than to deprive it of its local government at the executive pleasure—are questions upon which we believe there is very little difference among the loyal people of the United States.

THE TORY BLUNDER IN ENGLAND.

The Tory Ministry begins its term in England by a collision with the people. The Reform League called a public meeting in Hyde Park. The Chief of Police announced that it would not be allowed. To an inquiry in Parliament the Government replied by taking the responsibility. The Reform League continued its arrangements; marched quietly in an immense procession to the gate of the Park, demanded entrance, and being forcibly repulsed by the police, moved on to another spot and held its meeting. Meanwhile the rails around the Park were broken in several places by the great pressure of the crowd, and as the people poured in they were clubbed by the policemen, and for a little time it looked as if the soldiers who were present might have to interfere to preserve order.

The Government was sharply attacked in Parliament, and made a very poor defense. Mr. Mill, in a few grave and pointed remarks, said that the Government did not seem to be aware of the seriousness of the occasion, or of the very serious consequences that might follow the step it had taken. To the objection that the meeting would interrupt the recreation of the riders and pedestrians in the Park, Mr. Mill replied by asking whether such a meeting would cause a thousandth part of the interruption that an ordinary review or meeting of volunteers does, and whether a meeting in a street or in a square disturbs the city less than one in a park? Besides, since the Parks are the property of the people, and the people have an incontestable right of meeting, upon what ground could they be excluded from Hyde Park that would not justify the suppression of all public meetings in public places? The *Star* plainly said that it was the thought of Reform which the Government hates, so it forbids the people to meet in the streets and squares, lest they impede traffic, or in the Parks, lest they interfere with the pleasure of loungers; and then, if they do not meet somewhere, taunts them with apathy and declares them unfit for the responsibility of free citizens. It is not surprising that Mr. Mill ended his speech by saying that the Government might be congratulated on an act the consequences of which the wisdom of wiser men than they could not in many years remove.

Mr. Disraeli, for the Government, had nothing to say but that he indignantly repudiated any sinister intention, and that the Parks were unfit places for public meetings; for however honest the intention of the callers, they gave opportunity to "the scum of the metropolis" to misconduct themselves. Yet he declared himself no more opposed to public meetings than Mr. Mill or any of his friends. Nothing could be more impotent than such an excuse, except that offered for the massacre at New Orleans. The original difficulty, in both cases, is the total incapacity of Toryism to understand the spirit and conditions of a free, constitutional government. It always strikes at free speech under pretense of preserving public order. It interprets a logical statement as a threat, and resents the drawing of conclusions as if they were swords. If the stupidity of Toryism were ever surprising—if it were not an essential and invariable part of it, we might wonder that, with the tremendous experience of 1832, the British Ministry should undertake to interfere with public meetings, as a means of thwarting the Reform spirit in England. That spirit is the salvation of the country, and could its expression be wholly repressed, it would merely be hermetically sealing the steam into the boiler. Undoubtedly the Tory Ministry, by interfering with the Hyde Park meeting, has secured the passage of the Reform bill. And although it has agreed to refer the question of the right of meeting in the Parks to judicial decision, it has plainly betrayed its own inclination upon the subject.

OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE.

It is now safe to say that the wheat crop of the United States in the current year, 1866, will be the largest ever harvested. Of the corn and pork crops it is yet too soon to speak with certainty. Thus far, both promise excellently; but early frosts may blight too confident expectations, and the most that can safely be said is that the promise is good. The petroleum crop has been bountiful; our foreign export is over four times that of last year. Finally, of our greatest staple, cotton, the prospect is fair. Estimates vary, as usual at this season. There are those who look for a crop of 3,000,000 bales; and there are others, apparently equally well informed, though possibly biased by preconceived opinions with regard to the unproductiveness of free negro labor, who declare that a crop of 1,500,000 bales will astonish them. A middle party expects 2,300,000 bales; and if no accident or early frost occurs, the chances are fair that this estimate will not exceed, though it may fall short of the actual product. With a crop of 2,300,000 bales, prices might be maintained until the crop of 1867 approached harvest season, and it would thus yield to the country as much money, even in gold, as the greatest crop ever hitherto gathered.

Our first thought, in contemplating these agreeable facts, must be a reverent gratitude to Almighty God for having so greatly blessed us, at the issue of an exhaustive war. This supreme duty performed, the mind reverts to considerations of a more material nature. And the query suggests itself at the outset, how comes it, with the boundless resources of this vast country, and with harvests far surpassing those of past years, that our public and private finances are still in a position of disgrace; that United States money is classed by foreigners with Austrian and Buenos Ayres money; that a New York dollar is only worth two-thirds of a London or Paris dollar; that clothing and food, the necessaries and the luxuries of life, are all dearer here than elsewhere in the civilized world; and above all, that the people of the United States, who produce so largely, and among whom land, and its consequence—social, political, and financial independence—are so abundant and so easy to obtain, should be the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth?

It is not easy to solve the problem. A number of semi-solutions or palliative suggestions may be named. It may be said that we carried on our war with a lavish hand, spent more money than was necessary, and require time to recover ourselves after our national debauch. And it may be said that, having started on a false path, we are necessarily bound to retrace our steps leisurely, for fear of ruining interests which were involved in our past errors. And it may farther be said that, so far as our internal commerce is concerned, our paper currency answers every purpose, while its depreciation serves as a check upon foreign importations. These and other arguments of the same class were effectively used in Congress by Senator John Sherman, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, and other statesmen of the dominant party, in opposition to more conservative men, who desired to initiate a policy leading, within a given time, to a restoration of specie payments.

Still, to a common-sense observer, contemplating, on the one hand, the resources and the annual product of the country, and, on the other, the aggregate amount of the national debt and the annual interest charge, it seems monstrous that our currency should continue in a position of disgrace. We owe but little more than half the national debt of England, and our revenue is two-thirds greater than that of England; yet British sovereigns and notes of the Bank of England command a premium of 50 per cent. in our own market in our own currency. It would seem much more reasonable that British Bank notes should sell at a discount for American money.

It may be said that Mr. McCulloch is not to blame for this state of things; that he foretold the result in plain language; that he begged Congress to give him the power to contract the currency, and that the entreaty was denied. There is some truth in this. John Sherman of Ohio, and Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, acting in the interest of established industries, effectually put a stop to the Secretary's scheme for the reduction of the volume of paper-money afloat. They believed, or pretended to believe, in the language of Mr. Stevens, that there is not half enough currency afloat, and that it would be better to swell the present volume from $900,000,000 to $1,500,000,000, without regard to the consequences in the Gold Room. And they actually succeeded in securing the passage of a bill which prohibits the Secretary from canceling more than about 2½ of the currency afloat in the course of the year.

The Secretary of the Treasury, obeying the behests of a party which, according to his friends, is controlled by his financial opponents, has been, in his friends' opinions, relieved from responsibility by the action of the majority in Congress. In reply to hostile criticism he has simply to say:

"I foretold the fatal consequences of continued currency expansion. I foresaw a coming crisis. I urged a swift and sharp contraction—to the extent of thirty per cent. per annum of the volume of currency afloat. Congress would not listen to me. Instead of granting me the powers I asked, Congress actually passed a law forbidding me to use the small power I enjoyed to contract the currency."

On the other hand, members of Congress, when summoned by their constituents to explain the high price of dry goods and other necessaries of life, will say:

"We left the matter with the Secretary of the Treasury. He had power to contract loans at will, and so absorb surplus currency. His authority, in regard to the funding of the public debt, was the largest ever confided to any Finance Minister in the world. He has power to sell bonds when and as he pleases, and to keep or disburse the currency proceeds. He may sell gold when and as he pleases, and lock up, if it seems best, the currency received in exchange. If the national currency is redundant, and prices are correspondingly high, the public must call him—not us—to account."

This is how the case stands at present. All admit that, in view of the resources, the national income, and the general prosperity of the country, the premium on gold is unjustified. But while some blame the "radical majority" for prohibiting by statute currency contraction, others hold the Secretary responsible for allowing the power he enjoys of funding the debt to lie dormant. It is hardly worth while examining the rival claims. Congress has adjourned, and its responsibility is no longer "negotiable." If the fault be judicially determined to rest with Congress, the country had best carry the claim to "profit and loss," without farther debate. At best we can only vote down the manufacturers' men at next election. But the Secretary is still there. He can still sell new Five-Twenty Bonds at a premium to any extent required. If the currency accumulates in the banks to an extent which provokes speculation, and he has no loan on the market, he would fairly seem responsible for the accumulation and for its consequences. Millions upon millions of new Five-Twenties can now be sold here and abroad at a premium. If the Secretary does not choose to supply them, he is responsible for the subsequent condition of the money and stock markets. If he does supply them, he is bound to keep in hand currency enough to represent them when Congress asks him for an account.

In the present condition of the currency a new loan would bring gold down to half the present premium, and would make money worth 6 @ 7 per cent. per annum.

POLITICIANS ADRIFT.

It is a curious inquiry with whom in the late rebel States the managers of the Randall Philadelphia Convention proposed to coalesce. The motive of the call was declared to be a desire of mutual intelligence and conciliation between those who had lately been divided by war. Obviously to the success of such an assembly a representation of all interests and views was not only valuable but essential. Its motto was, of necessity, "By-gones are by-gones." But apparently those who issued the call were so blinded by hostility to the great body of the Union party, and by anxiety to create a new Presidential party, that their first step was a mistake, and every succeeding step has confirmed it.

The call virtually denounced the action of Congress; but as that action is sustained by the mass of the distinctive Union men in every part of the country, and nowhere more zealously than by the sturdy and tried Unionists of the late insurgent States, they were excluded from the Convention. There remained then the reactionary Unionists of 1864 and the Democrats in one part of the country, and the late rebels in the other, from which to construct the new party. But the managers, totally misapprehending the facts, immediately began to

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discriminate invidiously among these classes. They would have only what they called War Democrats and reactionary Republicans from the North, and those who had not been conspicuous rebels from the South. This was an impossible distinction at the North; for the last party platform of the Democracy was that made at Chicago, which was the work of VALLANDIGHAM, and was equally supported by the Peace Democrats and the War Democrats. HENRY C. MURPHY supported it cheek by jowl with FERNANDO WOOD, and VALLANDIGHAM voted for it with JOHN T. HOFFMAN. The line which divided them as Peace and War Democrats was invisible when compared with that which united them simply as Democrats. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the Democratic party was the party of opposition to the war. It acted as a unit in the national election of 1864 during the war, and at the State elections of 1865 after the war was over. It, therefore, could not submit to be divided in 1866 by any external authority. And as the Philadelphia managers must depend upon that party as the chief element in their new combination, they would of course strengthen themselves by incorporating it as a unit instead of a divided body.

The distinction which the same gentlemen attempted at the South was equally impolitic. They began by counting out the original and constant Unionists there, and insisted, with Senator DIXON at New Haven, that all the intellect and cultivation and worth of that section had been conspicuous in the rebellion. It was with these last, therefore, that the managers proposed conciliation. But who were representatives of this class, if not men like ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Governor BROWN, and Governor ORR; and if they were excluded, who were to speak for them? Before the Convention met it appeared that certain persons, insignificant from their numbers, who had been unable to control the Union party, proposed to exclude both that party and the bulk of the Democrats at the North, with the Unionists and late rebels at the South, and with the remainder—that is, by themselves—to construct a party of their own to sweep the country.

The result was plain enough from the beginning. If the new movement was to succeed it could only be by the support of the Democratic party. But would that party enter into an alliance of which the terms were to be dictated by a few bolters from their hereditary opponents? If those bolters were of that opinion they were no more sagacious than usual. The RANDALL Philadelphia Convention can not change the real aspect of the situation. It may be a convenient gate for discontented Unionists to enter the Democratic fold; but the great contest will still be fought out by the Union and Democratic parties. There will not in this State, for instance, be three differing parties at the autumn elections; and even should there be apparently three, two of them will be merely allies against the other.

THE FIGHT AT LISSA.

THE extraordinary war in Europe, in which the most radical results have been attained in the briefest and most brilliant campaign, is not without its episodes of romantic heroism. The chief of these was the conduct of the Italians in the naval battle of Lissa. The Italian fleet in the Adriatic had inexplicably delayed operations. It was very large, superbly appointed, supposed to be ably commanded, maintained at vast expense, and the Italians chafed with indignation at its inactivity in the very moments when, as was believed, it might have materially assisted the movements of the army. At last, on the 16th of July, the fleet sailed from Ancona, and on the 18th attacked the fortified island of Lissa upon the coast of Dalmatia with such fury that the Italians intended on the 20th to land troops and occupy the island.

On that day, however, the Austrian squadron appeared, and the Italian Admiral PERSANO instantly bore down to the attack. A heavy gale was blowing, which perplexed the operations, but both Austrians and Italians evidently relied upon the iron sheaths and beaks with which the vessels were armed, and the conflict was tremendous. The *Re d' Italia*, built in New York for the Italian Government, but plated in Italy, according to the accounts, was the flag-ship of PERSANO, but for some reason he left it at the beginning of the action. The Austrian Admiral upon the *Kaiser*, unaware of PERSANO'S movement, directed his overpowering assault against the *Re d' Italia*. Three or more of the Austrian iron-clads, belching fire and iron, came crushing on to the Italian ship, struck her furiously on the prow, on the stern, and amidships, and stove her to pieces. The huge ship rapidly sank; but as she went down half a battalion of soldiers climbed into the tops, and, while holding on by the ropes, shouldered their rifles deliberately, as if on parade, and fired a terrible volley upon the deck of the nearest Austrian ship, killing twenty and wounding sixty. It was their fierce farewell. The next moment the roaring gulf closed over the *Re d' Italia* and four hundred of her gallant company. A private letter is quoted by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which says that Captain FRA DI BRUNO, the commander of the ship, when he saw that there was no hope, put a pistol to his head and went down with her.

At about the same time the Italian gun-boat *Palestro* was so overpoweringly attacked that her capture seemed inevitable. The Captain, CAPPELLINI, called a hasty council of his officers and crew, and they resolved to blow up the vessel rather than surrender. Then gayly hanging the ship with the flag of Italy, and cheering for King and Country, the fuse was lighted, and in a moment nothing remained but floating fragments of the ship and her company of two hundred. A letter to a Florence paper says that when the fate of the *Re d' Italia* was evident Admiral PERSANO in the *Affondatore* drove full steam against the Austrian flag-ship, the *Kaiser*, and sank her to revenge his own loss.

It is not easy to determine which fleet had the final advantage. Both withdrew to refit. But Trieste illuminated itself for a victory, and we do not observe that any Italian town rejoiced. But that is not surprising, for under the circumstances a drawn battle was a defeat for the Italians. Indeed, ill fortune has followed them through the war. The heroic but disastrous day at Custozza and the romantic valor of the sea-fight at Lissa will live long in Italian song and story. But every Italian will remember with impatience that Venetia was conquered for Italy by Prussia, and that it was not Italian arms which achieved Italian unity.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE LATE MASSACRE.

THE defense made for the massacre in New Orleans is utterly impotent and contemptible. It consists in calling the assembly of the Convention illegal, and in slandering the Radical leaders, and in declaring that they meant to inaugurate civil war, and to do all kinds of horrible deeds. No other justification of a fierce and wanton slaughter of innocent men is attempted.

Now, as we showed last week, no meeting whatever, for the purpose of discussion or deliberation, assembled under any call whatever, is illegal in this country. The right of the people peaceably to assemble to consider public affairs is undeniable. If the circumstances of the case excite apprehension of probable disturbance, the authorities are to take measures to keep the peace at any cost. But to denounce a deliberative meeting in advance as itself threatening to the public peace, and to declare an intention of dissolving it by arrest of its members before a word is spoken or a deed done, is a proceeding which invites the riot it affects to quell.

JOHN T. MONROE, a bitter rebel, whom the President pardoned that he might be Mayor of New Orleans, undertakes to declare in advance that a meeting of citizens to discuss public questions is calculated to disturb the public peace, is therefore unlawful, and that he shall disperse it and arrest the participants. Thus no meeting of citizens of the United States in New Orleans, for any purpose whatever, which JOHN T. MONROE may consider calculated to disturb the peace, is to be permitted. His whim constitutes "legality" in that city, and disregard of it was the "illegality" of the Convention, whose members were therefore justifiably and lawfully massacred! This is the Conservative defense of that tragedy, and it needs no reply.

Mr. JOHN T. MONROE, if he were once a slaveholder, may have made his will law upon his slave plantations, but he and his Conservative apologists will learn, as border ruffians learned in Kansas, that a city of the United States is not his slave plantation.

"THE PEOPLE."

IT is sometimes asked with an air of triumph whether the Union party is afraid of the people of this country; and whether, if its policy can not be sustained by the people, it ought to prevail? We have no wish to differ with our friends of the *Evening Post*—but it occasionally asks this question as if it supposed it to have some meaning.

No true American citizen is afraid of the judgment of the people; but he denies the right of those in any State who have been in rebellion against the Government to assume to be "the people" to the exclusion of those in the same State who have supported it. We, for instance, deny that the "clay-eater" and "sandhiller" who can not read or write, and who are but a little more intelligent than the animals they work with, are to be counted among "the people," if all the clever men of mixed or unmixed blood in their States, the blacks, the mulattoes, the quadroons, octaroons, and others are to be excluded.

Therefore, if by "people" be understood the whole male adult population of every State, we doubt if the *Post* has a livelier faith in them than its neighbors. But if it means by "people" a certain class of the male adult population arbitrarily selected, and so selected as to exclude in our lately troubled States exactly those that as a class were faithful to the Government, then it seems to us distrust of them would prove a very proper want of faith in class privilege.

If a just majority of the people of the United States, by which we mean the male adult population, or such part of them as shall be chosen by tests equally applicable to all, are opposed to the Union and Government, of course there is no help for it. But no class created by unequal tests can be fairly called the people. We, with the *Post*, "are not afraid of the American people." But we hold ROBERT SMALL to be as much one of those people as RAPHAEL SEMMES.

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.

A PAPER which persistently denounces Congress says: "The whole Radical party declare that the South shall not be readmitted to Congress until it conforms to certain conditions to be by themselves dictated."

What is the case upon the other side? Simply that the President insists that the South shall be readmitted to Congress because it has ostensibly conformed to conditions which he has himself dictated.

Judge RUFFIN, of North Carolina, says that the President is revolutionary because he prescribed conditions. The President says that Congress is revolutionary because it prescribes conditions. Undoubtedly if Congress is guilty so is the President. And if conditions are to be dictated, as both the Executive and Legislative branches have declared, why is it such a crime to require that they shall be effectual?

HUMILIATION AND DEGRADATION.

SENATOR DIXON said, in his speech at the Connecticut Convention, to elect delegates to the RANDALL Philadelphia Assembly: "The plan proposed by Congress is before you. *It proceeds upon the ground of compelling the States lately in rebellion to submit to humiliating and degrading terms.*"

What are those terms? *First*, that they shall not have gained political power in the Government by the rebellion. *Second*, that those who violated their oaths to the Constitution shall not be eligible to office until Congress removes the disability.

Those are the conditions which Mr. DIXON calls humiliating and degrading. We ask any honest and manly ex-rebel if he thinks so? We ask him if he would not consider the Government humiliated if, after it has foiled his effort to destroy it, it should invite him to increased power in it; or if he would think himself degraded after he had violated his oath—however his conscience may have justified him—if those whom that violation had brought to untold suffering and loss should hold him ineligible to office until they saw that all danger had passed?

Mr. DIXON merely follows the lead of the Copperhead chiefs in telling the late insurgents that Congress means to humiliate and degrade them; assuring them that there is a party at the North which will support that view, and urging them to hold out, and refuse to enter Congress unless they can come with more power than those who have not rebelled. And this incitement to the late insurgents to remain hostile to the representatives of the loyal people Mr. DIXON calls "an effort to restore peace and good-will to a distracted country." Does Mr. DIXON think that calling vinegar honey makes it honey?

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Two Sisters are there—ever year by year
  Companions true and dear
To meek and thoughtful hearts. Fair Hope is one,
  With voice of merry tone,
With footstep light, and eye of sparkling glance.
  The other is perchance
E'en somewhat lovelier, but less full of glee,
  Her name is Memory.

She wanders near me, chanting plaintive lays
  Of by-gone scenes and days:
And when I turn, and meet her thoughtful eye,
  She tells me mournfully
Of soft low gurgling brooks, and glistening flowers,
  And childhood's sunny hours:
And then with tears and melancholy tone
  She tells me they are gone.

Hope gently chides her—bids me not to cast
  My eyes upon the past—
Cheering me thus, she leads me by the hand
  To view her own fair land:
And soon I see where many pleasures meet,
  Some close before my feet;
And some, seen dimly through the distant haze,
  Grow brighter as I gaze.

Oh! both refresh me.—Yet not only so:
  They teach—where'er I go.
One tells of fallen past, and one is given
  To talk to me of Heaven.
And thus I'll cling to both. Soft Memory,
  All pensive though she be,
Shall bide a comrade cherish'd to the end:
  But Hope shall be my friend.

COMMANDER BRAINE.

IT was some time in October, 1861, that we spoke of the services of Lieutenant D. L. BRAINE, U.S.N., as a foreshadowing of the skill and power of the Government in dealing with the rebellion, and we are glad to know that our confidence was not misplaced. Our readers will hear with pleasure that Lieutenant BRAINE has been advanced to the grade of Commander in the navy by selection for eminent services during the war. "It is a simple tribute of justice," says a friend, "to a man who deserves much more."

S. F. B. MORSE, LL.D.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE was the eldest son of JEDEDIAH MORSE, D.D., who was influential as a clergyman, and celebrated as the father of American geography. He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. After a liberal education at Yale College, where he graduated in 1810, he went to England with WASHINGTON ALLSTON, to study painting, for which he had developed decided talent, under the joint tuition of ALLSTON and BENJAMIN WEST. Not content with pursuing one branch of art, he added to the study of painting that of sculpture, and in 1813 received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts for an original model of a "Dying Hercules."

After a thorough and successful course as an art-student abroad Mr. MORSE returned to the United States in 1815, and practiced his profession in New York. There was no national association of artists in this country at that time, and it was not until the year 1824 that, in connection with some other artists of New York, he organized a drawing association, which, after a variety of obstacles and struggles, finally resulted in the establishment in this city, in the year 1826, of the present honored and useful "National Academy of Design." Mr. MORSE was chosen President of the institution, and was re-elected to that office for sixteen years. In 1829 he returned to Europe to prosecute his studies in art more extensively, and resided for more than three years in the principal cities of the Continent. During his absence abroad he was elected to the professorship of the literature of the arts of design in the University of New York; and in the year 1835 he delivered a course of lectures before that institution upon art. But, though devoted to the fine arts, he was also deeply interested in various departments of science, and especially in chemistry. While yet a student in Yale College he had pursued the study of chemistry and natural philosophy with enthusiasm, under the guidance of the late Professor SILLIMAN and Professor DAY, and his love for scientific research and experiment continued to increase after he left college, till it became his controlling pursuit. As early as 1826 he was a colleague lecturer with Professor DANA, at the Athenæum, in New York city; the former lecturing upon the fine arts, while Professor DANA lectured upon electro-magnetism. They became intimate friends, and MORSE pursued the subject of electro-magnetism in conversation and study with his friend. The first electro-magnet ever exhibited in the United States is now in the possession of Professor MORSE, and the spiral coil used by Professor DANA suggested the electro-magnet which is now used in every Morse telegraph throughout the world.

It was in the autumn of 1832, when Mr. MORSE was returning to America on board the packet-ship *Sully*, that, in a casual conversation with some of the passengers on the then recent discovery in France of the means of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, showing the identity of electricity and magnetism, he conceived not merely the idea of the electric telegraph but of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. There is no question as to the origin of the present telegraph. Mr. MORSE'S testimony to his acts and drawings made on board of the ship has been confirmed before the courts by the testimony of all the passengers but one, who were with him upon the vessel, and the evidence was regarded as conclusive by the judges.

Though the idea was conceived, and a portion of the drawings and apparatus constructed in 1832, it was not until 1835 that he completed the first telegraphic recording apparatus. This was comparatively rude, and enabled him only to communicate between two points, distant half a mile; and it was not until July, 1837, that, by the construction of a second instrument, he was able to work from both extremities of his line. In that year he had completed two instruments, and could work his telegraph from each end of the line. Early in September of 1837 he exhibited to hundreds the operation of his system at the University of New York. The feasibility and usefulness of the invention having been thus demonstrated, Mr. MORSE applied to Congress in 1838 for aid to construct an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore to demonstrate publicly the utility of the telegraph. Like all great inventions it was received coldly, with skepticism, and even with ridicule; and the session of 1837–'38 closed without any encouragement, except the favorable report of the Congressional Committee.

By no means discouraged, MORSE proceeded to Europe to endeavor to awaken the interest of European Governments in his invention, and secure a patent for it. He was refused letters patent in England, in France he only secured a useless brevet, and obtained no exclusive privilege in any other country. Thus repulsed and baffled he returned to America, to struggle again for four years with slender resources and frequent discouragements, but still possessed of a determination to interest his countrymen in the invention. Throughout the session of 1842–'43 MORSE was indefatigable in pressing his invention upon the attention of Congress; and though the last day of the session had waned, and he had retired disheartened and weary, his object was secured by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, granted in the expiring hour of the midnight session. He was startled by the news on the morning of March 3, 1843, that Congress had voted this amount for the construction of a telegraph between

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, LL.D.—[Photographed by Brady.]

Washington and Baltimore; and he immediately commenced the work, which was completed in 1844, and satisfactorily demonstrated to the world the utility and value of the Morse system of electro-magnetic telegraphs.

In the twenty-two years since its first establishment its lines have gone out through all the earth. They extend upon this continent, in various directions, more than fifty thousand miles. They climb the Rocky Mountains, and stretch across the lonely plains to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. The system is adapted in every country of the eastern continent, from the extreme north of Russia, where the wires are almost ready to be linked within the Arctic circle to those that are sweeping up the Pacific coast to Behring's Straits, down to the Italian and Spanish peninsulas; they dive beneath the seas to Egypt, and find their way over deserts and under oceans to the far East. No part of the civilized world is without the electric girdle, and even across the Atlantic the great cable, now in successful operation, has established telegraphic communication between the eastern and western worlds. And if this should fail, in a very short time the Overland Telegraph will establish a continuous line of communication by land between New York and London and St. Petersburg.

The immense value of Morse's invention to the world may be estimated from the fact that, while the old system of Semaphore telegraphs cost the French Government annually more than a million of francs, the Morse telegraph *added* to the revenue, in three years, more than six millions. Professor Morse's claim upon the gratitude of civilized nations has been recognized as that of no other inventor who ever lived. Besides reaping at length the substantial rewards of his invention, honors have been showered upon him by national academies and universities, by scientific associations and sovereign potentates. Yale College conferred upon him the complimentary degree of LL.D. in 1848, and in the same year the Sultan of Turkey decorated him with the diamond badge of *Nishan Iftikar*. Gold medals of scientific merit were awarded him by the kings of Prussia and Wurtemberg and the Emperor of Austria. In 1856 the Emperor of the French presented him with the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; in the following year Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; and in 1858 the Queen of Spain conferred the cross of Knight Commander of the order of Isabella the Catholic. From the King of Portugal he received the badge of knighthood of the order of the Tower and Sword; and from the King of Italy the decoration of Knight of the order of S.S. Maurice and Lazarus. He has been elected member of all the prominent European scientific and art academies; but the most distinguished and unusual honor was the collective testimonial of France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, Turkey, and the Roman Pontiff, amounting to four hundred thousand francs, presented as a personal reward to Mr. Morse for his useful labors.

Americans, English, and French have united in giving him banquets and ovations, and his services have been fully recognized wherever civilization has made mankind acquainted with his invention. He still lives in the enjoyment of a happy and illustrious lot, esteemed by all his countrymen, and in a green old age derives merited pleasure from the contemplation of the beneficent results of his genius, his struggles, and his persevering industry.

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"AUTUMN TOURISTS."

AUTUMN TOURISTS.

They were rowing over a summer lake,
A lake deep blue and without a curl,
Save just the ripple the oars would make,
And the shoreward streak of pearl.

High over the water the mountains rise,
Deep under the water the mountains fall;
You may fathom the depths and mete the skies,
But the heart is deeper than all.

Some one said, "We shall miss you so,
Robin, when you are away so far!"
And he said, with a smile, "It is hard to go,
But things must be as they are."

"He can smile, so will I," she thought,
With her rosy fingers over the brink;
"But oh! some lessons are hard to be taught;
Some cups are bitter to drink.

"The time that is past, like yonder shore,
Grows fainter and fainter under our sight;
God!" she prayed, "if I see him no more,
Help me to bear it aright!"

She groaned to herself, "I must look in his eyes,
And thrill and bear the touch of his hand.
Then go on alone 'neath the pitiless skies,
When the boat has touched the strand."

"Be a man, and care as little as she!"
Thought he, as they neared the farther shore;
"Love is not made for fellows like me,
So farewell for evermore."

"A pleasant time it has been," he said;
"I wish we could have it over again."
"Ay," all bitterly murmured her heart,
"For pleasure is kin to pain!"

"We see people better in foreign lands,
Perhaps the fogs are too thick in our own,"
She said, frankly giving him both her hands,
Not a touch of pain in her tone.

Then as the shore grated under the keel,
She said, as she lightly stepped from the boat,
"How real and solid the pebbles feel
After all one's visions afloat."

The white towns glistened and glowed in the light,
And the children gathered to gaze,
And the sun poured down with a pitiless sight,
As they went their several ways.

Straining of eyes and waving of hands,
And the trifles that make or mar—
These must happen in all the lands,
And things must be as they are.

A COUNTRY STORY.

Few things in this world are pleasanter than a far-away ramble into the country on a fair summer day, when the skies have just clouds enough to shape themselves into pictures as they float idly over the heavens. For it would not suit our quiet English scenery to have a cloudless canopy of dazzling blue raised over it. We want a sky that harmonizes with our landscape, with our feelings; that makes for itself a voice, and tells us not to forget the clouds amidst the sunshine; that gives us a sense of life whose beauty is not stillness, not a life whose sensuous beauty is so potent that it weighs us down, and we can do no more than lift our hands from a delicious, enervating lethargy, and just breathe out the words, "How beautiful!" Something more than this monotone of beauty is needful to us, and without our being conscious of it our June skies tell us this, and stir up in our hearts the feeling that drew forth those golden verses of the poet:

> I dipt and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke and found that life was duty—
> Was then the dream a shadowy lie?
> Toil on, sad heart courageously,
> And then shalt find thy life is be
> A moonlide light and truth to thee.

QUEEN EMMA OF HAWAII.—[See Page 541.]

But where am I wandering? Far away from shady lanes and hedges fragrant with wild honey-suckle, where the cool elder flowers display their tufts of tiny blossom, that make me think of Hans Christian and sumach-trees, and tea-pots, and all kinds of things that are not a bit like them. And while I have gone into a reverie I am suddenly startled by a blaze of color, and a bank covered with lilac wallow and scarlet poppies, surmounted by a perfect wall of wild roses, meets my eye. The wild dog-wood and young ivy-leaves turn it down a little, so does the wheat-field, waving like a sea of green billows, that the five-barred gate opens upon, and making me ponder what a wise provision it is that the hunting-season is over before the summer comes. And on and on I go, my eye roaming over rich pasture-lands and fields, now alive with busy hay-makers, while the last notes of the cuckoo are sounding through the land, telling us, if we will only heed its cry, "I waked up the woods to summer, and cheered it with my song; it will miss me when I am gone, and will not linger long after me." I pause to rest by the river-side, where the blue forget-me-nots enamel the mossy banks, and strive for pre-eminence with the yellow water-flags, while the white water-lilies near carry away my thoughts to "Sabrina fair" knitting lily flowers into her dowing tresses.

And through the shadowy woods I half expect to see Oberon and Titania flitting with all their fairy train—and how do I know but that Puck may not be perched on the tall bulrush opposite to me?

And then I fall to musing upon myths and mythic personages in general. How myths suit themselves to different countries! What would the classic gods of Greece do amidst English scenery? Minerva moving majestically across the plain would have no charms for an English poet, and I question much if he would even recognize Venus as his type of beauty. The Muses, too, have not met with much personal adoration since the days of Queen Anne. Old Pan alone holds his ground here as in Greece, and Fauns and Satyrs, Dryads and Hamadryads do not seem altogether out of place amidst our tangled forests.

Yet the mythic lore of England deals rather in giants, fairies, and enchantments. Instead of the labors of Hercules we have the feats of the Seven Champions of Christendom; and our want of birds with brazen feet, Hydras, and other monstrosities is supplied by the Dun Cow, and the Dragon of Wantley. A half-way station we hold between the wild rude myth-heroes of the north, and the cool, refined gods and goddesses of the south, and our giants are a grade between rough, unkempt Skrymnet, with his uncouth brothers, and the classic Titans.

But what has this to do with the story I am going to tell you?

Just this—the foundation-stone of all my mythic superstructure was the one sentence, "It all came from a hatful of beans."

And then I sailed backward up the stream of Time, and landed at a fair haven where were three tiny urchins poring over picture-books, and the title of one of the books was "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." A curly-headed little rascal with wonderful eyes and unsmooth hair was diving into its pages, and every now and then he made his comments aloud.

"I wish I had a hatful of beans like Jack's; wouldn't I make my fortune!"

And then, returning from my mental excursion, I asked my friend,

"What came of a hatful of beans?"

"This," said he, pointing to a jolly black-tiled farm-house, of such pretension that it earned for its owner the title of Squire Bligh; though, to tell the truth, he had no more right to it than any of his neighbors.

But there was such a wealth of treasure in that home that it guaranteed respectability; and no one ever entered the doors without feeling, as Miss Matilda Tomkin, a lady who read all the periodicals of

EVENING.

the day, observed, that you had caught a glimpse of the luxuries and appliances of Oriental life.

This might be stretching the point a little, inasmuch as the luxurious items contained in the apartments were decidedly owing to English upholstery; nevertheless, there was no lack of ivory carving, curious screens, inlaid cabinets and ebony caskets, rich striped fabrics, tiger skins, shells, and no one knew what; but the general impression was that it would take a fabulous time to make an inventory of the whole, however practiced an appraiser might be employed.

"Who is Squire Bligh?" I asked.

"Who *was* Squire Bligh, you mean," returned my friend. "Sit down, and I will tell you the story."

So I sat down, and he told me as follows: and I have been thinking of it ever since, and weaving it into my thoughts with the memory of those tiny children bent upon their marvelous picture-books.

"Nigh forty years ago there was a widow living in this place who had an only son named Jack."

"Yes," I interrupted; "and he was an idle, good-for-nothing lad, always in mischief, and an anxiety to his mother."

"Who told you so?" asked my friend.

"No one," said I; "go on with the story."

"He went on doing little or nothing until he was a great fellow of seventeen or eighteen, his chief work being to take the horses down to water for the farmers round; this he did not object to, as he could ride down to the river and ride up again. One fine evening in the spring he was returning with the horses as usual, when, as he passed a certain stile, he heard some one call to him.

"'Jack!'

"'Here I be,' said Jack, stopping the horses and looking in the direction from whence the voice came. 'Hoy!' he ejaculated, in a tone expressive of astonishment and gratification, as his eye fell upon the neat little figure of the girl who had been taken to help in the dairy.

"'What be you doing here, Nelly?'

"'Waiting to see you, Jack.'

"'That's kind, at any rate, and it's not many would do it; but I'm a ne'er-do-well, and no one need trouble about me,' said he, somewhat bitterly.

"'That's just what I came to tell you,' returned the little maiden.

"'Then you don't care about me?' said he, with a little vexation in his tone.

"'Care! why should I, for a lazy fellow like you? I should think not.'

"'But you might, Nelly.'

"'Might, indeed! I mightn't do any thing of the sort. At any rate, I don't.'

"'Then what did you come here for?'

"'To tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"'There's plenty to do that,' returned the lad.

"'Yes; but you don't heed them, and you might heed me, Jack. Won't you begin to work a bit?'

"'I don't know what to begin at.'

"'Your mother's a nice bit of garden, Jack.'

"'I've nothing to put in it,' answered Jack, despondingly.

"'Nonsense!' said Nelly; 'what a faint heart you have! I'll give you a lot of beans to begin with. You put up the horses, and I'll be back in a minute.'

"So Jack put up the horses and waited for Nelly. Presently she came tripping along, with her apron full of something.

"'Here,' said she, 'hold your hat.' She poured the beans into it, and he went home.

"Next day Jack took a spade and worked away diligently for two hours.

"'What's come to thee, lad?' said the widow, as he came in, all flushed and hungry, to his dinner.

"'Nelly Giles is a good lass,' quoth Jack; 'and if ever I get rich I'll marry her.'

"'Thee get rich!' said the Widow Bligh; and she held up her hands deprecatingly.

"'Strange things happen sometimes,' returned Jack; and he resumed his digging with renewed energy. All that afternoon he dug away as though his life depended on it.

"The next day he planted his beans. He had evidently turned over a new leaf, and the widow and her neighbors thought the lad was bewitched, as perhaps he might have been. At any rate, he had set to work in earnest, and he soon found plenty to do, the farmers being nothing loth to give employment to one who, despite his idleness, was a general favorite.

"Nelly alone held aloof. Jack was getting beyond her patronage; he had suddenly become more manly, and seemed as if he had grown half a head taller all at once; and Nelly turned shy, and it was all he could do to get a stray word from her now and then.

"It was clear that she would have nothing to say to him, which Jack thought rather hard after all the trouble he had taken to please her; and the more he pondered over it the less he could understand it, Nelly used to be so friendly. 'Perhaps if I were a rich man she might give a thought to me,' said Jack; and so he determined to go elsewhere to seek his fortune, and return and make Nelly his wife.

"When he went to say 'Good-by' to her he did it in rather a blundering way.

"'I suppose I shall find you married when I come home again, Nelly,' said the poor lad, looking wistfully at her.

"'Maybe you will,' returned Nelly, 'if I find [illegible] I fancy while you are away.'

"And so they parted, and both repented their [illegible] when it was too late to recall them.

"'Well, what is to be is to be,' soliloquized Jack, [illegible] to find consolation in that; 'but Nelly's the only woman that shall ever be my wife.'

"[illegible] Jack was gone Nelly went very often to [illegible] Widow Bligh, and was a great comfort to [illegible] conversation always turned upon [illegible]

[illegible] at the [illegible] of [illegible] did not [illegible] much now, but [illegible] at their work when Nelly could spare time from the dairy, and it was a consolation to them to be together.

"At the beginning of the next year Nelly was summoned to her home in a distant county. Her mother was dying, and as she did not come back the Widow Bligh was left to bear her trouble alone; and through the spring and into the summer she watched and watched, and every morning, as she opened her shutters and let in the daylight, she wondered whether that day would bring her son home, and every evening as the daylight faded away she said, 'He may come to-morrow.'

"And at length the 'to-morrow' came, and a handsome sailor walked up the village street into his mother's cottage; and soon the news spread abroad that Jack Bligh had come home with bags of golden guineas.

"But that was not, of course, true. The first person that Jack asked after was Nelly Giles; but he could hear nothing of her.

"'Never mind her, Jack,' said the widow, who was quite content, now that she had her son, and indeed did not care much for a rival, 'she's not worth thinking of.'

"But Jack was not of his mother's opinion, and he was scarcely sorry to go away again, for the old place seemed very dreary without Nelly.

"This time he was able to write to his mother occasionally, for he had brushed up his writing; and it was a proud day for the widow when the schoolmaster came in to read her son's letters.

"A second time Jack Bligh came home; and this time a hired carriage, laden with boxes and packages, stopped at the widow's door, for Jack was prospering.

"But nothing had been heard of Nelly, and Jack could not bear the sight of the fine things he had brought, for he had intended the most of them for her.

"'It's all through those beans,' thought poor Jack, 'that I came to go away.'

"Yet would he have been any nearer had he staid at home in idleness?

"Fifteen years had passed away, and Jack had prospered so well that he decided upon giving up his sea-life and settling in his native village. So he took the jolly old farm and filled it with his foreign curiosities, and the Widow Bligh presided over it in great state."

"And did Jack marry?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt me," said my friend. "For a long time he did not, although his mother pointed out more than one girl in the neighborhood who would make him a good wife—at last he did."

"Oh!" said I, with a kind of sigh.

"Wait," continued my friend.

"One morning a pale, thin woman entered the village, and when she was opposite the old black-timbered house, she asked of a wagoner who was passing whether the Widow Bligh was still living?

"'Ay,' replied the man, 'she be.'

"'And has Jack come home?'

"'Jack, indeed!' said the man. 'Squire Bligh's come home, and he lives in that house there.'

"The poor woman looked up at the substantial dwelling of the lad to whom she had given the hatful of beans, and her heart died within her.

"'He'll not care for the like of me,' said she to herself, as she turned to go away again.

"But the shock had been too great for her toil and travel worn frame, and she had not taken many steps before she sank down on the ground.

"The wagoner ran to her assistance. He raised her head, pushed back her bonnet, and shouted to the astonished Squire, who happened to be returning from his morning's stroll.

"'Measter, measter! if here bean't Nelly Giles!'

"This was on a Saturday, and how it all came to be arranged so soon, or whether the Squire even asked Nelly, I don't know; but the next Sunday at church the bans were put up, and in less than three weeks the Squire and Nelly were married. And they live at the old farm-house to this day, and the Squire changed its name to the 'Bean Farm,' and so it's been called ever since. And they've one daughter, as bright a lass as need be. She does not wear little white linen caps and short petticoats, as her mother used to do; but, for all that, the Squire says she's the very image of what Nelly Giles was when she gave him the hatful of beans."

"And where had Nelly been all those years?" said I.

"Up far away in the north with her father. He was a poor, weak body, and she couldn't leave him till he died, and then she traveled down to see if Jack had come home; for, of course, she knew that Jack liked her, and would never marry any one else. Only, you see, she never expected him to prosper as he had done."

* * * * * *

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it wove itself into my mind in connection with the fairy legend which the little ones in the fair haven were poring over, and I mingled fiction and fact until I brought myself almost to believe that I had seen the hero of bean-stalk celebrity. For did he not owe his prosperity to a hatful of beans? And had he not left his widowed mother in her little cottage while he went into far-off lands to bring home gold and treasures? And did not they end their days in affluence, just like Jack and his mother in the time-honored story.

THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT.

We give on our first page, and on pages 536 and 537, illustrations of the riot in New Orleans on July 30. On page 540 we publish portraits of John T. Monroe, Mayor of the city, and A. P. Dostie, who was mortally wounded in the riot.

We propose to give as correct an account of this disgraceful affair as is now possible. The results of [illegible] investigations have not yet been [illegible] and in very many respects the evidence now before the public is unsatisfactory and contradictory. It is proper, in the first place, briefly to refer to the work of

RECONSTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA.

Upon the capture of New Orleans by Admiral Farragut and General Butler, the government of the city and such portions of the State as were under the control of our army was purely military. The functions of the disloyal government previously existing were suspended, including those of the judicial branch. For a time all questions, civil and criminal, as well as military, were referred to Butler as sole arbiter, though he frequently consulted his army officers, especially those of his staff, and in some cases civilians, as to the merits of the cases presented. Of course, under such conditions, justice was uncertain and accidental. During the summer of 1862 Butler instituted a court known as the Provost Court of the United States Army, having at first only military jurisdiction, though before autumn it came to consider all the criminal cases of the city, and finally civil cases were laid before it.

In August General George F. Shepley was appointed Military Governor of Louisiana, and he set about instituting a judicial system. He revived the Second District Court of Orleans Parish, making John S. Whittaker judge; also the Sixth District Court, retaining as judge R. K. Howell (a loyalist), whose commission dated from before the war and was regularly derived from the State. Of the Fourth District Court J. Hiestand was appointed judge. On the 15th of December the officers of the Provisional Court of Louisiana arrived in New Orleans from New York. This court was ordered by President Lincoln. Charles A. Peabody of New York was appointed judge. The court had jurisdiction over all cases, especially such as come usually before the District Courts of the United States. Finally, in April, 1863, the Supreme Court of the State was revived with Mr. Peabody as Chief Justice.

The movement for a reorganization of the State Government began in February, 1863, when the question was brought before the principal Union Associations of New Orleans. The plan adopted in these associations assumed that the State Constitution had been destroyed by rebellion and could not again go into operation. The plan favored reorganization by the people without military interference; a new registration of citizens, in which should be inscribed the names of all citizens of the United States six months resident in the State and one month in the parish; and an order by the military for an election of delegates to frame a new Constitution—one delegate for every 2500 of the white population. An executive body, called the "Free State Committee," was appointed by the associations, with five delegates from each. Of this Committee Thomas F. Durant was chosen President. Governor Shepley approved of the plan of the Committee, and appointed Mr. Durant Attorney-General of Registration. The oath required of voters was simply the oath of allegiance and an attestation to the required term of residence.

Meantime delegates from a meeting of planters had been sent to Washington, to lay before President Lincoln a different plan of reorganization—a plan proceeding upon the validity of the Constitution as it existed before secession. It should be stated here that Louisiana has had four changes in her Constitution since her admission to the Union under the Constitution of 1812. A new Constitution was adopted in 1845, another in 1852; in 1860 the Secession Convention made considerable modifications in the Constitution of 1852; and the Constitution now in operation was adopted in 1864. President Lincoln listened to the delegates from the meeting of planters, but refused at that time to commit the Government.

Thus, in the summer of 1863 there were two distinct parties on the question of reorganization—the Conservatives, represented by the "Executive Central Committee," holding to the Constitution of 1852, and the Radicals, represented by the "Free State Committee," claiming that a Convention should be called to submit to the people a new Constitution. In the fall no general election was held by the Conservatives, but it was claimed that in some parishes members of Congress had been elected; but these persons, though they took part in the organization of Congress upon its first meeting in December, were not afterward recognized as members. Previously, in 1862, it will be remembered that an election of members of Congress had been ordered, pursuant to President Lincoln's orders, and Messrs. Hahn and Flanders took their seats in the House, February 9, 1863; their term expiring on the 4th of March ensuing.

In the mean while General Banks superseded General Butler, and on the 11th of January, 1864, issued a proclamation ordering an election of State officers (Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Auditor of Public Accounts), to be held on February 22, which officers should "constitute the civil government of the State under the Constitution and laws of Louisiana, except so much of the said Constitution and laws as recognize, regulate, or relate to Slavery." The qualifications for voters were the oath of allegiance, with the condition affixed to the elective franchise by the laws of the State.

The same proclamation announced that an election would be held in April, 1864, for delegates to a Convention for the revision of the Constitution. No election was ordered for members of Congress, but it was announced that arrangements for that purpose would soon be made. Banks declared martial law to be the fundamental law of the State.

The Radicals were displeased with the proclamation, and considered it arbitrary. Mr. Michael Hahn was nominated for Governor by Banks's supporters; Mr. Benjamin F. Flanders, by the Radicals; and J. Q. A. Fellows, by the Conservatives. Hahn obtained 3625 votes, Flanders 1007, and Fellows 1139.

The inauguration of Governor Hahn took place March 4, 1864, and the ceremonies on that occasion were interesting and imposing. The day was ushered in like a Fourth of July. There was very great popular enthusiasm, which extended even to the school children, who took an important part in the display. A great multitude were assembled in Lafayette Square, where there was an immense amphitheatre, in which were seated nearly 6000 gayly-dressed children. The stars and the stripes were as ubiquitous as they were triumphant. In front of the amphitheatre were seated the members of the orchestra, composed of nearly 300 instruments, with 40 anvils, which were used in beating out the metallic accompaniment to Verdi's "Anvil Chorus." General Banks was present, with Generals Hamilton, Reynolds, Stone, Cameron, and Bowen; and among the prominent civilians were the Hon. Christian Roselius and Judges Peabody, Hiestand, and Howell. Those who were there now contrast sadly the dignified, self-possessed Governor Hahn, in his "suit of black, with white vest and soft, mouse-colored felt hat," as he then appeared, and this same man as the supporter of a revolutionary convention, now lying prostrate under blows inflicted by cowardly and murderous assailants. There is the same sad contrast furnished by the beautiful and solemn festivities of that 4th of March—a day devoted to harmony and reconciliation, and this recent 30th of July—a day dedicated to revolution and discord!

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention was held March 28, 1864. There were 95 delegates, of whom 63 were from Orleans Parish. The Convention assembled on April 6, and was organized by the election of E. H. Durell, President, he having 43 votes and R. K. Howell 42. After a session of 78 days the Convention adjourned July 25. A proclamation was immediately issued by the Governor, appointing September 5 as the day upon which a vote should be taken upon the Constitution. The vote stood: for adoption, 6836—for rejection, 1566. The vote of New Orleans was: 4634 for, and 789 against.

This Constitution, thus ratified, abolished slavery unconditionally, decreed the education of all the children without distinction of color, and directed that all men, white or black, should be enrolled for the public defense. At the same election by which the Constitution was ratified five members of Congress were elected—Messrs. Bonzano, Field, Mann, Wells, and Taliaferro. A Legislature was also elected, the members of which were almost entirely in favor of a free State. At the close of the year 1864, notwithstanding this reorganization of the State Government, there was more than three-fourths of the State to which it was not safe to send military supplies.

The Constitutional Convention, though it had it in its power to establish universal suffrage, or to restrict the suffrage of white citizens, did not adopt either of these measures. General Banks while yet in command at New Orleans said:

> "It was with much hesitation that the mass of people entered into measures for the organization of Government. Some were ready, but others reluctant. Revolution makes the mass of men timid. It required the strongest representations of public advantage to induce them to venture again into the stormy sea of politics. Had it been announced that the negroes, who were largely in the majority, against the example, advice, and instructions of all branches of the Government, were to be admitted to the right of suffrage by military order, it would have resulted in an exclusive negro constituency."

After the reorganization of the State under General Banks's order, Louisiana—or that portion of it within our military power—was treated by the Executive as restored to its normal relations to the General Government. Under the call for troops issued in December, 1864, a draft was ordered to take place in the Department of the Gulf (then under General Canby) February 15, 1864. But the members of Congress elected in September were not admitted to their seats. A majority of the Committee, to whom their credentials had been submitted, reported in favor of their admission, but their report was not acted upon, though Congress appropriated money for defraying the expenses of the Louisiana delegation. Upon reviewing the Congressional debates on this question we find that Congress claimed that it was its work to reconstruct the State, and not the President's, and that there was a want of harmony between the Executive and Legislative Departments of the Government on the subject of reconstruction very similar to that which exists now between President Johnson and the Thirty-ninth Congress.

THE END OF THE WAR.

On March 4, 1865, Governor Hahn resigned, and was succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor Wells. It should be remembered that Hahn and Wells had both been nominated by each of the State Conventions—that of the Free State Party, and that of the extreme Radical Party, of which Thomas J. Durant was the acknowledged leader.

Soon after Wells assumed the office of Governor the war was at an end, and the paroled soldiers of the rebel army returned to their homes in large numbers, New Orleans receiving the lion's share. All under certain grades were restored to citizenship upon taking the amnesty oath. On the 2d of June the rebel Governor Allen declared his administration at an end. Eight days afterward Governor Wells issued a proclamation to the people of the State, remarkable for its wisdom and for the spirit of conciliation which it evinced. Whatever, he said, may have been the bitterness of the past, it is better that it be buried out of sight forever. It is not the past, but the present and future, we have to deal with. He invited the whole people to participate in re-establishing the civil government. They were to elect officers, and in regard to officers to be appointed by him, he invited their advice, promising to act upon their recommendations, if they selected men of proper character.

The judges of District Courts were made by the new Constitution appointive by the Executive for a term of six years, and he invited their recommendations. He urged prompt and unanimous action; and in nearly all the parishes (or counties) the call was responded to by the people.

On September 21 Governor Wells issued a proclamation ordering an election on November 6 for State officers and Members of Congress.

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The people divided into two principal parties, the *National Democratic* and the *National Conservative Union*. The first of these ignored the Constitution of 1864, and favored a new convention to frame a Constitution expressing the will of the entire State; declared that the Government was one "of white people, made and to be perpetuated for the exclusive benefit of the white race;" and "that people of African descent can not be considered as citizens of the United States, and that there can in no event, nor under any circumstances, be any equality between the white and other races;" and claimed the right of compensation for emancipated slaves. The *National Conservative Union* party opposed the extension of suffrage to the negroes, and recognized the validity of the Constitution of 1864. There was also a large body of the people in favor of universal suffrage. These were known as the *Radical Republicans*. The rest of the State were the friends of the late rebel Governor ALLEN, whom they nominated to succeed Governor WELLS, and the latter was nominated by both the *National Democratic* and the *National Conservative Union* conventions. In accepting he said he considered both platforms in unison, and doubtless they were in one particular, namely, his nomination. Governor WELLS received 22,312 votes, and Ex-Governor ALLEN 5487. In every parish but one the Democratic ticket for members of the Legislature was successful.

On November 13 the *Radical Republicans* held a mass meeting in New Orleans, at which resolutions were passed claiming the election of H. C. WARMOUTH as their delegate to Congress from "the Territory of Louisiana," in part by the votes of colored persons, amounting to 19,000. They resolved also that the State could only be restored "in the constitutional way" by petitioning Congress for admission whenever a majority of the whole people deem it expedient so to petition; and that the temper of the white voters, nine-tenths of whom were disloyal, made such a petition inexpedient at the present time.

November 23, 1865, the Legislature assembled at New Orleans, in an extra session called by the Governor. At the beginning of the year Messrs. HAHN and R. King CUTLER had been elected United States Senators. The Governor now repudiated their election, and called for a new one. Messrs. RANDALL HUNT and HENRY BOYCE were elected in their place. The Lower House opened the question of a Convention for drafting a State Constitution, and a majority of the Committee to whom the question was referred reported in favor of a new Convention. It was taken for granted, in the consideration of this question, that the Convention of 1864 had no longer any thing more to do with the matter. The report of the Committee was, however, never acted upon.

GOVERNOR WELLS'S POSITION.

In the mean time Governor WELLS seems to have found that the confidence which he reposed in the people of his State had been abused. Let him speak for himself:

"When Louisiana was restored to the lawful authority of the United States, what was my conduct toward the population of eighteen parishes reclaimed? Although I had been persecuted and driven from home by the rebel authorities, I suppressed all feeling of rancor so natural to the human breast under such circumstances, under a belief that a majority had been seduced from their allegiance to the old flag by wiles of artful demagogues who brought on the rebellion. I determined to try the effect of kindness and conciliation in winning them back to their first love. I addressed them a proclamation, congratulating them on their restoration to the protection of the government of law and order, and that, as far as I was concerned, I was willing to forget the past. I begged them to submit cheerfully and unreservedly to the new order of things, and assured them that although the State Government had been organized, yet I was anxious that a general election for its officers should be held, in which the whole State should participate. I fulfilled every word of my promises. I appointed the men recommended to fill offices in several parishes; I signed their applications to the President of the United States for special pardons; I persisted in my course of reconciliation, notwithstanding the warning and remonstrances of Union men who believed my policy would be unavailing in accomplishing the purpose intended, and who predicted that at the very first election these men in every Parish where they held the powers would prescribe every man from office who had not been in the rebel cause. These predictions have been realized to the letter at every subsequent election with the exception of my own case. And it is well known, for it was publicly avowed, that I was put at the head of their ticket simply because it was thought I could be useful in securing a representation of the State in Congress.

"It is further well known that the platform reported by the Committee appointed for that purpose to the Democratic Convention held in this city, was a reiteration of the doctrines of the right of secession; and it was only through the exertions of a few of the more cautious and polite of the party that this platform was made to assume the form which was adopted. At the same Convention a well-known and live Democrat was publicly censured by resolution, because, in a speech delivered before that body, he said that secession was worse than a crime, it was a blunder. Notwithstanding my nomination by the Democratic Party, another candidate was put into the field in opposition to me, who had officiated as Governor under the rebel rule, and who, had he been in the country and signified his assent, I have no doubt would have been overwhelmingly elected. When the members of the Legislature met in extra session, in the month of November, 1865, convened by me for the purpose of raising money to restore the broken levees, and to take measures to redeem the credit of the State, I found them more intent on calling a Convention to change the Constitution of 1864 than to promote the general interests of the people. Their chief objection to that Instrument was the character of the men who framed it and the abolition of slavery. Having failed at the extra session to pass a bill to call a Convention, the attempt was renewed at the regular session, held in the month of January, and more than half the time of that body was spent in discussing that question. Finally, a commission was sent to Washington to consult with the President, and the Legislature only abandoned the measure through his advice. I considered a Convention inexpedient, and for that reason opposed it. I had learned enough of the real sentiments of the people to convince me that if a new Constitution was made it would be less in harmony with the views of the President and Congress than the Constitution of 1864; the result of which would be to lessen the chances for the admission of our representatives."

THE CONVENTION OF 1864 REVIVED.

Now let us see what are Governor WELLS's views as to the revived Convention of 1864:

"Impressed with the truth of these views, foreseeing the necessity for the future security of the Union men in the South, that the amendment to the Constitution, adopted by Congress and submitted to the several States for ratification should prevail, and fully realizing the fact that the amendment would never be ratified by the present Legislature, I own I was in favor of the reassembling of the Convention of 1864, as the only means of securing the ratification required, and thereby to insure the admission of our Representatives in Congress. The legal right of the Convention to continue its functions is a question, I suppose, properly pertaining to the courts to decide. Senators and Representatives in Congress of great learning, and men of high legal attainments in New Orleans, have expressed the opinion that under the resolution of adjournment the Convention could lawfully assemble. A distinguished Democratic Senator in Congress took the same view. For myself, if I had any doubt on the subject, I have deferred to the opinion of abler men. The total number of delegates composing the Convention was one hundred and fifty. The number elected was seventy-two. The quorum was fixed at seventy-six, this number being a majority of the whole. There were twenty-seven parishes unrepresented in the Convention that were entitled to fifty-one delegates, and adding thereto ten vacancies to be filled would make sixty-one delegates to be elected. Besides there were some ten or twelve delegates who, disapproving of the emancipation clause, refused to sign the Constitution, and these may be ranked among the extreme Conservatives. Counting the sixty-one delegates to be elected to be of the same class, and the balance of the Convention Radical, it will be seen that parties would have been really equally divided. I have gone into these details to show the falsity of the charges that have been made that the Convention would not have represented the whole State, and that it was intended to be packed. Every parish would have been represented, about one half having elected their delegates in 1864, and the other half in 1866, making a just equilibrium of those who opposed and those who sustained the cause of the Confederacy. There are disfranchising clauses in the Constitution of 1864, but the much-abused members of that Convention had it in their power to have made a Constitution as stringent against those engaged in the rebellion as Tennessee and Missouri have done. They, however, pursued an opposite course, and trusted that these men would be actuated by a spirit of tolerance and forbearance in return for the liberality shown toward them."

This conviction as to insincerity of the party which elected him led Governor WELLS to seek relief from the evils which he thought due to his too hasty policy of reconciliation, by turning to the Radicals, who were determined to revive the Convention of 1864. He therefore gave his official sanction to the reassembling of this Convention by issuing writs for the election of delegates in parishes unrepresented in 1864, and to fill the places of those whose convictions would not allow of their participation in the action of the Convention. President JOHNSON had advised against the Constitutional Convention, which, early in 1866, the Legislature had proposed, and had succeeded in preventing its election. He now opposed the revival of the Convention of 1864 on the ground that it was a usurpation of authority, since it did not fairly represent the State.

On the evening of July 27, in the Hall of the House of Representatives at New Orleans, there was an enormous mass meeting held. There was a large audience both in the hall and outside, a large majority of which were freedmen. Speeches were made in which it was represented that Congress was not satisfied with the Constitution of 1864 because it did not give them the right to vote; Governor HAHN told them they ought to hold office as well as the white men; the Hon. REPOS WARLES told them they were better educated in politics than the white rebels and better fitted to vote—that Louisiana had now no Constitution, and that they were "in their primitive capacity;" Judge HUSTAND spoke to the same effect. The speeches were not perhaps, on the whole, as violent as they have been represented in some quarters. The most intemperate speech made was by A. P. DOSTIE, a prominent member of the Convention, who appealed to the freedmen to inforce the actions of the Convention, and to come out in arms for its protection.

THE RIOT.

The Convention met on Monday, July 30, at noon. Only one-sixth of the body was present. Whatever its designs may have been, it certainly had as yet committed no overt act of revolution. Unfortunately the temper of the preliminary meeting on the 27th had stimulated the resistance to the Convention which already existed. The municipal authorities had, upon consultation with General BAIRD, determined not to interfere with the Convention unless disturbances should ensue. A disturbance was feared, and the authorities were partially prepared to meet it. Attorney-General HERRON had asked advice of President JOHNSON in regard to the military, and the President had replied that it must be subordinate to, and support the action of, the civil authorities. Every body knew that under the circumstances, and especially if the negroes should come out armed as DOSTIE had bidden them, a collision was inevitable. General BAIRD knew it, and it was his duty to have his force ready in hand for any emergency. No matter whether he believed the courts right in ordering the arrest of the Convention in case their meeting occasioned a disturbance, his orders from the President, his Commander-in-Chief, were to assist in executing the order of the courts, right or wrong. If he had been equal to the emergency, all the members of the Convention would have been conducted from their place of meeting in the Mechanics' Institute without harm, and the negroes would have been delivered from a murderous police and an infuriated mob.

There being no quorum present (by a lack of 50 members) the Sergeant-at-arms of the Convention was ordered to arrest and bring in the absentees. In the mean time a procession of the freedmen, numbering about one hundred, with a band of music in front and under the United States flag marched through the streets of the city toward the Institute on Dryades Street, between Canal and Common, where the Convention was assembled. It was an insignificant body when compared with the negro population of New Orleans, and marching through the streets at this critical moment with arms in their hands, it was plainly the duty of the police to arrest them and place them where they at least could have no power to incite a riot. But the police of New Orleans appear to have had another object in view, and allowed the procession to march on to the Institute, where they were met with vociferous cheers from friends of both colors. Now it was too late to prevent the riot. All places of business were immediately closed, and those citizens of New Orleans who had determined at all events to break up the Convention gathered together at a concerted signal and proceeded "to the front." The magazine, ready for momentary explosion, had received the spark, and unfortunately the spark had been received in such a manner as to give an excuse for throwing the responsibility of what followed upon the freedmen and the Convention. Unfortunately, we say, because the riot would have occurred in any case, as the citizens were determined to proceed violently against the members of the Convention, and it is only just that they should take their share of the responsibility for the events of the day. The Convention had needlessly set in motion the earliest movement looking toward violence.

The police now found it convenient to do what they should have done before, and proceeded to arrest the negro procession. The record of the police during the three hours of riot which followed is most shameful. They were confused with the mob of citizens, and seemed to vie with the latter in acts of murderous violence. It is true there were some noble exceptions, but these were not sufficient, unsupported by the military, to stay their companions of the police force or the equally ruthless mob.

It is sickening even to write the record of those three hours. The excitement exceeded that of a great battle, as the violence of the whirlwind exceeds that of an ordinary storm. If the Convention was illegal, as is admitted by some of its strongest supporters, what shall be said of the utter disregard of law and order exhibited by the agents of the municipal authority, and by the citizens of a city claiming pre-eminence above all the cities of the South?

Dryades Street, in front of the Institute, was crowded with the white and the colored friends of the Convention. At a little distance, on the corner of Canal and Dryades, was the mob of citizens, a crowd which "comprised men of every grade in society, including many young in years, who were brandishing revolvers in the air, and were seemingly anxious to be led on to the destruction of the Conventioners, and all of the freedmen near and in the building." A similar crowd had also assembled in Common Street, at the other end of the block in which the Institute is located. Many members of the police force were mingled with these crowds. They soon commenced firing on the freedmen in front of the building and drove them into it.

The police advanced to the entrance of the Institute and forced their way in. Several contradictory reports are given of what followed. There was firing on both sides—though which party took the initiative, or whether the assault was simultaneous on the part of both, seems uncertain. The members of the Convention were willing to peacefully surrender; but this appears to have been impossible in the confusion, being partly prevented by the crowd of negroes who had got themselves mixed with the Convention, and who, in fear for their lives, forcibly resisted the approach of the police, firing upon them as indiscriminately as they were themselves fired upon. At this time the mob and the police filled the sidewalk and the stairway of the building. Shots were fired through the windows from both in and outside, and bricks, paving-stones, clubs, and other missiles were thrown from both directions.

At this juncture those within the building, which was now effectually besieged, began to make their way out. As they passed out they were arrested—some of them being conducted safely outside, but these were very few. Most of those who attempted to get out were killed or wounded by the mob, the policemen, in many cases, assisting in the work of murder.

"Governor HAHN," says an eye-witness, "who is lame and walks with a crutch, was met on the stairs as he came down and escorted out to the mob-stone by two policemen. On reaching the sidewalk he was surrounded by about twenty persons, who beat him on the back of the head with clubs, and he received a severe stab in the back, also a pistol shot from behind. It is probable that this shot was fired by a policeman. On reaching Canal Street he was placed in a carriage, and under the charge of the Chief of Police was taken safely to the lock-up. He owes his life to the Chief and his squad, as they prevented him from being lynched. Fish, Hostmann, Shaw, and other members were treated likewise. On reaching the foot of the stairs they were beaten by the police and the mob, and after being rendered insensible were dragged off to jail. An attempt to lynch Fish was made on Canal Street, but the police in charge of him prevented it, although they nearly killed him themselves by beating him with the butts of their pistols. But few freedmen were arrested coming out of the building, as they were nearly all shot down at sight.

"The Rev. Mr. HOBBES, a clergyman from New Hampshire, now in charge of a church in this city, officiated as chaplain of the Convention. I heard his prayer at the opening, in which he asked fervently that the lives of the members might be spared, and thanked God that peace had been declared in Europe, praying for the same blessing in this country. In a habit peculiarly ministerial, and which distinctly marked him as a clergyman, he came down stairs with a white handkerchief on his cane, intending to surrender himself peacefully. He was met, knocked down, trampled upon, kicked and beaten nearly to death, while begging for mercy. The police and their visiting friends were his assailants. Dr. DOSTIE, intending to surrender himself, also came down. He was shot, stabbed, and treated in the same manner as HOBBES, although he implored the ruffians to take him prisoner and spare his life. R. King CUTLER and Judge R. K. HOWELL escaped without much injury, and chancing to fall into the hands of humane policemen were conveyed to prison almost uninjured."

"On Common, Baronne, Dryades, St. Charles, Rampart, and Carondelet streets freedmen were murdered by the police and the mob in cold blood. Standing in the door of the telegraph office on Carondelet, I saw about two hundred men chasing one negro along the sidewalk. Six policemen were nearest to him, and in advance of his persecutors. They emptied their revolvers into his back, and finally another one, when he was near enough to his victim to lay his hand on his shoulder, shot him in the head, and he fell dead into an alley. Another freedman trying to escape from the institute was climbing over a fence, when I saw him fall from a policeman's shot. As he struck the ground at least a dozen police and rioters surrounded him and fired their pistols into his head and breast, at the same time pounding him with clubs and canes. The blood flowed from wounds in his scalp, covering his entire face; but they continued their brutal assault until he breathed his last, although he several times raised his feeble and wounded arms to gesticulate for the mercy his tongue could not ask for.

"I saw a white man draw a stiletto and strike it into the heart of a dying negro on Common Street. The blood spirted out in great red jets, staining the murderer's clothing, face, and hands. He got up and displayed the gory marks as though they were proud emblems of a praiseworthy deed. These and other incidents which I saw, suffice to show you how the freedmen were treated in a majority of cases. It is due to justice, however, to say that some of the policemen treated even the freedmen with moderation, and rescued them from death at the hands of the mob.

"The police behaved, as a general rule, with extraordinary bravery and extraordinary cruelty. Probably fifty of them were wounded, several mortally. They were nearly all doubly armed, and used their arms with great effect and indiscriminate execution. As I have before remarked, some of them did their duty in protecting their prisoners, and all the prisoners who are now alive owe their lives to this fact. The mob would have lynched every white man in the building, and brutally murdered every black man, had it not been for a few gallant and chivalric policemen."

After the mob had spent its force, and by unnecessary violence the police had cleared the field, General BAIRD arrived upon the scene of action and issued a proclamation of martial law. General SHERIDAN, who was absent from the city during the disturbance, upon his return continued the operation of martial law, and on August 1 wrote the following dispatch to General GRANT:

"*General U. S. Grant, Washington, D. C.:*

"You are doubtless aware of the serious riot which occurred in this city on the 30th. A political body, styling itself the Convention of 1864, met on the 30th inst. as it is alleged, the purpose of remodeling the present Constitution of the State. The leaders were political agitators and revolutionary men, and the action of the Convention was liable to produce breaches of the public peace. I had made up my mind to arrest the head men if the proceedings of the Convention was calculated to disturb the tranquillity of the Department, but I had no cause for action until they committed the overt act. About forty whites and blacks were killed, and about 160 wounded. Every thing is now quiet, but I deem it best to maintain a military supremacy in the city for a few days, until the affair is fully investigated. I believe the sentiment of the respectable community is great regret at this unnecessary cruelty, and that the police could have made any arrest they saw fit without sacrificing lives.

"P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-Gen. Commanding."

From an impartial review of this disgraceful affair we have come to the following conclusions:

1. That a disturbance would without doubt have followed the meeting of the Convention, even if there had been no negroes in the vicinity. The excitement was not one against the freedmen, but against the members of the Convention; and the former were implicated in the riot only because they were considered as protectors of the latter. Only a small portion of the freedmen of New Orleans were connected with the riot, and it is stated in all the reports that negroes engaged in their ordinary pursuits passed along the streets during the riot unharmed, while others standing in the vicinity as quiet spectators were not molested.

2. That there was an unfortunate misunderstanding between the municipal authorities and General BAIRD. The former were anxious to prevent the meeting of the Convention on the ground that it was a body likely to disturb the tranquillity of the city, but they would not take this course unless it was sanctioned by General BAIRD. The latter refused to give his sanction and on good grounds. The civil authorities, assured of a disturbance, and not wishing to oversee a Convention permitted by military authority, insisted upon sending only a small police force to the vicinity of the Institute, relying upon General BAIRD's promise that he would assist with the military force in suppressing any disturbance which might arise. This promise General BAIRD failed to keep; and,

3. That the Convention, whether legal or illegal, or whatever may have been its designs, can not fairly be said to have met or to have instituted any proceedings, there not being a quorum present; that it was discountenanced by five-sixths of its own members; and that although by the inflammatory speeches made by some of its members on the evening of July 27, it invited a riot, this invitation did not by any means *justify* the riot which followed, and which has no apology.

In regard to A. P. DOSTIE, who was murdered, we have little to say. He was violent in speech, but he was earnest in his convictions. He lived at New Orleans before the rebellion, but he stood out steadfastly for the Union. He was one of the most influential men, after the war, in the Free State party, to whose success he largely contributed. His murder was a disgraceful and cowardly act, for which there is no palliation.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

YESTERDAY the sun was bright,
Beaming glory on the world;
Yesterday my heart was light,
In its depths a hope impearled,
Now the lowering clouds fall down,
Dimming Nature's purple crown,
And upon my soul a dread
Falleth like a weight of lead.

Yesterday rich diadems
Glittering, from the bare trees hung,
And upon the sparkling stems
Gay the merry robin sung.
Now the gusty rainbeats fall,
Flinging shadows over all;
And I gaze on yon dull stream,
Thinking o'er a vanished dream.

Yesterday an echoing tide,
Floating from the long ago,
Through the bitter waves did glide,
Thrilling all my being so!
Now it sinks beneath the wave,
And my hope has found its grave;
And I sit alone, alone!
Listening to the wind's low moan.

Yesterday—ah me, ah me!
That the ear should ever hear,
That the eye should ever see
Forms and voices once so dear!
Oh, how very small a ray
Lightens up a darkened way;
Oh, how very small a cloud
Folds the heart as in a shroud!

Yester-eve the moon arose
With a hope-beam on her breast,
And my spirit found repose,
And in dreams my life was blest.
But the morning brought me life,
Bound all round with care and strife;
So the shadows come and go,
Gleams of bliss and shades of woe.

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THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—THE FREEDMEN'S PROCESSION MARCHING TO THE INSTITUTE—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE FLAG.

[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—SIEGE AND ASSAULT OF THE CONVENTION BY THE POLICE AND CITIZENS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.

[See Page 538.]

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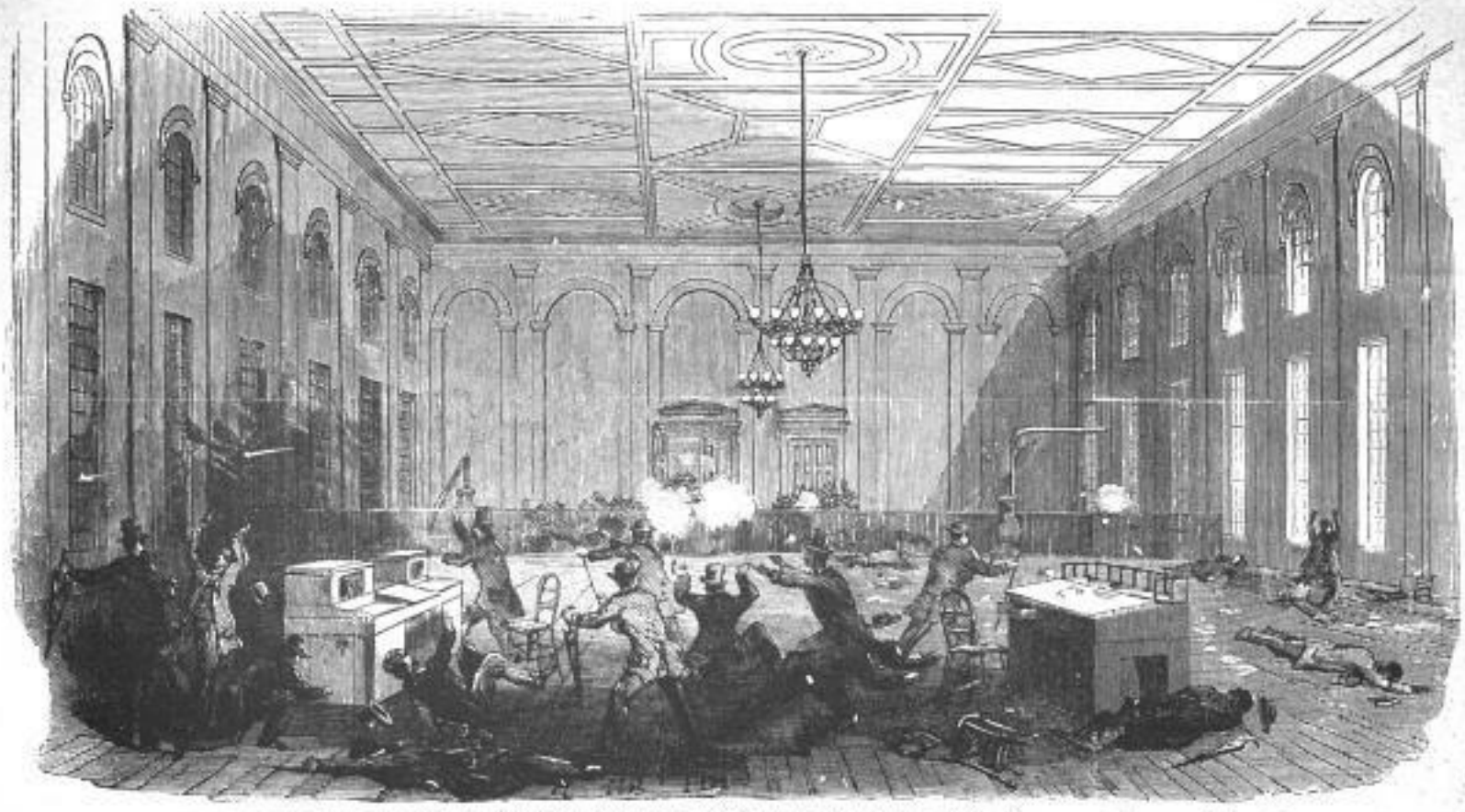
THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—MURDERING NEGROES IN THE REAR OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—PLATFORM IN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE AFTER THE RIOT.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—INTERIOR OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTE DURING THE RIOT.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—CARRYING OFF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED—INHUMAN CONDUCT OF THE POLICE.
[See Page 535.]

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ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

The summer blew its little drifts of round—
Tangled with wet leaf-shadows and the light
Small breath of scattered morning buds—crossed
The yellow path through which our feet-steps wound.
It lies, the Capitol rose glittering white.

There stretch'd a sleeping army. One by one,
They took their places until thousands met;
No leader's stare flash'd on before, and none
Lean'd on his sword or stagger'd with his gun.
I wonder if their feet have rested yet.

They saw the dust, they join'd the moving mass,
They answer'd the fierce march's cry for blood,
Then struggled there and lay down in the grass:
Wear flowers for each, chaste whence their tents did pass;
Sing tenderly, O river's haunted flood!

They had been sick, and worn, and weary, when
They stopp'd on this calm hill beneath the trees:
Yet, if in some red-clouded dawn again
The country should be calling to her men,
Shall the revellis not remember these?

Beside them underneath the mid-day skies
The dreadful phantoms of the living walk,
And by low moons and darkness, with their cries—
The mothers, sisters, wives with faded eyes
That call still names among their broken talk.

And there is one who comes alone and stands
At his dim fireless hearth—chill'd and oppress'd
By Something he has summon'd to his hands,
While the weird pallor of its many bands
Points at his rusted sword in his own breast!

Washington, D. C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

But the minute the carriage was fairly out of sight and the last roll of the wheels had died away in the distance, Clover caught Lily round the waist and went dancing with her all through the hall, and into the sitting-room, and around that. And Lily could neither stop nor object at first; for Clover was a sturdy little piece, with strong arms, and Lily herself was quite out of breath with astonishment and exercise.

"What are you about?" she cried at last. "Do let me alone? What can you be thinking of, Clover? Let me go! I want to read."

Clover let her go and danced on by herself.

"I—want to think," she said, demurely, and panting a little too. "I want to get—my ideas in order. Just now—I don't know whether—rose-bugs are white muslins, or—pink foulards are flower-pots." And Clover went off with another whirl and a full burst of Yankee Doodle, much to Lily's indignation.

"How you do act!" she said. "White muslins aren't pink foulards—if that's what you want to know. Can't you be quiet, Clover? You do make such a noise!"

Clover stopped instantly.

"What do you want to do, Lily? Shall we go look at our seeds again?"

"No," said Lily, shortly. "I want to read. You can't see the seeds if you look." And Lily turned her back upon the bow-window, boxes, flower-pots, and all, and sat down in a corner of the sofa with her book.

Softly, and without even speaking to make a noise, Clover took little Prim's hand in hers and went toward the window; for even the outside of those panes of glass in her little box had a great charm for Clover.

"Will there really be so very few flowers?" said Primrose, looking anxiously up in her face.

"No indeed," said Clover. "I don't think so at all. I'm only afraid I sha'n't have room for them all. Why, Prim, I counted the seeds that I sowed in just one of my pots, and there were ten; and Mr. Vick says that kind must be set a foot apart when it's transplanted; and so that one little pot will want ten feet of my garden. I don't know what I'm to do, for I can't throw one of 'em away," said Clover, bending lovingly over the little box. "Oh! I wish I knew what my seeds are doing down in the earth!"

"They are growing larger every minute," said Mrs. May, for she had come in while the children talked. "That is the first thing a seed does after it is covered up in the earth and begins to get warm and moist. By-and-by you will see this smooth earth in your pots cracking open here and there, and all pushed up in little heaps, because the hidden seeds are swelling and taking more room."

"Will it? will they?" said Clover, the pink tinge flashing over her cheeks. "Oh, Lily! do you hear?"

"Yes—no, I am reading," said Lily.

"But, mamma, what makes them swell?" said Clover. "I mean, why do they? what is it for?"

"Do you remember when Prim was a baby, covered up in her cradle and fast asleep, how still she lay, and how smooth and undisturbed was her little silk quilt?"

"Yes indeed," said Clover. "I used to watch and listen sometimes to see if she was really breathing."

"Well, these seeds that you have just covered with soft earth are asleep. Hid away in each one of them is a tiny morsel of a plant, all crumpled up and folded in, as still and motionless as if it had no life. Even in a large seed like a bean it is very small, just a little stem and one or two leaves; and there it lies, fast bound in the hard outer-shell of the seed, waiting its time."

"Mamma, can you see this little plant?" said Clover.

"Yes, sometimes. If you split open a bean very carefully, you will see the tiny plant folded away between the two halves of the bean; but in very small seeds you would need a magnifying-glass, or even a microscope. Well, when the seed is put in the ground the hard outer shell grows moist, from the moist earth, and begins to crack open; and the warm rays of the sun send their heat quite down through earth and seed and all, to the little plant that lies so fast asleep. And the plant awakes, and begins to stir and stretch itself out—or to grow, as we say. The wee bit of a stem lengthens, and pushes its way through the outer-wall of seed down into the earth, and the leaves shoot up into the sunshine, and unfold, shaking off by degrees the seed which held them prisoner."

"Mamma, it's like a fairy tale!" said Clover.

"Yes, it's the princess in the wood!" cried Primrose. "She's asleep, and the sun is the prince that comes and kisses her till she wakes up."

"Something like that," said Mrs. May, smiling. "But oh how many princesses there are in every wood, in every foot of ground, on the rocks, and even in the streams! This is part of that wonderful work of the world which is going on all the time—part of what the sun was meant to do when God made two great lights, and set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth. And now the little stem which shot forth down into the ground begins to branch a little, throwing out tiny fibres, and becomes the root; taking in from the dark soil a part of the food on which the young plant lives, while at the same time the leaves expand at the upper end of the stem, and other leaves come out, and they take in the rest of its food from air and sunshine and drops of dew. So every plant begins its growth—the smallest flower and the tallest tree."

"It is almost too wonderful!" said Clover, drawing a long breath. "I shall have to think about it a great deal."

"Mamma," said Primrose, "the princess slept a hundred years; would the seed sleep so long and then wake up after all?"

"Not every kind of seed; they are as different as possible in this respect. Some will not grow if they are more than one year old, and but few after they are five or six; while some are good at sixty years old, and others must be sowed just as soon as they are ripe."

"Mamma, I don't understand yet how the seed does all this," said Clover; "how the leaves unfold and the roots stretch out."

"I think no mortal understands it," said her mother; "it is one of the secrets of the Lord's power. 'Thou blessest the springing thereof,' wrote King David of the earth's rich carpet of grass and corn; and I think the utmost learning can say no more."

"Oh, Lily! oh, Lily! how much you have lost!" said Clover, looking toward the sofa, where Lily lay curled up as if half asleep. "And all for that stupid book!"

The book's not stupid," said Lily, slowly uncurling herself and getting up. "And I'm tired hearing about seeds, it's nothing but seeds, seeds, from morning to night!" And Lily stretched her arms about as if tired of the world generally.

"Did you have a pleasant visit from Maria, Lily?" inquired her mother.

"Mamma—it wasn't very long."

"Mamma," said Primrose, "she says she's had ten new frocks made just for summer—ten all for herself, mamma!"

"Poor child!" said Mrs. May.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Lily, coming up to the window, "what makes you say that?"

"She is very young to be a prisoner," said Mrs. May.

"A prisoner!" said Lily. "I don't see how having plenty of frocks could make her that, I'm sure. I should think it would be just the other way. I thought having nothing to wear kept people at home. What can you mean, mamma?"

"Not that people who are kept at home are prisoners," said Mrs. May, with a smile.

"Ah! it's one of mamma's stories, I know," cried Primrose, as keen for a story as a pointer for game. "Mamma, dear, won't you please tell it to us right away? What is it called, mamma?"

"It might be called 'A Legend of Grundy Castle,'" said Mrs. May, stroking Prim's head.

"What an odd name for a castle!" said Lily.

"Never mind," said Prim. "Do sit down and be quiet, Lily. Now, mamma—I'm all ready. Come, Clover."

"Is it a fairy-tale, mamma?" said Clover, bringing her thoughts back with some reluctance from the little flower-pots that held such real wonders.

"You shall judge. Grundy Castle stood on a bit of land that was claimed by several kingdoms. In like manner many nations disputed possession of its mistress, Mrs. Grundy. And in fact she was quite a citizen of the world, and had received her education (such as it was) in so many places that she was entirely at home in all. It was hard to travel in any country without meeting her, or at least without hearing what she had said the last time she came that way."

"Her own castle couldn't have been much, then," said Lily, "or she wouldn't have gone wandering round so."

"Perhaps she had your ideas about home," said Mrs. May. "But, however that was, she certainly did seem to prefer other people's houses to her own, and was never still a minute."

"Mamma, what sort of a person was she?" said Clover. "You said 'her education, such as it was!'"

"She was not what I call well-educated," said Mrs. May; "for of some of the most important things she was entirely ignorant. For instance, she had never studied to be quiet; she knew nothing of 'the law of kindness;' her thoughts had never been trained to think no evil, nor her hands to bear other people's burdens."

"What funny studies?" said Primrose.

"All that she had ever learned was to talk pretty well in all languages; to handle a spy-glass; enough geography to make her think she knew exactly where any body was at a particular moment, and just so much arithmetic as to put two and two together, though she made grievous mistakes sometimes even in doing that small sum."

"Mamma, what a strange person!" said Lily. "I can't make her out at all. Was she handsome?"

"No," said Mrs. May, "she used her spy-glass too much for that. In fact, she never looked at any thing straight with both eyes, and that, of course, gave a disagreeable expression to her face."

"I think she was horrid!" said Primrose. "Just like the Affrites in my 'Arabian Nights.' She never would have got into my house, I can tell her."

"Other people let her come," said Mrs. May. "She had a great deal of power, and went every where. Even when they were afraid of her they let her come, for I think they were more afraid to keep her away."

"But," mamma," said Lily, "I don't see how you're going to get round to where you started from. You said Maria Jarvis was a prisoner, and then you go off and tell all about Mrs. Grundy, who lived a thousand years ago, or never lived at all. I don't see what she has to do with Maria's ten frocks."

"What *could* she have to do with them?" said Mrs. May, smiling. "But you must wait for an answer, Lily, for there comes papa, and we must have tea."

BABY ON THE PORCH.

Out on the porch, by the open door,
Sweet with roses and cool with shade,
Baby is creeping over the floor—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid!

All about her the shadows dance,
All above her the roses swing,
Sunbeams in the lattice glance,
Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,
Lisping her pleading in broken words,
Cooing away in her tender speech
Songs like the twitter of nestling birds.

Creeping, creeping over the floor,
Soon my birdie will find her wings,
Fluttering out at the open door
Into the wonderful world of things.

Bloom of roses and balm of dew,
Brooks that bubble and winds that call,
All things lovely and glad and new,
And the Father watching us over it all.

AFTER THE CAPTAIN.

I.

On one of those warm days in April when every whiff of the spring wind brought suggestions of summer, a little party stood talking in an artist's studio about the summer campaign—where they would go, and what they would do, until the melancholy days again. One was bound for Newport, and declared, with perhaps not exaggerated emphasis, that "Newport was bliss!" Another was eloquent of the mountains—Starr King's "White Hills." And another raved of the Catskill—of the Fawn's Leap, the view from Sunset Rock, and the Kaaterskill Falls—all of which scenes you will see if you will turn to the *Weekly* for July 21, and look at Mr. Nast's picture.

While five of this party talked of their plans the sixth remained silent, with a curious smile on her mouth and a gleam of mischief in her eyes. Presently this silence was observed:

"And where are you going, Miss Vincent?" asked a gentleman. "You don't tell us."

"No," answered Miss Vincent, in a lazily-affirmative tone, to this assertion of the gentleman's.

"Oh, I can tell you where Syl's going!" broke in Cad Glynn, with conclusive emphasis of knowledge.

"Oh, can you? Do then," said Syl—otherwise Sylvia—Vincent, in an amused voice, and raising her brows archly.

"She's going to Newport, or somewhere in that vicinity. Syl's crazy on Newport! Always paints Newport into her pictures—a bit of the Cliffs, or the Forty Steps, all by themselves, or a glimpse of the South Beach! You know you do, Syl; and you know that you're going to Newport—don't you now?"

"No, I didn't know it, Cad; perhaps, though, as I am lunatic on the subject, I shall find myself there unawares."

"You remember what guests are entertained unawares, Miss Vincent?" said that bright cousin of Cad's, Arkley Glynn, with gay gallantry.

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Glynn," laughed Syl, as gayly.

"But you haven't told us where you are going," began again the first speaker.

"No, I haven't!" and once more Syl Vincent's eyes sparkled mischief. By this time the curiosity and interest of the party were thoroughly aroused. Where was Miss Vincent going?"

"Going to be married, perhaps!" cried Arkley Glynn, smiling out of his wilderness of silky beard.

"Going to the moon, maybe."

"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky?" laughed Syl, at this last. "That turns the angel into an old woman, and instead of wings I have a broom-stick!" she went on merrily.

So they kept it up a while longer, playing and parrying their shining lances of wit and humor, and still Miss Vincent did not tell them where she was going. At length, when speculation was at its height through these gay jests, and every one of them thought Syl Vincent was to outdo them all in their summer journeyings, she quietly said: "I'll tell you where I'm going; I am going to Northwood."

"To Northwood! Where upon earth is Northwood?" they cried, in a breath.

"Oh, a little nest up among the New Hampshire hills."

"One of those thousand-and-one towns about the White Mountains. Why didn't you say the Mountains at once?" cried Cad, exasperated.

"Because it isn't about the White Mountains. It isn't a summer resort at all for strangers. It's just a quiet little nook for one to rest in."

"Syl, what—in—the—world possesses you now? This is a new notion. Thought you couldn't abide inland towns; the sea for you—always the sea, and plenty of society."

Syl shrugged her shoulders, and laughed lazily again.

"Cad, I'm tired of one thing. 'Too much of a good thing is good for nothing,' you know. The sea is my love; but we leave our love sometimes to come back afresh. Society is a fine thing; but we wear out society with too much of it, and then it wears us out. That's the worst of it; so I am going to run away from it for a while—to run away from my love, you know, to come back renewed."

"Syl, you're a little Syberite; I always said so," remarked Cad Glynn, sententiously.

"Maybe. I call it philosophy, however."

"And what will you do up there in your nest, as you call it?"

"I'll paint my pictures and drink new milk."

"Bah! Idyllic you call that, I suppose? I'll tell you how it will be. For three weeks you'll think it's very pretty; in that time you'll take the portraits of two or three old trees and a brook or a pond; then you'll begin to pine for some of the familiar faces, to remember how the surf used to feel, and how the band played on the piazza down at Newport."

They all laughed at this last sally of Cad's, and they all looked as if they thought it quite probable she was right. But Syl knew better. She knew what she wanted, and what she needed. Just this: Rest, and country air, and new milk; not a renewal of town-life among towns-people at some usual haunt. The living the winter excitement over in the same talk, the same associations socially, with only a change in localities. Some temperaments can stand this from season to season, perhaps, but not such a temperament as Syl Vincent's—"one of the high-pressure temperaments," as some one very aptly termed them.

Cad Glynn didn't understand this. She herself was one of those girls of strong nerves and tissues, bilious and lymphatic, who can rush through months and years of social dissipation and excitement without loss in any way—rather gain, in fact; for in the process, if they have natural kindliness of nature, as Cad Glynn certainly had, they learn at last what they would not get at by intuition—a certain toleration and acceptance, which acts in a softening manner upon the whole character.

But, as I say, Cad Glynn didn't understand this temperament of Sylvia Vincent's, and so she laid this summer plan to a freak, a whim of Syl's, and laughed her laugh and flung her joke at the matter in her usual style.

"Why, Syl dear, I'll give you a specimen of what to expect. You'll never go to the post-office with a letter but what the village gossips will say that you've been writing to your lover, and you will never receive a letter in a masculine hand but with one supposition. Fancy now when Arkley here writes you, or Mr. Thornton yonder indites you a note from his beloved White Hills—fancy, Syl, the commotion."

They all laughed here, and Syl colored at the absurdity in a foolish way she had of hanging out such red flags of distress sometimes.

"And that isn't the worst of it," went on this teasing, merry Cad. "If there's a single man in the place any where within a marriageable age they'll accuse you of matrimonial designs upon him at once. And they'll poke, and goad, and toss, and worry you on the subject the whole season through. I know all about those little communities. 'I've been there,' to be a little slangy. And I've thought ever since that I should like to turn into their midst a great party of summer idlers, and see their consternation. Last summer, at Newport, Lill Evan rode nearly every evening with Will Hess—don't you remember?—and when she didn't ride she was walking with him, and when she didn't walk she was singing with him. And as for you, Syl, you and Arkley here used to use up all the mornings after bath hours with your *tête-à-tête* conversations on the piazza or in the parlor. Metaphysics—that was it—you were always at it—Emerson, and Mill, and Hamilton. Suppose you had been at one of these little places, where they are not accustomed to the easy, idle ways summer visitors kill time, what do you think they would have said?"

Syl shrugged her shoulders and flushed again in that foolish way of hers, while Arkley Glynn smiled kindly and reassuringly at her through that wilderness of silky beard. Arkley was proof against his cousin's plain speaking, and indeed against most things that might have embarrassed and annoyed weaker men. A thoroughly good fellow, he had so little vanity, and consequently so little self-consciousness, that he made himself specially popular with women, because he never shrank from any possible supposition of his own enslavement. He respected women, too, so truly and so tenderly that he was ready always to give any help or homage which circumstances or the world demanded. And listening to Cad's gay, half-mischievous speaking now, he looked his kindliest look across at Syl, whom he knew was made in a different fashion, and whom he feared would be wounded by this broad banter. No fear. It stirred that swift-running blood, it is true, to the surface, but nobody was ever really wounded through Arkley Glynn.

II.

"All settled for the summer," wrote Syl Vincent a month after this conversation. "All settled for the summer, dear Cad, in the quietest, loveliest little nook amidst the hills you ever saw. We have rooms that are as pleasant and easy as possible, and our windows overlook, or more properly look into, these everlasting hills, for we are scarcely high enough to overlook. And not a sound of neighborly gossip reaches me yet. I hear only the rushing of the river and the trees talking to each other. This is sweeter talk than any human gossip, but if the other reaches me be sure you shall be advised of it."

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Cad read this portion of the letter to her cousin Arkley. He smiled thoughtfully, and sang:

"Cheateth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tunes than calumny."

There was a long gap between this letter and the next, which Cad filled in with two of her own—generous girl that she was. Two bright, breezy missives, full of the chit-chat and gossip of Newport, where, after all, she and her party had drifted.

"I don't see why Syl doesn't write," she said, as the mail was brought in one day, still lacking Sylvia's handwriting. Arkley, to whom she addressed this, was too absorbed in a letter he was perusing to heed. She waited until he had begun to fold it away, and then asked him, rather vexatiously, "Say, Arkley, isn't it queer I don't get a letter from Syl?"

"Well, I don't know;" he answered, absently, getting up and walking away, with a half-smile about his lips.

Cad gave utterance to a very decided ejaculation of impatience at this, as she stared after her cousin.

"Arkley's either in love, or his oil-shares have turned up trumps for him!" laughed Tom Thurston.

"Arkley in love! I should like to see him; and I should like to know how you make it out from present appearances, Mr. Thurston?" asked Cad, with wide, dancing eyes.

"Eh—how?" Thurston laughed another little low laugh, buttered his roll, and then answered by a question, Yankee-wise:

"Did you ever know Arkley to be absent-minded?"

"Well, no; it isn't his way," allowed Cad, "exactly; and is he in the habit of receiving letters twice a week that have a scent of heliotrope about them? It may be oil, however—I don't insist; but I thought that through the fumes of my coffee I had detected twice this week a very strong suspicion of heliotrope, as Arkley turned his pages."

Cad looked stunned with surprise a moment; then her brain, quick and searching, went on a quest. Heliotrope, who was it used heliotrope? She was sure she had a remembrance somewhere to help her. All at once it flashed over her.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Thurston, it's Mary Ware! Molly Ware; don't you know?" She carried heliotrope in her very breath. Gloves, handkerchief, note paper—it was all one odor. You could trace her wherever she went, 'til we got into the habit of calling her Heliotrope at last. She's been dancing with Arkley all this blessed winter, but I never thought dear old Ark would make such a goose of himself as to get in love with this little dancing doll."

"She does dance well, doesn't she?"

"Dance! she just floats to the music;" Cad confessed, generously. "But then—Mr. Thurston;" she said, regretfully.

"You are jumping at conclusions," returned Mr. Thurston.

Cad wished she was, but knew she wasn't. After her vehement manner, and walking her "constitutional" on the piazza a little later, she turned the bitter pill all over in her mind, and thought, but didn't say, because this great, breezy, plain-spoken Cad was loyal and generous to her own sex—"And there was Syl."

What did this mean?

Can't you guess? Can't you guess that Caroline Glynn had a tender spot in her heart for this Syl? That she loved and honored her, and was true to her, opposites though they were, as men friends are to each other, but women seldom. And that, loving and honoring her, she had thought sometimes that this favorite cousin of hers, this dear old Ark, might bring Syl nearer yet.

"And there goes all last summer's metaphysics for nothing, and the upshot of it is, that Molly Ware, the little wax-faced noodle, dances into his heart, or into his brain. What geese men are!" with which wise conclusion exasperated Cad rushes to her own room, and indites a furious letter to Sylvia.

"And I was in hopes of something so much better, Syl;" she wrote. "I was in hopes those long metaphysical *tête-a-têtes*—that everlasting harping at Emerson, and Mill, and Hamilton, would bring you two round into another kind of metaphysics; and here you are poles asunder, and the dearest wish of my heart lost between, and that dancing Molly Ware, with her heliotrope odor—I always hated heliotrope—in possession of the camp. Oh, Syl!"

Straightway back to this doleful ditty of Cad's came the gayest little letter from Sylvia. It literally ran over with fun and laughter.

"How bright it was of you, dear Cad," she went on, "to make Molly Ware out of that heliotrope. I never should have thought of it. And I never should have thought it of Arkley either. And as for the metaphysics, thank you, dear, for your cousinly intentions, but you see Molly Ware and her heliotrope outdid Emerson, Hamilton, and Mill. Just think of it! But here is something else for you to think of. I've got a tale to tell. Cad, you are a prophet as well as an interpreter. The gossips are wagging their tongues. For three weeks I was in blissful ignorance, and went my way as unconscious as a child; then the hum of the hive reached me. Oh what a busy hive it has been! You see, dear, the 'dangerous bachelor,' the very element of gossip, was here in their midst before me. At once there arose a query in my mind whether all small communities had its one bachelor or its one widower to form its staple of speculation? As I say, for three weeks I went on my way in blissful ignorance of the speculation I was arousing. The village's one bachelor was presented to me—a Captain Holliston, who is staying here for the present—a gentlemanly person, and a man of the world. Well, I talked with this Captain, I walked with this Captain, and I rode with him—congratulating myself upon so pleasant a companion. Worst of all, perhaps, of my offenses, I actually paid visits to this Captain's sister, '*for the purpose of paying court to the Captain!*' Think of that, my Cad! Think of Syl Vincent's being accused of paying court to any body. Ask Arkley what he thinks of that. Ask him if he thought I was paying court to Tom Thurston last summer, when I used to go every afternoon and read to Tom's sister, and Tom used to stay by to listen? But the best of it is, Cad, that this Captain and I are good friends enough to enjoy this matter vastly. We 'gang our ain gait.' We ride, we walk, we talk together; and I stroll up to his good sister's, who is a woman after my own heart—a genial, womanly woman—and in her parlor I talk with the Captain—nice metaphysical talks of Emerson, Mill, and Hamilton sometimes. Tell Arkley this; but tell him, too, that our talks lack one element of discussion that the Newport talks abound in. *He will understand*; and as for you, my dear Cad, I take it you will not be interested to know we have disappointed your expectations so much, or rather Arkley has, in allowing himself to be overcome by Molly Ware's sylph footsteps and the mysterious heliotrope, instead of my metaphysics. Nothing in the metaphysics order can now be endurable to you, it failed so signally in the quarter where you had set your heart. In the mean time I will talk metaphysics with the Captain, and we two will have our laugh over the verdict of the gossips which accuses me of being '*after the Captain*.' Isn't that a lovely phrase for women to use, Cad? How your dark eyes fire as you read it! But the world goes various ways, my dear, and this portion of it doesn't know your Syl as well as you do. But I am at the end of my page and of your patience, for I know you are dying to rail at what I have written to Arkley; to call me a good-for-nothing goose to stay where I am instead of coming to you. Perhaps I am all you say, dear; but I am, nevertheless, always yours faithfully,

"Syl Vincent."

"A goose! of course she is a goose!" cried out Cad on this reading, just as Syl had told her she would, to her cousin Arkley. And then she read aloud that little story of the gossips—"After the Captain!" "Did you ever hear any thing so absurd and abominable, Arkley?"

Arkley laughed that queer little quaint laugh of his, behind that great beard; but into his eyes came that soft, grave look which those who know Arkley Glynn always like to see.

"Absurd? oh yes, and abominable too, I grant. But, Cad, don't you know one sad truth about your sex? I am not speaking of exceptions, but the generality of ordinary women under ordinary circumstances. They hunt each other down, to use rather a sportsman's phrase, as men would be ashamed to do."

"Now, Arkley, that's your Thackeray vein."

"Well, never mind, it is a very true vein. Don't you see now in this case: two of the opposite sex meet and become good friends, and at once your feminine side raises the hue and cry. It's the old cry of 'Stop thief!' you know. Women who do that, who raise that cry, are after a plunderer—a poacher on their domains. They don't understand but one relation between the sexes—that's the relation that conjugates the verb *amour* in intent and purpose from the outset. Good friendship, good fellowship, which begins at the top of the head, they don't recognize."

"Humph!" ejaculated Cad; "that's the metaphysical kind, I suppose."

"Exactly, Cad!" laughed Arkley, in his hearty way.

"Top of the head!" pursued Cad; "some people don't have any 'top of the head.'"

"True again, Cad;" and again Arkley laughed at his cousin's gay, grim humor.

III.

And the next morning there sat this "great sensible goose of a man," as Cad called him, absorbed in one of those heliotrope effusions again. Eyes nor ears had he for any thing else. Cad groaned in spirit, while she rattled her coffee-cup and looked across at Tom Thurston for sympathy. Tom made a gay grimace and hummed a bar of the German, and immediately Cad saw Molly Ware's flying feet and floating movements. This did not tend to soothe her ruffled temper by any means, nor was it improved when Arkley, presently folding his letter with a sigh of satisfaction, asked, brightly:

"Heard from Syl, Cad, this morning?"

"Heard from Syl!" Cad just shrugged her shoulders by way of reply. She somehow felt as if Syl's name were taken in vain after that heliotrope nonsense of Molly Ware's. "Of course it isn't a decided engagement yet, or Ark would announce it," she commented to Tom Thurston afterward.

"No, perhaps not, but you may depend that Arkley is in for it, Miss Glynn; I know the signs."

"Oh, do you, Mr. Thurston!" Cad returned, rather spitefully. In the mean time, while Cad chafed over her cousin's folly, as she termed it, and deplored Syl's absence, Sylvia herself was going on in her usual fashion, a serene sunshiny fashion, half play half work. A few pictures here and there, and a great deal of reading and talking. Captain Holliston and his sister were not only her nearest neighbors, but of her kind. They were also given to much reading and talking, and so in Mrs. Greyborn's cottage many a swift morning sped away over Browning's poems, Tennyson's Idyls, or a brisk metaphysical discussion. And all the time there could be but one interpretation. She was "after the Captain."

"Mrs. Greyborn needn't flatter herself that Miss Vincent goes to see her," said Mrs. Black to Mrs. White, with wise emphasis.

"No indeed," returned Mrs. White, "that she needn't. It's likely she goes there and spends all her morning to see Mrs. Greyborn! No, no! she's after the Captain; mark my word;" and Mrs. White shakes her head in solemn significance.

Something of this reached the ears of Syl and the Captain. They take it very merrily, for, looking into each other's faces a moment, a gay gleam sparkles in Syl's eyes, and then they both break into a little burst of laughter. And then they both sit down there in the small parlor, they two alone, just think of it, and laughing fall to talking, not of metaphysics surely, for there grows into Syl's cheek a deeper color, and the Captain listens when he is not speaking with an arch smile which no philosophies ever called out. It certainly looks very suspicious. What if Mrs. Black and Mrs. White could look in now? What if—after all—well—don't let us jump at conclusions as Cad Glynn has. Let us wait until the end of the summer. That will certainly tell us what we want to know.

The end of the summer. It came soon enough—a soft, still August day; and Cad Glynn sat sparring it as usual with Tom Thurston across the breakfast-table when the waiter dropped beside her plate a little long white letter, seal upward—a great V in dead gold and monogram.

"Oh, Syl!" and Cad's face lighted. Tom occupied himself with his breakfast, and Lally waited to hear "what news from Syl." Arkley, too, with no heliotrope-scented effusion to absorb him this morning, waited likewise. At length Tom glances up surprised at the silence.

"Well, Miss Glynn, how is it with Miss Vincent?"

Cad's face was a study. Arkley regarded, with a look of intense amusement, the amazement and disgust apparent there, for Arkley had the key to some things.

"How is it with Miss Vincent?" she burst out, with the expression of disgust and amazement very evident in her voice as well as face. "Miss Vincent is on her way to Newport—and—and this Captain Hollis, or Holliston comes with her. The Bist, that's to-night. They'll be here in the evening boat, humph!" And Cad, giving utterance to this little ejaculatory disappointment and ire, went off in a huff to her room. Here she was again jumping at conclusions.

At eight or thereabouts the evening boat arrives at the Newport wharf. Cad, her mood of the morning by no means softened, perhaps a little increased in its irritation by Arkley's persistent gayety and sly innuendoes at Syl and the Captain, waits for the arrivals with her usual impatience. Eight—quarter past—where can that boat be? Ah! there goes the whistle! Now then, curiosity and impatience shall both be relieved of their watch and guard. A few minutes more and they will be here. A few minutes more! Cad walks up and down the empty parlor, setting her teeth against "this Captain," and snapping her little watch every two seconds to see how the time goes. Then comes the roll of carriage-wheels; a well-known voice sounds in a light laugh mixed with two other voices that sound as familiar. Did Tom Thurston go down with Arkley to meet them? Tom Thurston! Cad stops a moment, and then comes swiftly forward as Syl and Arkley enter, followed by a gentleman in a light traveling-suit, with a wide sombrero straw-hat in his hand.

"Captain Holliston, Cad; Miss Glynn, Captain Holliston," says Syl, as she grasps Cad's hand for greeting. And oh what a volley of mirth and mischief there was in Syl's tone and in *Syl's eyes*!

For a moment Cad stands wide-eyed in amazement, then she finds voice:

"Captain Holliston indeed! How long is it since you went farther down the alphabet to spell your name, Captain?" and here Cad laughs, and stops to take breath from all this surprise, and Syl finds chance to say:

"I'm glad you haven't forgotten old friends, Cad."

"Forgotten old friends! Syl, what a little farce you are! to turn this old friend into a new one just to make a summer story of to tease and excite my curiosity. And there was Arkley"—she turned about and caught Arkley's smile. "Why, I do believe—yes, I am sure now—you knew all the time that this Captain Holliston was our old friend Captain H——;" and Cad drops the l's and goes farther up the alphabet for this Captain's name—this mysterious Captain, who was indeed no stranger at all, but an acquaintance, nay, a friend, dating two or three winters back at Washington, and with a name which mischievous Syl, incited by Cad's prophecy of the inevitable bachelor, had very easily turned into Holliston; and any one who recognizes this Captain H—— can testify how easy is the turning. They all fell to laughing over this change of Syl's; and Cad thought, of course, but one thing in reference to it. It was Syl's mischief, to be sure, but a mischief that hid a deeper meaning. "So," she went on with her thought, "if I had not lost her through Arkley's folly, I suppose I should to our Captain here." But at this climax her eyes light upon something which flashes a new radiance in upon her brain. It was "something" she had seen many times—a ring of her cousin Arkley's; a great garnet, its broad, dark-crimson surface brought vividly out by a brilliant star-like setting. But she had never seen it before where now she saw it—*upon the finger of Sylvia Vincent!* And as she saw she remembered swiftly what he had often said about this ring, half in play and half in earnest, that it would never leave his finger but to be worn by the woman whom he loved. And here it shone upon Syl's slender hand! Cad was brusque and impulsive, but she had a tender kind of courtesy, which would have held her silent here but for the look that suddenly seemed to pass with a certain free-masonry between the three before her.

"Syl," she suddenly cried out, "what does it all mean?"

"It means," took up Captain Holliston, "that you ought to congratulate these two—this cousin and friend of yours—and then I think you might congratulate yourself, Miss Glynn."

"Syl—Arkley! you don't mean to say that you two have actually found each other after all!"

"After all, dear Cad," said Arkley, with that sweet, grave look of his.

Suddenly this honest, hasty Cad looked confused.

"And Molly Ware!" she exclaimed.

"And those heliotrope-scented letters, Cad!" cried Syl, laughing. "Oh, Cad, Cad! how wrong you were all through in jumping at conclusions! The heliotrope letters were your humble servant's. I happened to spill a box of heliotrope-powder into my paper drawer, and it drenched that thin 'French note' paper with its odor."

"But you didn't write to me on that thin 'French note,' Syl."

"No; at first it was simple accident. Then came your wild supposition of Molly Ware; and the temptation to play this little farce, as you call it, with Captain Holliston for one of the principal actors, was too strong for me to resist. Dear Cad, can you forgive us?"

Syl's pleading tones, Syl's pleading eyes, but more than all the happy *dénouement* itself, won Cad's forgiveness.

"And to think, Arkley, that you should lend yourself to this nonsense!" said Cad, in mock wrath, as later they discussed it. "To think that you and the Captain here should be under correspondence all the time to carry out this foolish programme!"

"But you made out the programme, Cad, in the beginning of the season. You prophesied my country fate, you know."

"Yes; but I didn't prophesy the end."

"But, Cad"—and Syl's eyes glowed—"you thought I was after the Captain, too."

Cad glanced laughingly across at Captain Holliston, and, in a stage aside, made answer:

"No, Syl, I thought the Captain was *after you*."

So Cad has the last word, and so the summer story ends with all the gossips in confusion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

As it should be.—What a satisfaction it must be to the Empress of the French that the Emperor has given up the idea of paying a visit to Nancy!

Among the advertisements a week or two ago, in a daily journal, appeared the following: "Two sisters want washing;" and "A spinster, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own, nor any other employment."

Answer to Mary Anne.—The needle-gun is not threaded with gun-cotton.

An Irishman, on being told to grease the wagon, returned in an hour afterward, and said, "I've greased every part of the wagon but them sticks the wheels hang on."

Horse on the Table.—The hippophagists carry their fondness for horse-flesh to an extreme. Accordingly perhaps they will soon have their horse served up with horse-beans, not to mention horse-radish, which of course it must require even more than beef. The dessert which follows the favorite repast of the horse-eaters will certainly not be complete without horse-chestnuts.

"Madam, your boy can't pass for half fare; he is too large," said the conductor of a railway train, which had been detained on the road by snow. "He may be too large now," replied the matron, "but he was small enough when we started." The conductor gave in, and the boy passed for half fare.

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters?—Because they never saw.

Two friends being in conversation together, one asked the other what death he would wish to die. The answer was, "Let me die the death of the righteous." "My boy," replied number two, "that you'll never do as long as you live."

"Did the minister put a stamp on you when you was married, Mary?"
"A stamp, Charlie? What for, pray?"
"Why, matches ain't legal without a stamp, you know!"

One of the sex writes, rather spicily, "that though a few American ladies live in idleness, the majority as yet work themselves into early graves—giving the men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vigorous lives."

"Is a Man and his Wife one?" asked the wife of a man in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "I came home very drunk last night, and I ought to be ashamed of myself."

A Settler.—One asked his friend why he married so little a wife?—"Why," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the least."

Why is a tender-hearted philanthropist like a horse?—Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

Judy Bralligan, having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time, exclaimed: "Upon my conscience, but they are mighty hard to peel!"

As long as a miser lives his money-chest is very sure to be heir-tight.

Advice to Artists.—Draw any thing but a bill.

WOMAN.

DISSECTED BY A MAN.

A woman is like—but stay—
What a woman is like, who can say?
There's no living with or without one!
Love bites like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye;
Buz—buz—always buzzing about one!

When she is tender and kind,
She is like to my mind
(And Sally was so, I remember);
She's like to—oh, dear!
She's as good, very near,
As a ripe melting peach in September!

If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good-humor she meets me,
She's like a rich dish
Of venison and fish,
That cries from the table, "Eat me!"

But she'll plague you and vex you,
Distract and perplex you;
False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What, then, do you think she is like?
Like a sand, like a rock?
Like a wheel, like a clock?
Ay, like a clock that is always at strike!

Her head is like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on!
Her heart's like an orange so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice!
In truth she's to me,
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man.

Like a mill, like a pill;
Like a flail, like a whale;
Like an ass, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man;
Like a flower, like a shower;
Like a fly, like a pie;
Like a flea, like a pea;
Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

What is the difference between a Hindoo widow and a Christian widow? The right way to tell it is as follows:

As in India, one day, an Englishman sat
With a sweet native lass at the window—
"Do your widows burn themselves? Pray tell me that,"
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
"Do they burn? That they do," the gentleman said,
"With a flame not easy to smother;
Our widows, the moment the husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another."

PROVERBIAL FOOLOSOPHY.

Castles in the air have no foundation; but in some delusive schemes you will find abasement.

The way to make a hole in your income is to pay a large rent.

The largest tin-tacks must be the income-tax, for that's a regular sticker!

Resignation is a virtue that is often made a necessity of in the political world.

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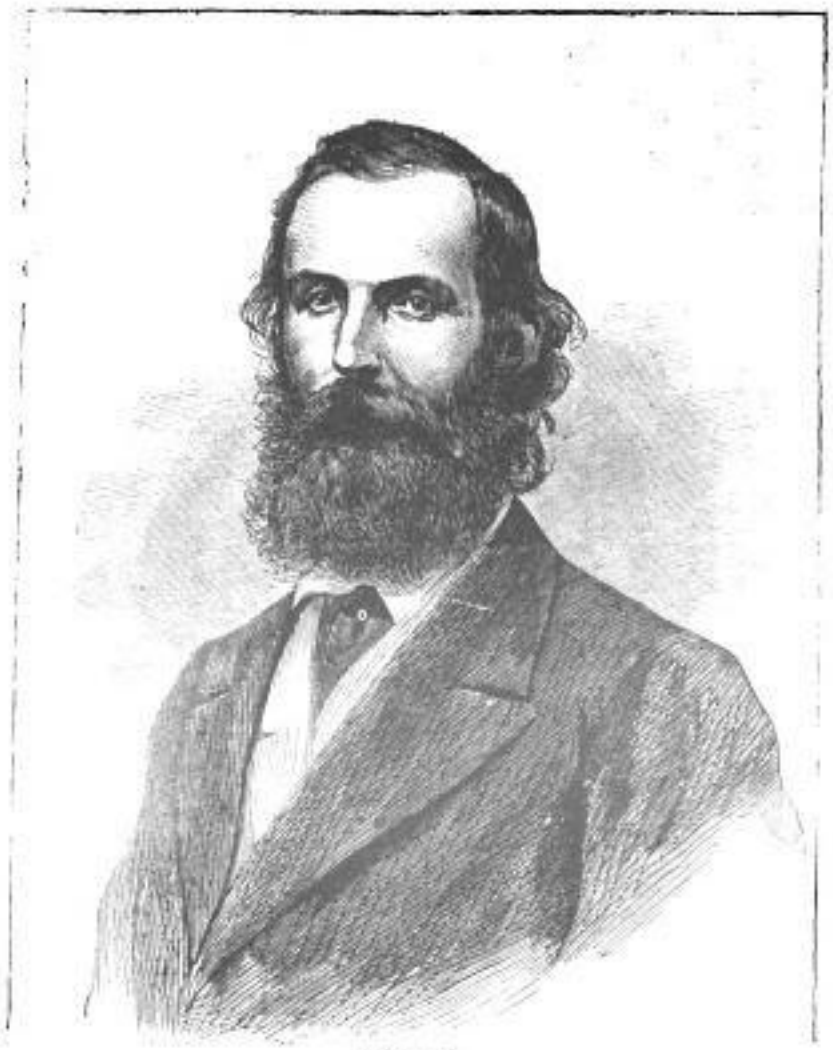
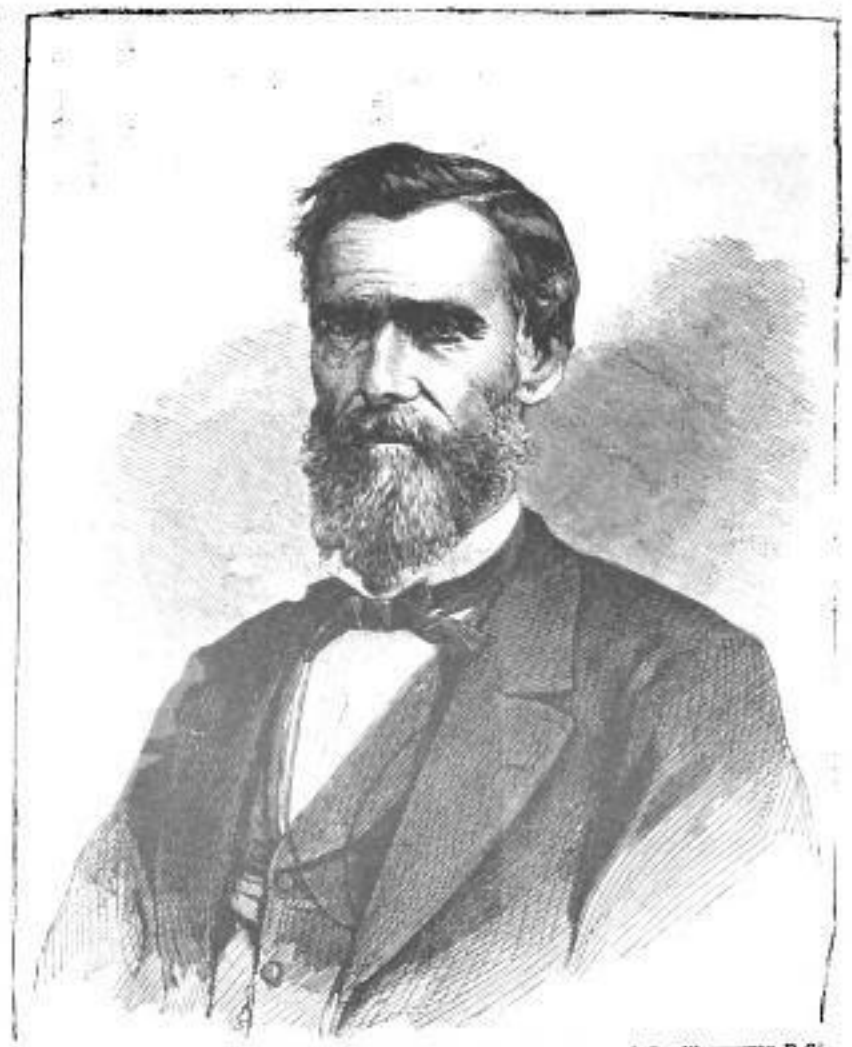


A. P. DOSTIE.



JOHN T. MONROE, MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.—[Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington, D. C.]

WILLIAM BLAIKIE.

R. S. PEABODY.

E. N. FENNO.

E. T. WILKINSON.

C. McBURNEY.

A. P. LORING.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS—PORTRAITS OF THE HARVARD CREW.—Photographed by Warren.—[See Page 542.]

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GARIBALDI IN THE ITALIAN TYROL.

The force of Italian volunteers and Garibaldi, under the command of General Garibaldi, has been engaged in the difficult task of forcing its way through the mountain passes on the western shore of the Lake of Garda, with a view to getting round the head of that lake, at Riva, and thence proceeding to occupy the high-road which leads from Verona to the Tyrol, and which is now the only communication left open between the fortresses of the Quadrilateral and the Austrian empire.

The head-quarters of Garibaldi for some days, while preparing for this movement, were fixed alternately at the town of Salo on the very shore of the Lake of Garda, and at the fortress and village of Rocca d'Anfo, twenty-five miles northwest of that place, overlooking a smaller piece of water called the Lake of Idro, surrounded by lofty and precipitous hills, which display some of the most romantic features of North Italian scenery.

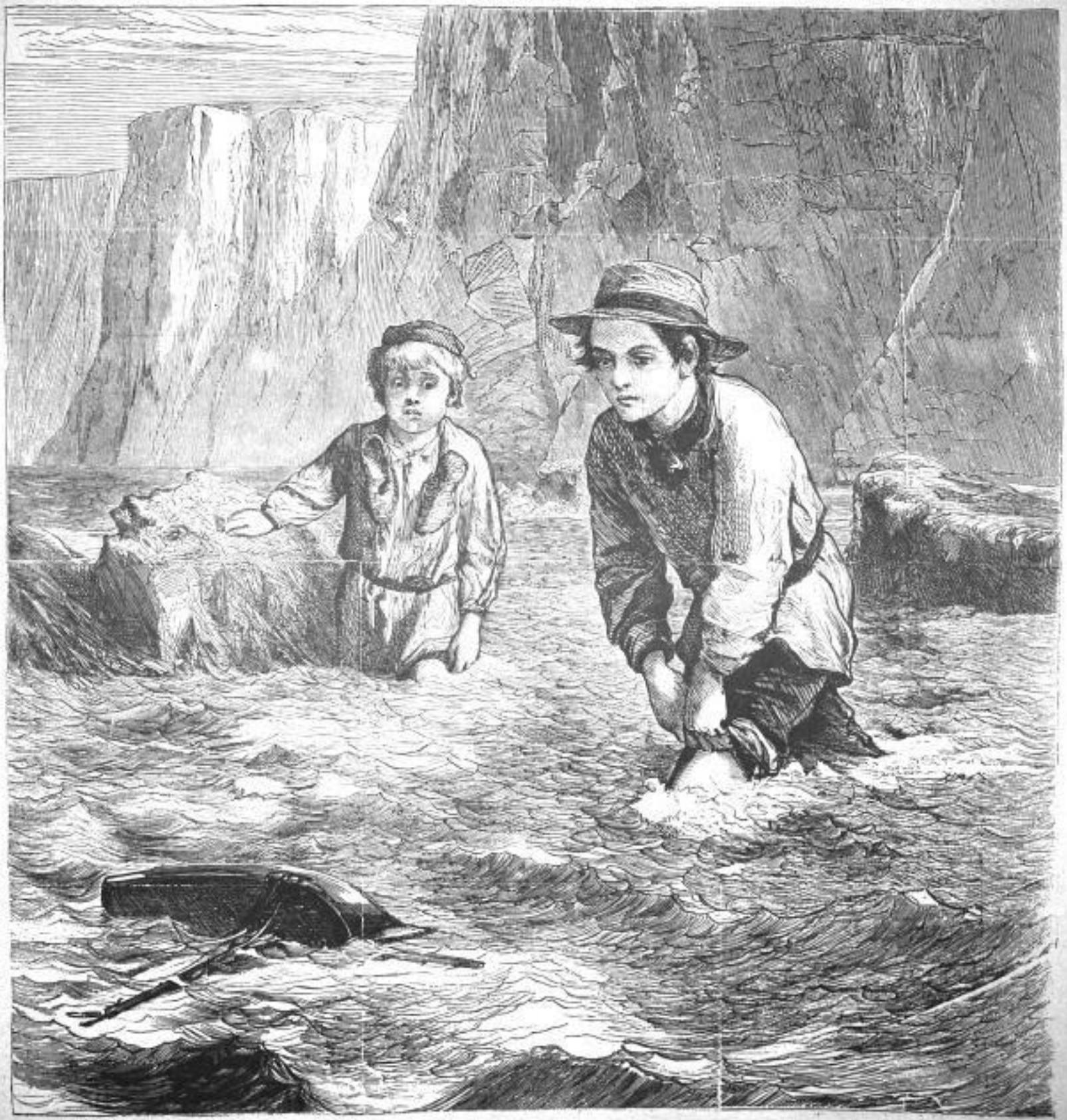
GARIBALDI'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON LAKE GARDA.

"CAPSIZED."

This bright and pleasantly-treated little picture, representing a characteristic incident of child-life, is from a painting by Mr. Thomas, a celebrated English artist. We are all "children of a larger growth," and is not that man sincerely to be pitied who forgets or has lost all sympathy with the sports and the joys and sorrows of childhood? It is true that some querulous old curmudgeon has somewhere said that whenever you meet a boy you ought always to thrash him, because, if not actually then in mischief, he is sure to be going directly to get into it. Nay, more, if even the mother of these urchins came suddenly upon them, as here represented, it is quite possible she might scold them soundly, not only for doubling their clothes, but for incurring needless danger of drowning, if, indeed, she did not proceed to administer bodily correction. Many of our readers, however, who can take neither a cynical nor a misterial interest in this incident, may yet share Thackeray's genial feeling toward young folk when he declares that he could never see a boy without wanting to tip him with half a sovereign. Surely the temptation is great to alleviate in some way the anxiety of these little lads respecting the safety of their shipwrecked boat! And we need hardly point out how naturally that boy-like anxiety is rendered in the picture, or how nicely it is discriminated according to age—the elder one braving the terrors of the knee-deep ocean to rescue the helpless capsized craft; the younger with his shoes beedfully slung round his neck, having ventured as far as he dares, clinging for safety to the rock, as he watches in fear and hope the heroic exertions of his brother. Of course, the fanciful may also find in the subject of the picture suggestions of the early age at which familiarity with the sea and ships begins among the population of our coasts, and which afterward developed gives us our best sailors.

QUEEN EMMA IN AMERICA.

Her Majesty, the Dowager Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, widow of the late King Kamehameha IV., arrived here on the 8th from England by the Cunard steamship *Java*. The Collector of the Port, Henry A. Smythe, Esq., had received instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury to meet the royal lady down the bay, or to have her met there by representatives of the Government on board one of the revenue steamers. The *Jassine*, detailed for this purpose, arrived alongside the *Java*



"CAPSIZED."—[From a Painting by G. H. Thomas.]

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at 10.30 A.M., saluting with a royal salute, having on board the Hawaiian Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires, S. U. F. Odell, Esq.; Abraham Wakeman, Esq., Surveyor of the Port; James Kelly, Esq., Postmaster; Brigadier-General J. F. B. Marshall, of the staff of Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, and J. C. Derby, Esq., United States Dispatch Agent. After the formalities of introduction had been gone through Her Majesty was received on board the *Jasmine*, which steamed across the river to carriages in waiting, which conveyed the lady and her attendants to the Brevoort House.

At one o'clock her Majesty received a number of visitors, among them R. S. Chilton, Esq., who had arrived the evening before from Washington, the bearer of a letter of welcome from the Government in the handwriting of the Secretary of State. Mr. Chilton, accompanied by J. C. Derby, Esq., was presented by Mr. Odell. Queen Emma expressed her acknowledgment of the courtesy of the Government and its Secretary, saying that she would communicate her plans to the envoy during the day, having as yet formed none. She expressed herself as much pleased with her European tour.

Queen Emma is daughter of John Young, an English sailor, and the Princess Kama, and was born in 1836. She was educated by the American Mission. Her marriage with the late King was blessed with a son, who died while yet an infant, and thus the crown has passed to Kamehameha V., brother of the deceased King.

About a year ago, at the invitation of the British Government, Queen Emma went to visit England. Her design in making this visit was twofold—to see the country, and to collect funds for the erection in her native country of a memorial Cathedral. She was over a year the guest of the English people, and it is said that her visit was more successful as an ovation to herself than in its missionary purposes, having received for her Cathedral only £5000. At Washington the Government will dispense its courtesies, after which the Royal lady will proceed to Boston to receive the hospitalities of that city.

On the afternoon of her arrival in this city Queen Emma visited the Central Park. Her appearance has been described in the following terms:

The Queen is of medium height, black eyes, dark straight hair, pleasant under-chin with dimple, with well-defined nostrils, and of rather handsome figure, with the quiet and unobtrusive look of a lady in her face. The face is quite dark, and is nearly akin in shade to that of a Southern mulatto, and the under-lip hangs down slightly. The entire face is Malay in its cast, and the features are not European in tone. She dresses in mourning.

THE REGATTA AT WORCESTER.

The College Regatta between the Yale and Harvard crews came off on July 27, on Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Massachusetts. Last year we gave the portraits of the Yale crew, which was then victorious. This week we give on page 540 the portraits of the Harvard crew, who were this year the winners of the race.

In the Yale crew there were but two men who rowed in last year's regatta, while in that of Harvard there were only two who did not—Mr. E. T. Wilkinson and A. P. Loring. The two crews were composed of the following persons:

YALE CREW.

	Weight.
Frank Brown (bow)	146 lbs.
W. A. Copp	155 "
A. D. Bissell	159 "
W. E. Wheeler	150 "
Edmund Coffin	150 "
Edward B. Bennett (stroke)	168 "

HARVARD CREW.

	Weight.
Charles M'Burney (bow)	135 lbs.
Edward T. Wilkinson	154 "
Edward N. Fenno	155 "
Robert S. Peabody	160 "
A. P. Loring	149 "
W. Stark (stroke)	153 "

The race is thus described by the New York *Tribune* correspondent:

The Yale boat was the first to come forward, and took the inside. They were not kept long in waiting, for soon the Harvard crew was seen approaching under the bridge, where they unavoidably came in contact with one of the many skiffs already attached to which floated about on the lake. This caused but a slight delay, however, and in a short while the Harvard boat took its position, amidst intense excitement on shore, alongside that of Yale. The appearance of both crews was extremely fine; twelve more muscular and superbly developed men it were hard to find; but again the superiority, to a close observer, was on the side of Harvard. Once more there was difficulty in starting, each seeming eager and each anxious to get the lead. At length the word 'Go' was sounded, and away went both boats. Yale considerably in advance, while either bank resounded with the clapping of hands and the cheers that burst forth from the friends of both colleges. The crews at the start appeared to be equally matched, but when about half-way up Harvard took the lead, and a white flag far up the lake announced her success soon after ... at the stake, which she reached in 8.30, and on the return led by upward of four lengths. Anxiously and impatiently the crowds upon the shore watched the return of the boats. The rain was still falling heavily. ... it but a cry arose that they were coming. 'Yale is ahead!' was shouted; 'Yale is ahead!' and deafening cheers arose from both sides of the water. But Yale was not ahead. The cheers died away. It was the Yale scientific crew that had rowed up the lake, and were returning in advance. 'Harvard is ahead!' Then another cheer as loud, if not louder, than the first, and soon the crimson handkerchief was visible. There could be no mistake now. Yale was far behind now. Her glory was dimmed; she was beaten, beaten by a long way. Take off the blue ribbon. Fold it carefully, and put it in your pocket; it may do for next year, perhaps, but can avail nothing now.

"Harvard's time was, 18.43; Yale's, 19.16. Last year's time was for Yale, 19.43; Harvard's, 19.9."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

On the evening of August 12 Governor Orr, of South Carolina, in the course of a speech at Philadelphia, made the following statement of his position: He said that he would not now refer to the last four years of the war, but merely intended to call up one or two points connected with it, of which he wished to speak. He and his audience had been brought up in widely different political schools. He had been taught that the States were supreme; they that the General Government was supreme. His section had demanded its supposed privileges; the North had denied them. The South claimed the right of secession; the North denied the existence of any such right. The South seceded, and with the North appealed to arms, and finally both sections threw down the gauntlet to settle their dispute upon the field of battle. The war was long and desperate and bloody, but it ended in the defeat of the South. The South had appealed to arms—the last and highest earthly resort—and the decision had been against them—a decision, he would say, far more complete and final than any which could come from the highest judicial tribunal. The question of the right of secession had been settled completely and forever, and the results of the war had decided that the General Government was supreme. In this decision the Southern people, and he among them, acquiesced in all sincerity; and he came here on this the first opportunity to say it to a Northern audience, to declare that the South renounced the right of secession, and accepted in good faith its allegiance to the General Government. They claimed to be once more citizens under that Government; and as such as sincerely wished for the welfare of their common country, the union of all the States, its reputation abroad, and its prosperity at home, as the people of the North. This is our country, said Mr. Orr, as well as yours. We are again fellow-citizens, again brothers. And I, a participant in this rebellion, come here to-night to say that I renounce the right of secession, the right of an appeal to arms, and acknowledge the supremacy over me of the Government of this Union.

NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Union Convention met at Saratoga August 9. The following delegates at large to the Philadelphia Convention were appointed: John A. Dix, Henry J. Raymond, Charles G. Myers, H. L. Comstock, Samuel J. Tilden, William Kelly, Hiram Denio, Sanford E. Church.

The National Union Convention of Massachusetts met in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 8. The following delegates at large were appointed: Robert C. Winthrop and Judge Abbott, of Boston; Isaac Davis, of Worcester; General Couch, of Taunton; General Sutton, of Salem; John Quincy Adams, of Quincy; George Ashmun, of Springfield; C. C. Bailey, of Boston.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 945, the same as in the previous week. Of these 250 were from cholera, and 126 of the cholera deaths occurred in the public institutions.

Dispatches from St. Joseph state that the Indian depredations in the vicinity of Fort Laramie and on Powder River were assuming a most determined and warlike character. The Government cattle at the fort had been run off, and on Powder River three forts had been burned by the Indians and thirty-five men killed. There had also been serious fights and destruction of trains near Fort Reno and Fort Connor.

One hundred and eighty-three thousand bushels of corn have been distributed among the destitute in Georgia. About 40,000 persons were the recipients.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 5:

The River Rhine is reopened.

The Italian navy is to be reorganized.

The court-martial of Admiral Persano, who recently commanded the Italian fleet, is progressing.

The Cholera is increasing in England.

August 6:

The first meeting of the Chambers was held to-day at Berlin.

The King of Prussia has returned to Berlin. The Municipality presented to him a congratulatory address. In reply the King expressed his thanks. He pointed out that Prussia had drawn the sword, not only for her independence, but for the reorganization of Germany. The first, said the King, has been secured. The second may, by the help of God, also be obtained. Every thing promises a happy future for Prussia, as an honorable and lasting peace is imminent. The King opened the Prussian Chambers yesterday. In the course of his address he said: "I trust that the recent events will in so far contribute to effect an indispensable understanding that an indemnity for our having carried on the Administration without a law regulating the budget, application for which will be made to the Representatives, will readily be granted to my Government, and hitherto existing conflict be thereby finally and the more securely brought to a conclusion. As it may be expected that the political position of the Father-land will admit of an extension of the frontier of the State and the establishment of a united Federal army under the leadership of Prussia—costs which will be borne in equal proportions by all the members of the Confederation. The bills required in this respect for the convocation of a popular representative Federal State will be laid before the Diet without delay."

Prussia has positively declined the proposals of Russia for a Congress of the Powers which signed the treaty of Vienna.

It is expected that a definite treaty of peace will soon be signed by the Austrian and Prussian Plenipotentiaries at Prague.

The Italian and Austrian Generals met at Cormons, in Austria, to negotiate. France takes no part in the pending armistice.

August 9:

Advices received to-day announce that the truce between Italy and Austria has been extended ten days.

The deaths from cholera in London during the last week were ten hundred and fifty-three, and from diarrhœa three hundred and fifty-four.

At nine o'clock this morning the last coil of the cable of 1865 was transferred from the *Medway* to the *Great Eastern* amidst general rejoicing. Preparations were immediately made for her departure from Heart's Content—decks cleared, machinery put in order, anchor hauled in, and steam got up. The *Great Eastern* will be accompanied by the *Medway*, together with the *Terrible* and *Albany*, to assist in picking up the cable of 1865.

The French Cabinet has addressed a note to the Prussian Government, pointing out that the great changes in the political organization of Germany render it necessary that the French frontier should be rectified by an accession of territory to France, so that the frontier should be the same as in 1814.

August 10:

The session of Parliament has closed.

August 11:

The Empress of Mexico has arrived in Paris. She seeks aid from the French Government to the cause of Maximilian.

August 13:

Prussia has informed Austria that she (Prussia) will maintain the right of Italy to Venetia.

The semi-official organ, the *Zeitung*, says that Napoleon's absurd demand has raised hopes in France which it is impossible for Germany to fulfill. The ideas of the revolution must have taken the place of the usual course of policy of France. The changes which have taken place in Germany are of a national German, not an international, character, and convey no menace or danger to France.

News received from Vienna says that great excitement exists there. Four hundred and eighty-two men are to be tried on a charge of high treason. Crowds of people in the streets have hailed the Emperor Francis Joseph with shouts of "Abdicate!" "Abdicate!"

An armistice between Austria and Italy of four weeks' duration has been signed. It will continue in force after the expiration of that time unless notice of its cessation is duly given by either Power to the other.

MEXICO.

Recent advices from Mexico give important information respecting a conspiracy against the Imperial Government, in which many prominent men, active supporters of Santa Anna, were concerned. Fifty-two of them have been arrested, including Señor Lacunza, Minister of State, three other members of the Cabinet, and other palace officials. The conspirators were combining, it is asserted, to overthrow the Government of the Empire, and to reinstate Santa Anna as President or Dictator.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

So much has already been written respecting the great fire at Portland, that it may seem a mere repetition to say any thing more. And yet a recent personal examination of that desolate "*burnt district*" has left such an impression on our mind that we can scarcely refrain from making an allusion to it. Such a fire occurs but once in a lifetime, and may well receive more than a passing notice.

We fancied we had a tolerably correct idea of the ruins before visiting them—thought we could picture to ourself the blackened walls, the isolated chimneys, the masses of brick and mortar, the general débris—but an actual investigation showed at once what an inadequate conception we had formed. Forty streets wholly or partially destroyed—*eight miles of streets*—three hundred and twenty acres of ruins in the heart of a populous city present a singular and appalling scene of desolation of which one can scarcely conceive. A great change has doubtless been wrought in the "burnt district" during the weeks which have elapsed since that terrible conflagration. Fragments of high walls have been pulled down, and buildings whose walls in part remained are being rebuilt. Hundreds of men are clearing away the rubbish and laying new foundations. A large number of temporary wooden buildings are already erected.

What struck us the most forcibly in passing through the ruins was the singular selection which the devouring element had made. Here and there, amidst the general wreck, some unscathed building towered like monuments. The fire seems to have chosen its own way, sometimes on one side of the street and sometimes on the other, and to have been stayed in its course most abruptly. As we go up toward Munjoy Hill, a cemetery is the terminus at one point, only one side of the fence, and a few blackened tombstones showing the effects of the flames. But on the opposite side of the street every thing is destroyed.

"I suppose you have lost every thing," said our somewhat loquacious driver, as he descended from his perch while we stopped the carriage to look at the defaced and blackened walls of the once beautiful City Hall. Wondering if our aspect was particularly gloomy, we assured him we were only sight-seers from New York. Emboldened to give information to strangers, he continued, pointing to the City Hall: "They might have saved *that* just as well as not! Any three men who could not have kept that from burning ought to have been ashamed of themselves. But you see they thought it was *fire-proof*."

Passing near the site of Brown's Sugar House, the smell of the still burning sugar was very perceptible. One thousand hogsheads of sugar were stored there, and it was impossible to save any of it. The tent-dwellers are mostly Irish, and seem comfortable. Cooking stoves are scattered here and there between the tents. Furniture stands partially or altogether outside the canvas. This is all very well for summer, but will not be so agreeable in cold weather.

It was a relief to the eye to turn from these ruins to other portions of the city. We could but wonder that the citizens of Portland were so cheerful and hopeful, with such a mass of desolation in their midst. "But," said a merchant to us, who himself had fortunately escaped severe loss, "there was a time, when the flames were raging, that we felt it was of no use to try to save any thing—it seemed as if so much had gone, that what was left would be worth nothing." We chanced to meet in the cars a lady whose husband had lost largely by the fire, though his dwelling-house was saved. "I have never had such a large family as this last month," said she. "My house has been *full*;" adding, earnestly, "and it seems almost wicked to come away now, when there are so many who have no home, and need to be taken care of. But I am almost worn-out, and need rest." This is the spirit that usually prevails. Friend has helped friend, and strangers have cordially sent aid; and by degrees Portland is rising from her ashes.

A recent writer says with much truth: "The first consideration in modes of living is what you eat, drink, and smell. What you take in enters into the blood, the life of man. Almost all the epidemics which have occurred on earth have begun, continued, and ended in the corruption of the blood. You will find half a million of people in New York living on veal and salt pork, stringy beef, and half-cooked vegetables, in houses reeking with tobacco, whisky, and garlic, making stews and compounds which a hyena wouldn't touch. Nothing is better than a fresh dish of pease; but how many thousands eat pease as hard as a shot? God sends meat and the devil sends cooks, and most unfortunately the devil's cooks are sent very largely to the poor."

Not long since some investigations were made in regard to the air in an ordinary city court-room. The moisture from the windows was collected and several ounces obtained. It was found to be putrefying and decolorized permanganate of potassia, and experiment proved it to be far more deleterious to health than that obtained from deep mines and similar places. Legal gentlemen would find it for the interest of their clients to introduce a little oxygen into court. The brain can not work vigorously in vitiated air.

A Boston daily recently issued a series of "Atlantic Cable Messages," "in advance of any other paper in the country." We think they are so much in advance that we will quote a couple of them for the amusement of our readers. The first is from P. T. Barnum:

[Message to be delivered in America.]

"Mermaids and other odd fish observing this message pass are informed the undersigned is open to overtures for engagements at his American Museum; as an inducement, he would state that the establishment is conducted on cold water principles, and he is actuated by no sel-fish motives in making this proposition."

The second is dated Paris, August 2, 1866:

"Artemas Ward.

"*To his American Business Manager:*

"This world is onl a fostin sho. Among the principal Sho hear, Prushy has the best Sho at present. The principle curiosity in her Sho being the needle-gun. Have jest konkluded an arrangement with Lewis Napoleon for a side Sho of Wacks works and snaix, near the entrance to the grate exhibition—terms private between me and Lewis. Admission 1 frank French money, or fifteen cents American currency. On klosin the kontract the M. P. remarked, 'You and me hes dun a good day's work, Artemus.' A. W."

An interesting and amusing article on "Human Hair" recently appeared in the New York *Times*. Undoubtedly our lady readers are well posted in all matters pertaining to the adorning of the head; still, this being a subject of paramount importance at the present day, we feel, in a certain sense, responsible to give them all the information and aid possible, in regard to the weighty duties that hang upon them as members of fashionable society. Therefore we are happy to inform them that although "frons," or any contrivance to cover baldness *require*, to be made with great nicety, and are mostly manufactured in Paris, yet America can do as well as France in the manufacture of waterfalls, "rats," "mice," and the like. Any body can make these adornments—when they know how! And this is the way:

"They are made of hair 'weft' rolled around a wad of cotton. To make the 'weft,' you set two little upright sticks on a table—then you stretch three black threads from one to the other—then you take a little lock of long hair and run it under one thread, over another, then under, then over, then make a half hitch, hard it hard, and make all fast; then you take another little lock and do the over and under business same as before, and keep doing it till you get about six inches of it, and that's 'weft.' Then to make the waterfall, you take a bag—any size is fashionable—fill it with hair that can't be used any where else, then wind your weft outside of it, tucking the ends into the bag; then you cover the whole thing with a small fish-net, and sprinkle on a few beads and spangles, and that's a waterfall. Any body can make them—rats and mice are made the same way, only a little different. Usually, however, these animals consist of a cotton wad, which the ladies work into their own hair when they want to puff it out. When their hair is very thin they have to get the wads covered with some one else's hair. Rolls and coils are also made of weft, wrapped around cotton wads."

We regret that want of space compels us to omit equally exact directions, which would enable every gentleman to make his own wig!

A gentleman who has traveled extensively in the East states that in Egypt, where sun-stroke is of frequent occurrence, an effectual remedy is to pour into the sufferer's ears water in which salt has been dissolved. To say the least this method of cure seems very rough.

A Peruvian plant, the *Erythroxylon Coca*, has been found by experiment to possess the property of quelling the sensations of hunger and thirst for several days. The plant appears to narcotize the nerves of the stomach and suspend the digestive functions, without affording any nutriment. It may become a very useful medicine.

A critical observer of fashionable life at Newport inveighs against those be-frilled and be-jeweled dames who ostentatiously display themselves to the public, and, utterly forgetful of their children, leave them to "dirt and tears, to bruises and fights, to mosquitoes and stomach-ache;" and gives it as his decided, but somewhat unpolished opinion, that they, the mothers, "ought to be pilloried as of old, and then scourged from society." Certain it is that fathers and mothers in various parts of the country are becoming—perhaps they have always been so—monsters in human guise. Not long ago a clergyman whipped his infant son to death because he would not say his prayers. More recently a Seventh-day Baptist at Oswego, New York, turned his daughter out of doors, and whipped a little son nearly to death, because they would not work on Sunday. When the authorities interfered he defended his conduct on the ground that he believed Saturday to be the Sabbath, and that it was his duty to compel his children to "walk in the right way," and work on Sunday. Again we hear of a woman at Indianapolis, Indiana, who recently tortured her daughter, of fourteen years old, so terribly, by tickling her, that the girl was completely exhausted, and in her struggles to escape broke a blood-vessel, which caused her death. Such fiendish conduct is almost beyond belief.

A new tragic actress, Madame Ristori, will probably visit this country in September next, and make her début in New York. She was born near Venice, in 1823, and has been familiar with the stage from the age of four years. Her real name and title is the Marchesa del Grillo, acquired by a stolen marriage with the son and heir of the Marquis de Capranica. She retired from the stage for some time after her marriage to please her friends. But so great was her love for her youthful profession, and so earnest the solicitations of the public, that she again returned to it. She is said to possess great powers of gesture and elocution on the stage; and in private life to be charitable and benevolent, and worthy of the admiration which has been bestowed upon her in her own country.

A pretty good story is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who, on being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him there was nothing special the matter with him, and declined prescribing for him. But the patient, resolved to have some advice, said: "Now you are here, I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live; what I may eat, and what I may not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple: you must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion, nor the bellows, because they are windy; but eat any thing else you please."

Among the wedding presents given to the Princess Helena there were no less than nine bracelets. She must have a good supply for the present.

"When a woman is gifted with good taste," remarks a Parisian writer on fashions, "she can always find means to make up a pretty toilet out of the very simplest materials." This is undoubtedly true, and we wish American women would make it a practical truth. But we scarcely think the latest fashions indicate that any very great degree of simplicity in the art of dress has yet been attained. Nevertheless we are always happy to give our readers some of the latest styles, and leave them to use their own good taste in regard to adopting them.

Very large peplums are now made of cashmere of all shades—cerise, poppy red, mauve, violet, and sky blue, and these are all studded over with either jet or white crystal beads. The peplums, which fit the figure, and which are composed of a basque only, are added to dresses cut in the Empire form, while the colored cashmere peplums are worn with white bodices. Dresses without pleats at the waist are very ungraceful on any but good figures; the peplum basque removes the stiff effect, and are usually becoming additions when the wearer is not stout, for the secret of good dressing is to have discernment in the selection of a toilet, and to choose among the various fashions the cuts and colors which are most appropriate to the wearer's particular figure and complexion.

For the sea-side, where a frequent change of toilet is almost a necessity, and where nobody likes to be encumbered with packages, dress-makers have prepared dresses which can be worn on several occasions. Thus one skirt has frequently two bodices and two paletôts. For example: with a striped light blue and white Chambery gauze skirt, ornamented with bands of blue silk and blonde insertion, may be worn a plain high bodice, trimmed down the front and on the sleeves with blue silk and white blonde, and an Empire sash fastened at the side with a large rosette, or a basque cut with three large points at the back. This basque is added to the plain high bodice by means of a waistband. For evening wear a low square bodice is made, with a small bertha of white silk gauze puffings,

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every puffing being separated from the next with a flat band of blue silk. Another change can be made with a small pelisse-cape, vandyked round the edge and lined with blue silk. Thus several toilets can be formed with the one skirt.

During this warm weather more than ordinary attention has been paid to that indispensable garment called in France a *peignoir*. Such a thing is rarely worn when travelling or at the sea-side, because from early morning one is surrounded by strangers, but in country houses it is extremely popular. In fact, it has become the custom among the higher circles in France, during their residence at their country seats, for the ladies not to dress themselves elaborately for breakfast, but to meet at the table in peignoirs. Although the dress is négligé, it is indispensable that the hair should be well-arranged, and if a cap is worn it must be made either of white lace or guipure. The mixture of muslin and Valenciennes is in the best taste when enlivened with ribbons of some gay hue. The summer *peignoir* is ordinarily made of washing materials, and of a light color; white is considered more elegant than any thing else. It can be made in a very simple manner, but it should look fresh and clean. At the present moment the *linon peignoirs* are the most popular kind. *Linon* is a sort of batiste, made of flax, and looks glazed and brilliant; it is very slightly starched, to give it substance. *Linon* requires but little trimming, the *peignoir* being usually fastened down the front with bows of ribbon, which are varied occasionally with straps of ribbon and mother-of-pearl buckles.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM A LADY.

West Milton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., July 6, 1861.

Dr. Hostetter—Sir: I have long delayed writing to you my sincere thanks for the good you have done my daughter. I can truly say that nothing but the kind hand of Providence and your Bitters have saved her from an early grave. For three years I have been doctoring her with syrups and all kinds of bitters that have been recommended to me for her, besides having two first-rate physicians; but all seemed to do her no good, while I was searching the almanacs and all the newspapers that I could get hold of, in hopes of finding something that would suit her case. Accidentally there came part of a newspaper around some goods that I bought at the Spa. In looking it over I saw at a glance that your Bitters was just what she needed. I sent the next day to Ballston Spa and got a bottle of your Bitters. She commenced taking them, and such a change in one week with her appetite, and the distress that victuals occasioned, and that burning in the Stomach, I never saw in my life, as there was in her. She has taken three bottles, and is now able to work all the time. I think there is a little derangement of the Liver. Please send me three bottles more, which I think will cure her entirely. We and others thought she had a disease of the heart, but that beating and fluttering that would almost stop her from breathing at times, is all gone.

Yours, with respect,

Mrs. Amanda M'Pherson.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.

A bill has passed giving additional bounty to soldiers who served their term of enlistment, or were discharged for wounds, or to their heirs. Also, pension for invalids and widows having children. Circular with law sent. J. BROWN & CO., 1 Park Place, New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 505.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Philadelphia "National Union" Convention met on August 14. An immense wigwam had been erected for the purpose, capable of holding fifteen thousand persons, having a front of 146 feet on Girard Avenue. It was two stories in height to provide for galleries.

The call for the Convention was issued June 25, and was signed by two members of the Cabinet—O. H. BROWNING, and W. A. RANDALL, by Senators DOOLITTLE, from Wisconsin, and CONNESS, from Pennsylvania, and by Messrs. CHARLES KNAPP and SAMUEL FOWLER. It appealed to "all such electors in the thirty-six States and nine Territories of the United States, and in the District of Columbia, who in a spirit of patriotism and love for the Union can rise above personal and sectional considerations, and who desire to see a truly national Convention, which shall represent all the States and Territories of the Union, assemble as friends and brothers, under the National flag, to hold counsel together upon the state of the Union, and to take measures to avert possible danger from the same;" it appealed to all such to choose "at least two delegates from each Congressional District of all the States, two from each Territory, two from the District of Columbia, and four delegates at large from each State.

The following were the prominent delegates chosen: Lewis Parsons, Alabama; Senator McDougall, California; Senator Dixon, Connecticut; William Marvin, Florida; Alexander H. Stephens, Linton Stephens, and Herschel V. Johnson, Georgia; Secretary O. H. Browning, General A. McClernand, Charles Knapp, and Hon. J. H. McCall, Illinois; Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Indiana; General Thomas H. Benton, Jun., and Henry Clay Dean, Iowa; Hon. Hugh Ewin, Kansas; Senator Guthrie, and Hon. Lazarus W. Powell, Kentucky; Judge E. Abel, Major-General F. J. Herron, Senator Fellows, and Judge C. Roselius, Louisiana; Hon. Leonard Woods, Maine; Senator Johnson, and Hon. Montgomery Blair, Maryland; Robert C. Winthrop, Major-General Couch, and John Quincy Adams, Jun., Massachusetts; Major-General A. S. Williams, and Major-General G. A. Custer, Michigan; Judge Yerger, Mississippi; T. T. Critenden, Missouri; Major-General Heath, and Chief-Justice Kellogg, Nebraska; John P. Stockton, and Theodore Runyon, New Jersey; John A. Dix, Hon. H. J. Raymond, Sanford E. Church, James Brooks, and Fernando Wood, New York; Governor Orr, South Carolina; William C. Rives, Virginia; J. R. Doolittle, and A. W. Randall, Wisconsin.

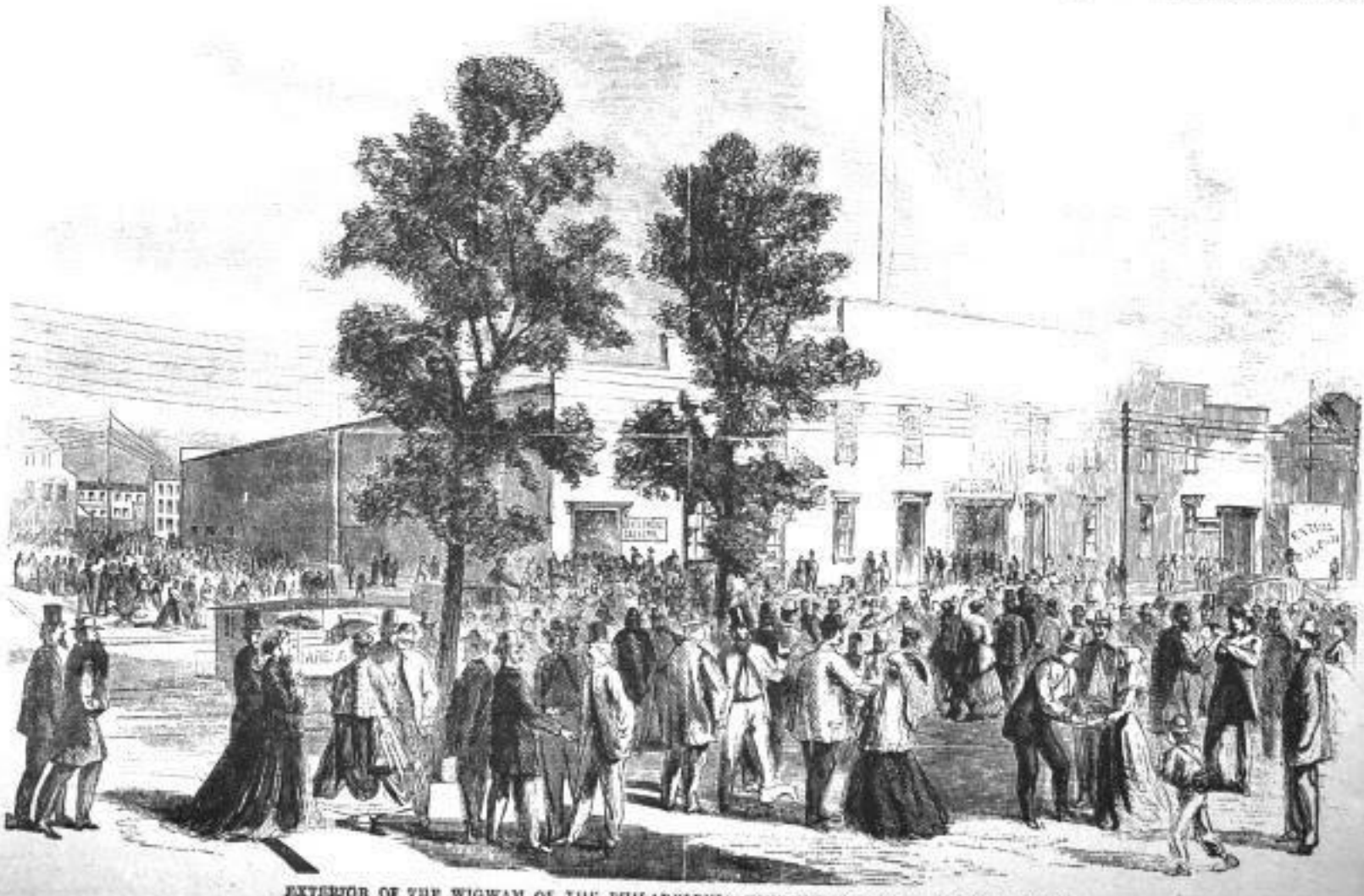
SENATOR J. R. DOOLITTLE, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

Just before the meeting of the Convention Hon. Fernando Wood, Henry C. Dean, and C. L. Vallandigham withdrew from their delegations.

As the delegations entered the Hall, Governor Orr, from South Carolina, and General Couch, from Massachusetts, entered arm in arm. This event excited tremendous applause. The New York *Tribune* makes a very funny remark about this arrival. It says: "Had BARNUM and his happy family suddenly appeared they could not have created more astonishment. The Convention was on its feet in an instant, and the delegates, climbing the benches, looked in every direction to see South Carolina and Massachusetts arm in arm enter. Soon the burly form of JAMES L. ORR was seen moving up the left aisle, holding by the arm a frightful-looking specimen, who appeared more like his captive than his friend."

General JOHN A. DIX was chosen temporary President. Upon taking the chair he made an address to the Convention. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Each House of Congress may, as the judge of the qualification of its own members, reject individuals for [illegible], but the individuals, being respectably, can not exclude an entire delegation without an unwarrantable assumption of power. Congress has not only done this, it has gone further—it has interpreted new conditions with [illegible] the Constitution, and submitted them for the ratification of the States. There is no probability that these amendments will be ratified by three-fourths of the States of the Union. To insist on the conditions they contain is to provide indefinitely the exclusion of more than one-fourth of the States from their right to be represented in the legislative bodies. They had a right under the Constitution; they had a right under the resolutions passed in both Houses of Congress in 1861. These resolutions were not concurrent, but they were substantially identical. Moreover, they were entitled to be rep-



EXTERIOR OF THE WIGWAM OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.]

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resented on other grounds of fairness and good faith. It is this wrong which we have come here to protest against, and, as far as in us lies, redress."

On the 15th Senator Doolittle was chosen President of the Convention. He also made a short speech of the same tenor as General Dix's. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the proceedings. There was no discord, and no discussion. No speeches were made except those already alluded to. The object of the Convention seemed to be to get its Address before the people, and its Declaration of Principles. Having done this, it adjourned *sine die*. We print the Declaration in full in our news column.

The Address was read by Hon. Henry J. Raymond. It was in the nature, mainly, of an argument in support of the principles already indorsed by the Convention. Comments of a political nature in regard to the conduct of the Convention are given in their proper place.

On the 18th a Committee appointed for that purpose delivered to President Johnson a copy of the proceedings of the Convention—the Address, etc. Senator Reverdy Johnson made a speech on behalf of the Committee, which was replied to by the President, who cordially indorsed the acts of his supporters, and declared that he would never depart from the Constitutional principles by which he had stood thus far. General Grant, during these proceedings, stood by the side of the President.

We give on the preceding page a portrait of Senator Doolittle, President of the Convention. He is the most prominent of the Conservative members of the Senate, and has from the first been an ardent supporter of President Johnson's policy.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 1, 1866.

THE REACTION.

When the war ended a reaction was inevitable. The only questions were, when it would begin, how far it would extend, and whether it would have any peculiar and unexpected impetus. Of the two great parties in the country the Democrats only could be the gainers in votes, while the tendency toward reaction would necessarily serve to moderate the action of the Union party. The hope of the Democrats was that, when the war was over, the accession of the solid vote of the late rebel States, upon which they counted, together with their own regular party force and the disaffected Union men in the rest of the country, combined with a dextrous acquiescence in the results achieved, would bring the Democratic party again into power. For this purpose a year ago, in the State of New York, where the party is most prudently managed because of its perpetual hope of absorbing what is facetiously called the "Conservative" element of the other party, a ticket was cunningly prepared upon which the leading names were those of men who had acted with the Union party while the resolutions protested fidelity to the Union and to the President. This was a skillful movement. It tempted the reaction to begin with vehemence. It would in any event certainly prove whether it were ready to begin. And the result *did* prove beyond dispute that it was not. The Union party carried the State in 1864 by barely six thousand majority. It carried it in 1865 by more than thirty thousand. And in every other State down to the latest election the Union line has been unbroken.

The reaction did not begin because the policy of reconstruction was not evident. Meanwhile, however, Congress has met. The President and Congress have differed. Each has appealed to the country, and the reaction is now apparent, with the unexpected impetus of the support of the Administration. The power of that support is undeniable. The Executive patronage, the extent of which we have more than once indicated as a grave national peril, is strained to the utmost to sustain the reaction. The President, indeed, in his Message vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau bill expressed dislike of increasing the patronage. Perhaps it did not occur to him that while the bill itself might give him the control of a few thousand agents, the veto gave him the hearty support of the whole population whom he had allowed to vote. And however he may have deprecated an increase of patronage, that which he already possesses he has not hesitated to use in a manner which proves that the fear of its possible prostitution to personal ends was not one of his reasons for declining more of it. The present tenure of office is not fidelity to the party but adherence to the person. "My Policy" we are quite sure would be found as effectual a muzzle among the great body of national office-holders to-day as Slavery was in the good old days of Pierce and Buchanan.

The Philadelphia Convention was a fair measure of the character and extent of the reaction. In studying the character of the delegates, with that of the State Conventions which sent them, we can estimate how serious the defection from the Union party is likely to be. For a New Yorker a key to the problem is the simple fact that the chairman of what calls itself a "Union" delegation from that State was Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, one of the most conspicuous old Democrats who steadily opposed the war, and the secretary was Mr. E. O. Perrin, to whom we do no injustice in saying that he is known merely as one of the most offensive old Whig-Know-Nothing-Copperheads. Both of these gentlemen, we believe—certainly Mr. Tilden—were delegates to the Chicago Surrender Convention of 1864. Massachusetts, again, had a Convention of which Mr. Saltonstall, the Bell-Everett manager of 1860, and Mr. Wyeman Marshall, the Boston Theatre manager at the present time, were the directors, and Mr. Isaac H. Wright, an old Democratic custom-house officer of the good old days when the use of the custom-house was abuse of the Abolitionists, and Mr. John L. Swift, a Republican stump-speaker of '56 and '60, but not a gentleman who can be fairly said to represent any thing or any body in Massachusetts, were the orators. This was the reactionary demonstration in Faneuil Hall. The meeting sent to Philadelphia three or four of the most noted Democrats in the State, several Democratic politicians, several Johnsonian office-holders, and, we are sorry to say it, the heir of an honorable name—Mr. John Quincy Adams.

The action in these two States is an illustration of the character and extent of the reaction. It has taken from the Union ranks some office-holders, but the preliminary Conventions and the composition of the Philadelphia assembly show that the great bulk of the great Union party still clings steadily together. The list of delegates to Philadelphia comprised both the most respectable and the most notorious Copperheads in every State. It ranged from such names as Robert C. Winthrop, Reverdy Johnson, and John A. Dix, to Vallandigham, Henry Clay Dean, and John B. Ridge, of Arkansas, who nominates General Lee for the Presidency. Whether all who were elected sat in the Convention or not, the fact remains that they and those who sent them instinctively sympathized with its spirit. But the same list does not contain one name of an original distinctive leader of the Union party.

The opponents whom we are to encounter in the autumn elections, therefore, are the old Democrats to whom General Dix and his friends—who, as their fervent orator, Mr. Cornington, said, in 1864, "huddled under the Lincoln shed until Democracy finds a better roof to shield us from the tempest"—will return, and with them, probably, what are known in New York as "Weed men" and National office-holders. But of these, it must be remembered, all the Democratic portion—including, doubtless, General Dix and his friends—voted for General Slocum last year, and the "Weed men" have been sometimes suspected of irregularity, and even charged with "trading" votes and "selling" the ticket. But the Union party was never more united, never more in earnest. Every day's experience has revealed the condition of the South, and shown that to assume every thing to be as we would have it is to invite confusion and peril. The reaction, therefore, even with its unexpected alliance, is not appalling. It would be so if its charges against the Union party of vindictiveness, hatred, stupidity, unconstitutionality, and revolution were true, or even apparently true. But the facts are too well and widely known. The Union party asks of those who have sought to ruin the Government only a reasonable security—asks, indeed, only that they shall have not gained political power by their rebellion. The Union party is thus in no sense demoralized by the extravagance or folly of some of its adherents. Those who leave it, leave because they can not control, or because their immediate interest sophisticates them. And even their going is a gain to the moral force of the party. Doubtless the Democratic party would be stronger if it could be rid of Vallandigham; and the Union party will not be seriously weakened by the desertion of the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention.

THE RESULT AT PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Convention sat for a few hours on three successive days. It served the purpose, which is now plainly acknowledged by its chief organ, of enabling the Johnson members of the Union party to join the Democracy. The Convention was ostensibly intended to afford opportunity for consultation and frank expression of opinion between fellow-citizens long alienated. But no expression was permitted. The way in which the managers controlled the proceedings showed that they feared to allow general debate. Every resolution was immediately referred to a committee without discussion, so that there was never any question before the Convention, and no debate was possible. As soon as the assembly was temporarily organized it adjourned for permanent organization, and as soon as permanently organized it adjourned until the managers were ready to report. When the report was read it was instantly adopted—so, also, were the resolutions; and then, under the same urgency of silence, the Convention dissolved. The whole performance has now been pondered by an intelligent people. We do not believe any body is in the least deceived by its purport or result. It leaves every thing exactly where it was. That the old Democrats, like General Dix, had returned to their party fold every body knew; that Messrs. Doolittle and Cowan, and Weed and Raymond, and Randall and Browning had left the Union party and would act with the Democrats in the Congressional elections nobody doubted.

Mr. Raymond's address is merely one of his Congressional speeches, to which he has somewhat accustomed us. It contains nothing new, and states nothing old with novel force. It is painful to remark that it assumes the late rebels to be the only citizens of the Southern States, and quietly overlooks the whole body of Southern whites who remained faithful through the war, to whom Mr. Lincoln intrusted the reorganization of Louisiana and Arkansas, and to five thousand of whom in any State Mr. Johnson declared himself willing to confide the Government. Every word of the address convicts the President of the most stupendous usurpation of power. It leaves "My Policy" utterly without constitutional justification, and betrays the absurd inconsistency of denouncing Congress for daring to propose what the President has already done.

The resolutions merely echo the address. They are cordially approved by Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, who holds to the constitutional right of secession. They take the original ground of the Democratic party, and they will be adopted by every Democratic Congressional Convention. If the Philadelphia gentlemen should make separate nominations, it will be with the simple intention of attempting to divide the Union vote in favor of the Democratic candidate. This is the sole practical result of the Philadelphia Convention, and this was obvious from the beginning. For the question of the times before the country does not change. It is whether those citizens at the South who made the war and those at the North who supported it are more likely to settle the reconstruction more constitutionally and more wisely for the permanent peace of the Union than those who sustained the war at the North and sympathized with it at the South. It is whether the policy of the Democratic party, based upon a steady and contemptuous denial of the fundamental principle of the Government and illustrated by the late war, into which Mr. Seward truly said two years ago it had plunged the country, is more conservative of the rights and interests of the American people than a policy of constitutional equality and justice.

STATE LEGISLATION ON NEW CITY RAILROADS.

It will be recollected that a Commission was appointed by one body of the last Legislature to report, after examination, to the next on the most feasible plan of a railroad for the travel between the upper and lower portions of the island, a measure which grew out of the annual and embarrassing contest for a railroad in Broadway. The Commissioners have met, and we notice that the day for receiving plans has been postponed to October. In the mean time the Common Council of the city have attempted to forestall any legislative action by disposing of the whole subject in a consent to each of three distinct companies to construct a line of elevated railway commencing at or near the Battery, and extending each by a different route across Harlem River. The streets to be thus occupied consist of the most important in the city—Greenwich Street, Broadway, Pearl Street, the Bowery, Bloomingdale Road, the Third Avenue, and any number of cross streets for lateral branches to and from ferries.

The consent for this purpose was passed by both Boards of the Common Council on the 31st of July, but it has been vetoed by the Mayor, whose veto will come up for consideration at an early day. The supposed authority for this hurried action of the Common Council is the amendment to the General Railroad Act, passed by the Legislature on the 20th of last April, near the close of the session, authorizing "any number of persons not less than ten to form themselves into a Company for constructing, maintaining, and operating a railway for public use, *by means of a propelling rope or cable attached to stationary power*." Such Company "to have and enjoy all the powers and privileges and be subject to the liabilities mentioned in the aforesaid Act, passed April 2, 1850, so far as the same are comprised in the first 26 sections and the 28th section thereof." On examining these various sections of the General Railway Act which have been adroitly selected, it will be found that they prescribe the means for establishing a corporate body for taking and acquiring land, for using streets and roads, for crossing innavigable streams, and for managing and operating a railroad; but it was "not to authorize the construction of any railroad not already located in, upon, or across any streets in any city without the assent of the corporation of such city."

The Amendatory Act passed last winter provides that "such company may style itself by the name of the inventor or patenter of the particular mode of propulsion used, together with such local designation as the associates may deem desirable, and shall, by such name set forth in their articles of association, have and enjoy" all those powers and privileges—a clause doubtless intended to facilitate the formation of companies in this city out of such official persons as were needed to pass the Act, to give the required consent, and conduct the matter safely through courts of justice. The General Railroad Act required that the names of stockholders should be affixed to articles and recorded in the Secretary of State's office; but the amendment dispenses with this safeguard, and requires no names to be given to the public.

Our Common Council, thus aided in its means for exercising generosity, on the first coming in of a Report in favor of the scheme, and without printing or any deliberation, grant full consent to the three Companies to use most of our important streets for an elevated railway, on both sidewalks—forming of the city a perfect net-work—and instead of specifying names, make the several grants to the West Side and Yonkers Patent Railway Company, the Broadway and Yonkers Patent Railway Company, and the East Side and New Rochelle Patent Railway Company. In the Board of Councilmen, in which the measure originated, it was carried by 17 to 5, and in the Board of Aldermen by 13 to 1, making 30 in favor of the measure, which, divided by three—the number of companies—makes ten persons, being the minimum number required by the Act to form each of these masked corporations.

The public would be glad to know the parties in interest who could stealthily carry such an Act through the same Legislature, the Senate of which supposed it had retained full power over the subject, by appointing a Commission to report at the next session. The proceedings here exhibit evidences of gross recklessness never equaled in our municipal bodies. They purport to be made on the basis of compensation, but the payment of "five per cent. of the *gross earnings* of said railway on the said routes" are to be made quarterly, "less such sum as shall be levied upon the *same earnings* or profits therefrom by State or National, city or county authority," which means that the charges upon the whole shall be deducted from the five per cent., and is therefore a cheat, a feature the injustice of which is apparent from the provision in the Act that the minimum fare may be ten cents.

If these proceedings of the two Boards are lawful—they doubtless assume a very serious aspect—and if they shall be confirmed by an overthrow of the veto, then are we tied hand and foot under an Act of which no one knew any thing but its navigators in the Assembly. But questions of grave import arise under it besides the one presented by the Mayor founded on the well-known Act of 1860. If the Legislature had intended that our city Government should give the consent attempted to be given, authority for the purpose would have been distinctly conferred, which it has not been, and the rule of law that no powers can be exercised by the Corporation but such as are conferred is thus run foul of. That portion of the General Railroad Act above quoted requiring assent gives no authority for granting assent, which authority, when bestowed, will doubtless prescribe the terms—for the protection of the city and property owners—on which assent may be given. Nor can it be justly maintained that such an imposing structure as the consent purports to authorize upon and over our sidewalks with columns fifteen inches in diameter, propped up by other means and against houses, was intended under the language which fixes the mode of operating the road, that is to say, "*by means of a propelling rope or cable attached to stationary power*." The powers of the General Act ought to be held as being merely subservient to the plan thus described, which certainly does not contemplate what the city Government permits.

The Court of Appeals has decided that individual owners have an interest so remote in our public streets opened under the Act of 1813 that they are not entitled to an award of damages when the trustees of the streets consent lawfully to the use of them for the purposes of a railroad. The consent thus given by the city is an attempt to bring the case in question within this rule of law, and deprive owners of valuable property of awards necessary to compensate for the great damage which such a structure would occasion. As to streets opened before the Act of 1813 the decision does not apply. Still another difficulty presents itself which the carriers of the scheme have overlooked. In 1854 an Act was passed forbidding any consent by Common Councils to the construction of a railroad in any city, "which commences and ends in said city, without the consent thereto of a majority in interest of the owners of property upon the streets in which said railroad is constructed being first had and obtained," which act is still in force. On examination it will be found that no power is conferred in the Act of last winter, or in the General Railroad Act, to bridge the Harlem River, which is thus navigated; and hence the elevated railroad which proposes to cross at the Third Avenue is, in fact, a road commencing and ending in the city of New York. We ask, How can it get beyond the city? It is true that its articles of association call for lines extending across and beyond the Harlem River; but the Gen-

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eral Act provides, in § 28, that "nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to authorize the erection of any bridge or any other obstructions across, in, or over any stream or lake navigated by steam or sail-boats at the place where any bridge or other obstructions may be proposed to be placed." The consent of the Corporation is clearly illegal in this view. The power to authorize a bridge over a navigated stream is retained wholly in the Legislature. We can not suppose that a scheme so bold can go into effect, and we look for such steps in our legal tribunals—if it pass over the veto—as will stop this great iniquity.

FALL PROSPECTS IN WALL STREET.

WE are already in the beginning of autumn. Southern buyers throng our markets, and within a week or two Western and Northern buyers will follow them. Pleasure-seekers and business men are returning from their holiday at Saratoga or Long Branch, and are making ready for the serious work of the autumn. From all sides the report comes that the fall trade will be brisk. The South will be a large buyer. New Southern men have loomed up—men whose skirts are free from the disgrace of having taken advantage of the rebellion to repudiate their debts; and in view of the promising prospects of the cotton crop, they are getting all the credit they want. The West will buy largely for cash, but the extraordinary yield of wheat and the good promise for corn and pork will secure a very fair extension of credit to all who need it. On the whole, the prospect is fair for a good fall trade.

Bankers and brokers in Wall Street are asking each other how this will affect business in stocks and gold. And the prevailing opinion is, that a period of renewed activity is about to commence. This opinion is based, first, upon the great ease of money, and the prospect that that ease will not be disturbed; secondly, upon the large earnings of the railways, which are all doing, and likely to continue to do, a brisk business; and, thirdly, upon the general profits of the mercantile community, which always lead to speculation in Wall Street.

Money is likely to be more abundant in Wall Street this coming September than it has ever been. The Government is at last paying off the temporary deposits, and is thus adding nearly $60,000,000 of currency to a market already overstocked. On the other hand, there appears to be no increase in the channels of employment for money. With the exception of the Pacific Railroad and a few lines across Iowa, we are building no new railroads. No new money-consuming enterprises are being started. The West requires some currency, as usual at this season, to move the crops; and the South wants some money to repair the damages of the war, to rebuild ruined towns, bridges, and railways, and to replace implements of agriculture and industry. But this demand proves much lighter than was expected. New York can supply all the money wanted at the South without feeling it. At the West the rate of interest is barely maintained. There is absolutely no use for the vast volume of currency which is being added to our bank reserve by the payment of the deposits; and until the Treasury concludes to lock up currency, either with a view to its cancellation, or simply to relieve redundant markets, there is no prospect of an advance in the rate of interest.

As to the railways, they have thus far this year, on the average, done very well. A few of them continue to be in trouble. The Erie has been compelled to suspend dividends, and will probably drift once more into insolvency; but the trouble with this corporation is, that its managers have been trying, with a capital of $50,000,000, to run an enterprise which requires a capital of $100,000,000. Lines, whose capital is adequate to the work to be done, are generally earning a fair income on their cost, and the circle of believers in railway property as a permanent investment is increasing. Such stocks as those of the Rock Island, Michigan Central, Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, Fort Wayne, etc., will naturally find permanent resting-places in the course of a few more years; and as they disappear from the speculative list their places will be taken by the stocks of other lines whose value now seems uncertain. There is no reason why the Michigan Southern, Cleveland and Pittsburg, and Chicago and Northwestern should not, with good management, prove ere long as valuable properties as the stocks just mentioned.

The leading feature of Wall Street speculation this year has been the prevalence of clique operations. This has resulted from the vast increase of capital which has lately taken place in Wall Street, and which has been unaccompanied by any corresponding increase in the volume of the stocks dealt in. A few years ago a purchase of 1000 shares of a leading stock was a large operation; now there are half a dozen houses in Wall Street which will undertake, if required, to buy and carry the entire capital stock of a railroad. The late clique in Erie is supposed to have bought 120,000 shares of the stock, representing a capital of $12,000,000, and costing them over $8,000,000 in cash; yet they never seemed to want money. It is this vast increase of capacity on the part of the bankers which has rendered it so fatal this year to sell stocks short. There are parties now formed in Wall Street, with unlimited capital, who do nothing but watch for the creation of a large short interest in an active stock. When they discover such a condition of things they stand ready to buy, and if the Bears are not particularly smart they are sure to be "cornered."

As to gold, opinions vary enough to insure fluctuations. On the one hand, there are many who see no reason why gold should be higher than it was in March last, when it was considered safe to sell it short at 126. If it was put up 25 per cent. by the London panic and the German war, a restoration of confidence in London and peace in Germany ought to put it down. But, on the other hand, the stock of floating gold is so small that a combination of a few powerful houses can take the whole, or nearly the whole, and compel merchants to buy of them, at their price, what they require for duties. Whether the Government ought or ought not to sell its gold, is another moot question. Some say that if Government ever intends to resume specie payments, it can only do so by keeping a large reserve, and therefore that it should not sell a dollar. Others, on the contrary, argue that if Government hoards the gold received for customs it will be playing into the hands of the Gold Room clique, and enabling them to corner the merchants. With all these divergent views prevailing, we are likely to witness lively fluctuations in gold this fall.

DEMOCRATIC VIEWS OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.

THE Union men of the South who were not rebels will hold their Philadelphia Convention on the 3d of September. The real restoration of the Union depends mainly upon the triumph of sound Union principles in the late rebel States. It is the public opinion of that part of the country which most needs reform, and that can be most radically effected by national organization and co-operation. We are very glad, therefore, that Governor FENTON has requested the Senators of New York to express to that Convention the sympathy of the Union men of this State. The key-note of the Convention will doubtless be, the Constitutional rights of the citizen the paramount object of government. And the men who will urge this view are of all men in the country empowered by the most fearful experience to bear their testimony. Their heroism under the long and sharp tortures of every kind inflicted by the rebels during the war are familiar to all of us in public and private narrations. They were literally tried by fire and flood, and were not found wanting. To these men during the war Mr. LINCOLN was willing to trust the reorganization of their States. For them Mr. EVERETT spent his latest and noblest efforts, and with them every generous and loyal heart beat in fraternal sympathy. The voice and testimony of such men are invaluable, although the Convention to which Mr. VALLANDIGHAM's right as a member was not disputed by his fellow State delegates who were admitted had no wish and could find no place for them. Is not the co-operation of such men essential to a truly safe and intelligent reconstruction?

Their credentials to every patriotic man are found in the ribald abuse of such journals as the New York *World*, a Democratic paper which steadily sympathized with the rebellion that persecuted these men, which incited the bloody New York riots of 1863, and which, while ANDREW JOHNSON bravely withstood rebellion and was therefore honored by the Union party, poured out upon him a continuous torrent of filthy vituperation. The *World* informs us that these gentlemen are "sneaks and mean whites of the South;" and adds, that "History furnishes no parallel to the meanness, cowardice, and treachery of the men who want the Convention on the 3d of September." These epithets are flung at loyal citizens of the United States because in a fiery whirlpool of rebellion they clung steadfastly to the Government. Their "treachery" was disloyalty to JEFFERSON DAVIS. Their "meanness" was in carrying supplies to the Union victims at Andersonville. Their "cowardice" was defiance of the rebels who outlawed and hunted them, desolated their homes, confiscated their fortunes, while their more unfortunate companions were drowned, or hung, or shot before the very eyes of their wives and children. American citizens who have thus suffered for the Union are intolerable to the New York *World*. In its eyes only the Southern slanderers and slayers of Union men are noble and generous and heroic. In its opinion JEFFERSON DAVIS is a lofty-souled and unfortunate statesman, wickedly imprisoned by malicious enemies; ROBERT E. LEE is "a Christian soldier and gentleman," but the unnamed, poor man, who far in the silent interior of Texas or Mississippi or Louisiana defied DAVIS and LEE, and driven from his home and hunted by savage men, hid in swamps and woods, shot at night like a dog, or slowly dying by starvation and exposure, but never doubting, never asking to buy an hour of life by the betrayal of the cause for which his Northern brothers were dying at Shiloh, at Fredericksburg, at Chickamauga, in the Wilderness—he, says this fit organ of a "Democracy" which sneers at DOSTIE because he was a barber and a dentist, he is a cowardly, treacherous sneak and mean white.

If, as is right and necessary, those at the South who sustained the rebellion are to advise upon the question of restoration, how much more important is the counsel of those whose only hope of future security in their homes depends upon the guarantee of the Government that they shall not suffer because they did not betray it. As the Southern delegates to the late Convention in Philadelphia told us nothing, doubtless those to the September Convention will have something to say to which it will be well for the country to listen.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

IF an impromptu touch of melodrama could at once reconcile radical differences, the business of human life would be much facilitated. Or if, when a country has been divided by a long and fierce civil war springing from hostile views of society and government, an enthusiastic vow of friendship and three times three cheers for Christian charity and sacred fraternity could change human nature, there would probably be no civil wars to compose. But, unluckily, sentimentality can not take the place of statesmanship, nor fine phrases secure a peace which can be established only upon intelligent principles. The gentle eyes, therefore, which oozed tears of exulting joy when they beheld Massachusetts and South Carolina entering the Philadelphia Convention together, and thought that they saw peace and the millennium visibly descending, were sadly deceived. For they did not behold Massachusetts and South Carolina; they saw only South Carolina and General COUCH.

The incident was perfectly but involuntarily illustrative of the whole Philadelphia comedy. The object professedly sought by that assembly was union. But union to be permanent and effective must be real, not formal nor merely literal. We have had some experience of nominal unions, and they end in civil war. The work of reunion before us is a very difficult and earnest one; but the most evident point of it is, that it is to secure a union of other tendencies and another spirit than the union in which equal rights before the law were denied to citizens of the United States. There will be a great deal of hedging and shirking and shrinking and protesting, but that is the union which is to be achieved; and as the South Carolina doctrine of inequality and special privilege controlled the old union, so the Massachusetts doctrine of equal rights is to control the new. If, therefore, South Carolina and Massachusetts had been seen really entering the Convention together, it would have been in the persons of those who represent the new and not the old spirit of the union.

As it was, all that was visible was Governor ORR, who truly represents South Carolina, and General COUCH, who does not in the least represent Massachusetts. It was merely a repetition of the stale old spectacle of the clever Southern politician arm in arm with his Northern vassal. South Carolina denounces and repudiates equal rights as much as ever, and such Northern gentlemen as General COUCH acquiesce. Does any body suppose that union and peace can spring from perpetual injustice. Postmaster-General RANDALL knew perfectly well that Massachusetts could enter his Convention only in the person of a man like JOHN A. ANDREW. If he staid away Massachusetts was not there. Governor COUCH, or Judge ABBOTT, or Judge CURTIS, or Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, or Mr. ISAAC DAVIS, are merely South Carolina in Massachusetts.

Slavery being abolished and forcible secession defeated, South Carolina wisely changes her tactics, but not her spirit or purpose. She is still anti-republican; she is still un-American, and although she is not therefore to be outlawed, nor the individual sincerity of her citizens to be questioned, she is still to be withstood as an influence, and her spirit by all fair and Constitutional means is to be removed from the Union. She is to be opposed in Massachusetts and Wisconsin as much as in her own limits, and as the Philadelphia Convention, under a variety of fine names, was simply an assembly to reorganize a party upon the South Carolina policy of unequal rights, which brought us into war, the people in every part of the country who hold to the Massachusetts policy of equal rights did not attend. The Convention applauded and wept over an optical illusion. It was not Massachusetts and South Carolina that came in. There were two forms indeed, but it was only South Carolina in substance and in shadow.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION—DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

THE National Union Convention, now assembled in the city of Philadelphia, composed of delegates from every State and Territory in the Union, admonished by the solemn lessons which for the last five years it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to give to the American people; profoundly grateful for the return of peace; desirous, as a large majority of their countrymen, in all sincerity, to forget and forgive the past; revering the Constitution as it comes to us from our ancestors; regarding the Union, in its restoration, as more sacred than ever; looking with deep anxiety into the future as of instant and continuing trial, hereby issue and proclaim the following declaration of principles and purposes upon which they have with perfect unanimity agreed:

First.—We hail with gratitude to Almighty God the end of war and the return of peace to an afflicted and beloved land.

Second.—The war just closed has maintained the authority of the Constitution, with all the powers which it confers and all the restrictions which it imposes upon the General Government, unabridged and unaltered, and it has preserved the Union with the equal rights, dignity, and authority of the States perfect and unimpaired.

Third.—Representation in the Congress of the United States and in the Electoral College is a right recognized by the Constitution as abiding in every State, and as a duty imposed upon its people, fundamental in its nature and essential to the exercise of our Republican institutions; and neither Congress nor the General Government has any authority or power to deny this right to any, or withhold its enjoyment, under the Constitution, from the people thereof.

Fourth.—We call upon the people of the United States to elect to Congress as members thereof none but men who admit this fundamental right of representation, and who will receive to seats their loyal representatives from every State in allegiance to the United States, subject to the constitutional right of each House to judge of the election returns and qualifications of its own members.

Fifth.—The Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are the supreme laws of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. All the powers not conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States or the people thereof; and among the rights thus reserved to the States is the right to prescribe qualifications for the elective franchise therein, which right Congress can not interfere with. No State or convention of States has the right to withdraw from the Union, or to exclude, through their action in Congress or otherwise, any State or States from the Union. The union of these States is perpetual.

Sixth.—Such amendments to the Constitution of the United States may be made by the people thereof as they may deem expedient, but only in the mode pointed out by its provisions; and in proposing such amendments, whether by Congress or by a convention, and in ratifying the same, all the States of the Union have an equal and an indefeasible right to a voice and vote thereon.

Seventh.—Slavery is abolished and forever prohibited, and there is neither desire nor purpose on the part of the Southern States that it should ever be re-established upon the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States; and the enfranchised slaves in all the States of the Union should receive, in common with all their inhabitants, equal protection in every right of person and property.

Eighth.—While we regard as utterly invalid and never to be assumed or made of binding force any obligation incurred or undertaken in making war against the United States, we hold the debt of the nation to be sacred and inviolable, and we proclaim our purpose in discharging this, as in performing all other national obligations, to maintain unimpaired and unimpeached the honor and the faith of the Republic.

Ninth.—It is the duty of the National Government to recognize the services of the Federal soldiers and sailors in the contest just closed, by meeting promptly and fully all their just and rightful claims for the services they have rendered the nation, and by extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care.

Tenth.—In ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, who in his great office has proved steadfast in his devotion to the Constitution, the laws, and interests of his country, unmoved by persecution and undeserved reproach, having faith immeasurable in the people and in the principles of free government, we recognize a Chief Magistrate worthy of the nation and equal to the great crisis upon which his lot is cast, and we tender to him in the discharge of his high and responsible duties our profound respect, and assurance of our cordial and sincere support.

MAXIMILIAN'S BLOCKADE.

On August 17 President Johnson issued a proclamation declaring the blockade instituted by Maximilian at Matamoras and other Mexican ports [illegible] ineffectual, and therefore to be held by the United States to be "absolutely null and void."

THROCKMORTON'S INAUGURAL.

Governor Throckmorton of Texas delivered a very sensible inaugural on the 9th of August. With proper [illegible] on the part of the South he did not despair of receiving liberal and generous treatment from the North. The hearts of the Southern people had been deeply touched by Johnson's generous policy. He thought the day was not far distant when the blacks would recognize as their true friends those with whom they had sported in childhood. The duty of all now was to labor for the restoration of peace and harmony.

THE BUFFALO HORSE FAIR.

At the great horse-race in Buffalo, August 16, there were 20,000 people present. Our readers will remember that in No. 501 of the Weekly we gave an illustration of Dexter, the fastest horse in the world. At Buffalo this year Dexter ran against George Patchen, the celebrated California stallion, and the Belle Gold Dust, a famous Kentucky horse. Dexter won the race in three straight heats; time, 2.2[illegible]. Patchen was second. Last year Dexter made a mile in 2.19. On August 18, at Buffalo, Dexter made a mile in 2.18.

NEWS ITEMS.

Bernard Friery was executed at the Tombs in this city August 17 for the murder, in January, 1865, of Henry Lazarus.

Queen Emma was presented to President Johnson on the evening of August 14. His Excellency made a large speech, which was received by the Queen with gracious courtesy. She has since visited the tomb of Washington.

At Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, the cholera has become a formidable epidemic. In New York city it has almost disappeared.

By official proclamation, on the 20th of August, President Johnson declared the insurrection in Texas at an end.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 718, of which 145 were from cholera. This is [illegible] less than the previous week, and an increase of 131 on the number recorded in the corresponding week of last year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 15:

It is announced to-day that the plans for the confederation of the British Provinces of North America have been definitely arranged by the Government.

August 16:

It is officially stated to-day that the French Government has receded from its demand made upon Prussia for an extension of frontier to the Rhine.

The hope is also expressed by the official journal—the *Moniteur*—that Prussia will not extend her projects of annexation to the German States south of the Maine.

August 18:

A bill is under discussion in the Prussian Chambers relative to the annexation to Prussia of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and the City of Frankfort. The Emperor Napoleon is reported to deny having entertained any design of annexing Belgian territory to France. The Peace Congress is in session at Prague, and negotiations are making favorable progress.

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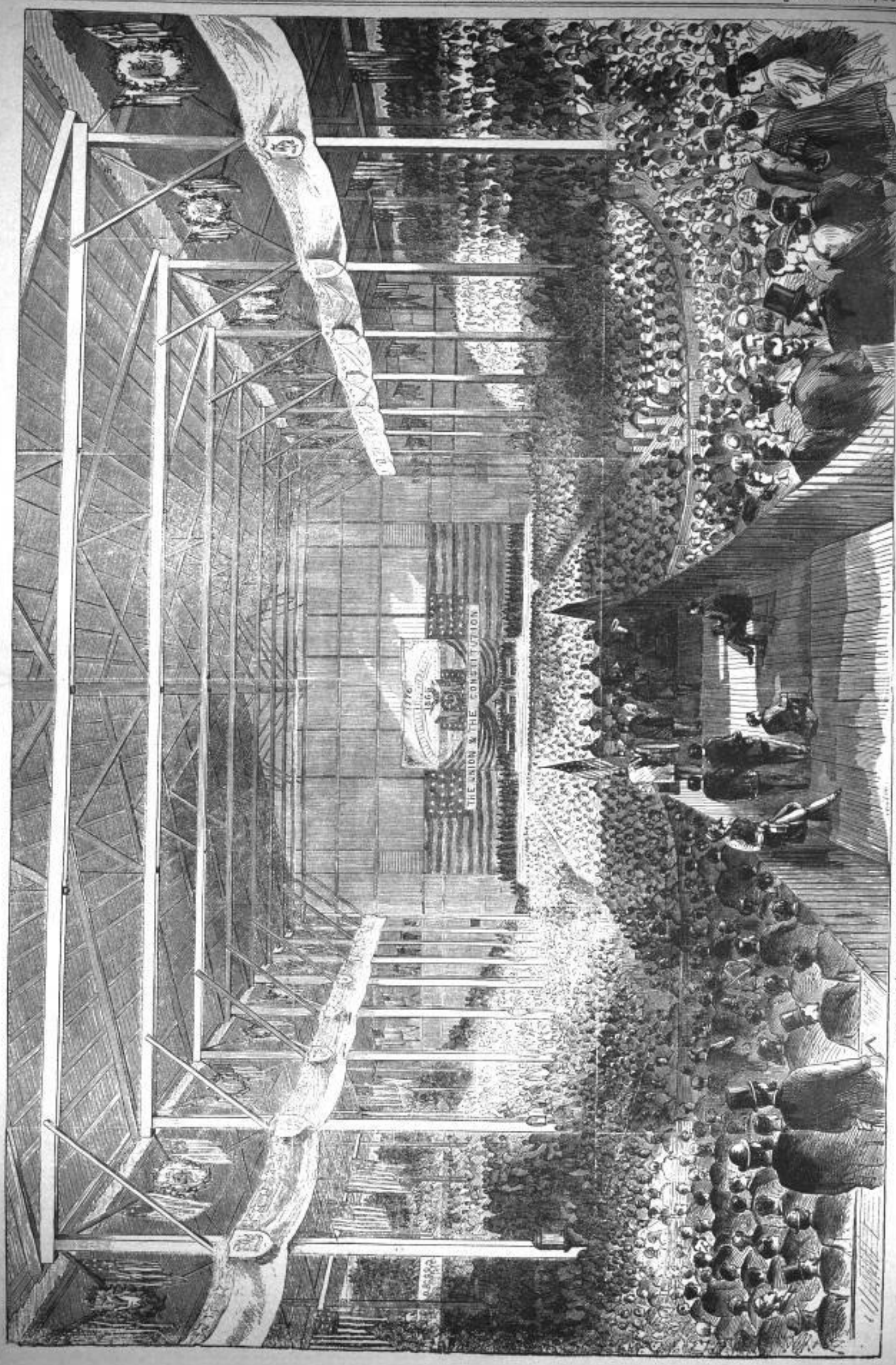

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1866.—SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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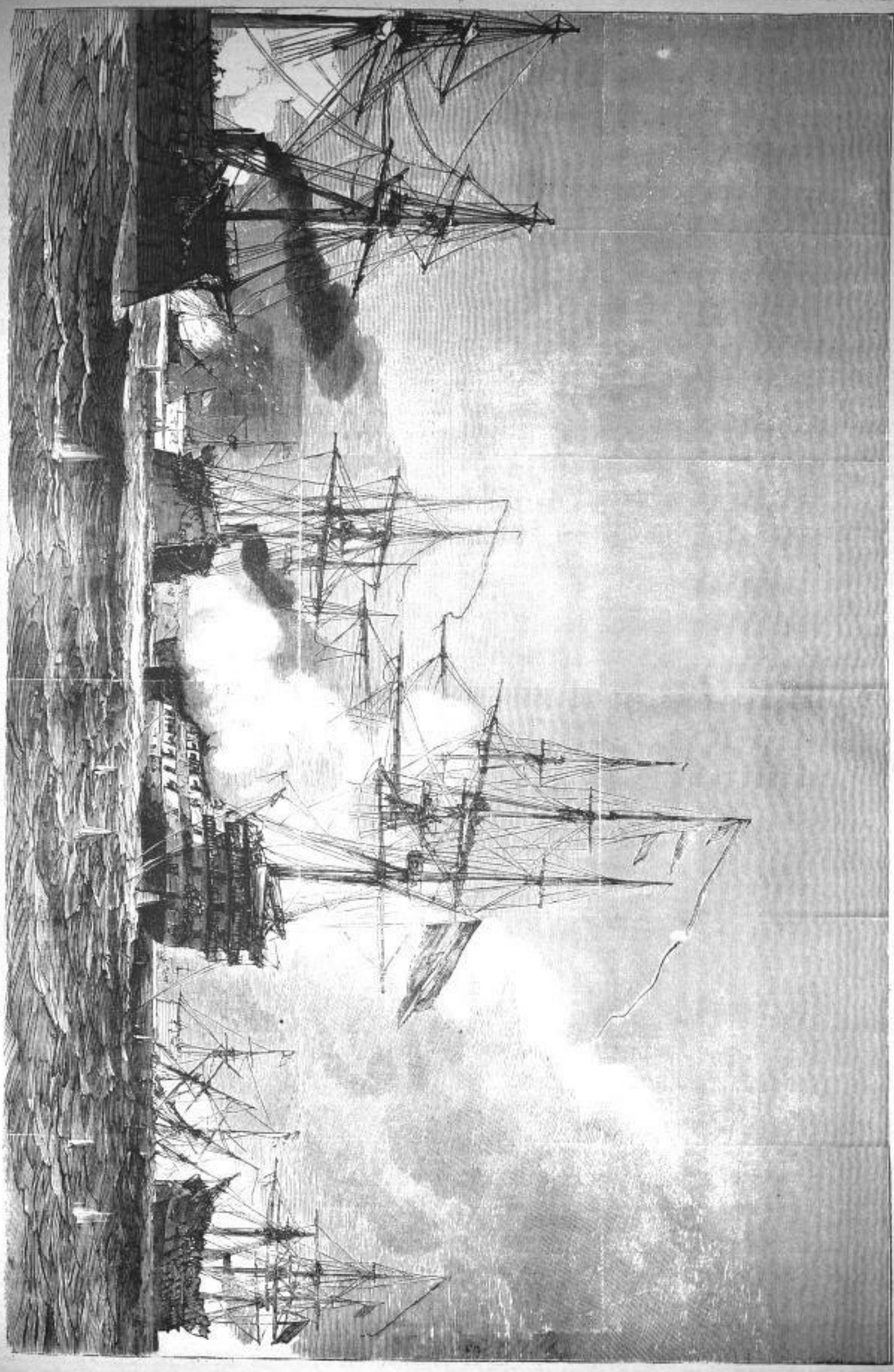

THE NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE AUSTRIAN AND ITALIAN FLEETS OFF LISSA, IN THE ADRIATIC.—[See Page 550.]

THE NAVAL FIGHT AT LISSA.

As a description to accompany the graphic illustration which we give on page 549, we could do no better than to refer our readers to the editorial comments upon "The Fight at Lissa" in our last Number.

The Italians displayed a heroism almost superhuman. The attack upon the fortified island of Lissa was made on the 18th of July, and the Italians would have no doubt succeeded in capturing the position, but for the prompt appearance of the Austrian squadron and the naval defeat following. A heavy gale was blowing at the time of the engagement, and the vessels were used as rams on either side. The *Re d' Italia*, built in New York for the Italian Government, but plated in Italy, according to the accounts, was the flag-ship of PERSANO, but for some reason he left it at the beginning of the action. The Austrian Admiral upon the *Kaiser*, unaware of PERSANO'S movement, directed his overpowering assault against the *Re d' Italia*. Three or more of the Austrian iron-clads, belching fire and iron, came crashing on to the Italian ship, struck her furiously on the prow, on the stern, and amidships, and stove her to pieces. The huge ship rapidly sunk; but as she went down half a battalion of soldiers climbed into the tops, and, while holding on by the ropes, shouldered their rifles deliberately, as if on parade, and fired a terrible volley upon the deck of the nearest Austrian ship, killing twenty and wounding sixty. It was their fierce farewell. The next moment the roaring gulf closed over the *Re d' Italia* and four hundred of her gallant company. A private letter is quoted by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which says that Captain FAA DI BRUNO, the commander of the ship, when he saw that there was no hope, put a pistol to his head and went down with her.

At about the same time the Italian gun-boat *Palestro* was so overpoweringly attacked that her capture seemed inevitable. The Captain, CAPPELLINI, called a hasty council of his officers and crew, and they resolved to blow up the vessel rather than surrender. Then gayly hanging the ship with the flag of Italy, and cheering for King and Country, the fuse was lighted, and in a moment nothing remained but floating fragments of the ship and her company of two hundred. A letter to a Florence paper says that when the fate of the *Re d' Italia* was evident Admiral PERSANO in the *Affondatore* drove full steam against the Austrian flag-ship, the *Kaiser*, and sank her to revenge his own loss.

It was the only naval conflict in the war; and although at Lissa on the sea, as at Custozza on the land, victory seems to have inclined to their enemies, still the Italians will find in the remembrance of this naval conflict much occasion for national pride in the bravery of their compatriots.

TWO CHARACTERS.

See there! for this man, too, life's toil is over,
His words are all said out, his deeds are done:
For this man, too, there comes a rest, however
Unquiet passed his time beneath the sun.

You said what seemed you best: your life's poor fountain
Just bubbled, while his soared or thundered down;
You chid him as a tired boy chides a mountain;
You frowned on him, and thought God too must frown.

His worst thought was so great, your best so little,
Your best and worst not yours, his all his own;
You ran the world's safe way, he dared to thwart it:
You stood with thousands by you, he alone.

Wherefore, when God shall judge the world, I take it
He will not mete this man by rule and line,
Who felt no common thirst, nor feared to slake it
From that which flowed within him, the Divine.

Or think you God loves our tame leveled acres
More than the proud head of some heaven-kissed hill;
Man's straight-dug ditch more than his own free river,
That wanders, He regarding, where it will?

Enough—high words abate no jot or tittle
Of what, while man still lasts, shall still be true:
Heaven's great ones must be slandered by Earth's little,
And God makes no ado.

TRIED AFFECTION.

"I HAVE asked you, my dear Vokes (a very celebrated Irish magistrate thirty years ago) to call on me, in order to consult you on an affair of some importance—at least, as far as my family circle goes," said L. D—— to the chief magistrate, as that functionary entered his counting-house.

"Indeed! If I can be of any service, pray command me."

"You remember Mary Toovey, whom you recommended me as a trust-worthy girl to assist in looking after my children, some six years ago?"

"I remember her well. Her father was an honest fellow in Adare. His daughter was brought up at P——'s Sunday-school."

"Most true; and until within a very few days, I always looked upon her as one of the best-behaved young women I have ever met with."

"And you have had reason to change your opinion of her?"

"Unfortunately, I have. You must know"—and here L. D—— dropped his voice—"unfortunately, I say, I discovered that I had been systematically robbed of a series of small sums, and, watching closely afterward, I still perceived that these pilferings unhappily continued. It could only be some one under my roof that thus abstracted small sums; and as I have a stable-boy of somewhat loose habits, I at once suspected him, and accordingly I marked some pieces of silver, and placed them, with two or three one-pound notes, in my drawer, leaving my keys, as if by accident, on the table.

"Having thus laid my plans to entrap the thief, I went out to dinner, and returned too late to make any search that night.

"On the following morning I went to the place where I had deposited the cash, and here, to my great horror, I found that a bank-note and three half-crowns were missing.

"Without telling them why I summoned them, I called up my servants, and, having locked the door, stated to them what had occurred, and called on the pilferer to confess the crime, and thus earn pardon. None, however, admitted the alleged guilt, and I now, with their cheerful permission, proceeded to search them.

"Imagine, my dear Vokes, my horror when, after vainly searching the servant-man and some of the females, I turned to your *protégée*, and having ordered her to display the contents of her pockets, I discovered two of the half-crowns which I had marked, and could now distinctly swear to. I called upon Mary to explain this strange circumstance. I eagerly demanded to know how she had become possessed of them. But, alas! all in vain. She was dreadfully agitated, and was only relieved from a fit of fainting by a copious flood of tears which came to her relief. She is now down stairs, in charge of a policeman. I wished, if possible, to avoid the pain of sending her, whom I have known for so many years, to prison; and therefore I wrote to ask you to call on me, and, if possible, assist me in discovering the particulars of this distressing affair."

"Has she had any followers—male or female?"

"None."

"Has she ever absented herself from the house?"

"Never."

"Do your family know what has passed?"

"No; they are all at Kilrush, with the exception of my eldest son, who assists me in business; and he went last evening to Waterford, and will not return till four o'clock. So, strange to say, not a soul is aware of the discovery I have made."

"Call in the girl—let us examine her together."

The poor culprit came in, more dead than alive. When she saw Vokes she covered her face with her hands and burst into a flood of tears. For several moments she was so convulsed that even the stern magistrate hesitated to address her. At length, after causing her to be placed on a chair, and having swallowed a glass of water, she became calm, when he thus spoke:

"Mary Toovey, I am summoned here to interrogate you relative to a robbery, which has taken place in this house; and as part of the money, marked for the purpose of detection, was found upon you, I have every reason to believe that you are guilty."

"I am! indeed I am! I am a wretched girl, Sir," cried the prisoner, throwing herself on her knees before him.

"And yet, religiously and well brought up, I can scarcely believe that you could have acted so base, so ungrateful a part as thus to rob your employers. I would rather have suspected any one in the house than you."

"Oh, Sir! indeed, Sir, it was I. I am a wicked, bad girl, and I confess the crime."

"Are you sure that no one instigated you—no one advised you to commit this robbery?"

"No, Sir—no one. It was all my own doing."

"And still I think it is my duty to inquire further. I will, if possible, discover your accomplices."

"I have none—I have none. I alone am to blame."

The worthy merchant now chimed in: "Mary, I am told by Michael, the groom, that he saw you two nights ago talking to a strange man in the garden."

"It's false—it's false!"

"Have you mentioned this to any one?" asked Vokes of L. D——.

"To no one."

Vokes again turned to the girl. "Are you still determined to admit your guilt?"

She had now recovered her calmness, and answered, firmly, "I am!"

"Do you know the consequences? Do you know that, if found guilty, you will receive a fearful punishment?"

"I do."

"And still, to save yourself, you will not betray your accomplices?"

"I have none. I alone am guilty—I confess it."

"Take her away, sergeant. I must inquire further into this matter," and—trembling far less, seemingly relieved at having thus unburdened her conscience—the wretched girl was led away.

When she was gone the Major turned round and addressed his friend.

"If you do not insist on it, I will not commit this girl till to-morrow. In the mean time we may discover her accomplices. It's very strange—very! But, by George! I can't believe Mary to be guilty."

"But her own admission—the money found on her?"

"All true; such proof should be convincing; but still I am not satisfied. Do me a favor. Come you, and your son, to dine with me to-day at six o'clock, and we'll talk it over; but mind, don't mention the circumstance to a single soul on earth—not even to your own son. Don't write it to your family; and if any one asks you for Mary, say she has gone to Adare to see her friends. Pray do this, and you will oblige me."

"Certainly you make a strange request; but I'll strictly attend to your directions, and be at your house, with my son George, at six. Perhaps it will be better; for my wife and daughter, and even George, who is generally very distant and haughty, is very partial to this girl. I can assure you, Major, we have treated her rather as our child than our servant, which makes her conduct the more detestable."

"True for you; but now adieu! Remember—six and silence." And off went the police functionary toward his office.

On arriving there, he called for Macdonald, a young policeman whom he often intrusted as a messenger.

"You took a note for me to young Mr. D——, some evenings ago, relative to lending him a hunter?"

"Is it Mr. George you mean?"

"I do."

"Well, Sir, I delivered it to him, and he said there was no answer."

"I am aware of that. Where did you find Mr. George?"

"In the billiard-room beyond—in George Street."

"And what was he about?"

"Well, your worship, I can't rightly say; I didn't much observe. But I saw him drinking and smoking."

"Was he betting?"

"Ah, then, Major, I can't say surely; but I think he was, for one of the young officers from the barracks called out and said, 'You've lost, George;' and so I suppose he was, your worship."

"That will do," said Vokes, and then proceeded to try one or two cases of drunkenness and riot which were brought before him for judgment. Presently he got up, and, putting on his hat, he strolled leisurely up George Street.

On arriving in front of Mr. S——'s shop—at once a place for refreshment, the supply of tobacco and punch, with a billiard-room attached—he turned in, and after partaking of a sandwich, he carelessly asked the female who was at that instant serving behind the counter, whether Mr. G. D—— had been in lately.

"Not since yesterday morning."

"What did he call for then?"

"He came to get some cigars, as he was about to go out of town; and he left a pound-note with me to hand to Captain D——, that he had lost on the races."

"Have you got that pound-note?"

"No, Sir," replied the girl, who seemed startled at the inquiry.

"Did he pay for the cigars?"

"He did."

"How did he pay you?"

"With a half-crown piece."

"Have you got that half-crown?"

"I believe it's still in the tobacco-till. I hope, Major, it's not a bad one; it may bring me into trouble." And fearful of being mixed up with the transaction, she examined the till with anxious care, and at length triumphantly pulled out the piece of money in question. "Here it is, Sir; sure I didn't know it was bad, and I'm sure Mr. George didn't. Here it is." And she handed it to Vokes, who, after peering at it with great curiosity, put it into his pocket, and then throwing down two shillings and a sixpence, carelessly said,

"Don't you see, I suspect there's some bad money in Limerick, so I'll take away this piece. But don't tell a living soul what I've done, or faith I'll have you up for a witness."

This threat was quite sufficient to render the girl dumb. So Vokes, without further conversation, walked up to his cottage, where he was carrying out some improvements.

At six o'clock precisely, Mr. L. D—— and his son arrived in George Street, and shortly afterward partook of an excellent dinner, which I was lucky enough to share. No other guest was present, and all appeared in high good-humor, and drank their fair fill of claret before the punch apparatus was placed on the table. This done, Vokes desired the servant not again to disturb him till he rang the bell.

Well knowing the habits of the chief magistrate, I saw that something was coming.

"Mr. D——," said he, addressing his senior guest, "you have now my permission—nay, I may add, my request, to tell your son and my son-in-law here of the dreadful occurrence which has taken place in your family."

The worthy merchant did so, in the fairest manner.

During the recital George D—— appeared more agitated than I should have expected. He evidently was dreadfully shocked, and seemed to bear a true affection—more than an ordinary affection—for the poor girl; and as his father concluded, he violently exclaimed,

"I am sure she is not guilty—I'll stake my life she is not!"

"Can you, then, point to any other person as likely to have committed these robberies?"

"Me—me! certainly not! What should I know about it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only you are wrong thus to acquit Mary without proof."

"But I have proof. Her established good character, the manner in which she has always proved her worth and respectability—"

"Are strong, I allow, but, in face of her own admission and the evidence against her, will avail her but little. She will be convicted."

"Oh, don't say so!"

"Unless, indeed, you can give us any clew to the real thief."

Poor George seemed dreadfully agitated. He was evidently fond of the unhappy girl. He suddenly asked:

"Is there no way of getting her off? Can you not aid her to escape? My father shall pay all expenses. But to convict poor Mary would forever stain the character of our family."

"I can't see that, George," chimed in his father.

"Nor I," said Vokes; "but let us change the subject. I hear you lost at the late races?"

The young man, seemingly thinking of something else, merely uttered, "Did I?"

The father appeared astounded; for he had ever considered George to be far too rigid in his principles thus to have gambled on the turf.

"You did," went on Vokes. "Betsy, at Goggins's, gave the pound-note you left for Captain D——."

The detected sportsman was now all attention; his agitation was really frightful.

"Ah, you seem surprised at my knowledge. I'll tell you more. You bought some cigars at the same time, and paid for them with this half-crown—a half-crown strongly marked," added Vokes, as he partly produced it, but carefully shrouded it with his hand.

"What's that you say?" said L. D——.

"Nothing, nothing at all. But see, your son is not very well. He has probably over-excited himself. I'll take him into my dressing-room, administer some restorative essence, and he'll soon be well. Nay, you must not come—you will only do harm. See, he waves you off. Come, George, you'll be better presently; come along." And he led the poor sufferer off.

I need scarcely tell you that during the absence of his son and his friend L. D—— spoke but little. He adored his son, and thus to see him strangely attacked completely paralyzed the old man. Five minutes elapsed—ten minutes elapsed—and the anxious parent would fain have sought his child; but I gently detained him.

In about twenty minutes Vokes again appeared, followed by George, who, though still pale, seemed to have recovered his strength, and, in answer to his near relative's inquiries, assured him that "It was nothing. It had now quite passed away."

For about five minutes a gloom—a painful silence—hung over us all. This was abruptly broken by Vokes.

"George and I have discovered the pilferer, Mr. D——, and I will be guarantee that you are never so robbed again."

"Was it Mary Toovey?"

"Decidedly not!"

"Who was it, then?"

"That you will never know. It is sufficient to say he has been punished, and you are safe for the future."

"But why, then, did the girl admit it?"

"She best knows."

"I shall closely cross-question her when I go home."

"Then, indeed, you will not; for she is now several miles on her way to Dublin, where, well knowing her innocence, I have sent her to live with a sister of mine. You will see her no more!"

"This is very mysterious!"

"And so let it remain; make any fuss about it, and the punishment of your garrulity will fall heavily on you. Let me beseech you never again to allude to it; make what excuse you like for Mary's absence, but never hint at your first unjust suspicions."

"Unjust!"

"By Heaven, they were! Harry, pass the hot water. We'll never allude to this subject again."

If L. D—— did not read the case aright he was indeed a happy man.

L. D—— has been gathered to his fathers. His son George, who settled in Dublin, married twelve months after his death a certain Mary Toovey—a girl who, I believe, would willingly have given her life for him.

HOW I GOT MY VICTORIA CROSS.

"You want to hear how I managed to get the V. C., do you, old fellow? Well, send over to the Buttery for another tankard of beer, and I will tell you all about it; it's dry work talking, and your Brasenose malt is perfection.

"Now for my story:

"It was near the close of a glorious summer day in the plains of India, if you know what *that* means; the sun had just gone down blood-red in a cloudless sky, the thermometer stood at 110 degrees in my tent, and not a breath of air was stirring. I had only just returned to camp after a pretty hard day's work, and had fallen asleep on my cot, booted and spurred as I came in. I had at that time, as you may remember, the command of a body of Sikh horse which I had raised myself, and was, moreover, Acting-Deputy Quarter-master-General, and Head of the Intelligence Department to the Cis-Nurbudda Movable Column under Major-General Sir George Percy, K.C.B., so had work enough on my hands. On this day I had been in the saddle from daybreak till late in the afternoon, scouring the country for miles in advance of the column, and had wound up by a hard gallop of half a dozen miles with a troop of mutineer Sowars at my heels. Imagine my disgust at being roused up by a big black-bearded Sikh orderly, with, 'Sahib, the general sahib wishes to see you immediately in his tent.' I jumped up, soused my head in the big brass basin which we Indians carry with us every where, pulled on my blue *Meerzai*,* and rushed off to the General's tent, not in the best of humors. As soon as I entered, however, I saw there was something serious the matter, and I had not been routed out for nothing. The General was seated at his camp-table looking very grave, and with an open letter in his hand. By his side were Colonel A——, second in command to J——, his Adjutant-General. Sir George handed me the letter as I came in. 'Read this, Llantaine; it has just been brought in by a disguised Sepoy from Shahrânpore.' It was from Major L——, who had long been beleaguered in that place with the officers, women, and children of his own regiment and a few fugitives from neighboring stations. It was written in Greek characters, and ran as follows: 'Only twenty men fit for duty, provisions very short; we can not possibly hold out more than five days longer.' Few words and simple, but full of awful meaning.

"'The difficulty is this,' said the General, turning to Colonel A——, 'Shahrânpore is, you know, only some thirty miles to the eastward, and we might reach it in time to save them, but then we must leave Bharaghur to itself for at least a week, and I don't know in what state they are there, or how long they can hold out; the number of Europeans there is three times as great as at Shahrânpore, and they have a large treasury and magazine in the fort. Llantaine has sent six spies at different times with letters to Bharaghur; the two first came back with their ears and noses strung round their necks, and the others never came back at all. All our information goes to show that the enemy are in great force round the place. I dare not divide our small force; if we march to relieve Shahrânpore, we risk losing Bharaghur, and as this letter shows, if we attempt to relieve Bharaghur, Shahrânpore must fall into the enemy's hands, and there

* Loose tunic much worn by Indian officers on service.

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will be Cawnpore over again. What do you advise, A——?'

"The Colonel's face worked strangely, and when at last he answered, it was in a thick, husky voice.

"'My wife and children are at Shahrinpore, General, but the safety of Bharaghur must not be risked.'

"There was silence for some minutes, and as we looked at each other, our faces gathered blackness.

"'By God!' exclaimed Sir George, 'this is a fearful position to be in. I'd give a year's pay to know how things really are at Bharaghur.'

"By this time my mind was made up.

"'All right, General, write a check, and give me till noon to-morrow, and if I'm in luck you shall have the information you require.'

"'What do you mean, Llantaine? You won't get any one to go to Bharaghur after the way your poor devils of spies were treated.'

"'I don't want any one to try, General; if the thing is to be done at all, I must do it myself. It's only twenty miles from here to Bharaghur as the crow flies, and I know every inch of the country, as I had charge of this district for two years before the row began.'

"'Nonsense, Llantaine, you'll get cut to pieces as sure as fate, and do no good either. We must think of some other plan.'

"'He either fears his fate too much, General—you know the rest. If the niggers are to have my scalp, they may as well take it now as a year hence. Any how, I'll risk it.'

"There was a little more discussion, but as no better plan could be hit on, I carried my point and left the tent, to make my arrangements. Colonel A—— followed me out.

"'God bless you, Llantaine, and bring you safe back,' said he, wringing my hand; and as I looked at him I saw the tears standing in his eyes. It took me rather aback, for the old fellow was no great friend of mine, and was a regular Tartar to boot.

"'All right, Colonel, never say die. I shall live to plague you yet, I hope.'

"I sent at once for my Rissaldar,* and in five minutes he was in my tent.

"'I am going for a ride to-night, Shere Singh, let your son with Bulwant Singh, Hurry Singh, and four other good men be ready in an hour, and look you, see that they are well mounted, and their arms in good order.'

"'They are always ready for work, sahib,' said the old Sikh, as he saluted and went out.

"I slept like a top for nearly an hour, and awoke feeling game for any thing. Tattoo was beating as I rode off with my small party, and the moon did not rise till nearly midnight, so we had good three hours of darkness before us. For the first ten miles we rode hard along the high-road which crossed a large barren plain, destitute alike of villages and trees, and here I knew we were not likely to come across any of the enemy; but after that the country became cultivated and thickly peopled, and we were obliged to make our way as best we could, skirting villages, feeling our way through large topes,† in many of which we saw fires burning, and not a few horses picketed. It was evident enough that the rebels were strong in cavalry, and had scattered them well over the country between us and their camp.

"At last we arrived, without any adventures, within half a mile of Bharaghur. The enemy were apparently in very strong force all round the Fort, and their watch-fires were blazing in every direction. It was manifestly unsafe for us to go on any further, so I halted my men in a dense patch of jungle, with strict orders not to move on any account unless discovered and attacked, until my return, unless, indeed, I were absent more than three hours, in which case they were to make the best of their way back to camp. I left my horse, of course, with them, and stripped, keeping on only a waist-cloth, in which I stuck my revolver, and stole off, sabre in hand, toward the north face of the Fort opposite to which we were, as I knew that the only entrance was on that side. Favored by the darkness I crept along under cover of mounds and bushes, until I gained the northeast angle of the ditch; the entrance to the Fort was nearly at the other end of this face, but I could not get opposite to it, as the Sepoys had a strong picket there, and their sentries were pacing up and down to within a few yards of where I was. Here, then, it became necessary for me to take to the water. Crouching beneath a bush, I took off my sword and left it there, but kept my 'colt' on, as I knew from experience that it would stand any amount of wet. Now I was all ready, and had nothing to do but to get into the moat; but somehow I was rather backward in going forward; and the water looked horribly black and ugly, and by no means inviting. I knew that crocodiles were as thick as thieves there, and it now occurred to me for the first time how extremely probable it was that one of them might take a fancy to me. Never before had I fully appreciated the deep wisdom of old Falstaff's reflections on honor—honor pricked me on, sure enough, but would it pull me through if one of the scaly gentlemen down below should lay hold of my leg? The idea was by no means pleasant, and I must admit that I funked horribly. But it was now too late to draw back, and the more I looked at the water the less I liked it; so at last, with something between a curse and a prayer, I dropped quietly in. Ugh! how fearfully cold it felt, though the night was warm enough. I am a tolerably good swimmer, and struck out manfully, but I seemed to be crawling through the water. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte' was by no means true in my case: I had some three hundred yards to swim, and by the time I had got half-way I was, if possible, in a greater funk than when I started. I swam with my beard over my shoulder, expecting every moment to hear the rush of some huge mugger,‡ or to see its horrid jaws rising above the water. Every ripple startled me, and I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs. At last I reached the other bank safe and sound, scrambled up it sharp, and being lucky enough to find the European sentry a little less ready than most of them with his rifle, succeeded in persuading him that I was not 'a nigger,' in time to escape lead or steel. In a couple of minutes I was surrounded by half the garrison, and had told my story. It was received with a wild hurrah, which startled the gentlemen on the opposite benches not a little, and brought down on us a shower of bullets, which luckily did no damage.

"'Tell Sir George,' said the old Brigadier, 'that we have lots of food and ammunition, and can hold out for a fortnight if necessary; but stop, I will give you a note to him.'

"After taking it, and a peg of rum, I was ready to start again. As I was saying 'Good-by' one of the rifles sang out—

"'By-the-by, Llantaine, if you should get knocked over going back, the General will be in as big a fix as ever; you had better let one of us go with you—two fellows are better than one, and I am your man.'

"Just then a Sepoy stepped out of the crowd.

"'Let me go with the sahib—a black man may get through where a white one can not.'

"He was an Oude man, a 'Pandy,' and a Brahmin, but had stood by his officers like a man, and looked like one who might be trusted; so I accepted his offer at once, and he stuck a copy of the Brigadier's letter into his turban. A shake of the hand all round, a chorus of 'God bless you,' and 'Good-by, old fellow,' and we were both in the water, swimming like fishes. Strangely enough I did not mind it a bit going back; the danger seemed to me to be all over, and I was as jolly as possible. Just as we were nearing the other bank I heard a sudden exclamation from my companion, 'Dekho, sahib, dekho!'* and turning my head, caught sight of something black above the water. The next moment a shrill, sharp cry of agony rang through the still night air. To my dying day I shall never forget the wild despairing face and outstretched arms which rose for a moment high above the water, and then slowly disappeared as my poor comrade was dragged down. I could do nothing to help him: his death-shriek roused the Sepoys, and in another moment a shower of bullets splashed in every direction around me. I pulled myself out of the ditch faint and sick at heart, and scrambled up the bank, but by this time the mutineers were fully aroused, and torches glared on every side. Suddenly the Fort batteries opened fire briskly, and were at once answered by the guns on the opposite bank; rifle, musket, and matchlock joined in the chorus; drums beat to arms throughout the rebel camp, and all was confusion. Hoping to escape unperceived in the row, I ran toward the trees where my horse was tied up, but was intercepted half-way by a lot of Sepoys. My revolver was handy, and I fired into them right and left, but the next minute a bullet hit me in the leg, and I shared the fate of the Black Mousquetaire, who, the legend tells us,

> Went down with a groan and a frown,
> And a hole in his small-clothes the size of a crown,

the only difference in my favor being that my small-clothes escaped damage, having parted company with me a couple of hours before. I managed to stagger on to my legs, but only to be sent to grass again with a sabre cut over the head. Of what followed I have but a very vague idea. I remember as I went down a trampling of horses, and hearing the war-cry of my Sikhs, 'Ah gooroo Jee, Ah gooroo Govind!' a clash of sabres, pistol-shots, a whirl of horses' hoofs all round me, and then the blackness of darkness.

* * * * * *

"When I came to myself we were riding along full speed over the open plain, and old Shere Singh and another were supporting me on either side. At daybreak we halted for a few minutes on the banks of a tank while the horses got breathed a bit, and I had my wounds washed and bound up. By the time that was done I felt pretty well again, and looking about me, missed young Runjeet Singh, and asked his father where he was.

"'He is with his fathers, sahib,' said the old Sikh, calmly; 'he died like a brave man, fighting for you and the great company whose salt he had eaten.'

"I was sorry for the youngster, for he was one of the best men in my corps, and old Shere Singh's only son. On we rode again, keeping our horses up to their speed, for we were being followed pretty close by a troop of Irregulars, and it was quite a toss up whether they ran us down or not. Just as the sun rose, and when we were only some three or four miles from camp, they all but overtook us, and two or three bullets came whizzing about our ears, the Sowars were gaining on us at every stride, and things looked very fishy, when suddenly a turn of the road brought us face to face with another strong party of cavalry. I thought for a moment that it was all over with us; the next instant a ringing cheer told me that we had met friends, and I found myself in the midst of a squadron of my own Sikhs; hard behind us came the enemy, yelling like fiends, and as they turned the corner, pulled up, and crowded together, undecided whether to advance or turn back. Small time had they to make up their minds; our fellows charged down on them furiously; tired men and horses had little chance against fresh ones, and the shock was irresistible. Being myself *hors de combat* I looked on quietly, and never in my life did I see men so cut to pieces; our fellows rode through and through them, and had they been allowed to follow the fugitives, scarcely a man would have escaped. But I wanted to keep them in hand, so sounded the recall vigorously. Back they came; old Shere Singh growling savagely, his sabre covered with blood.

"'If the sahib had only let us go on, we would have followed the scoundrels to the very gates of Bharaghur, and sent all the Mussulman dogs to hell.'

"In half an hour more we were safe in camp, and I went straight to the General's tent. He had evidently been up all night, and looked worn and haggard. Colonel A. and the Adjutant-General were with him. My story was soon told, and the Brigadier's note delivered. The General was in ecstasies.

"'Not a bad night's work, Llantaine,' he said; 'but it's precious lucky the mugger did not swallow you instead of that poor devil of a pandy.'

"'No mugger in his senses would attempt to "take in" the Head of the Intelligence Department,' said Colonel A., with a spasmodic attempt at a joke, and I left the tent.

"'Your name shall go in for the V. C.,' sang out Sir George as I was leaving; 'and it sha'n't be my fault if you don't get it.'

"He was as good as his word, and in due time, red tape permitting, I got my Cross.

"Within a week Shahrinpore had been relieved, and the mutineers who were rash enough to show fight in front of Bharaghur got such a thrashing as they did not forget in a hurry. I was not engaged in either affair, as the cut on my head gave the doctors lots of trouble, and at last sent me home on sick certificate."

* Native officer of Irregular Cavalry.
† Clumps of forest trees.
‡ A crocodile.

* "Look, Sir, look!"

IN THE DARK.

All motionless stand the ancient cedar-trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark West comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone;
And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange, salty odors through the darkness steal,
And through the dark the ocean thunders roll;
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hand out in the empty air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness! Father, hear my prayer,
Grant me to see the light!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following lines, written on closing the churches in Philadelphia in August, 1866, during the prevalence of cholera, may be considered as an indication that the regularity of the human heart is still rebellious against at least some of the institutions of the Church:

If you die in the winter you're buried with care;
The priest in his vestments is sure to be there;
He has eased you off roundly, with homilies crammed;
If you're sick in the summer you may die and be darn'd.

An Irishwoman applying for relief in Portland the other day as one of the sufferers by the fire, was questioned as to her family by the lady to whom she applied:
"How many children have you?"
"Six."
"How old is your youngest?"
"*He* *yo*ungest is dead, and *I've had another since!*"

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of a client. "I did, your Honor." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why then I came to you."

SELECTIONS FROM THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

1. Every freedman shall have a bureau for himself, with a looking-glass on the top, if he wants it.
2. Every freedman shall have a secretary.
3. Every freedboy or freedgirl shall have a wardrobe.
4. Every freedchild shall have whatever it cries for.
5. White people, whether free or not, must behave themselves.
6. All persons of every color, except red, must vote.

"Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life." "Why, father, I've heard you say the only way to get along in this world was to scratch ahead."

SOMETHING RARE.—When the Horse-eating Society dined together in Paris we wonder how many *horse-d'oeuvres* were consumed among the viands, and whether the horse-flesh was served up *à la carte*. A lunatic friend suggests that the toast of the evening should have been drunk in a *chenil* glass.

"Turn out! turn out!" cried a roystering teamster to some one he was meeting. "Turn out, or I'll serve you as I did the other man." The stranger in astonishment complied, but when John was nearly opposite, called to him with, "Pray, Sir, how did you serve the other man?" "Why, Sir," said whip, tipping a wink, "I told him to turn out, and he wouldn't, so *I turned out myself!*"

SWINDLED OFF.—Why must the persons appointed to wind up joint-stock companies invariably be teetotalers?—Because they are liquid-haters.

How many sick ones wish they were healthy;
How many beggar-men wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones wish they were witty;
How many bachelors wish they were married;
How many Benedicts wish they had tarried;
Single or double, life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet-bag?—Because he finds it in-creases.

Neither false curls, false teeth, false calves, nor even false eyes are so bad as false tongues.

SOMETHING LIKE A TELEGRAPH.—By the Atlantic Cable a message is received in America five hours before it leaves England.

"Won't that boa-constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman. "Oh no, boy, he never bites, but swallows his whittles whole."

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?"
"Certainly, certainly; I don't want it, I'm sure."

WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE.—"Those crying nuisances," said a sanitary reformer, "at a time like this ought to be abated." "Then," observed a horrid old single gentleman, "we shall have to kill all the babies."

HUMILIATING MEDITATION.

BY A DYSPEPTIC POET.

On any morning, if, when up and dressed
We're bilious, then our souls are sore depressed:
But if no dizziness, or ache, annoy us,
Nor indigestion, then our souls are joyous:
This thought the proudest is enough to humble,
The puzzling sympathy 'twixt souls and stomachs.

NOVEL CHIMNEY SWEEP.—An ingenious housekeeper that we have heard of, used to sweep her chimney by letting a rope down, which was fastened round the legs of a goose, and then pulling the goose after it.

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb?—A glove.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

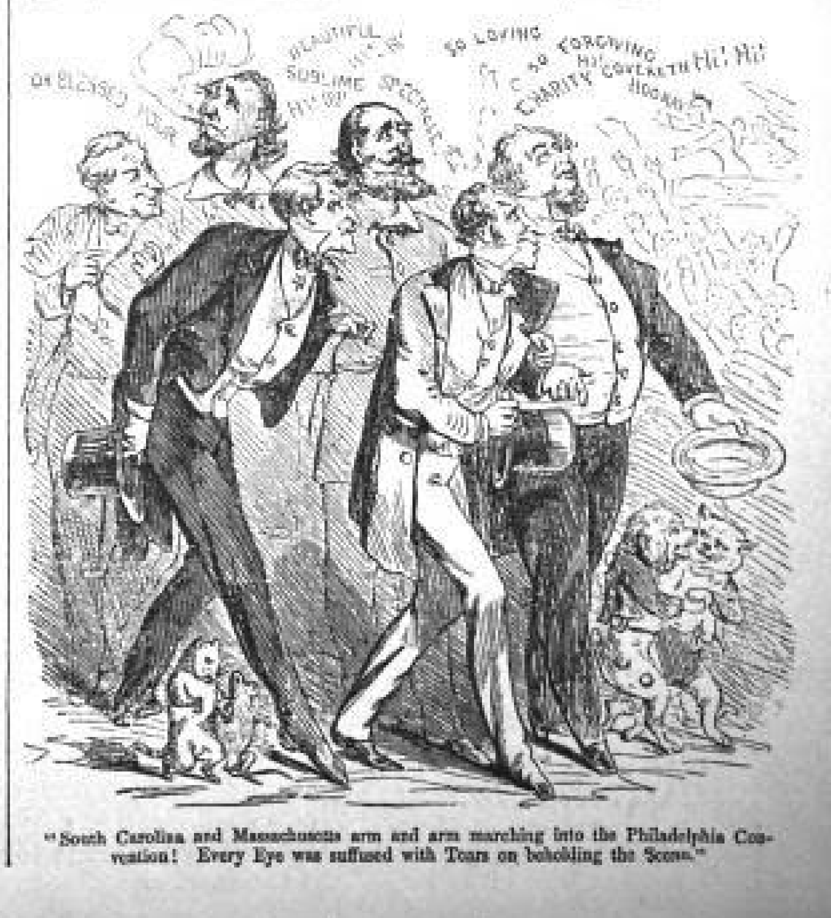
A confirmed toper was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

A SONG.

FROM "THE BATTLE OF THE BONNETS."

Tearest! fashioned so divinely,
When I gaze at from afar,
Deck'd with many hue so finely
Plate? or tantalizing star?
Fasten'd round with chains of metal,
Furbelow'd with puffs of net,
Room for one wee man's petal,
How much smaller will you get?
Smaller very much I find thee
Since I first came back to town;
And, to my dismay, behind me
Felt a sudden dearth of crown;
At thy sight my gushing sister
Swooned. I thought she'd never come.
Dear mamma could not resist her,
For she gave in one splice.

Let us stick to fashion boldly,
Though the men pretend to blame,
We will take their chaffing coldly,
Since "la mode" from Paris came.
All the bonnets, good or evil,
Will withstand such checks as these,
Though they find their very least
In a rowling for them!



"South Carolina and Massachusetts arm and arm marching into the Philadelphia Convention! Every Eye was suffused with Tears on beholding the Scene."

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OTHELLO. DOST THOU MOCK ME?

IAGO. I MOCK YOU NOT, BY HEAVEN!
WOULD YOU WOULD BEAR YOUR FORTUNE LIKE A MAN.

SHAKESPEARE.

1862.

Iago. The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses.....
Make the Moor think so, love so, and work so
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practicing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confin'd
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.....
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love
Which is indeed but sign.....
Then devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now.....
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.....
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see you are moved.—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.....
O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offense.....
Work on,
My medicine, work!

HOW IT WORKS. Th: Nast.

1866.

"I have been accused of being inimical to the true interests of the colored people: but this is not true. I am one of their best friends: and time, which tries and tests all, will demonstrate the fact.....I once said I would be the Moses of your people, and lead them on to liberty—liberty they now have.....I have been blamed for vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, and have been also represented to the colored people as having done it because I was their enemy. This is not true.....The ordinary course of judicial proceedings is no longer interrupted. The courts, both State and Federal, are in full, complete, and successful operation, and through them every person, regardless of race and color, is entitled to and can be heard. The protection granted to the white citizen is already conferred by law upon the freedman. .....It can not be expected that men who have for four years been made familiar with the blood and carnage of war, who have suffered the loss of property, and in so many instances reduced from affluence to poverty, can at once assume the calm demeanor and action of those citizens of the country whose worldly possessions have not been destroyed, and whose political hopes have not been blasted, and the worst view of this subject affords no parallel in violence to similar outrages that have followed all civil commotions, always less in magnitude than ours. But I do not believe that this to-be-regretted state of things will last long."—Andrew Johnson.

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KITTY CARY.

No marble tells where Kitty Cary sleeps—
  Only a simple slab of painted pine,
Time-stained and worn, her poor memorial keeps,
  One brief and half-obliterated line—

So near the highway that the yellow sand
  From passing wheels falls thickly on her grave;
In death, as in her life, proscribed and banned,
  For Kitty Cary lived and died a slave.

Ay, lived and died before the Almighty's hand
  Struck the strong fetters from the bondman's limbs,
And made the farthest borders of the land
  Shake with her dark-browed kindred's freedom-hymns.

Alas! too early snapped the silver cord,
  Or all too slowly came the tardy good—
Life was to her but toil without reward,
  And death the welcome end of servitude.

But death is freedom. Haply it may be
  That Kitty Cary, from some fairer sphere,
Looks down today and pities tenderly
  The bitter bondage of existence here—

Yet smiles to see her race with freedom crowned,
  Subject no longer to a master's rule,
Nor grieves because their thoughtless children bound
  Across her grave-mound on their way to school;

For nothing guards her humble place of rest,
  The straying cattle browse above her head,
Untended goats pause in their hungry quest
  To crop the scanty verdure from her bed.

Yet Nature's self has not forgotten her,
  But decks her lowly grave with tender grass.
Lo! in the wind the blossomed sweet-briers stir,
  And scatter fragrance round her resting-place.

RICHMOND, VA. FLORENCE PERRY.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—First Portion.

CHAPTER I.

I AWAKEN that, to be successful, one should see only one side of the object to be attained. At all events, I believe this to have been my sister Anna's case; and she succeeded, if to gain what one strives for be success. Now that I have written those words they scarcely seem to convey my meaning. Perhaps I should have expressed it better if I had written— But no; let it stand as it is.

The reverse of the medal has been my stumbling-block through life. I have always allowed my imagination to busy itself too much with what might be said against, as well as for, any plan, purpose, or speech of mine. But at this quiet twilight-time of my life, and in these pages, which will not be read until the twilight shall have deepened into night, and the night—as I reverently hope—shall have brightened into the dawn of a heavenly day, I resolve to keep but one object in view, and to endeavor to attain it in all simplicity and single-mindedness. And this is my object, Lucy. I want you to know the true story of those who have gone before you, and who have nurtured your youth. The story of two women, who were once young, as you are now young; who lived, and loved, and suffered, as you must one day live, and love, and suffer. I have little hope that our warning beacon will avail to keep you from the rocks. The records of our common humanity date back ages and ages beyond the days of my youth, Lucy—though I dare say your twelve-year-old imagination can hardly conceive a time when Aunt Margaret was young!—and yet I never heard of a case in which one human being's heart-experience served to teach any but himself or herself. We are truly the "heirs of all the ages" in one sense. Science bequeaths its treasures of research and labor. Intellect stumbles, and wavers, and sometimes falls, but progresses, still progresses. The pioneers of thought do good service; and noble band after band, succeeding each other, have hewn out paths for us, on which we travel contentedly, with scant gratitude to, or thought of, the hewers. But, in the science of Life, we must all begin for ourselves where our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers began. Just as to-morrow will bring with it the same sequence of morning, noon, and night that dawned, and flamed, and faded in Eden. Still, it will be well that you should one day know the truth of a family story which you are as yet too young thoroughly to understand. It will be well if it make you think gently and pitifully of the dead; if it help you to see that "naught's had, all's spent, if our desire be got without content;" and, above all, if it convince you that unless your desire be a worthy one, its attainment can assuredly never, never bring content.

Your grandmother was my sister Anna; that sister of whom I have said that she succeeded in gaining what she strove for. You never saw her after you were an infant two years old, and I know not how I can make you picture to yourself my sister—the sister of pale, wrinkled, gray-haired Aunt Margaret—as a bright, handsome, brilliant girl, full of life, and with a wonderfully high and haughty spirit. She had dark-brown eyes of my color, but larger and brighter—eyes that flashed and sparkled, and sometimes shone with too fierce a lustre when she was excited or angry. She was somewhat shorter than I, but bore herself so erectly as to seem the taller of the two. There was a family likeness between us; but I was never a beauty, while Anna always was. We were brought up together by a guardian; for our parents died when I was five, and Anna three years old. Our father and mother were taken away by the same infectious fever within a fortnight of each other. I have been told—my remembrance of that time is too vague for me to speak of my own knowledge—that our mother died first in delirium, all unconscious of the fond and faithful hand which clasped her to the last; and that from that moment our father, who had kept up to tend and nurse her, drooped and sickened, and seemed to yield himself to death. What hurt him most was, that she should not have recognized him at the end, nor said one word of farewell; and I think the very last words he spoke were, "Phœbe will know me when I see her now!" They used to say I was like him. Well! Our guardian came and took us away from the desolate house, and we soon forgot our brief sorrow and found a warm soft nest to dwell in, two little unfledged innocents that we were, from whom the sheltering mother-wings had taken flight so soon forever.

I have used the term "our guardian," for so he was truly and faithfully; but I do not mean that he was ever legally appointed so; nor, indeed, were we of importance enough to have a guardian appointed for us. We had no treasure, and needed no dragon to guard it; but God sent us a friend who, though there was nothing else to take care of, took care of us from pure love and compassion. He was the husband of my mother's half-sister, a woman many years older than my mother, and he had known and loved both my parents. Childless themselves, he and his wife had often begged—half in jest, half in earnest—to have one of us little ones to rear as their own. Anna was their favorite—as she was most people's—such a pretty plump thing as she was, with great eyes, and delicate rings of dark-brown hair curling over her forehead! But they would have been glad to take either of us. They have often told me that father used to say, laughingly: "Wait till I die, Jim, and I'll leave you one of them in my will!" Poor father! Mother was passionately eager to have a son, and had even, I believe, made a half-promise that, if ever a boy were born to her, one of us inferior creatures should be transferred to the Gable House. But I do not think that any number of brothers would have pushed us from our places in father's heart. It was hoped at first that there might be some small provision for us when his affairs were finally wound up. No one expected that we could have much; but his practice had been a large one, and he had lived simply, and had had no selfish expenses. However, beyond the small sum obtained by the sale of the furniture and books, we had literally nothing. A country surgeon, if he be one of those good Samaritans to whom the sight of helpless suffering is the most effectual appeal that can be made, and who will not only prescribe the healing oil and cordial wine, but bestow them, if need be, is seldom rich. And my father was still young and strong when the fever felled him. He looked not for death. How many of us do expect his coming, even though the journey have been long and the road stretch far behind us? Uncle Gough carried us home, Anna and me, in our little black frocks; and Aunt Gough kissed us, and cried over us, and took us into her heart, and filled a mother's place to us while she lived.

I remember that, from the first, Anna was the more masterful of us two. What she desired, she desired so eagerly, what she aimed at, even in our childish days, she pursued with so blind a vehemence of passion, that weaker wills unconsciously drew aside, and ceased from offering any obstacle to her course. It was bad for Anna, this yielding on the part of those around her. I have sometimes thought that if our parents had lived Anna and others might have been spared the bitter sorrows which afterward wrecked more than one life. And yet the expression of that thought seems so like a reproach to the memory of the beloved guardians of our youth that I can not bear to say so. But the fault, if fault there were, lay in the excessive tenderness of Aunt and Uncle Gough. They had so resolved that the orphans should never miss the sweetness of a mother's love—should never feel, even for an instant, the chill of orphanhood and strangeness in their new home—that they shrank from the remotest semblance of harshness, and wielded their authority with a gentleness which seemed almost feeble.

CHAPTER II.

THE new home that received us was delightful in its outward aspect. It was a very old building, and the good fortune or good taste of its successive occupants had preserved it almost in its original condition. I have never, in England, seen so perfect and picturesque a specimen of an ancient dwelling-house, except in the good old town of Shrewsbury. Uncle Gough's residence was, however, situated in a quite different quarter of England, in a smiling southern county, and within twenty miles of the sea. It was, I believe, the largest, and was most certainly the noblest-looking house in the little town of Willborough, and it stood in spacious grounds of its own. The lawn and gardens and orchards extended back a considerable distance; but the front of the house was quite near enough to the main street of the town for its numerous gables to be well seen from thence above the high brick walls which surrounded it; and the great old iron entrance-gate gave to view the hall-door with its quaint overhanging porch and the stone benches within it, on either side, whereon, in fine sunny weather, might often be seen a heap of children's books and toys, with perhaps a small straw-hat or a crumpled sash, the whole zealously guarded by the tiniest, fiercest, uncanniest-looking black-and-tan terrier that was ever beheld. For this great porch was Anna's favorite playing-place, and Vixen was her favorite playmate. The porch was a constant *casus belli*—not between Anna and Aunt Gough, for the dear soul would let the child have her way when she fancied her heart was set upon littering the stone benches and pursuing her pastimes in full view of all the passers-by in the High Street. But old Stock, uncle's factotum and absolute tyrant, strongly objected to what he called the unseemliness of poor Anna's selected haunt. He was a queer, wooden-looking old man, whose real business was that of a gardener, but who seemed to fancy he had a sort of vested right in every inch of Uncle Gough's territory which lay outside the thick panels of the hall-door. Beyond that, into the house itself, he never pushed his authority; but once set your foot on the broad slab of stone under the entrance-porch, and you entered the domains of King Stock—or, as we children used to call him when we came to the days of Æsop's Fables, King Stork. Certainly that long-legged monarch himself could not have been more absolute, or more superbly indifferent to the inclinations of his subjects. Stock's highest word of praise was "seemly." I have heard him call the great snowy sea of apple-blossoms in the orchard, flushed by a red sunset, "a seemly sight." In the same way, if Stock pronounced any person, place, or thing to be "unseemly," we all knew that he meant to convey a very strong expression of condemnation. I have sometimes thought he fancied the word to be Scriptural, and to carry with it a weight of solemnity beyond any mere mundane or usual phrase. However that may have been, I know that he and Anna had many and many a battle about that unfortunate porch. "Why, Miss Anna," he would say, with slow utterance and wooden, immovable face, "when you've got the larn"—so he called the lawn—"and the gardens, and the shubbery, and the horchard, and the medders for to play in, take what you likes and spile what you likes, whatever possesses you to come and litter and mess all over this here porch, with your pictur-books and your ties [toys]? And that little scratting beast of a Vixen, that I'd rayther 'ave 'ad a dozen barn-door fowl on the gravel-drive this mornin', and the marks of her paws all over them stone benches! 'Tisn't seemly, I tell ye. Do what you likes in the house. There's more old rooms and passages in the top-story nor you'd trot through on your small petitoes in a week. But in this porch you shall not be; for 'tis a unseemly thing, and there an end."

But there was by no means an end. Anna would stamp her small scarlet-shod foot (children wore red morocco shoes in those days), and would knit her delicate baby eyebrows, and would throw herself furiously on the bench beside her treasures at the least hint of an attempt to remove them; while Vixen would bark and snap, and dart forward with short, spiteful leaps of defiance, and the two would be so shrill and shrewish that the fray generally ended in the child and the dog being left panting, but victorious, in possession of the field. Once only, old Stock—who never turned a hair, as the phrase goes, in these combats, but was outwardly as cool and unruffled as his small foe was flushed and dishevelled—adopted the extreme measure of lifting up the refractory one, screaming with rage, in his arms, and carrying her deliberately to my uncle in the library for instant punishment; while Vic, small of body but great of spirit, hung on by her teeth to the calf of his leathern gaiter with all four legs off the ground at once. Ludicrous as the scene was, our kind guardians were so frightened by Anna's violence, and so unwilling to deny her the gratification of any wish, that Stock's appeal resulted in total defeat for him, and triumph and consolation for his enemy, in the shape of an orange and a bright silver sixpence. Dear, dear Uncle Gough! How tender he was, how pitiful, how patient, with the helpless, motherless children he had taken to be as his own!

From that day forth Stock never sought to interfere with Anna's choice of a playing-place. I believe she was the only creature who, within the memory of men, had successfully fought Stock on his own territory; and it might have been expected that he would be implacable against his pigmy conqueror. But it was not so. I believe he was afterward doubly stern in asserting his authority against all the rest of the world, and I have an indistinct remembrance of Uncle Gough's having been obliged to yield up certain celery-beds which Stock chose to disapprove of, as a peace-offering to his outraged dignity. But I do not think Stock was more harsh with Anna after her victory than before. Indeed, I used to fancy that he almost liked her the better for it. On one occasion I ventured to tread some little way in my sister's footsteps, emboldened by the success of her rebellion; but my audacity received so prompt and severe a check as effectually quenched any rising aspiration I might have had to do battle with "King Stork," presumptuous little minion that I was! It happened in this wise: We had been racing and romping through the grounds all the morning of one bright summer day, and toward noon were thoroughly heated and weary. Nurse had carried off Anna, half cross and whole sleepy, for a nap before our early dinner. I, being two years older and not so delicate and easily tired as my sister, was left to follow my own devices until it should be time to wash and brush me for dinner. Under these circumstances, and while still undecided how to bestow myself during the next hour, my eye caught the broad island of shadow cast by the porch on the dazzling space of yellow gravel that lay glaring in the sunshine before the house. A graceful Virginia creeper hung lightly over the entrance, and the porch looked so deep and mysterious in its blackness of shade, that I thought of a certain cave in a wood that I had been told of in some fairy tale of surpassing interest, and the idea occurred to me how delightful it would be to play at being the enchanted maiden who was kept prisoner by the wicked fairy, compelled to remain spell-bound and motionless in the cave until the handsomest prince in all the world should come and touch her with a branch of the magic linden-tree, when she was to arise and marry the prince, and live happy ever after! There was a great golden-blossomed laburnum on one side of the porch, and that would do very well for the linden-tree, and would be much prettier. So off I ran in hot haste to the "wilderness"—as our play-room was significantly christened—and returned flushed and happy to the porch, with my doll and a white woolly lamb on wheels, whereof the uninitiated could never, at first sight, distinguish the head from the tail, much to my chagrin. Dolly was not so beautiful a work of art as your waxen baby, Lucy. She was large and clumsy, cut out of wood, with crimson-varnished cheeks, and her hair conspicuously attached to her skull by a bright tin tack in the middle of the parting; but she was very dear to my childish heart for all that, and, for a power of Protean versatility, and assumption of the most widely differing characters, I would match her against the choicest and costliest puppets of France or Germany. Well! I came back to the porch, carrying Dolly and Snowball. Snowball, the woolly lamb, was an innovation, there being no such character in the original story; but I constructed in my mind an episode showing how Snowball, in endeavoring to defend his beloved mistress, had incurred the wicked fairy's wrath, and had been condemned to share her captivity: so his presence in the cave was satisfactorily accounted for. I covered Dolly's head and shoulders with a pink silk scarf from my own neck, and immediately she became as magnificent and malignant a fairy as could be desired. Then I lay down on the cool stone bench, with my arms round Snowball's neck, and waited for Prince Goldenheart with his branch of linden.

The shade and the silence, and my morning's romp, combined to make me drowsy. I was just beginning to lose the sensation of Snowball's rough wool against my cheek, when a slow, heavy step on the gravel outside startled me into wakefulness, and I sat up very quietly and peered out under the hanging screen of Virginia creeper. Of course it was old Stock. I had known his step at once. He was going toward the garden, and carried a heavy spade over his shoulder. The porch was so dark, and the outer sunlight so dazzling, that I think he would have passed by without seeing me, had it not been for poor Dolly, who, true to her present character of the malignant fairy, was the means of getting me into trouble. I had stuck her up to keep guard over us at the entrance of the cave, and the glories of her pink scarf attracted Stock's attention. "Hullos!" said he, looking in upon me, with his gnarled brown hand shading his eyes; "why, it's you, is it, Miss Margrit?" He spoke very sternly, and stooped as if to take up Dolly. "Oh, would you *please* not to touch her, Stock?" said I, pleading eagerly; "she is the fairy Malevola, and I am Rosabella, and nobody can come into the cave without a branch of the magic linden-tree, and—" "Oho!" growled Stock, interrupting my explanation, and ruthlessly lifting the fairy Malevola by one leg, so that she dangled helplessly upside down, with her disheveled locks revealing her bald, wooden block of a head, except just where the tin tack held them on—"Oho! you are agoin' to set me at defiance now, are you, Miss Margrit? If nobody can't go into the cave, somebody shall come out on it! Ain't you shamed to be flyin' in the faces of them as Providence has been pleased to call into that condition of life? Come along out this minute, you bad-behaved child!" It so irritated me to see him slowly swinging Dolly backward and forward as he spoke, with her poor bald head ignominiously exposed to view, and her black curls sweeping the gravel, that I was goaded into resistance. "Give me my doll!" I cried, half astonished at my own audacity. She was no longer the fairy Malevola; there was no enchanted cave, no magic linden, no Prince Goldenheart. Ah, no! All that had vanished like a broken bubble. Stock had spoiled it all! But I clasped Snowball tightly under one arm, and held out the other for Dolly with an imperious gesture. "I WILL have her!" "Who says shall and will?" retorted Stock, with exasperating disregard of my demand. "You says shall and will now, do you? Them ain't words for little child'en." "Dolly is mine, not yours," said I, struggling to keep down my tears, and clutching Snowball; "she is mine, my very own; and you have no right to keep her from me." "No right!" repeated Stock, aghast at this demonstration—"no right! If I was to come down so far as to reason with a babe and suckling, I'd ask you what right you have to be a playin', and—and a strayin'—in a place where you've been forbid for to play." Here he made a full stop; but added, after an instant, and with his usual deliberation, "—or for to stray." The logic of this retort struck me more forcibly than any mere scolding could have done. It was true I had been forbidden to bring my toys into the porch; but next minute there came into my mind the remembrance of Anna's victory, and I felt Stock's argument to be unsound. "Anna," said I, eagerly, "Anna was let to come here yesterday, and she cut the gravel with her skipping-rope; and if she has a right to be here, so have I." Stock turned his deep-set black eyes full upon me, and looked at me piercingly for a second or two. "Miss Margrit," said he, at last, "don't you argufy. Argueyment ain't meant for women folks, much more babes and sucklings. No good didn't never come on it. What they've got to do is, just to mind what's said to them, and do it. That's the law and the prophets. You come out of that porch this minute, or I'll spile this here wooden image for good an' all." He lifted his heavy spade, and made as though he would have cut Dolly in two with it. I do not believe now that he would really have done so, for, though a harsh and crabbed old man, he was not brutal. But my childish heart leaped with terror when I saw the murderous weapon suspended over the smiling and unconscious Dolly; and, with a scream, I darted forth, caught the doll in my arms, and rushed away across the lawn at the back of the house, never stopping until I had plunged into the thickest part of the shrubbery, where I flung myself sobbing on the grass, and hugged my rescued treasure.

More than sixty years have passed since that day when I so unsuccessfully emulated Anna—for I can not have been much over seven years old—and yet every incident of it is far more vividly present to my mind than when I was five-and-twenty. I can recall the bitter, pungent taste of a spiky leaf from the old cedar-tree under which I lay; and the half-unconscious way in which I put it between my teeth, and pricked my lips with its sharp point. Ah, Lucy! Since that day I have dreamed day-dreams in other enchanted caves, and have been bound by stronger spells than the fairy Malevola's, and I have waited for Prince Goldenheart, as you will wait for him some day; and instead of the handsomest youth in all the world, with a fragrant

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green bench in his hand, there has hobbled up old Stock with his spade to crumble the whole beautiful vision into dust! But then too, Lucy, I have never had the warmth of love and pity, and sympathy with suffering, quenched out of my heart, and, after all, I ought to be a happy old woman. And so I am, my dear. So I am.

We were happy in those days, if ever children were happy. As time went on, and we ceased to be mere babies, we were not allowed to run wild about the grounds from morning to night. But such tasks as were set us had no terrors, and few difficulties. I fear that you of the rising generation will have but a mean opinion of Aunt Gough's educational powers when I confess that I was turned eight years old before I could read with ease. But I had already worked several samplers, and could even stitch a shirt very creditably by that time. Anna's education began somewhat earlier, as was natural; for the two years' difference between our ages enabled me to help her at first in deciphering the mysteries of Great A and little b. Aunt Gough was a starch church-woman. Every Sunday morning we were taken to the great family pew and were perched up side by side on two crimson hassocks placed on the seat; and thus elevated, the brim of my hat just reached to the top of the pew. Anna, being smaller, was altogether invisible to the outside world, except when she stood up on her cushion during the psalms. There are scarcely any pews nowadays. Every body sits on a hard bench in full view of his or her neighbors. As it is certainly a much more uncomfortable state of things than the old fashion, let us hope it has some compensating spiritual advantages.

Anna and I liked going to church. It was not made terrible to our young imaginations, nor were we taught to think of religion as of a stern Medusa, whose contemplation turns the gazer into stone. As to giving us any portion of the Scriptures to learn by way of punishment, Aunt Gough would have been shocked at the notion of such a thing. She did, indeed, consider it her duty to make us learn the Church Catechism—which we didn't understand; and she told us stories from the New Testament—which we did understand, and, moreover, delighted in. One great source of Sunday pleasure was the music. Our church possessed a very fine old organ; and though our organist would not be considered very scientific in these days, he contrived to elicit from it its mellowest tones and richest harmonies. He loved the grand old instrument, and thought more of his organ than of himself: which feeling—the self-forgetfulness of a true artist—communicated itself irresistibly to his hearers. Even we children were conscious of a beauty in the psalms and voluntaries beyond the mere sound. And I remember once saying to our guardian, "I do like to listen to Mr. Dixon, he plays so kindly."

As we grew older, and were thought to have got beyond the range of dear Aunt Gough's simple teaching, we were sent to a day-school in the town. Our schoolmistress, Miss Wokenham, was one of the tiniest women I ever saw. There was more than one child of eleven or twelve years old in the school who could look down on her from a superior height; and our plump rosy cheeks and round arms would seem quite coarse and clumsy—rustic as her phrase was then, for every thing redolent of health and vigor, as well as for what was in itself rough and unpolished—beside Miss Wokenham's fragile, elfish form. She was not old as I now reckon age—perhaps forty-five—but her antiquity was very venerable in my eyes then. Her hair was snowy white, but soft and shining, and wavy with natural curls; she had bright dark eyes, and an immensely wide mouth, filled, however, with a faultless set of teeth. Perhaps Miss Wokenham's attainments were really nothing very marvelous, but we all thought her a prodigy of learning. And, indeed, making all due allowance for the march of intellect in these days, I am inclined to believe that Miss Wokenham was mistress of some solid acquirements that one might seek for vainly among more showily-accomplished governesses. She had a competent knowledge of history and geography, and a turn for arithmetic that was quite surprising; she had even, it was whispered, dabbled a little in the mathematics; and our parish clergyman, who had graduated at Cambridge, was wont to declare that, if Miss Wokenham had been a man, she would have made the wranglers of her year look to their laurels. But perhaps this was a figure of speech. At all events, Miss Wokenham herself used to declare it was; and she was a most absolutely and uncompromisingly truthful human being. If, as sometimes happened, a scholar thirsting for knowledge pushed her beyond her depth, she never hesitated for an instant to confess her ignorance. "I don't know, my dear," she would say, fixing her brave black eyes earnestly on the interrogator; "I don't know, but if it is to be known we'll find it out." And then she would reach down the lexicon, or the atlas, or whatever book of reference might be needed, and work side by side with her pupil until the desired information was gained. This candor, far from weakening her influence over us, had so diametrically opposite an effect, that we were one and all ready to swear to the positive certainty of any thing imparted to us by Miss Wokenham as a fact.

Under her tuition I and Anna were well content to remain, until we were respectively seventeen and fifteen years old, with no more brilliant accomplishments than as much music as enabled us to rattle through a country dance or so, and a smattering of French imparted by a long-suffering Frenchman named De Beaugnet, whom we persisted in irreverently styling Old Bogie. Anna had a lovely fresh voice, and used to thrill all our hearts with some old Border ballad, or a canzonet by Mr. Haydn, as we sat round the fire in the winter twilight. I sang too a little, but my voice had neither the power nor the charm of Anna's.

Meanwhile, things went on pleasantly and peacefully at the Gable House. If time began to streak Uncle Gough's hair with snow, and to deepen a line here and there in my aunt's comely face, the change was so gradual that we did not notice it. Perhaps old Stock altered as little as it was possible for any one to do during a lapse of ten years. He had always seemed old since we had known him, so that was nothing new. He had always been brown-skinned, and stooping, and wrinkled, and crabbed, and he was so still; so *that* was nothing new. Poor old Stock! He seemed to have but one pleasure in life, unless his constant quarrels with every one around him afforded him gratification. His sole luxury was his pipe. He would sit by the kitchen fire of an evening, smoking his churchwarden filled with the strongest tobacco that could be bought, and talking theology to the maids; for Stock had decided views about religion. I used to think, when I was a child, that they were quite peculiar to himself; but I have heard in subsequent years dogmas gravely promulgated, which, barring the difference of grammar, might have emanated from old Stock himself.

Cook was the only one of the servants bold enough to tackle Stock on this, his strong point; but even she frequently retired worsted from the conflict. "Well," she would say, taking refuge in generalities, "I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Stock, but I've allays believed as them as acted accordin' to their conscience was in the right way. There's more nor one road to heaven, you know."

"Heaven!" Stock would repeat, with a growl of contempt. "Much you knows about heaven!"

"Deary me, bless us and save us, Mr. Stock! I hopes I knows as much about heaven as you do, any way."

"I'm one of the 'lect, *I* am," the old man would say; his face wooden as ever, and his utterance deliberate and weighty as with a sense of absolute conviction: "*I'm* all right. There'll be me and one or two more on us there, but there'll be very few on us—*very* few on us."

I remember the curious speculations this kind of talk used to excite in my mind. I never for a moment believed that Stock was right, but I used to wonder with the vague curiosity of a thoughtful child how he would feel when he found so many more people in heaven than he expected, and whether he would be pleased or disappointed at not finding it reserved for the exclusive occupation of himself and "one or two more on us."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

To the ambitious housewife the fruit season is one continued "harvest time." Then her own pet, private store-room, upon which Winter and Spring had made fearful ravages, is gradually replenished—the long rows of well-filled jars, bottles, and cans again shine resplendent on the shelves—preserves and pickles, canned fruits and dried, are laid in abundantly; and she is certainly excusable if she exhibits some pride in her transparent jelly, which will "cut," or her sweetmeats, which look as bright as if freshly gathered.

Great progress has been made during the past few years in the methods of preserving fruits. Although most housekeepers still like to "make up" some jars of sweetmeats after the old rule of "pound for pound," canned fruits are much more commonly used, not only because they are more easily made and more economical, but also because they are really nicer. New contrivances for keeping fruit for table use through the year are developed every season; and nothing but actual experience can satisfy each housekeeper that any one mode is the desirable one. A few hints, however, may be accepted.

Fruit, for preserving, should ordinarily be fully ripe—there are a few exceptions, as for instance, the gooseberry is considered better when green. The granulated white sugar is always the best for preserves. There is no economy in using brown sugar which requires much clarifying. A good preserving kettle is an important desideratum. Iron ones, lined with porcelain, are commonly used; but the porcelain soon cracks. Perhaps nothing is more satisfactory, on the whole, than a brass or copper kettle; but it is important that it be thoroughly cleansed immediately before using. If the fruit is to be put up with only a small proportion of sugar, or without any, it is essential, of course, to have jars or cans which can be made air-tight. Nothing is more vexatious to any good lady than to find her fruit all spoiled, and her labor lost, because the jars were not properly secured. Some use wide-mouthed bottles, with common corks, and wax or cement; others, tin cans, which can be sealed up; and then there are a variety of self-sealing glass jars. Some of these are very difficult to manage—it is a great labor to fasten them up, and it is as much as a jar is worth to attempt to open it. Some, however, are simple and secure. Perhaps as good a kind as any is Willoughby's, which has an iron top with an India-rubber band, and is fastened down by a screw. We have never known this kind to fail to keep the fruit. The jar should always be filled *full* before screwing down the cover. This kind of jar can be easily opened, which will be found a great advantage. But almost any jar can be opened with less difficulty by putting a cloth wet in hot water around the top. This, however, depends somewhat upon the manner in which it is fastened. There is often some trouble in cleansing the inside of jars which have been used for sweetmeats or other purposes. This may easily be done by filling them with hot water, and then stirring in a little pearlash. Strong sal soda would probably be about as efficacious.

With these few general hints we leave the subject of preserving for each good housewife to experiment upon for herself; begging her not to forget, in her zeal to fill her store-room, that there are many delicious dishes that can be prepared from each fruit in its season, which will be quite as acceptable on the table as any kind of sweetmeats. Pies and puddings are very good; but most of them are made with pastry, which must be prepared with great care in order to be both palatable and healthful. Here is a recipe for a pudding which we will warrant to be nice, and it can be made very easily:

Cover the bottom and sides of a buttered pudding-dish with slices of bread thickly spread with butter. Either home-made or baker's bread may be used, but it should be light and nice. Then put in a layer of peaches which have been pared, without removing the stone. Scatter in a little sugar. Place a layer of thin slices of bread and butter over the peaches; then another layer of peaches, until the dish is full. The upper slices of bread may be dipped in milk or water to keep them moist. Cover the pudding-dish with a plate, or, better still, with a crust of a loaf, to keep the top from burning, and bake an hour or so, according to the size. This, eaten with a good pudding sauce, is a delicious dish. Apples, pears, huckleberries, or any other fruit, may be substituted for the peaches.

Another nice yet simple pudding may be made in this way:

Put a tea-cup of tapioca in water with a little salt, and let it stand about five hours where it will be warm. About two hours before dinner peel half a dozen apples (peaches or pears if you choose) and take out the cores. Put them in a pudding-dish, with some sugar, and a tea-cup of water, and bake them until soft. Then pour over them the tapioca, and bake an hour. This may be eaten hot with a sauce, or cold with sugar and cream. Sago or boiled rice may be used instead of tapioca. Or a delicate dish may be made by preparing apples as above, and pouring over them a custard.

A nice custard may be made by taking any kind of fruit, stew and strain it, sweeten it, and let it cool. Beat six eggs and stir into a quart of milk. Mix the whole, flavor to the taste, and bake in cups or a deep dish. It is good either hot or cold.

We are here reminded of a delicious article, the thought of which makes our mouth water even now, though, alas! the old-fashioned "*Pandowdy*," with which a good aunt used to treat us at her hospitable table, has passed away with fire-places and baking-kettles. Nevertheless, having had the recipe from her lips, we give it, hoping some of our readers may be able to reproduce something analogous to it, in spite of ranges and stoves:

"I used to butter a baking-kettle, or some kind of an iron kettle, and make a pie-crust and put into it, leaving a small place just at the bottom of the kettle without any crust. Then put in some good apples, either quartered and cored or sliced. Then lay in a few strips of the crust and some more apples. I always used to sweeten it with maple-sirup—a good large cupful. A few slices of salt pork improves it, and a little cider don't hurt it. I used to cover the whole with pie-crust, and put a tight stone cover on the kettle, so as to keep the steam in. Set it over a slow fire. Three hours is little enough to cook it, and you mustn't scorch it."

For the benefit of those gentlemen who by chance may turn contemptuously away from this column, because there is nothing interesting in it, we would remark that these recipes are for their especial benefit. The following quotation is apropos:

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

The word Gossip, in olden times, did not mean merely familiar chat about ordinary matters, still less was it a term of opprobrium, as it is sometimes now considered. "Gossip" was a name indicating an intimate companion, whose society was sought and preferred to others. When a man or woman spoke of any one as their "gossip," it was understood as an affectionate term of close intimacy. Its Saxon derivative signifies "relation or affinity." Its first use was to designate sponsors, who answered for a child in baptism; then it came to be applied to women called to help in sickness. Very soon, however, it was used to describe conversation between intimates. Hence interesting and instructive bits of information, communicated in a familiar, conversational style, are properly termed "gossip."

It is stated that some steps have been taken for the establishment of a large free public library in New York City. Such an enterprise will meet with the warm approbation and sympathy of intelligent people; for the want of free libraries, accessible to those who are confined to their business during the day, is a great deficiency in our city. It is a matter of astonishment that the city of London is destitute of such a library; all its libraries are subject to restrictions which prevent their free use, and are open at such hours as to exclude entirely business men. But London is waking up in regard to this subject. It is said that Paris now possesses seven perfectly free public libraries, and they are being organized by the Government in every village; Berlin has two, and Vienna three.

It really seems as if there was no end to the barbarities practiced upon the "little ones." A schoolmistress in Lenox, Massachusetts, was recently arrested and bound over for trial, for an aggravated assault upon a child 3½ years of age, because he did not spell "fox."

Some writer—evidently not a lady—bursts out into the following complaint:

"Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely terrifying to hear ladies talk about stitches! hemming! gatherings! hemmings! gorings! cuttings! whippings! lacings! ruffings! and bastings!"

A literary gentleman of Washington is suffering from a singular disease which physicians call "pen palsy." The affection derives its name from the fact that it is attributed to the use of the popular French copying ink, which contains arsenic. Both his hands and feet are badly swollen, and his health is so precarious that his physicians have prescribed abstinence from the further use of copying ink.

The following notice was recently given from a Western pulpit:

"I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting-house this morning a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of exceeding pale-blue color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Brethren of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

An English paper presents its readers with some culinary memoranda, as follows:

"The dinner circle is best described by a round of beef. A man may be able to carry force, and yet be a bad cook. These people do not eat deviled chicken. Hunters are hungry people, and have their 'meet' in the field. There is nothing funny in 'dry' bread. The grounds of coffee are often grounds of objection. The most perfect jam is made by overcrowding a small dinner-table."

A characteristic anecdote is told of a Prussian soldier placed sentinel on the steeple of Troppau, and left behind when his company was suddenly obliged to retreat. A narrow winding stair led to his tower of observation, which, on some citizens ascending to take him prisoner, he defended with his bayonet. The good burghers, finding him so resolute, gave up all idea of capturing him by main force, meaning to humble him by starvation; but in this intent they were equally baffled. The soldier bawled out from his exalted position that, unless supplied with food, he would shoot every one passing his way. The Prussians are known to have 60 cartridges in their pouch, so that the threat was no slight one. Accordingly the necessary rations were duly furnished until the lonely sentinel was relieved by the Prussians.

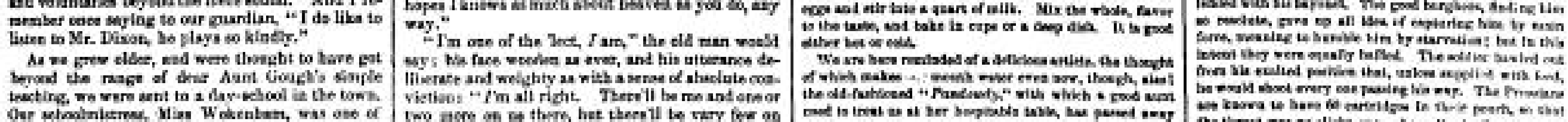
A correspondent of a Paris Journal, in describing the princely chateau of Baron James De Rothschild at Ferrières, says:

"Ordinary paper-hangings are banished, and each room is hung with tapestry, velvet, or silk. Every single visitor finds at his disposal a suite, consisting of a splendid drawing-room, boudoir, bedroom, and dressing-room. On every dressing-room table are the ordinary contents of a gorgeous dressing-case: ivory brushes, surmounted by the Baronet's coronet; silver boxes, containing every species of cosmetique, powder, etc.; exquisite hand-mirrors, mounted in sculptured ivory, sandal-wood, or silver. Curiosity tempts even old bachelors. A scent-bottle of rare workmanship attracted my attention. As the spring flew back, lo! a jeweled watch, by Breguet, was revealed, encased in the top—so while a fair lady inhales the perfumed contents she is informed of the time of day."

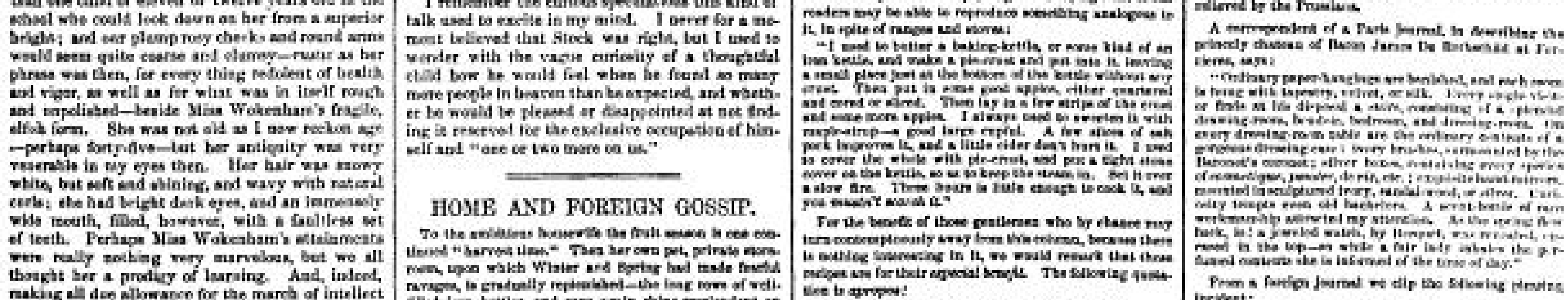
From a foreign journal we clip the following pleasing incident:

"The sanguinary spectacle of war is not altogether devoid of redeeming features. At Koniggratz, while the fight was raging at its fiercest, a soldier's eye was arrested by the sight of a plant of clover, having four leaves. No German can suffer a four-leaved clover to remain unplucked. There is a mysterious charm about it, bound up with his childhood's fancies of luck and images of fairy magic. To the young soldier it certainly was a messenger of good omen. As he bent to pluck it, a cannon-ball whizzed over his head. But for the tiny little plant it would have gone through his body. The precious little memento was gratefully sent to his betrothed at Konigsberg, who will for ever look upon it as the preserver of her bridegroom's life."

The fashion of driving, so common among English ladies, has been extensively adopted by the leaders of the ton in Paris; and numerous pretty turn-outs are daily seen in the Bois, driven by elegantly-dressed ladies, with gentleman attendant on the seat, and stately grooms behind. A great number of pony carriages are driven by children, who are dressed in the most stylish manner, and who handle the reins with perfect skill and self-possession. Every body turns to look at and admire these miniature equipages as they wend their way through the fashionable thoroughfares.



SECTION OF BED OF ATLANTIC BETWEEN VALENTIA AND TRINITY BAY.



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AFTER THE RIOT.

THE negroes wounded in the New Orleans riot were nearly all taken to the Marine Hospital, where the best of medical aid is furnished them. Dr. HANNIS has charge of the hospital: he informs me that the majority of his cases will recover, though many of them are shot one or more times besides being severely beaten. Some of the negroes in the ward that I have sketched were attacked while on the way to their dinners, entirely ignorant of the existence of any serious trouble.—The nurses are nearly all mulatto females, who seem thoroughly kind and attentive to their patients, who bear their sufferings with a fortitude that is somewhat surprising. The severe heat and the painful nature of the wounds make the situation of the poor creatures pitiful in the extreme. Were it not for the advantages offered for their comfort by the excellent arrangement of the hospital many would die that will now recover.

The medical officer detailed to make an official report of the killed and wounded presented the names in full, together with the character of the wounds received by the following parties, viz.: Members of the Convention—one killed and eight wounded, or one-third of the members present; white citizens attending the Convention, two killed and nine wounded; total number of whites killed and wounded, 20. Colored citizens attending the Convention—killed, 34; wounded, 119; total of colored killed and wounded, 153. Of the Police there were 10 slightly wounded, most of whom were on duty the next day. One white citizen with the Police was killed. The evidence shows that the man was accidentally shot by the Police; also, that in the excitement many of the Police were wounded by their comrades. In addition to the above, the Doctor reports ten colored men killed and twenty wounded, whose names he could not ascertain.

I have also made a sketch representing the Military Commission receiving testimony concerning the riot. Their report is not yet published. General HOWER is President. The other members are Generals QUINCY, BALDY, and GARDE. D.

THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT—THE MILITARY COMMISSION EXAMINING WITNESSES.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE FIRE IN JERSEY CITY.

EARLY on Sunday morning, August 19, a schooner laden with petroleum, lying alongside the large oil dock situated just south of the Erie Railway Company's freight pier in Jersey City, was set on fire by the careless use of a lamp in the forward hold. In some manner the flame of the lamp communicated with the gas generated by the petroleum oil with which the vessel was laden, and the result was a loud explosion, the man being blown—according to some accounts—many feet into the air, alighting in the water at a distance from the vessel. He was rescued with great difficulty by some bystanders. The deck of the schooner was blown off, and in an inconceivably short space of time she was wrapped in flames.

Of the spread of the fire from this point the New York *Tribune* gives the following account:

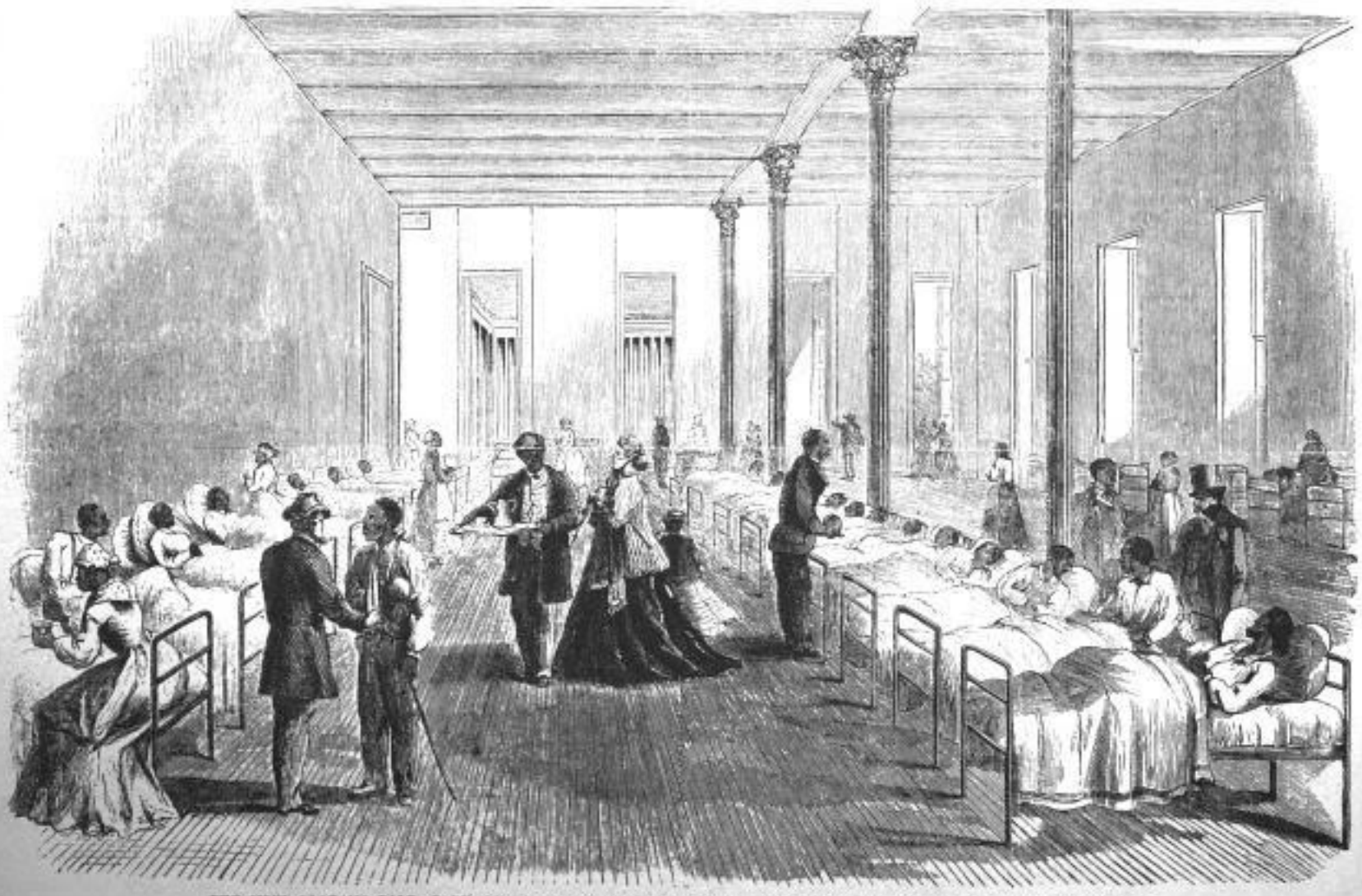
"Piled up on the dock in tiers and on the open lot in the vicinity were about 15,000 barrels of crude oil, and in the tanks near by about 3500 barrels of refined oil. Through this inflammable mass the flames rushed with a roar and fury perfectly appalling, while the dense clouds of black and stifling smoke which arose from the mass seemed to darken the entire horizon.

On the side track, which ran the entire length of the pier, were standing about 100 cars belonging to the Erie Railroad Company, laden with oil and waiting to be unloaded. Efforts were at once made to save these if possible.—Gangs of men known in the employ of the railway company were set to work pushing the cars down the track away from the immediate vicinity of the fire, and they were then uncoupled to a locomotive and drawn to a safe distance.—While thus engaged, many of the workmen had their heads and faces severely scorched and blistered. In this manner all of the cars but 15 were saved.

On the freight, or, as it is more commonly termed, the coal pier of the Erie Railway Company, were a number of cars laden with grain and other articles. Attention was at once turned to saving these, and in the manner above-mentioned the greater portion of these were removed to a place of safety.

Lying in the slips on either side of the pier were a number of brigs, schooners, and lighters engaged in taking on board the oil. So quickly did the flames spread that it was found impossible, in the end, to cut loose from the pier and float them out in the stream.

Soon after the outbreak of the fire the wind which, up to that time, had been blowing from the northwest, en-



THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT—CARE OF THE WOUNDED AT THE MARINE HOSPITAL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1866.

dangling the pier and extensive freight and passenger depôt of the Railway Company, suddenly veered to the south. And in a few moments the large pier north of the main land shore was found to be on fire. It was located by A. S. JAMES & CO., manufacturers and shippers of fodders, whose extensive manufactory is located not a short distance from the pier.

The flames from the burning oil, reaching to an immense height, were carried by the force of the wind completely across the intervening space, and the entire pier with its contents was soon on fire. It was useless to attempt to extinguish it, the streams of water thrown by the engines seemed to take no effect whatever upon the flames of fire, and with the exception of a few bales of cotton thrown into the ship and floated out of the reach of the fire, the pier and its contents were completely destroyed.

The freight pier of the railway company was on the several floors; but through the good management of the firemen it was extinguished each time with comparatively trifling damage.

Both the piers which are burned are new, having been erected not long since by the West Jersey Street Improvement Company at a cost of $30,000 each. They are insured.

From the most trustworthy data that can be obtained amid the confusion prevailing at and around the scene of the conflagration, it is probable that at least from ten to fifteen lives have been sacrificed. Of the crew of the William Bartlett, the whereon on which the outbreak first occurred, it is generally believed that Henry Burnell, a German, shot himself into eternity.

The entire loss from the fire is estimated at $2,000,000.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THE changes in fashion are not striking this month, and such as there are apply exclusively to hats for the country and sea-side. Beyond those represented in the illustration there are robes of white lawn with leaden-gray stripes, varidyked above a jupe of the same material, which is frequently also varidyked itself; or of lilac and white taffeta on a lilac jupe with a trimming of white lace, and with a loose jacket of the same material as the jupe, and similarly trimmed. For dinner and evening dress we have robes of chiné watered silk, with brilliant color stripes on a white ground; the train long, the corsage quite plain, with a band of the same color as the stripes of the robe; the sleeves very light, and especially so at the wrist. Other robes are of gros de Chambéry, of a pale green or mauve tint, and worn over a jupe of white taffeta, the corsage being of white embroidered muslin. All these dresses are worn with trains, and generally with a trimming of white lace down the centre of the robe. Hats are, of course, taking precedence of chapeaux; they are of the ordinary shapes and materials. Black or black and white straw-hats with narrow brims, and trimmed with scarlet velvet ribbon, or with bouches of red berries, seem likely to be much worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Corsage robe and jupe of pale gray satinet, trimmed with violet-colored ribbon and a cord of passementerie, with rows of violet silk buttons at the back and sides of the corsage. Chapeau and strings of violet-color crape, with jet aigrette on the right-hand side.

Fig. 2. Corsage without sleeves, and upper jupe of fabric gray in color, trimmed and edged with drops of black jet. The upper jupe, hanging in festoons, shows a second jupe, white, with the sleeves, is striped black and pale gray. Chapeau of white straw, with a star of black jet.

Fig. 3. Robe of white foulard ornamented with long lappets and vandykes, terminating in bands of mauve-colored taffeta. The corsage, which is cut square, is similarly ornamented. Chapeau Chinois trimmed with bands of black velvet, on which large daisies are arranged at regular intervals.

Fig. 4. *Morning Dress.*—Robe of foulard des Indes, covered with small spots; the jupe gored, and at every seam a trimming of quilted rose-colored taffeta, bordered with narrow black lace. Corsage similarly trimmed. Sleeves of quilted tulle, with epaulets and cuffs of foulard edged with tulle and black lace, the hair dressed with rose-colored ribbon of the same tint as the taffeta of the robe.

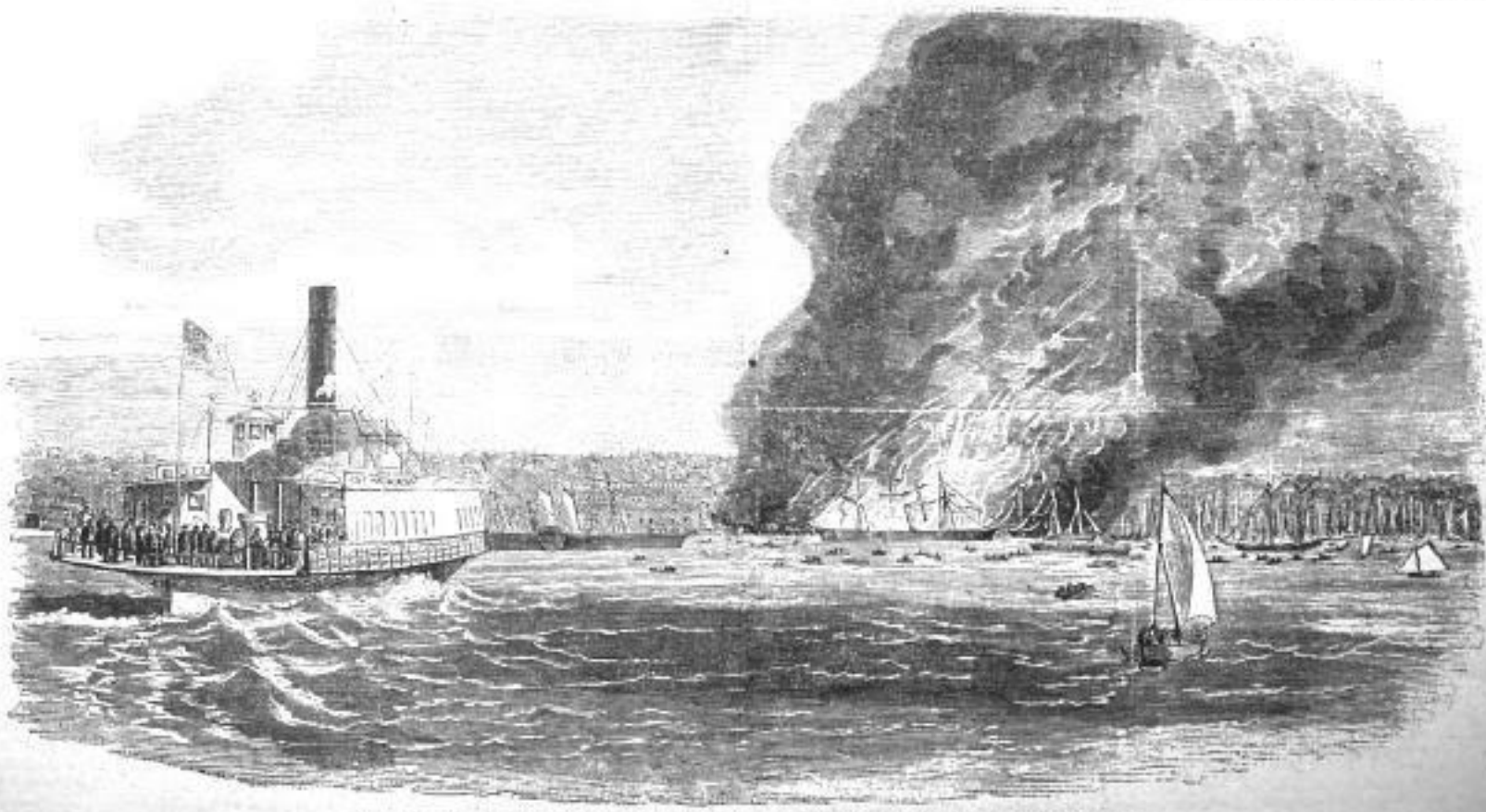
A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"Isn't it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the salon of our little inn.

"Isn't what a beauty?" answered I.

"This pistol. Elliot bought it in Bayonne yesterday for my birthday present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

"My dear Mrs. Hardinge," I replied, amazed,



GREAT PETROLEUM FIRE IN JERSEY CITY, AUGUST 29, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY SCANTLY FOX.]

"what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"

"I don't know; maybe no one, now nothing, and I dare say it's very silly; but when I'm out sketching or walking by myself miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with any thing dreadful, of course, or I shouldn't go alone."

"Well," said I, after a minute examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Take care you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expeditions of the day.

What blind moles we are! How little did either she or I imagine that before another day dawned her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver.

We were a very happy *partie quarrée*; Elliot Hardinge and his wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Hardinge, a perfect slave to her color-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.

Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I, started all together; but we two left the lady at the entrance to a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intended shooting over; in passing which one day she had fancied some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unlucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other good-by, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver and plenty of ammunition, "for who knows," quoth she, laughing, "but that I may have to kill a giant or two before I return?"

At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Hardinge, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to us long afterward, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.

"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that instead of sitting down at once to my work I wandered on, always believing I could cap the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill; this one led to another, and that to still another; and I had only just begun to find out that I had strayed much farther than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the high mountains to the west, and that I should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond, there was a group of cork-trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the brushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had a nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when once reached, the walking would be easy. So though the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already sufficiently tired, I calculated that I should reach them in about an hour and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the Inn; and after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

"Off I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. To press on, not minding the stumbles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground (which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark), and could see the cork-trees looming large in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking there might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.

"For only one moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching things, cloak, umbrella, every thing which might impede my flight flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now seldom seen Pyrenean dogs, their terribly acute scent and horrible ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound I had heard was the cry of one of them as it had stumbled on my trail, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork-trees.

"At first, as I fled along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never once occurred to me, so paralyzed was I with fear; but as I went on and heard the occasional cry, and hear yapping always nearer and nearer, the horror of the threatened death roused in me a courage I had never known before, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life at all events as dear as I could.

"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork-trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.

"I pulled out my revolver, hardly abating my speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for now the cruel 'yapping' sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of savage beasts were at my heels; if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute. Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire low which you gave me, you know, Elliot, I shot off each barrel quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs nowadays were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, also, that when hungry they did not scruple to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being that by firing among the pack I might gain the time they took while they stopped to devour those which were killed.

"How it was, I don't know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but as I ran I felt a reckless courage, and a, so to speak, determination not to be killed, take possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a single 'yapp' so close behind, that an agony of terror put for the moment my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralyzed, as, turning my head, I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I revived again, fired, and, waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, struggled on once more; and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to make for, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defense for my back, and I knew all must be lost if they once got to close quarters; so I turned again, let off all the barrels pretty nearly at random, and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.

"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a while I don't know; I fancy I lost consciousness altogether, but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Yet it was evident they could not reach me, leap and jump as they might; and all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing trees down in which their prey was seated I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so that all I had to do to be safe appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.

"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upward of fifty at least, and whether they only attacked at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain long, which was not probable when once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I had not returned; and I was comforting myself with this assurance when it flashed through me that you would, as likely as not, come without your guns, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it, the cold dews of helpless dread gathered on my face, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest it should give you too true a clew to my place of refuge.

"How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork-tree, turning these hopes and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least, for the moon had traveled over the valley, and was setting behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and waited without answering lest you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than any thing which had yet happened! But very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried my whistle now, but the sound I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then—you know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself."

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Hardinge, was as follows:

As we neared the grove of cork-trees so often alluded to in the above recital, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gazing at the fool which was unattainable, and came on *masse* to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling that, after coming at us once again, they betook themselves to the shelter of the brushwood on each side the valley. I said we were prepared for them; for, returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who told us that he and some others had seen the first pack of wild dogs remembered for upward of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees toward these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party and well-armed, for they were always desperately savage; they had doubtless been driven from their lairs (he said) by the long continuance of cold and snow.

"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.

Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Hardinge had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately overhanging it as the place where he had seen them.

Before he could finish his sentence we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when, to our quick question, "Where's Mrs. Hardinge?" my wife replied, "I don't know; she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was roused; every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance to the valley, silent and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely had ere this overtaken her.

After the rout of the dogs we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Hardinge, lifted her down. She was quite insensible, though, further than bad bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home and did all we could to restore consciousness; but, alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered from their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterward that she was able to give us the preceding account.

She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour, under Providence, of her life; but we who heard her tale so unaffectedly told thought the pistol would have been but of little use had it not been for the wonderful pluck and almost incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less to that of a lady.

It is hardly necessary to add that that was the last time I ever laughed at a lady for asking for a pistol as a birthday present.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"I WISH I knew who Mrs. Grundy really was," said Lily, as she rubbed her face with the towel next morning.

"Yes, so do I," said Clover, brushing away at her hair. "Mamma's stories always mean something; and I'm almost sure I've heard her speak of Mrs. Grundy before. I want to hear the rest—it was very interesting."

"Yes, it was interesting," said Lily, in a rather doubtful tone of voice, "but I don't know how—mamma so often says something disagreeable."

"Mamma say any thing disagreeable!" exclaimed Clover, turning round with wide-open eyes.

"How you take one up!" said Lily. "Of course I don't mean mamma herself, only in her stories, you know—the stories say it, if you like that any better."

"I like mamma's stories, every one," said Clover, gravely.

"Well, so do I," said Lily, "only they make me feel queer sometimes—or I'm afraid they will, which comes to the same thing. But I'll tell you what I do wish, Clover—I wish I knew how many things are really worth having."

"Why, a great many things," said Clover. "There's flowers, and books, and pictures—oh, I couldn't begin to count them all."

"No, but I mean," said Lily, "how many of each kind—how much must there be to make it really worth while? You know Maria Jarvis said that so few flowers weren't good for much, or something like that. Now how many *are* good for much?"

"I don't believe she knows," said Clover, with a slightly disdainful air.

"Well, but she said her father always wanted a quantity—don't you remember?"

"I remember," said Clover. "And I guess it wouldn't be much matter if I forgot."

"You always laugh at every thing Maria says," said Lily, rather displeased at the implied slight to her friend's conversation.

"Oh no, not at every thing; only at some things," said Clover. "But if you want to know how many flowers are worth having, Lily, why don't you ask papa?"

"I guess I will," said Lily. "Wouldn't he laugh!"

"Then wait and listen," said Clover. "I do that sometimes, and often it almost seems as if papa and mamma understood, and began to talk of that very thing on purpose. Wait and listen, if you don't know. *I* know," said Clover, with a happy face, "I want every flower I can get, whether it's one or a hundred. Oh, I wonder how our boxes look this morning."

The boxes looked queer—so the children thought; or rather it was the panes of glass. Last night they had been perfectly bright and clear, and now each one was covered with fine drops of water, like a thick steam, so that you could hardly see the little flower-pots within.

"It's that tiresome Malvina," said Lily. "She's forever washing the windows, and she hadn't eyes to see that our glasses were all clean, and so she's been washing them. We must get mamma to speak to her right away. I won't have her meddling with my box of plants—ignorant thing!"

"Who is an ignorant thing?" inquired Sam, from the fireside.

"Malvina."

"What has Malvina been doing?"

"Why, she has washed all our panes of glass," said Lily; "here they are dripping with water."

"Ah!" said Sam.

"Yes, ah!" said Lily. "And, what's more, she must have taken 'em every one off, for the water's all on the inside. I guess she wiped off the top."

"Indeed!" said Sam, with the same provoking coolness. "Ah!"

Lily bounded from the window and caught hold of his book.

"Sam, you sha'n't sit there and exasperate me! Just come and look for yourself, if you don't choose to believe other people. The panes of glass are just *dripping*."

"So they are—I see," said Sam, coming to the window. "Ignorance is a wonderful thing!"

"It's a very troublesome thing," said Lily.

"Very!" said Sam.

"Lily," said Clover, who had been studying her brother's face, "Sam is just laughing at us. He means that we are the ignorant people."

"He don't!" said Lily. "Now, Sam?"

"There are ignorant people somewhere," said Sam, with a grave shake of his head.

"Well, I don't want to be one any longer," said Clover.

"Oh, maybe he washed 'em himself!" cried little Primrose.

"Truly I did not," said Sam; "but I'll tell you what did—the air inside the boxes."

"The air!" said Lily. "Sam, you're a real humbug. The air is just as dry as a chip."

"The air," continued Sam, without heeding this polite comment, "by means of the heat which is in it, holds fast and fold away a certain amount of moisture; but whenever it meets with something much colder than itself, then it gives up part of its heat and moisture too. Now the air inside your boxes is warmer than the glass, and so the glass steals away some of its heat. If a piece of cloth were there instead, it would take up heat and moisture together; but the glass can take up only the heat. Now, then, when the warm damp air in the box comes against the cold panes of glass, some of the heat in the air passes into the glass; but the moisture which that heat held fast in the air is left behind on the surface of the glass—deposited there—it can not go in."

"Well, that's curious," said Lily. "But I wish it wouldn't get deposited there—as you call it; it'll go drop, dropping all over my poor seeds."

"Not much; it may run down the glass a little to the edge of the box. But that is one use of the glass, Lily; it keeps all the moisture in."

"Where does the moisture come from—to begin with?" said Clover.

"Why, from the earth in the pots; and if there were no glass there the earth would be all dry in a very short time."

"Then we could water it," said Lily.

"It is a difficult matter to water the earth over small seeds without washing them out of place. By-and-by, when the plants come up, they may need a little water now and then, but even that must be done very carefully. I'll show you how when the time comes."

"Well," said Prim, "I guess Maria Jarvis would think a few flowers were something to take care of, any way. But she says all *her* father cares about is quantity—quantity!"

"I dare say. Well, he has a quantity of—almost every thing," said Sam, pausing a little to consider his words.

"Of course, our boxes and things looked very mean to her," said Lily.

"Mean, did they?" said Sam. "She is a wise young lady. How should you like to know somebody who never had but one thing at a time in her life, and hardly ever even heard of a quantity?"

"One flower, do you mean?" said Clover.

"One any thing. She would think your boxes a whole green-house."

"Would she?" said Lily, her spirits rising at the idea of such a different view of things. "I think I should like to see her very much."

"Well, some time you shall," said Sam; "but just now it is needful to go to breakfast."

It seemed as if Clover's words were to come true that morning, for Mr. May came in to breakfast bringing a single half-blown La Marque rose in his hand.

"There," he said to his wife; "so much I got for you in my early ride, and only so much."

"Only?" said Mrs. May, as she took the exquisite flower and gazed at it.

"Ay, 'only;' I thought it was not much—compared with the store from which it came. But 'a little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked;' so you can comfort yourself with that. We'll have La Marques of our own, I hope, another year."

"Papa," said Lily, "how much is a little?"

"A sapient question!" said her father, laughing. "A little is—not a great deal?"

"But you said it was *better* than a great deal, papa."

"Ah, but you must mark my conditions. A little may be wrapped up in something very sweet, and a great deal in something very bitter. Ask mamma—she knows all about it."

"But how much is worth having, papa?" persisted Lily.

"As much as you can get, *I* think," said Mr. May; "your mother thinks differently."

"No, I think just that," said Mrs. May, "only with the conditions you are so fond of. So much as is received in the love of God, and used in the fear of God—all that is precious and worth having."

"Mamma, that don't mean our flowers?" said Primrose. "Lily was thinking of flowers."

"It means every thing, of every sort."

"Flowers?" said Mr. May. "And so Lily's ideas are enlarging? I thought so. She wants more ground to dig. She's such an enterprising child, this Lily, and digs so fast!"

Lily blushed and asked no more questions, but Prim took up the word in her grave way.

"Mamma, I don't know how to do it."

"What, love?"

"What you said—with my flowers," said Prim, folding her childish hands and looking deep into the question. "I don't know how to take 'em nor use 'em." The mother looked at her.

"Take them, as formed by the Lord's power and wisdom and love, for His glory and our joy," she said. "Then use them, as given by His kindness to His little child for her pleasure and for His service."

"*Use* them—my flowers?" said Prim.

"Yes," said her mother, "all for God, since all is from Him. One day He will ask even what we have done with our flowers."

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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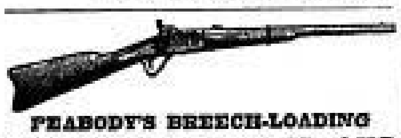

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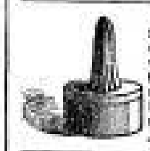

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—MAGNOLIA GROVE, ON THE SHELL ROAD AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 506.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 8, 1866.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

A FRIEND writes as follows: "My views of the riot itself in New Orleans do not differ from yours. There is no apology for the action of the citizens and police. But I believe that the persistence of Radical politicians in the North in holding fast to the issue of 1860-61 instead of that of 1865-66, and in continuing the animosities of the past (which ought now to be buried) has tended to keep alive in the secessionists *their* prejudices and animosities. It seems to me that the situation in the South is far worse than it would have been if JOHNSON's conciliatory policy had been carried out without interruption."

If our friend be correct in saying that the Radical politicians, or the Union party—for the action of Congress is undoubtedly sustained by the numerical strength and most vital conviction of the party—are still clinging to old issues, their doom is sealed and it ought to be. But what was the issue left by the war? Was it not that the fair and legitimate results of the war should be secured? This was, and is, to be done certainly in no hostile and offensive spirit, but it was to be firmly and surely done. And what were those results? Were they not, since the war had left no slaves, the civil equality of all citizens of the United States and the equable adjustment of the basis of national representation which the measures of the war had deranged so as to leave it unjust to the loyal States? If these were not the legitimate issues, what were? And if these could not be urged upon the late insurgent States, what could be? If we could do any thing, could we not do this, and if we could do nothing, was not the President's action wholly unwarranted and censurable?

When the rebel armies surrendered, the exact status of the rebel States in 1860 was either restored in every particular, or it could be restored only by an authority external to them. If by the fact of surrender of arms those States instantly resumed every right they had previously enjoyed, the first and most fundamental was that of internal reorganization at their pleasure. But this was not allowed by the President nor by the sentiment of the country, nor could it be. The country would have been imperilled upon a theory, "a pernicious abstraction." The saving spirit of the Constitution would have been sacrificed to an apparent letter. The situation was one of those extraordinary exigencies which seldom occur in the history of nations, but when they do arise are to be met and directed by that instinctive wisdom called common sense acting from the necessity of the case. The President so acted, and with the approval of the country. He acted without consulting Congress, but with the express assurance upon his part that his action was an experiment the results of which were to be estimated and finally sanctioned by the nation in Congress.

The principle was thus established as the basis of reconstruction, that the late rebel States were not restored to their old relation in the Union by the fact of surrender, but by the acceptance of conditions imposed by the National Government. In other words, the resumption of equal constitutional rights was made dependent upon the national will. This was the President's own principle; and the only remaining question was, what the national will should require. At that point the President and Congress parted. Foreseeing the difference and the consequent distraction, Mr. SUMNER, Mr. STEVENS, and other vehement orators foolishly shot bitter gibes at the President, who retorted by fierce accusations which were simply outbursts of illogical folly. If Mr. SUMNER were a traitor, so was the President. If Mr. STEVENS were a rebel, so was the President. If Congress were revolutionary, the President was not less so. For the difference between the President and Congress, despite his assumptions and asseverations, was not a constitutional difference. It was merely one of expediency. Both held that conditions might be imposed. The difference was that the President insisted that his were sufficient, while Congress thought that to make them effective something more must be added.

If, therefore, the Congressional policy is less conciliatory than the Presidential it is only because the President was willing to leave the civil rights of the loyal colored population of the insurgent States wholly at the mercy of the lately disloyal white population, while Congress was not. And again the President was willing to allow the late rebel States a gain of twelve representatives in Congress, while Congress was not willing. Of course we are not so foolish as to urge that because we had the clear and conceded right to require equal civil rights and the adjustment of representation they should, for that reason only, be required. It is not enough that the right exists; it must be also expedient and necessary that the right be exercised, and these conditions should be demanded because they are essential to peaceful reunion. Now these, it seems to us, were the fair and legitimate results which the war had given the Government—not merely the suppression of an armed rebellion, but the adjustment of the political relations which the war had essentially and unjustly to the loyal States deranged. These surely are not the issues of 1860-61, but of the autumn of 1866.

We suspect that it is really not with the policy of the Union party, but with the rhetoric and arguments by which it is sometimes supported, that our friend quarrels. He reads of slavery and slaveholders, and rebels and treason, when, as he would say, they are words of the past, and needlessly exasperating. Party rhetoric of any side we shall not undertake to defend. We have certainly not spared in these columns what we have considered the rhetorical excesses and follies of our friends. But those words are used to express a certain spirit and tendency in our politics which are perfectly well understood. No one, we are very sure, knows better than our correspondent that convictions and systems, which are deep and strong enough to be defended by such a war as we have seen, are not destroyed because the war is unsuccessful. They change their form and renew their activity, and are outworn *only* by steady opposition and the long lapse of time. The struggle between the spirit of caste and of equal rights in this country is not at an end because chattel slavery is abolished. The States in which the feeling of caste is strongest will resume their relations in the Union, and the contest will continue. But is it unfair, unmanly, unconciliatory, to ask that no unjust advantage shall be conceded to them while it is yet possible to withhold it? It suits the purpose of the partisans of the vital injustice which has disfigured our history and disgraced our national name to accuse the Union party of vindictiveness, of a lack of Christian charity, of a wish to degrade and humiliate brethren, of cherishing old quarrels, and of a revolutionary exclusion from Congress of States equal under the Constitution. This also is mere rhetorical fury. To ask of States which have renounced by war their constitutional fidelity to the Union, and which, by common consent, are to resume them only upon fair conditions, that the equal civil rights of all United States citizens shall be maintained, and that the Constitutional basis of representation shall not be prejudicial to States that have been always faithful, is not vindictive, nor uncharitable, nor degrading, nor humiliating, nor revolutionary, nor even extravagant. It is reasonable and generous.

"SATRAPS AND DEPENDENTS."

THE loudest asseveration of virtue is not always the best proof of its existence. The President loses no chance of telling us how much power he has refused, and how bitterly bent upon despotism Congress is. This at least is amusing from a chief magistrate who has not only assumed to settle every question without consulting the people, but sneers at their representatives as a body "assuming to be Congress." Yet, not content with abolishing Congress, the President evidently considers all the other officers of the Government his personal agents; and by way of illustrating his self-denial and abhorrence of power he actually announces that, if he had chosen to use the machinery of the Freedman's Bureau and Civil Rights bills, he might have proclaimed himself Dictator! Certainly, any man can be a perjurer if he chooses, but what are we to think of a man who prides himself upon not being one? The President knows, as well as every body else, that the office-holders and "the fifty or sixty millions of appropriation" would not have availed his Dictatorship a single day, and he knows perfectly well, and every body knows that he knows, that if his vetoes deprived him of the power of appointing certain office-holders, they gave him the solid vote of all in the Southern States who supported the late rebellion, a number considerably greater than any number of agents of the bills in question.

But the important point in this remark of the President's is, that he speaks of the officers who, by an act of Congress, are to be appointed upon his nomination, as "*My* satraps and dependents in every town and village." This little remark shows how truly Postmaster-General RANDALL interpreted the Presidential theory when he spoke of the various officers of the Government as "eating the President's bread and butter." We all know, of course, that the theory of honesty, intelligence, patriotism, and capacity being qualifications for the discharge of the myriad minor official duties of the Government, was long since exploded by the famous declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils." But that Postmasters, Custom-house officers, and Revenue agents are the "satraps and dependents" of the President only, had not been before so plainly announced.

This being the President's view, he is acting upon it vigorously. The country has felt the force of Executive patronage in other elections, but the war has so enormously increased the number of offices that this force will be felt as never before. Those who are familiar with politicians in their own neighborhoods will have remarked that the enthusiasm for the Philadelphia Convention outside of the Democratic lines appeared only among the "satraps and dependents." So that it is clear, if the President plumes himself on not making himself Dictator by their aid, he does not scorn their assistance in making his hostility to Congress effective.

The perilous evil of the vast Executive patronage in this country is becoming constantly more apparent. The demoralization of the public mind is almost inevitable when the bread and butter of thousands and thousands of citizens depend upon the whim of one man; and every official agent of the Government becomes an interested propagandist of his master's views. The corruption is necessarily such that the very nature of the Government is changed. It ceases to represent public opinion; and a policy which the conscience and sense of the country condemn may deceitfully prevail by means of that corruption, until the difficulty is beyond peaceful remedy. The late war was a terrible illustration of the peril of regarding the agents of the Government as Presidential "satraps and dependents," and every party which confides in honest debate, as well as every citizen who desires a pacific progress of the country, is equally interested in limiting that virtually irresponsible power which the President is now actively wielding.

A RETIRED STATESMAN UPON THE PRESIDENT.

MR. ROBERT C. WINTHROP is a statesman in retirement, like Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE in his later days. But occasionally he comes forth for the public good. Thus in the autumn of 1864 he came all the way to New York to stand side by side with that sterling patriot Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, and to urge with him that the salvation of the country lay in the direction of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM'S Chicago platform and the election of General M'CLELLAN. Thus, again, in these stirring times Mr. WINTHROP has seized his pen, and covertly and ingeniously, but none the less severely, censures the conduct of the President.

Mr. WINTHROP writes that he agrees with Judge CURTIS "that the Southern States are now as rightfully, and should be as effectually, in the Union as they were before the madness of their people attempted to carry them out." And adds, that he "hopes the people may be aroused to the danger of allowing the Constitution of the United States to be longer the subject of partial or discretionary observance on the part of those who are sworn to support it." This is a terrible blow at the President, who plays fast and loose with the Constitution at his pleasure, and who without a shadow of Constitutional authority, if his own constant assertion be true, interferes with Governor WELLS of Louisiana as if he were his provisional lieutenant. Mr. WINTHROP, in his contemplative retirement, sees clearly that if, as he declares, Louisiana is as much in the Union as his own State, the President may as lawfully dispense with the services of Mr. BULLOCK as Governor of Massachusetts as call Governor WELLS to account, or peremptorily supersede him. Mr. WINTHROP wisely entreats the people to perceive the peril of such acts.

Again Mr. WINTHROP startles the country by declaring that he is in danger of despair if "there should fail to be exhibited at Washington something of that scrupulous adherence to the Constitution and the laws which characterized the earlier days of the Republic." This is another broadside full at the President, although, with all the sagacity of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE calmly cultivating his cabbages, no names are mentioned. For we all know, as Mr. WINTHROP insinuates, whether in those earlier days it was the custom for the President to call to account those whom he acknowledged to be the lawful Governors of States for peaceful State acts, performed by State authority, within State limits. Moreover, Mr. WINTHROP condemns State action "under duress," in the plain daylight of the President's reconstructive action of last year. It is still another heavy blow at the President, who might have hoped that, since Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM now commend him, Mr. WINTHROP, their fellow-laborer in 1864, would at least not censure him.

—Or, indeed, can it be possible that Mr. WINTHROP is a statesman so deep in retirement that he supposes his letter to be an argument in support of the President?

"IS IT JUST OR RIGHT?"

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," says Governor ORR, "we have been knocking at the door for eight long months, asking Congress that the best of the intellectual and leading men of the South shall be admitted into Congress to represent us there.....Is it just or right that we should be excluded from these privileges?"

The Governor does not ask why they are not admitted, because he knows. And the country knows. It is simply because having made a terrible war upon the Union, during which slavery was abolished, the victorious Government asks that Governor ORR and his friends shall not insist that in consequence of that war and the consequent emancipation they shall have a disproportioned increase of power in the Union. While the colored population of the South were slaves the eleven rebel States were entitled to *eighteen* representatives. Now that they are free the same population is a basis of *thirty* representatives. Governor ORR and his friends claim that having made a bloody and fearful and utterly causeless rebellion, to suppress which has cost the Government countless lives and unspeakable suffering and hundreds of millions of dollars, they shall have gained exactly *twelve* votes in Congress. Congress replies that it asks only that the Governor and his friends shall stand upon an equal footing with the States that did not rebel, and Governor ORR turns with a fine tragedy air and asks his fellow-citizens, "Is this fair? Is it just? Ought we to be taxed without representation?"

The Governor may be very sure that his fellow-citizens will answer, "If you wish to come in, come in on the square. If you insist upon a disproportion of power, you have nobody but yourselves to thank if you stay out. In any case you *are* to be taxed for expenses of a war contracted when you were not represented; and remember while you appeal to us upon the ground that you are governed without representation, you yourselves insist upon governing more than half your population without representation. Every word of your appeal to us convicts yourselves, your Excellency."

Governor ORR will perceive, if he is a diligent student of the elections, that the people of this country have learned the difference between words and things.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

IN his speech, upon taking the chair at Philadelphia, General DIX said: "The President, not in pursuance of any constitutional power, had called on the Confederate States to accept conditions for their admission to the exercise of their legitimate functions as members of the Union." General DIX applauds and justifies this proceeding. But is it not clear that if the necessity of the case compelled and authorized the requirement of conditions, Congress can not be denounced as treasonable and unconstitutional because it demands that the conditions shall be adequate to secure the proposed end? Moreover, if conditions are to be named, should it be done by the President alone or by the immediate representatives of the people? Or, if the President acts in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, can his authority as a military commander be fairly construed to cover the final settlement of the political questions springing from a civil war?

General DIX added: "The exaction of new conditions is unjust and a violation of the faith of the Government." Is then the President the Government? Does his opinion upon a subject where, as General DIX concedes, he has no constitutional authority, engage the faith of the United States Government? If the President had said that the rebel States upon laying down their arms might be represented, without revoking the acts of secession, or accepting the Emancipation Amendment, or disavowing their war debt, would the honor of the United States have been pledged to those conditions? Would the country have been barred from requiring others?

General DIX affirms that "when the President of the United States declared that armed resistance to the authority of the Union was over, all the States had a right to representation in Congress." That is a perilous interpretation of the scope of the Executive power. It is again denying to the country the right of obtaining reasonable securities for the peace of the Union. It is again saying that if the President had issued such a proclamation upon JOHNSON's surrender to SHERMAN Congress could not have interfered, and that the country would have had no remedy save impeachment of the President. It is again asserting that, in his military capacity, the President may, at his pleasure, settle the most momentous civil questions without consulting the people in Congress. General DIX forgets that this is a country in which the will of the people, and not of the President, is the government.

THE CHOLERA CAMPAIGN.

AMONG the many campaigns of the summer that in which the country has had so grave a stake has by no means been the most regarded. The contest of the new Board of Health with the cholera has been prolonged and incessant, and conducted by our defenders with such sagacity, skill, and patient fidelity, that we are almost justified in believing that the worst is past before the disease became a pestilence or even an epidemic. Indeed it is hardly probable that, with the experience of this year, the cholera will ever again appall the community into a panic. The conviction is now universal that, with proper and reasonable care, the disease may be controlled. The mystery has become familiar, and the vague terror which al-

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ways accompanies such mystery has disappeared. The campaign of the Board of Health against the cholera has been like that of Prussia against Austria. It is a triumph.

Yet there was never a body of public benefactors more fiercely denounced than the Board of Health. If President SCHULTZ and his associates had conspired against the health and order of the city they could not hardly have been more vehemently opposed. Meetings, resolutions, protests, and injunctions have been the barricades erected in their path by the interest of cholera. Delays were forced upon them, and every kind of resistance offered. But they have pertinaciously pushed on. For the first time in a generation the city, in one department at least, has felt the influence of a moral force; and we have all seen what good results are possible even in New York. The wisdom of the legislation which created the Board is justified, as it is constantly in the case of the Metropolitan Police.

If it be true that the Commissioners have selected the West Bank in the Lower Bay as a site for the Quarantine hospitals, we hope there will be no delay in the erection of the buildings. That the city has been spared the ravages of a pestilence is certainly not due to the foresight and vigilance of the Quarantine Commissioners. The health of New York is due to the intelligent care of the Board of Health.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

IT is amazing that the people who administer our public finances should so persistently provoke criticism. They have every thing in their favor. The price of public securities rises steadily. The European demand develops day by day. Money flows into the exchequer at a rate which surpasses the most sanguine hopes of the Secretary. Last year, instead of a deficit of $112,000,000 as anticipated in the Treasury Report, the Secretary had a surplus of $125,000,000. This year, 1866–67, the prospects are that a still larger sum will be available for the reduction of the public debt. Surely if ever men had an easy task, and a task which promised triumph and fame to those who had it to perform, that is the task which has devolved upon the managers of our public finances. Yet somehow matters are so managed that the public never cease to growl.

We pass over, as by-gones, the gold sales; Mr. VAN DYCK has sold no more gold, and the growlers have no excuse for fresh complaints on this head. But why is the temporary deposits being paid off in National bank notes instead of legal tenders? Mr. M'CULLOCH must be perfectly well aware that his checks—Government checks, duly certified—are being hawked about the streets of New York at ⅛ per cent. discount. The banks will not receive them on deposit as money, for the simple reason that it takes from 3 to 15 days to convert them into legal tender, which is the only medium used for exchanges between the Associated banks of New York. And the honest folk who deposited legal tenders with Government on the pledge that they would be repaid on demand, are now forced to content themselves with payment in a currency that is not bankable, and which can only be sold at a discount of one-eighth per cent. Is this fair? Is it business-like? Is it calculated to help the public credit? Is it just to the people who deposited their money with Government on the tacit understanding that they should receive as good as they gave? If JONES, the dry-goods dealer, behaved in this way toward SMITH the banker, would not SMITH and all SMITH's friends pronounce him a tricky fellow—to be strictly avoided hereafter? And is not the Treasury Department subject to the same laws as individuals?

Precedent is not wanting for the proceeding. In 1861 the Sub-Treasurer at New York borrowed money of individuals on call. The lenders deposited Treasury Notes, which, at the time of their issue, and throughout their existence, were held to be equivalent to specie. Yet when these lenders asked for their money the Sub-Treasurer tendered payment in new United States notes, then at a discount of 20 @ 30 per cent., and denounced fiercely the suffering innocents who besought him to return them their money in the kind of currency in which they had lent it to Government. There is nothing new under the sun.

Another brilliant example. A New York merchant received from a correspondent residing abroad a draft on the United States for a trifling sum—let us say $87 50. He indorsed the draft, and sent it to the Sub-Treasury for collection. Being drawn abroad he might have considered it a specie draft, as such a draft drawn by any foreign merchant on his New York correspondent would have been so considered. The New York Assistant Treasurer at once pronounced it a currency draft, and paid it—*in a check on the Postmaster at Newark, N. J.* No such check, of course, was bankable; the merchant was obliged to send a clerk to Newark to collect the check, which took a whole day. How would a merchant's credit stand who so conducted his business?

We alluded in a recent Number to private negotiations between the United States Government and the New York house of JAY COOKE & Co., by which the latter obtained fat commissions for services which other houses would have been glad to get at one-third the money. Our remarks appear to have proved distasteful in certain quarters; we have noticed in Pennsylvania papers about a score of articles—to say nothing of private letters—assailing us, and setting forth in vermilion characters the virtue, and purity, and wealth of the house in question. In reply, we have simply to say that we admit the great services rendered to the country by JAY COOKE during the rebellion. He was one of the few men who foresaw the end of the war. He was one of the very few men who believed in our finances. And he was the only man, to the best of our knowledge and belief, who could have floated the loans which the nation required. For all this the country owed him a reward. But has he not got it? Has he not received five, ten—nay—if some Pennsylvanians are to be believed—fifteen million dollars by way of commissions? Is not this enough? Are we—who admire and respect JAY COOKE as a loyal and masterly man—to be accused of abusing him because we hint that, having drawn five or ten or fifteen millions from the public purse for his great services, the time has at length come when the Government business may fairly be thrown open to public competition, and there is no longer any necessity for reserving it as a private monopoly in the house of JAY COOKE & Co.? We repeat—what we said a month ago—there is no excuse for giving to any house, however loyal and eminent, a monopoly of the exchanges which the Government requires to effect in its securities; and if Mr. M'CULLOCH persists in throwing those fat spoils into any single purse, he must expect that his opponents will make a handle of it at the fall elections, and that he and his subordinates will be charged by not a few of the baser and more reckless partisan journals with participating in the profits which he gratuitously awards to the fortunate house.

Our financial history is just commencing. Until the war began it was so simple that any smart grocery clerk might have managed the public finances. The war developed new necessities, which called forth financial expedients of more or less value—but none of which, in the severe pressure of the times, could be fairly judged. Peace restored, there is time to manage matters more carefully, and to adjust our financial policy to the fundamental laws of political economy. A very few principles should serve as the basis of our financial administration. In the first place, the Government must keep its word. It must not repudiate its debts, either in whole or in part, in the manner or in the form or in the time of payment. Where ambiguity exists in the law, it should follow the example of high-minded merchants, and adopt the construction adverse to itself. This is the way to command high credit. And as all high-minded merchants are careful to check the zeal of clerks who would gain undue advantage for their employers by sharp practices, so Government ought never to suffer its employés to perpetrate such small frauds on its creditors as the one above-described in the case of the merchant who was paid in a check on the Newark Postmaster. Such petty tricks do not save the country a dollar, but discredit the Department to the extent of thousands. And there should no longer be any favoritism, or devotion to pet bankers. Sound business principles dictate dealing with those who will do the business best and at the lowest rates, no matter what their political principles may be. If Government proposes to exchange Seven-Thirty notes for Five-Twenty bonds, and does not intend to effect the exchange through its salaried agents, it should offer the business to public competition—just as the State and City of New York do under the like circumstances. To confine its patronage to one or two houses, by reason of their services during the war, is just as unreasonable as it would be for the War or Navy Department to refuse to receive tenders for supplies from houses which did not rally to the support of the Administration in the old dark days. Sentiment is a fine thing; but if the Secretary of the Treasury wishes to afford no handle for abuse to his opponents at the fall elections he will deal with the bankers of the United States on simple business principles; and if Copperheads offer to do his work ⅛ per cent. cheaper than loyal Union men he will give his orders to the former. This may be aggravating to some intense loyalists, but it will pay.

THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

THE publication of the official dispatches in relation to the massacre in New Orleans on July 30, furnishes corroboration of the views which we have previously expressed in this paper. We find that the dispatch written by SHERIDAN to GRANT on August 3 was not originally published as it was written. The following important sentence was left out: "*In the mean time, official duty called me to Texas, and the Mayor of the city, during my absence, suppressed the Convention by the use of their police force, and in so doing attacked the members of the Convention and a party of two hundred negroes, and with fire-arms, clubs, and knives, in a manner so unnecessary and atrocious as to compel me to say that it was murder.*"

This judgment of General SHERIDAN coincides exactly with our own, after a careful reading of all the reports given of the riot, and before this entire dispatch was permitted to see the light. The following is the report recently made by General SHERIDAN to the President in reply to the inquiries addressed to him by the latter:

His Excellency ANDREW JOHNSON, *President of the United States:* I have the honor to make the following reply to your dispatch of August 4. A very large number of colored people marched in procession on Friday night, July 27, and were addressed from the steps of the City Hall by Dr. DUDRIX, Ex-Governor HAHN, and others.

The speech of DUDRIX was intemperate in language and sentiment. The speeches of the others, as far as I can learn, were characterized by moderation. I have not given you the words of DUDRIX's speech, as the version published was denied, but from what I have learned of the man I believe they were intemperate. The Convention assembled at 12 M., on the 30th, the timid members absenting themselves because the tone of the general public was ominous of trouble.

I think there were but about 95 members present. In front of the Mechanics' Institute, where the meeting was held, there was assembled some colored men, women, and children, perhaps 15 or 20, and in the Institute a number of colored men, probably 150. Among those outside and inside there might have been a pistol in the possession of every tenth man. About 1 P.M., a procession of say from 60 to 120 colored men marched up Burgundy Street and across Canal Street, toward the Convention, carrying an American flag.

These men had about one pistol to every ten men, and clubs and clubs in addition. While crossing Canal Street, a row occurred. There were many spectators on the streets, and their manner and tone toward the procession unfriendly. A shot was fired, by whom I am not able to state, but believe it to have been by a policeman or some colored man in the procession; this led to other shots and a rush after the procession.

On arrival at the front of the Institute there was some throwing of brick-bats by both sides. The police, who had been held well in hand, were vigorously marched to the scene of disorder. The procession entered the Institute with the flag, about six or eight remaining outside. A row occurred between a policeman and one of the colored men, and a shot was again fired by one of the parties, which led to an indiscriminate fire on the building through the windows by the policemen.

This had been going on for a short time, when a white flag was displayed from the window of the Institute; whereupon the firing ceased, and the police rushed into the building. From the testimony of wounded men and others who were inside the building, the policemen opened an indiscriminate fire upon the audience until they had emptied their revolvers, when they retired, and those inside barricaded the doors.

The door was broken in and the firing again commenced, when many of the colored and white people either escaped through the door or were passed through the door or were passed out by the policemen inside, but as they came out the policemen who formed the circle around the building fired upon them, and they were again fired upon by the citizens that formed the outer circle.

Many of those wounded and taken prisoners, and others who were prisoners and not wounded, were fired upon by their captors and by citizens. The wounded men were stabbed while lying on the ground, and their heads beaten with brick-bats. In the yard of the building, whither some of the colored men had escaped and partially secreted themselves, they were fired upon and killed or wounded by policemen; some men were killed and wounded several squares from the scene. Members of the Convention were wounded by the policemen while in their hands as prisoners, some of them mortally.

The immediate cause of this terrible affair was the assembling of this Convention. The remote cause was the bitter and unforgiving feeling which has been growing in this community since the advent of the present Mayor, who, in the organization of his police force, selected many desperate men, and some of them known murderers.

People of clear views were overcome by want of confidence in the Mayor and fear of the "Thugs," many of whom he had selected for his police force. I have frequently been applied to by prominent citizens on this subject, and have heard them express fear and want of confidence in Mayor MOULTON ever since the intimation of this last Convention. I must condemn the course of several of the city papers for supporting by their articles the bitter feeling of bad men. As to the heartless manner in which the Convention was broken up, I feel obliged to endorse a strong repugnance.

It is useless to attempt to disguise the hostility that exists on the part of a great many here toward Northern men; and this unfortunate affair has so precipitated matters that there is now a test of what shall be the status of Northern men—whether they can live here without being in constant dread or not; whether they can be protected in life and property, and have justice in the courts.

If the matter is permitted to pass over without a thorough and determined prosecution of those engaged in it, we may look for frequent scenes of the same kind, not only here, but in other places.

No steps have as yet been taken by the civil authorities to arrest citizens who were engaged in this massacre, or policemen who perpetrated such atrocities. The members of the Convention have been indicted by the Grand Jury, and many of them arrested and held to bail. Any whether the civil authorities can secure out ample justice to the guilty parties on both sides I must say it is my opinion unanimously that they can not. Judge ABELL, whom I have closely watched for nearly a year, I now consider one of the most dangerous men that we have here to peace and quiet of the city.

The leading men of the Convention, KING, CUTLER, HAHN, and others, have been political agitators, and are bad men. I regret to say that the course of Governor WELLS has been vacillating, and that during the late trouble he has shown very little of the man.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General Commanding.

We have no comments to make. Mr. NAST's picture, on another page, speaks for itself, and its whole meaning is borne out by the published official dispatches. The inquiry there put, Which was the more illegal? every one of our readers will answer for himself. Admit that the Convention was all that General SHERIDAN says it was, and that his denunciation of its leaders is perfectly just, still the question recurs, Was it more illegal that such a body of men should meet together and deliberate regarding a change in the Constitution of Louisiana than that a mob, assisted by the police of New Orleans, should be let loose like a pack of bloodhounds against the Conventionists, to hunt them down and murder them at their will? It remains to be seen whether these murderers will be allowed to escape without suffering the just penalty for their crimes.

One thing is certain. The people of the South, in order to convince us of the sincerity of their allegiance to the Constitution and the laws of the nation, must take some other method than this of murdering, on the slightest pretext, citizens of the United States. The American people have a pretty well settled conviction as to this matter, and will make its voice heard in every city and hamlet in the South in terms which can not be evaded or misunderstood. That Government is worthless which is incompetent to perform its first great function—the protection of its citizens. We have had enough of this wholesale system of murder—enough of this suppression of the right of free speech. The same spirit which made the New Orleans massacre a possibility existed before the war, and the Government looked on in silence. Since the war this spirit has revived again, and is a more formidable shape than before. How to meet it is one of the practical questions of reconstruction.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

OUR readers will remember that the University Medical College was destroyed by fire last spring at the time the Academy of Music was burned. The season is now approaching for the reopening of the Medical Schools, and we are glad to find that this institution is in readiness, notwithstanding its losses by that accident, to go on with even greater facilities and privileges for its students than ever heretofore.

It has been removed to the New York City Hospital, the Governors of which, with their accustomed liberality, have assigned to it the use of one of their large buildings. In this, during the summer, the various lecture-rooms, laboratory, anatomical-room, museums, etc., have been prepared.

The circular recently published shows very significantly the favor in which the University of New York is held by the medical profession. We find that it has educated more than 9000 students, from every State of the Union and from many foreign countries. It deserves the patronage of the City of New York, for it first turned the tide of medical education to our metropolis, at a time when not more than fifty students annually resorted here. Now they congregate by more than 1000. It accomplished this by instituting what are termed *Clinics*—that is, bringing patients into the College lecture-rooms before the students. This was first done by the late venerable Dr. MOTT, who was one of the founders of this institution, for many years its President, and died in its service. Among other great improvements in medical education it extended the course of instruction throughout the year, the term in other colleges being only four months long.

The energy that has been shown under the recent disaster will commend it to patronage everywhere. During the summer not a lecture or clinic was lost. The duties literally went on while the old building continued to burn. Such energy will doubtless be no small recommendation in behalf to students now flocking to the city, who will find its means of instruction, both theoretical and practical, unsurpassed by any institution in our country. Its management still continues in the able hands of Professor PELLEN, who is so well known in the medical and scientific world.

A student who has been educated in such an institution as this, where the University and the Hospital are together, obtains the practical with the theoretical, and is fitted to enter on the practice of medicine as soon as he graduates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK.

THE report of deaths in this city and the public institutions for the week ending August 25 showed a most gratifying state of the public health. The total number of deaths was 714, being a decrease of 54 from the number reported the previous week. The number of deaths from cholera was 113, of which 46 took place in the city and 18 in the public institutions. The decrease in the total number of deaths from cholera during the week, from that of the previous one, was 21.

Dean Richmond died at Jamaica, L. I., August 23.

General Hooker has gone to Detroit to take command of the "Department of the Lakes." He is brevet General Ord.

Judge Charles A. Dewey, the oldest judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, died on August 22. He has been on the bench since 1843, and was appointed by Governor Edward Everett.

United States Senator Grimes, of Iowa, announces his determination to retire from public life.

Professor Paul A. Chadbourne, of Williams College, has been chosen President of the Wisconsin State University.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAM.

Aug. 23:

General LA MARMORA has resigned as chief of staff to the King, and is succeeded by General CIALDINI.

Aug. 27:

It is said that the Empress of Mexico has failed in her mission. Napoleon having, it is understood, refused to grant the withdrawal of the French troops, prior to the pacification of Mexico, to quell the insurrection.

Governor EYRE was received enthusiastically at Sierra Leone on the 21st inst. At a large public meeting resolutions were passed condemning his course in Jamaica.

Aug. 28:

The Turks have commenced hostilities against the Christians in Crete. The insurgents, 25,000 strong, hold important positions.

King VICTOR EMMANUEL has issued a decree, proclaiming an amnesty to political exiles and prisoners throughout Italy and his dominions. This decree includes MAZZINI, as well as others of lesser prominence.

Aug. 29:

Advices have been received today in official circles in London announcing that a treaty of peace between the contending Powers of Prussia, Italy, Austria, and Bavaria was concluded by the 11 plenipotentiaries in session at Prague on Thursday last. The Treaty was officially signed by the Plenipotentiaries on behalf of their respective Governments on the same day. Among the provisions of the treaty is one that the troops now at different points shall evacuate their positions and retire to their respective bases within three weeks.

The cession of Venetia to Italy is fully accomplished. Before the treaty of peace between Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Bavaria was signed, Austria freely and unconditionally ceded Venetia to Victor Emanuel.

An immense demand has sprung up in Paris for United States Five-Twenties, and heavy orders for supplies have been telegraphed to American agents of various banking houses in this city.

Advices have been received today from Point de Galle, Island of Ceylon, via the French Gulf and Mediterranean cables, that a civil war has broken out in Japan.

The Cunard steamship *Scotia*, Captain Judkins, sailed from Liverpool this noon for New York, via Queenstown. She has a large number of passengers, and takes £110,000 in specie on American account.

August 30:

The meeting of the National Imperial Party has resolved that Savoy ought to be incorporated with France.

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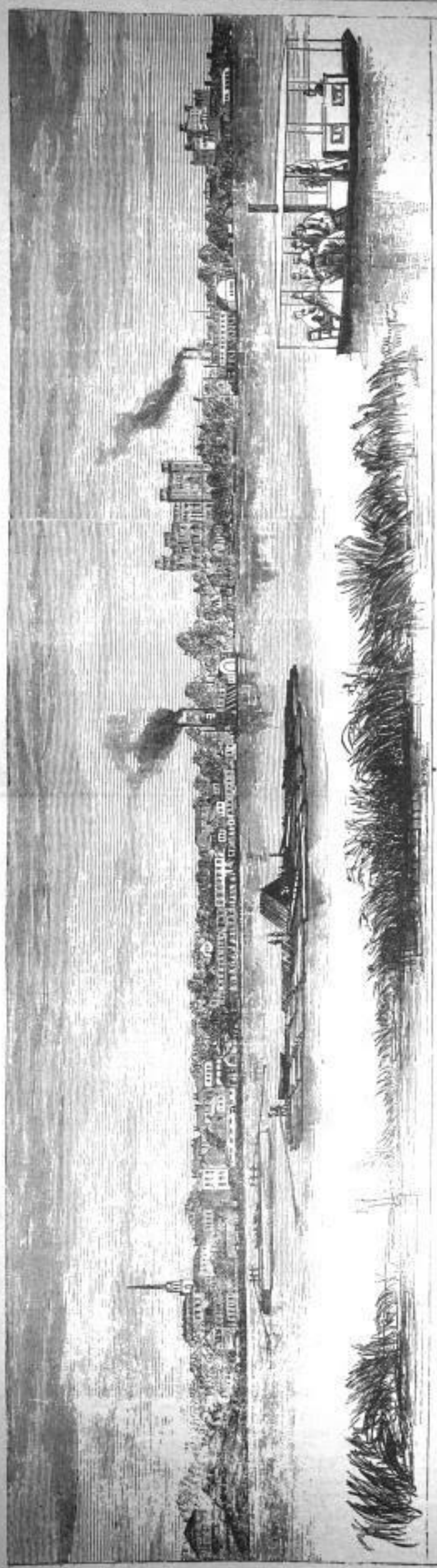
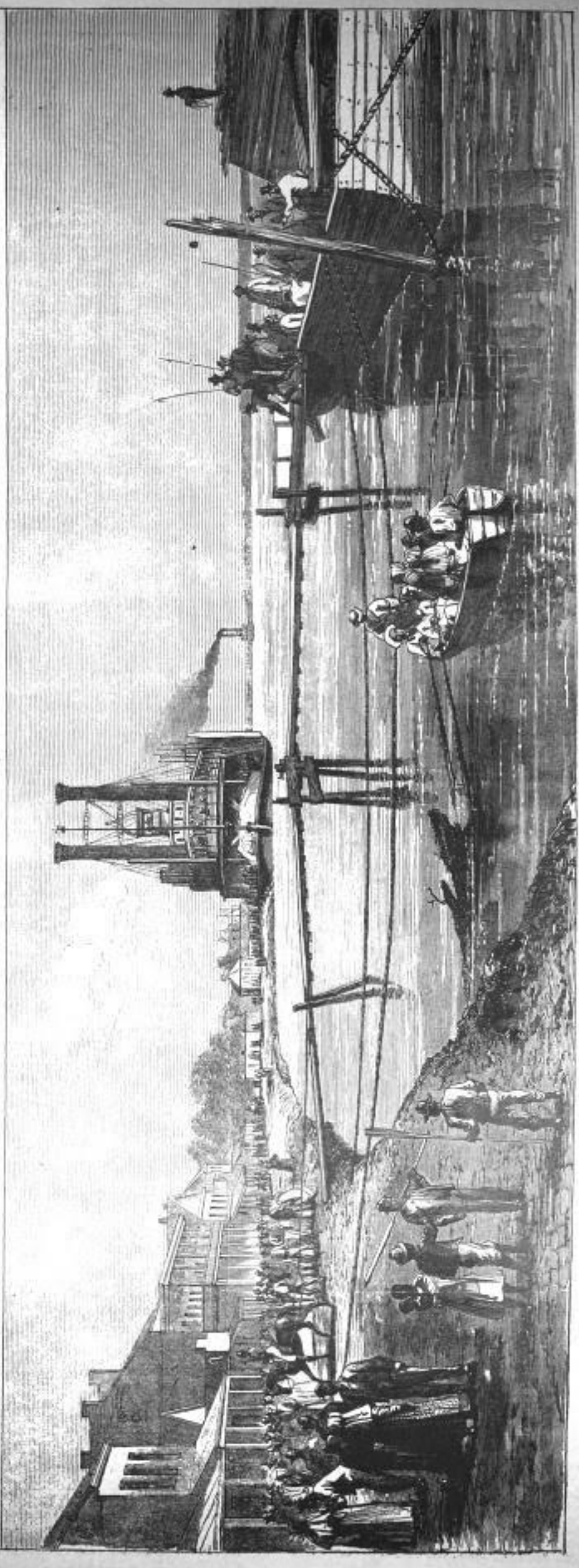


BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.



FICTURES OF THE SOUTH—BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—SCENE ON THE LEVEE; LANDING ICE, ETC.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 565.]

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MATAMORAS.

WE give on this page a very excellent and accurate view of Matamoras. This city is a river-port town of Tamaulipas, in Mexico, on the right bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte, forty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Its port on the Gulf consists of two harbors—the Brazo del Santiago and the Boca del Rio, about nine miles apart, and both obstructed by bars impassable under the prevalence of strong winds. The relation of the city to Brownsville is apparent from our sketch.

The port of Matamoras is one of those which MAXIMILIAN, several weeks ago, declared under blockade. The proclamation enforcing a blockade was supported by no efficient naval force, and we are glad to see that President JOHNSON has declared this blockade, so far as the United States are concerned, "absolutely null and void." President JOHNSON'S proclamation is the most popular act of his administration. It says virtually to the pseudo-Emperor: "You have undertaken under foreign auspices to manage Mexican affairs. We of the United States happen to have a more intimate concern in those affairs than any European nation can have. We have made the necessary arrangements to secure the withdrawal of the troops by which thus far you have succeeded in supporting a false position. Your temporary success has been a menace to republican institutions on this continent. In the mean time we shall not become a party to your scheme of foreign intervention by supporting or recognizing any mere paper blockade which you may think proper to institute. For the rest we shall wait, which we can well afford to do, while you can not."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

AND so the beautiful work went on. Oh, what an amount of care was bestowed upon the three boxes!—how they were set in the sunshine, and then moved away if the sunshine seemed to be too hot! and the panes of glass were raised a little to let in air in the middle of the day, and closed again before night, so as to keep in the warmth till morning. And it was no trifle, as Lily remarked, "to lug the boxes about; and it needed judgment to tell just when they should be aired; and then there were cloudy days, and cold days, and warm days, and all sorts of days to puzzle the children, and keep their thoughts at work. Sometimes when it rained and was very cloudy and cold, you might see the three boxes paraded in front of the fire to get dry and warm; and then, with a sudden fear of some dangerous degree of heat, back they went to the window again; so that, as Prim said, there was more gardening to do in bad weather than in fine. But the fair days brought plenty of work too; and by degrees Sam dug up all the three little gardens, and got them in beautiful condition, only as the ground thus newly turned up was very damp and cold, he advised the children to wait a little before they

sowed any seeds in it, and let the sun try his warming power for a few days first.

"If the ground is too cold when the seeds are put in," said Sam, "they will as like as not mould and come to nothing; and then you will wait and wait, and have no plants after all. But if you wait while the seeds are safe in your pocket, then there'll be something to reward your patience."

"Well, I should think these seeds in the boxes must be dry enough," said Lily. "I expect they will die that way."

"Let me see," said Sam, taking off the glasses. "They're doing well enough—but they may have just a little water. Run up to my room, Prim, and fetch me that brush that lies on my table; and you, Lily, get me a cup of water."

"A cup of water!" said Lily. "How many flower-pots will that do any good to, I wonder?" But she brought it, and Sam went to work: the brush was a small painter's brush, quite new and clean.

"Is this cold water?" said Sam.

"Yes, it is," said Lily. "I suppose you don't want hot to scald 'em?"

"No, nor ice-cold to freeze them," said Sam. "I want it just about as warm as the air inside the boxes."

A little hot water from the kitchen made this all right, and then Sam dipped the brush into the cup, and drawing it skillfully through his hand, he sent down the warm drops upon the flower-pots in a shower almost as fine as dew.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Clover. "I wonder if I could do that?"

"It's finer than the rose of my watering-pot," said Primrose.

"Yes; no watering-pot is fine enough for this work. You see if the drops are too large they will just displace the little seeds; and if the young plants were up they would be beaten down and half drowned."

"But you give them so very little!" said Lily, as her brother closed the panes of the first box.

"A little at a time. Seeds mould very easily, and young plants 'damp off,' as the gardeners say—die of the wet, if they have too much of it."

"I wonder when there will be any young plants there!" said Lily. "It takes 'em a great while to grow."

"Yes, and I get so impatient watching 'em," said Primrose. "Oh, I wish mamma was here to tell us the rest of her story! that would divert my mind a little."

"Come here, poor little mind that wants diversion," said Mrs. May from her work-table, with a laugh. "You want me so much, Prim, that you can not see me when I come."

"Ah, but I can see you now," said Primrose, running to the table; "and I was looking at my boxes, you know. Now for Mrs. Grundy, mamma!"

Sam went off, muttering that Mrs. Grundy was no friend of his; and the rest gathered round Mrs. May, and she began:

"I said Mrs. Grundy had a great deal of power, but it all lay in doing mischief and in making slaves. That is the proper word, rather than prisoners—she took people captive, and then, setting a mark upon them, she left them free—to do her pleasure. Whatever she said they must believe; whatever she ordered they must do."

"What sort of a mark did she give 'em?" asked Primrose.

"A shackle upon all their life; a bit of a chain to carry that bound even their thoughts and opinions. And then, to amuse herself, she would issue the most ridiculous orders, sending them here and there by her waiting-maid, Miss La Mode, or her Secretary, R. I. Du Cule. But whatever she ordered it was all the same to her captives—they never thought of resistance, but went where she bade them, and said what she said; and wore carrots or beetles on their heads, just according to her fancy."

"Beetles! why that's like Maria Jarvis's rose-bugs!" cried Primrose.

"How absurd you see, Prim!" said Lily. "Maria's rose-bugs were on her frock, child."

"Well, Sarah's butterfly wasn't," persisted Prim. "Mamma, did she ever get hold of any body but grown-up people—any children?"

"Sometimes, when their mothers were not careful," said Mrs. May, "and then it would have made your heart ache to see the poor little things. I'll tell you of one who was called Ruth Rural. Ruth had always lived a very happy life with her mother in the country, running about the fields in a white sun-bonnet, and having a pink one for Sundays; picking blackberries, and hunting for birds' nests in the long grass of the meadow or the dry hay in the barn; studying with all her might in the morning, and playing just as hard in the afternoon. Until one unhappy summer, when Mrs. Rural (venturing too near the grounds of Grundy Castle) was taken captive, and was then at once so bewildered that little Ruth fell an easy prey."

"But didn't she run?" cried Primrose. "I should, I know that. Mrs. Grundy would never have got hold of me."

"She might," said Mrs. May. "You would not

MATAMORAS, MEXICO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

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be afraid if any place where you saw me, Prim, and Ruth just staid by her mother. And what a fire Mrs. Grundy led the poor child! Ruth had grown away from home in a nice print dress and strong black shoes; able to run, and jump, and dance, and climb fences; and she came back in a large hoop, and a dressed robe, and silk boots. Her hair was crinkled and braided, and bewitched, till it stood on end, as if she had been hearing the worst sort of a ghost story; and (so small misfortune) Ruth had learned that she had a complexion to make or to mar, and for that Mrs. Grundy had prescribed as little fresh air as possible, taken through a blue gauze veil.

"Well, when at last the poor child got home, and Grundy Castle was left far behind, the first night she was too tired to look at any thing. But next day, as soon as all the various duties enjoined by Mrs. Grundy were dispased of, Ruth thought she would run out and look at her flowers. So she caught up her watering-pot and ran to the pump; but her hoop was so large she couldn't get near it, and she had to go to the kitchen for water."

"Mamma, I wish you'd just tell us how she was dressed" said Clover, laughing.

"As near as I remember," said Mrs. May, "her dress was one which Miss La Mode had called 'extremely pretty, and even with pretensions to elegance.' It was a light blue summer poplin, with a white chip hat and a blue wreath, and high light kid boots. Well, Ruth went to her garden, and the delicate kid boots plunged down into the soft earth and came up quite another color. Then a sweet-brier caught hold of the chip hat with its sharp fingers, tearing away the blue forget-me-nots and leaving a rent by which it was pretty sure to be remembered for some time to come; and the wind rushed about through the frizzed hair till Ruth looked like a wild thing. Ruth was in despair. All her flowers, she thought, looked strange at her; and how could they help it? with her hat swung up in the sweet-brier bush, and her blue veil all tangled in the rose rows. She walked off, quite forgetting her complexion, to another part of the garden; and there was her own white rose-bush, all shining in the sun, heading hither and thither with easy grace, sweet when all the made-up perfumes in the world. Ruth stood there for a minute, feeling very envious; but said only she thought she heard Mrs. Grundy's voice coming along the road; and Ruth dropped her watering-pot and fled into the house."

"Is that all, mamma?" asked Primrose.

"No. I am sorry to say that is only part."

"Please don't tell any more now, mamma," said Lily. "I don't think I like your stories."

"I do," said Prim. "they're splendid. Only I don't quite understand 'em sometimes. Oh, Jack!—you mustn't touch my box."

"Mustn't touch it, hey?" said Jack, leisurely lifting the panes of glass and peeping in, while the six small little owners came rushing to the bow-window. "What's the matter? Are you afraid something will grow if I look in?"

"No, we're not, you profane boy," said Lily. "They'll grow fast enough if you'll keep your fingers off."

"Fast enough!" said Jack, whistling. "Fast enough! Much you know about growing, or seeds either. Ah! I could tell you how seeds can grow when they set about it.

"Well, tell away," said Lily.

"There was a farmer once," said Jack, taking an easy attitude upon the window-seat, "who had a lot of cucumber seed to plant."

"How much is a lot?" asked Prim.

"I don't know—half a handful. Well, he put the seed in his pocket, and started for the garden; and before he got there he thought his pocket felt queer—mussy-like, so he put his hand in to see."

"To feel, you mean," said Clover.

"Be quiet! how you interrupt me!" said Jack. "He put his hand in, as I said, and there the seed had sprouted. Well, that was good news, and he hurried on to the garden; but all the time his pocket kept feeling queerer and queerer, till by-and-by the cucumber leaves began to shoot out of the pock-holes. Then the man started to run; but the shoot grew and grew till it got down to the ground, and then it went as fast as he did. The man was scared by that time, and turned about and ran for home as fast as he could go; and the shoot ran with him all the way. And if you'll believe me," said Jack, "when he reached the house there was a great, large, big cucumber gone to seed in his pocket!"

THE GAME OF CROQUET.

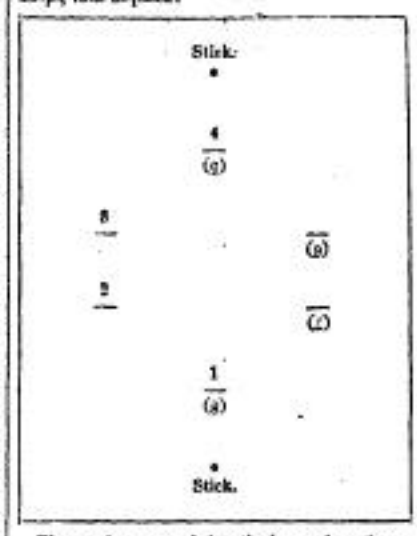
CROQUET has become so universally popular, and deservedly so, that, in connection with our illustration on page 568, we propose to lay before our readers the nature and rules of this charming game.

We have not the space to enter into the history of Croquet. The game as it stands now has taken its fixed shape from the decisions promulgated by the Croquet Committee of London.

The best number of players for general purposes is four, two playing against two; and for matches, six. Where there is only one ground, and more than four desire to play, it is a good plan to divide the candidates into two sets, one set commencing at the starting and winning stick, the other at the turning-stick, so that what is the starting-stick to one party is the turning-stick to the other. The two games go on simultaneously; the two sets of players interfere scarcely at all with each other. Occasionally a ball belonging to the other game lies in the way of a stroke, when it must be taken up while the stroke is made; or the striker in one game has perhaps to wait a moment while the striker in the other game makes his stroke.

As regards the ground, it often happens the best that can be obtained is small, inconvenient, and any thing but level. In such cases all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. But where space can be got, and money is "no object," the ground should be level, and of well-mown and well-rolled grass, not less than thirty yards, nor, for general purposes, more than a hundred yards long, and from twenty to sixty yards wide. This proportion of five to three between length and breadth is the one most approved. The ground should have its boundaries well-defined before the play begins.

With a view to shortening the game a series of experiments has been instituted, and we assure our readers that a most interesting game results from six hoops, or even four. For four balls, two being partners against two, we recommend six hoops, thus disposed:



The numbers appended to the hoops show the order in which they are to be run. A string should be cut one-sixth of the entire length between the two sticks. From the starting-stick to hoop 1 is one string, and there is the same distance between the turning-stick and hoop 4 (5). The side-hoops are fixed two on either side, one string apart, and each of the four two strings from a point midway between the two sticks. Hoops 7 and 2 are at the same distance from hoop 1 as hoops 3 and 6 from hoop 4.

For six balls a capital game may be played with only four hoops: hoops 2 and 3 (see diagram) being taken out, and a hoop placed half-way between them; the same with hoops 6 and 7; so that the four hoops correspond to the four corners of a diamond. And, where time presses, or where others are waiting to play, this plan is well adapted for four balls, the game lasting about half an hour.

The term *in order* is well understood by every croquet player. It signifies the sequence of hoops, etc., which have to be run. A player having run No. 1, must take No. 2 "in order," that is, if he takes No. 8, or any other hoop, before having taken No. 2, he gains no point by it. Of course the game is won by the side that first drives all their balls through all the hoops "in order," and hits all the sticks "in order."

The terms *in play* and *in hand* present more difficulty. As a great many nice points turn on the question whether a ball is "in play" or not, it is important to comprehend precisely the meaning of the terms, and they are by no means easy of definition. We quote the definition of the Committee, which we think very clear:

"A ball is 'in play' as soon as it has run the first hoop. It continues in play till it makes a roquet, when it is 'in hand.' A ball 'in hand' must take croquet, and can score no point until it has done so. Having taken croquet it is again 'in play;' but it is not permitted to roquet again the ball or balls it has croqueted for the remainder of its turn, unless it makes another point. Having made another point, it is 'in play' again to all the balls as at the commencement of its turn."

Running a hoop means, as every body knows, sending a ball through it by a blow of the mallet. It must be run "in order," and in the right direction, and the whole of the ball must go through, or the hoop is not "run." If the ball remains under the hoop, and it is doubtful whether the ball is quite through, the question is decided by applying a straight-edge behind the hoop, the hoop being of course perpendicular. If the straight-edge (the handle of the mallet is commonly used for this purpose) touches the ball, the hoop is not "run."

Roquet is made by the striker driving his own ball, by a blow of the mallet, against another ball. If he is "in play" to the other ball, the "roquet" gives him the privilege of a *croquet* off the hit ball.

Croquet is taken in this way. The striker places his ball in contact with the one roqueted, and strikes his own with the mallet. After the croquet, the striker is entitled to another stroke.

Croquet may be taken either with the striker's foot fixed firmly on his own ball while he strikes, when it is called a "tight" croquet, or without the foot, when it is termed a "loose" croquet.

A *point* is made on running a hoop, or hitting a stick, each, of course, "in order."

We have already stated what constitutes "running" a hoop. A stick is hit when the striker's ball is seen to move it, or when the sound of the ball against it is heard. It has been suggested that a ball should be placed on the top of the stick, and that the stick shall not be deemed to be hit unless the ball falls. But in practice it seldom happens that there is any question as to the hit, and a ball would be a complication. It is a question, however, whether in a grand match balls should be used.

A *run* is simply the innings of any one player.

We are now in a position to understand the bearings of the definition of the terms "in hand" and "in play."

A ball is in hand as soon as it has made a roquet. It takes croquet, after which it is in hand only to the ball roqueted for the remainder of that turn, or until it has made another point. If it roquets another ball, it similarly remains in hand to it after the croquet, and so on. It follows from this that croquet can only be taken once in each turn from each ball, unless another point is made. A second roquet may be made on a ball previously roqueted without a point being made in the interval, as, for instance, for the purpose of driving away, cannoning, etc.; but such roquet does not entitle to a croquet, as the striker is in hand to the ball roqueted. The striker's turn ends there, unless by the same stroke he makes a point, or roquets another ball to which he is "in play." In this case he can go on with his turn, the roquet of the ball to which he is in hand being of no more advantage or disadvantage than hitting a stick or a stone that might happen to lie on the grass.

We now come to the laws themselves. But we have said so much by anticipation with regard to them that we shall pass them through very rapidly. One recommendation of the laws under review is, that they are clearer, fewer, and shorter than any other published set.

First, the rotation of play has to be decided on, the captain of each side allotting the colors as he pleases.

The first stroke is made by placing the ball any where not exceeding one mallet's length from the starting-stick, and striking it toward the first hoop. If this point is made, the player is entitled to another stroke. If he fails to run the first hoop (and this is the *pons asinorum* of unskillful players, and often is not run), his ball is taken off the ground till its next turn comes round.

The striker having run a hoop has the privilege of continuing his turn, so long as he succeeds in making a point in order, or a roquet on a ball in play. Having made roquet, he must next take croquet, after which he is entitled to another stroke.

We now come to the most important law of the lot. It is that the course of the mallet in striking must be across the body from left to right, or from right to left. This regulation is intended to do away with the front stroke. Either one or both hands may be used, but the nearest to the head of the mallet must be eighteen inches at least from it. When the mallet is held in this way, and its course in striking is across the body (i. e., at right angles, or nearly so, to the long axis of the player's feet), the abominable practice of "spooning" is almost impossible.

If a ball is not fairly hit, but in the opinion of the umpire is pushed or spooned, and if the regulations of the law just quoted are not complied with, all benefit from the stroke is lost; the ball is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain, and the player loses his turn.

Strokes must be given with the end of the head of the mallet, and not with the side.

Balls struck beyond the boundaries of the ground must be at once replaced half a mallet's length within the edge, measured from the spot where they went off, at right angles to the margin.

As regards the penalties for various offenses, the one most open to argument is that respecting the slipping of the ball from under the foot when taking tight croquet. According to the laws before us, the player who allows his ball to slip loses his next stroke—i. e., the remainder of his turn.

If a ball while rolling is touched or stopped by the player or his side, the player ceases to play for that turn. If by the other side, the striker may at his option take his stroke again, or, if entitled to another stroke, may proceed with the balls left where they stopped.

If the striker croquets a ball which he is not entitled to croquet he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced.

If a player makes a second hit (as, e. g., seeing that the first is not hard enough) he loses his turn, and the balls are to be replaced.

Playing out of turn with the right or wrong ball loses all benefit from any point or points made in the turn played in error, and the balls hit are to be left where they are, or are to be replaced where they were at the commencement of the turn, at the option of the adverse side.

If a player in his proper turn plays with the wrong ball, he loses his turn and all benefit from the stroke, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced.

If a ball is moved in taking aim it should in strictness (e. g., in a match) count as a stroke; but in ordinary play it is sufficient to let the ball be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse side.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MOBILE.

THIS city is so thoroughly uninteresting that your artist made but one sketch there. That was the picture of the Magnolia Avenue on the Shell Road—or rather what is left of it, for many of the finest trees were cut down in getting range for the guns which were to defend the city—a needless destruction, as they never fired a shot.

The Magnolia, when old, is a handsome tree. It grows tall, and the deep, glossy green of its leaves is a capital foil to the delicate white of its large and perfumed blossoms. The trees through which the Shell Road passes—the fashionable drive of Mobile—have long been famous, and it is a great pity so many of them have been destroyed.

Mobile was a terribly demoralized city during the war, and it is not to be wondered at. Garrisoned by a large force, which was entirely without occupation till toward the close of the war, such looseness pervaded its society as to make it the subject of repeated strictures in the rebel newspapers. Since it fell into Union hands it has shown itself to be by no means a community where liberal or peaceful sentiments reign; as witness the repeated burnings of colored churches and school-houses, "entirely the work of *accident*, unless the niggers did it themselves," as I was assured by a citizen. These and other things—the result of bad policy—are driving much of the trade and even the merchants to New Orleans, whither many of the planters of Alabama follow to get their supplies.

BATON ROUGE.

Inquiry of the citizens failed to throw any light upon the origin of the name of Red Stick. Probably our novelists may be induced to take it up—not the *bâton rouge*, but the construction of some magnificent story, connecting the foundation of the city with the most hideous deeds, committed by amiable scoundrels and sweet criminals, in whom the worst vices shall appear worthy of imitation and consonant with the true principles of Christianity. Like all the Southern cities, business here is entirely stagnant, the principal occupation being to keep out of the sun and drink iced drinks. The State House still stands, a melancholy shell, and looks much more like an ancient castle than it ever had any hopes of doing while perfect. Meanwhile the Legislature meets at New Orleans.

The other prominent building is the Louisiana State Deaf and Dumb Asylum—a very pleasant and commodious building, but having few patients. From its roof the spectator can look over the city and the battle-ground where General WILLIAMS died at the head of his men in 1862. The field is flat, extending in an arc around the city, bounded by woods, where the Confederate army found shelter when finally driven off. Above the city a number of good residences are missing, near the arsenal, having been torn down and destroyed to make way for fortification. In this way all trace of the old Spanish defensive works disappeared. The places can still be seen where the shells of the Union fleet tore through the houses, when compelled to open upon the city in revenge for the dastardly conduct of some men (said to be guerrillas) who, concealed behind fences, fired upon a boat's crew which landed to get ice, and killed an officer and a number of men. On that occasion the citizens left in such a hurry that, though the fire killed none, a number died of the unaccustomed exercise.

In all the Southern cities along the rivers the Levee is the place of first importance. If there is any life it will be seen here. In one of my sketches a New Orleans steamer, one of the Atlantic and Mississippi line, has made a landing, while another on its way down is visible in the distance. On the right are the welcome ice-boats discharging their frosty cargo. This is done, as befits the sunny South, in a clumsy and slovenly manner. The wretched bridge, over which they haul the ice in sleds, and which might as well be made in one inclined plane to the shore, is constructed with several angles. The negro who has charge of the horse makes the animal carry his bulking frame as well as haul the ice ashore. Fancy a man on a New York dock riding the horse engaged in unloading cargo. While making the sketch a hitch occurred and a darkey fell overboard. Although it did not appear that he could swim much, a boat-load of white boys kept out of his way and yelled at him derisively.

The Southern people hate the adverse criticisms of Northern people upon the usual manner in which things are done in the South; but as soon as they realize how much they lose in comfort and dignity as well as money, they will begin to enjoy life as they have not had a chance to do under the demoralizing influences of "the institution."

A. R. W.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOW TO BECOME INVISIBLE.—The gift of invisibility was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of fern. Put on any very seedy suit of clothes and walk about in the streets. You will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

A wag thus enlightens his musical acquaintance: "I know two tunes, the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't—I always sing the latter."

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

Oh, I have a husband as good as can be!
No woman could wish for a better than he!
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
But his love for me is uncommonly strong!

He has one little fault that makes me fret,
He has always less money, by far, than debt;
Moreover, he wallops me now and then—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to drink;
And, besides, he is rather too fond, I think,
Of playing at cards and dice; but then,
Excepting that, he's the best of men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I know
('Tis the way with the men—they're always so),
But what care I for his flirting—when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my pewter and spend the cash;
But how can I scold my darling, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

When soaked with tipple, he's hardly polite,
But knocks the crockery left and right,
And pulls my hair, and growls again—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

Yes—such is the loyalty I have shown;
But I have a spouse who is all my own;
As good, indeed, as a man can be—
And who could ask for a better than he?

Who was Jonah's tutor?—The whale who brought him up.

"Well, what is it that causes the saltness of the water of the ocean?" inquired a teacher of a bright little boy. "The cod-fish," replied the little original.

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition?—Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

A man who was once on a journey said he never liked to see the tables covered with books and newspapers where he stopped at night. "For," said he, "I can never find any whisky at such places."

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter contempt," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander, going about like a boy constrictor, circulating his coloured upon honest folks."

A mirror has been well defined
An emblem of a thoughtful mind;
For look upon it when you will,
You find it is reflecting still.

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married landsman generally is.

The State of Matrimony is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief productions are population, broomsticks, and staying out late at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry until you cross the equinoctial line of housekeep-

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ing, when equally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands out as outsiders. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State remark the first pair of bright eyes you run against. It is one of the United States.

TAXATION.—A preacher explains the present system of raising revenue as follows: "Now you see, in the first place, they git the amount of a feller's business. That is taxed. Then they find out how much he earns every month, and that's taxed. Then they find out all about his profits, and on that they lay their tax. Then they manage to get some tax on what he owes. Next comes what they call income, and that's taxed. Then, if any thing is left, the preacher calls around, and gits it to sustain the church and convert the heathen."

"Go away," said Muggins, "you can't stuff sich nonsense in me—six feet in his boots! No man as lives stands more nor two feet in his boots, and no one talking 'bout it. Might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hat!"

Effectual destruction of weeds—marrying a widow.

THAT.

I'll prove the word that I've made my theme
Is that that may be doubled without blame;
And that that that thus twisted, I say too,
And that that that that action may show,
May be correct. Further—the done to boiler—
Five theta may closely follow one another;
For, be it known, that we safely write,
Or say that that that that that man writ was right;
Nay, s'an that that that that that that followed
Through six repeats the grammar's rule has hallowed:
And that that that (that that that that that begun)
Repeated seven times is right!—deny't who can.

There is a story of a South boy, asked whether he wished to be regenerated, replying, "Na, na!" "What for not, Robin?" "Because regeneration means being born again, and then wha can tell I mightna be a lassie?"

What metamorphosis does a washer-woman undergo in the night?—She goes to bed a washer-woman and gets up fine linen.

PENALTIES FOR CLERKS.

Dropping a yard-stick, five cents.
Sitting down, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 7 P.M., ten cents.
Conversing with a gentleman, ten cents.
Five minutes late in the morning, ten cents.
Dropping a piece of goods on the floor, five cents.
In case of sickness, wages suspended. "Salaries," from one to four dollars per week. Board, from three to six dollars.

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

A love-sick young pair who had only a dollar
To pay to the priest for the marriage collar,
Were told by the parson his regular fee
For marrying people was only a V.
"Nay, then," quoth the swain, "good parson, now come!
A dollar, I'm sure, ought to marry us some;"
"Tis all I have got: you can take it, you know,
And marry as far as the money will go!"

A STRONG LETTER.

"Messrs. ——: I return your firkin of butter. It is of no use to me, and it might do for a 'header' on one of your fast freight trains. The season of the year requires strength. Yours respectfully."

A statistician says he has proved fourteen hundred and thirty-three different ways of spelling the cholera, in all of which the authors advise different preventatives.

Two duellists, having exchanged shots without effect, one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the parties should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary, "for," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

The brave man wins his sword, the coward his tongue: The old coquette her gold, her fine the young.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him sage.

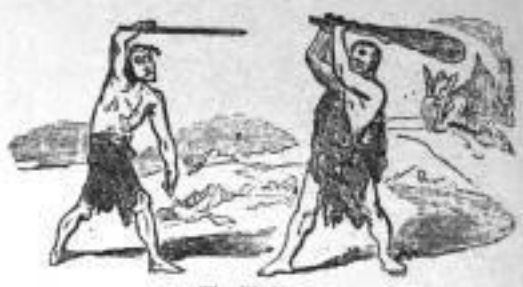
PROGRESS OF THE ART OF WAR.

Primitive Arms.

Invention of pugilism and wrestling.—The war lasts as long as the fellows can stand it.

The Club.

First application of the principle of the lever. The art progresses.—The war lasts till one of the fellows gets his head broken.



The Bludgeon.

The club is outdone. The head-breaking process is facilitated.—The fight is an affair of all-day or not, according to the circumstances.

The Sword.

The fellow that was overcome by the bludgeon gains an advantage over his enemy by means of a more convenient and effective weapon.—The war lasts for a couple of centuries.

The Long Sword.

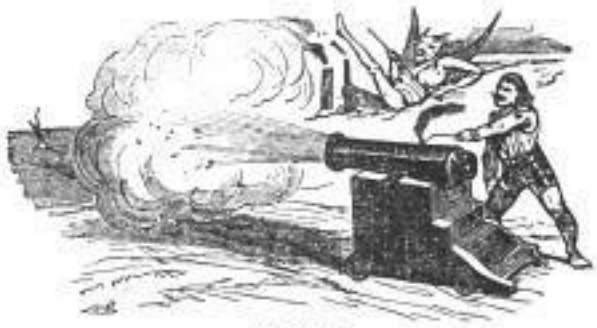
The invention of this weapon gives the fighter the satisfaction of piercing his antagonist at a safe distance.—The war lasts for a century.

The Pistol.

The Devil puts in an appearance, and suggests the invention of gunpowder. General enthusiasm. Startling progress. The fellow with the long sword is slightly astonished at a piece which pierces at a distance of twenty-five paces.

The Gun.

A new stage of progress. The fellow with the pistol is outdone and killed at the distance of a hundred paces.—The war lasts thirty years.



The Cannon.

Those who have escaped the gun, since some reflection invent the cannon. Delightful success! At five hundred paces several antagonists are killed at once.—The Thirty Years' War reduced to seven years.

The Needle-Gun.

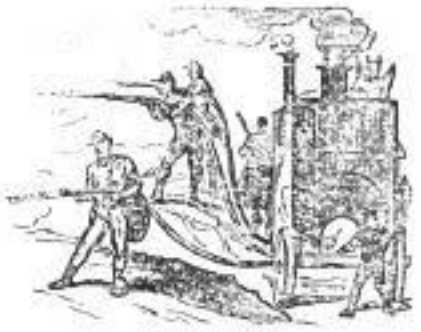
But there is no limit to human ingenuity. A remarkable discovery is made—the Needle-Gun is invented. The enemy finds it difficult to get in a shot over the two dozen.—The Thirty Years' War reduced to thirty days.

The Fusil Eventail or Fan-Gun.

The manner of fighting in 1870. Twenty-five needle-guns in one. One man destroys a company in five minutes at a distance of 5000 yards.—The Thirty Years' War fought in three days.

The Electric Organ Gun.

The manner of fighting in 1880. Twenty-five fan-guns in one, discharged by means of an electric battery with a musical accompaniment.—The Thirty Years' War fought in a day and a half.



The Steam-Gun.

Manner of fighting in 1890. Twenty-five opera guns in one, manœuvred by steam, and acting continuously.—The Thirty Years' War fought in a day.

The Surprise Bomb.

The manner of fighting in 1900. The Engineer of the Army hesitates by steam, in his moments of leisure invents a terrible asphyxiating surprise bomb, which will choke off a division at ten thousand yards.

Another Surprise Bomb.

But the Field-Marshal of the Asphyxiated Army concocts a more diffusive asphyxiating powder, which, at ten thousand yards, disposes of an entire army corps.

Universal Peace—Tableau.

Each army at length annihilates the other. There is a reign of calm and tranquillity.—The War of Thirty Years lasts for three minutes.

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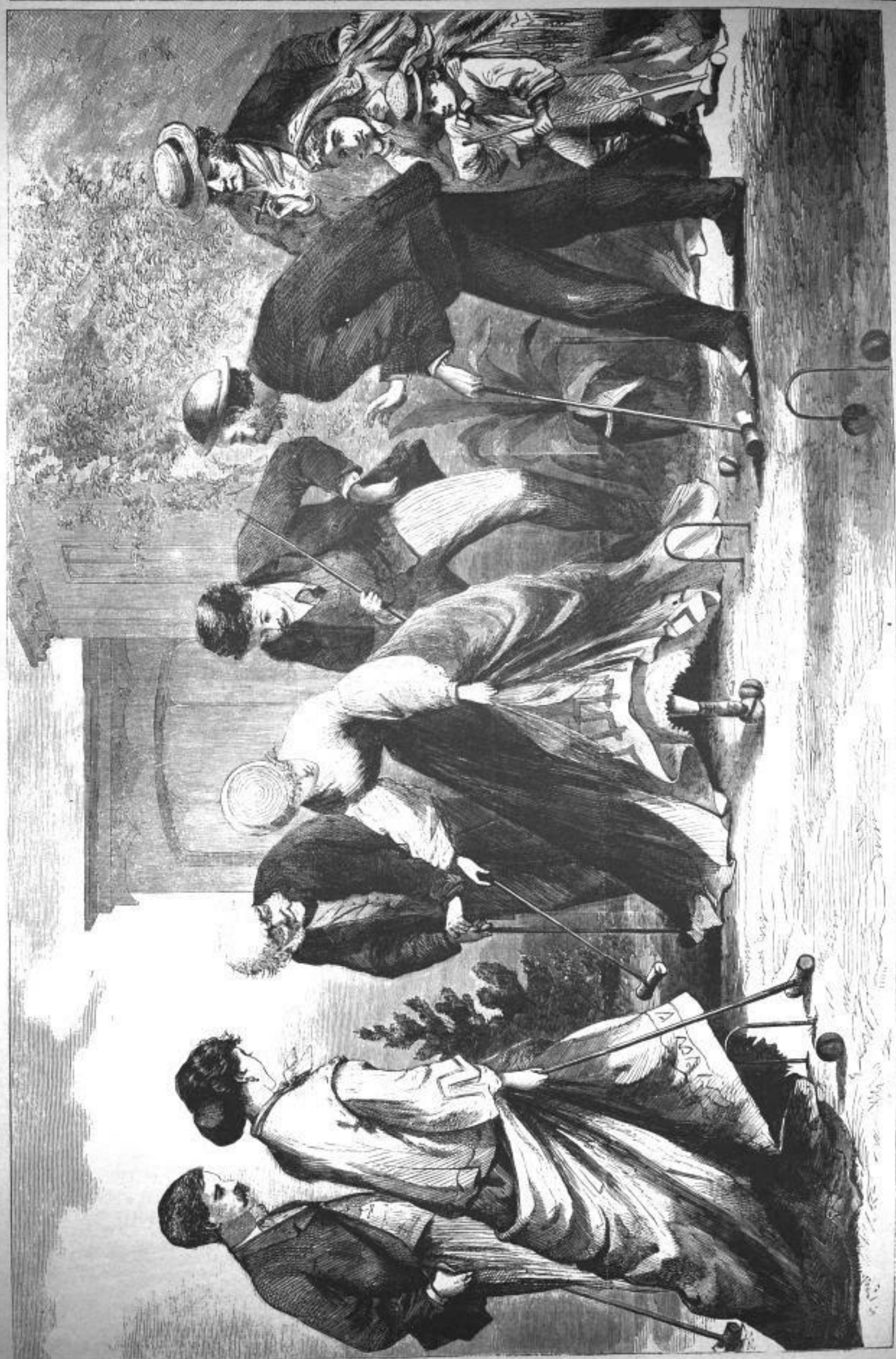

THE GAME OF CROQUET.—DRAWN BY MR. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 565.]

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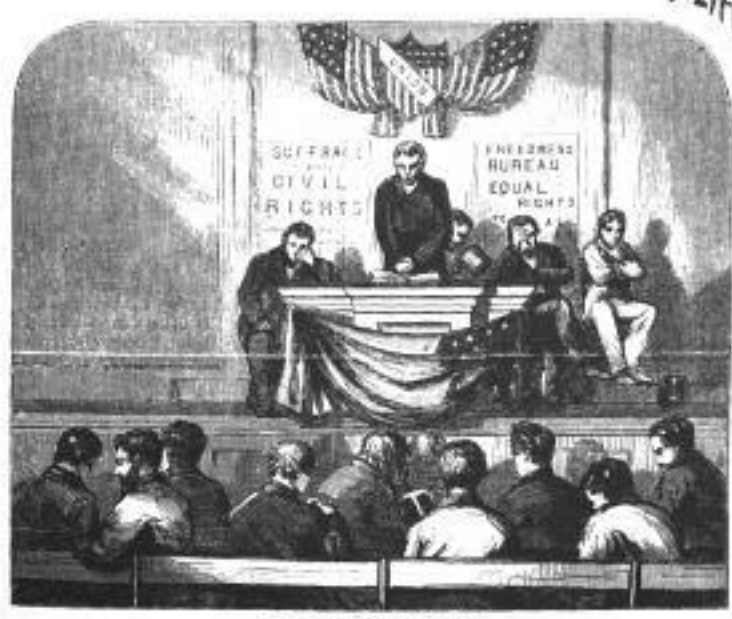
TO UNION MEN.

THE NEW ORLEANS



CONVENTION

OR

MASSACRE.

WHICH IS THE MORE ILLEGAL.

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ONLY SOME RELICS.

A rose she wore, a jewel that pressed
The maiden beauty of her breast.

A glove our happy hand once drew
From her small fingers veined with blue.

A ribbon that around her throat
Loved in the dallying winds to float.

A golden clasp that once had known
The silken pressure of her zone.

A little slipper with blue rosette,
In which her fairy foot was set.

And one brown tress, through happy years
Shading the shell-films of her ears.

These, and an ivorytype's dull stain
Are all of our Dear One that now remain.

All the dear relics that are left
Of her by whose loss our hearts are cleft.

Leaving the world a dim, dead space
Of cares and duties with little grace.

A dull, dead level of weary years
In which no blossoming joy appears.

No girl with teeth like the rows of corn
When you strip the ear as the summer is born.

And tresses of changing gold and brown,
Over shoulders of ivory, shaken down.

And lips in whose arched and crimson bow
All the flushing hues of the tropics glow.

And over whose dimpled cheeks, like light
And shade over meadows, the thoughts take flight.

Winged by her innocent, dancing eyes,
With coyness and coquetry, smiles and sighs.

Her voice was the hum of a summer wind
When it breathes through a lattice with roses twined.

Her soul was as pure, as unsoiled and white
As the chanting seraphs in robes of light.

And the kindness that dwelt in her heart, I deem,
Of the Heaven she now dwells in was some stray gleam.

Oh loved and lost! our soul's adored!
Our dove with silver wings—our bird!

Beauty embodied, and joy, and peace,
Whose breath had a charm bidding sorrow cease.

Best gift that Heaven to bless us gave—
We cast this chaplet on thy grave.

Miles O'Reilly.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Second Portion.

CHAPTER III.

Aunt and Uncle Gough were neither rich nor grand people, though the Gable House was, as I have said, the noblest looking dwelling in Willborough. The house was not my uncle's own property, but he held a long lease of it. It belonged to some great county magistrate: a baronet whose very name I have forgotten, though he was a mighty person in Willborough, and held property for miles around it. But socially speaking, he was as far removed from our household as if he had lived in Kamschatka. His steward, Mr. Lee, we knew slightly, and saluted when we met him in the street on market-days; but he was so solemn and grand a person that he always chilled me into awe-struck silence, though he often condescended to smile and speak to us girls as we grew up. Once he told uncle that Miss Anna had a monstrous sprightly air and a fine shape, and would turn all the young fellows' heads by-and-by. "And did he say nothing of our sweet Madge?" asked my aunt when the flattering words had been reported at home and had been blushed and smiled at. Aunt Gough, dear, tender-hearted soul, feared that I might feel slighted; but, in truth, it had never occurred to me as possible that the pompous Mr. Lee should have noticed or remembered me at all. "Well, well, well," said my uncle, as he drew me to him with so sweet and fond a smile that I felt my eyes fill with tears, "I'm not sure that I want Mr. Lee to make pretty speeches about Madge. He can tell which of them has the brightest eyes; of that he's a good enough judge, so don't think I want to rob you of your compliment, Anna. But if Madge won't turn heads she'll creep into hearts; won't she, my dear?" He passed his hand softly over my hair as he spoke. I want to tell the truth, and I must confess that just for a moment I felt a sort of irritable impatience at being told I should not turn heads. Why should I not turn heads as well as another? I half withdrew myself from the touch of the fatherly hand that was caressing me. But the little unworthy feeling passed directly, and in an instant I had kissed my uncle, and we were all laughing together at Anna's assurance that she would begin to practice the turning process on Mr. Lee himself, the very next time she saw him.

The opportunity was not long in coming, but I think Anna had forgotten her vow; at any rate, I don't believe she tried to fulfill it. It was a fortnight after uncle had told us of Mr. Lee's compliment, on the next market-day but one, that my sister and I, coming homeward up the High Street, saw before us my uncle's tall figure walking side by side with the portly Mr. Lee. They were talking earnestly together, and going at a much slower pace than we were, so we soon overtook them. The foot pavement of the Willborough High Street was very narrow: so narrow that two persons walking abreast needed its whole width. We could not pass my uncle and Mr. Lee by stepping off the pavement, because on market-days the roadway was filled with country folk. Venders of poultry, eggs, butter, fruit, and vegetables stood all along the edge of the causeway. Great carts, piled with country produce, or laden with a ruddy-cheeked farmer's family, jolted ponderously along, the wagoner whip in hand steering his unwieldy horses amidst the crowd as well as he could; and the docile brutes seeming to understand his uncouth gees, and woes, and wuts, with almost human intelligence. Now and again a prosperous yeoman would ride by, his well-fed cob chafing and fretting at the enforced slowness of the pace. Then there were stout servant-girls with heavy baskets, traveling peddlers hoarse with vaunting their wares, a blind fiddler or doleful ballad-singer, farm-laborers slow and bewildered of aspect, busy shopkeepers, whooping school-boys, barking dogs, cackling hens, and I don't know what else.

We came close behind my uncle and his companion, and had even walked some paces at their heels before they were aware of our being near them. "Yes, Mr. Gough," said the steward with pompous emphasis, "so it is arranged. He will have the advantage of my name, position, and connection, and I think on the whole we may expect a fair start—a *fair* start. If a young man is put in the way of making a fair start, I consider it to be his own fault if he does not—if he does not, in fact, start fair."

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Lee," returned our guardian with a pleasant laugh. "And I make no doubt but the young gentleman will do you credit."

Here Anna, raising herself on tip-toe, stretched her arm over uncle's shoulder and thrust a bunch of sweet herbs we had been buying for home use under his nose. He and Mr. Lee stopped and turned round; as they did so, a third gentleman, who had been walking a little in advance of them, and whom we had not seen until now, stopped too on hearing my uncle's exclamation. "What now!" cried uncle, his face lighting up into smiles, as it always did whenever he saw either of us, "saucy Nanny: I might have known it was one of your pranks. Fie, miss! Ain't you ashamed? Here's Mr. Lee blushing for you."

I don't think Mr. Lee was blushing, but I know Anna was, and laughing too, and looking very pretty. Mr. Lee shook hands with us both with much condescension; and as we were blocking up the pathway, and were being hustled and pushed this way and that, Uncle Gough bade us two walk on, and said: "Perhaps Mr. Lee and Mr. Horace will be good enough to come to the Gable House and see aunty, and give us the pleasure of drinking a toast to Mr. Horace's success and prosperity, in our homely fashion, after dinner." Then the third gentleman, who had been in advance of them, was presented to us by Mr. Lee as "My son Horace, young ladies;" and my uncle's invitation having been accepted, we all proceeded homeward. The two elders resumed their talk immediately, and chatted together all the way. But we young ones walked shyly side by side in silence until we reached the old iron gateway of the Gable House.

That was the first time I ever saw Horace Lee.

CHAPTER IV.

It is difficult for me now to separate that first impression from my subsequent knowledge of Horace, but I am nearly sure that I liked him from the first, although he was shy and silent, and a little stiff, perhaps. I remember, quite certainly, feeling pleased (though I should have been puzzled to say why) that the younger Mr. Lee was not very like his father. Just the color of the bluish-gray eyes, and the crisp curliness of the hair, were alike in the two. But Horace had not his father's massive jaw and coarse mouth, and he had altogether a gentle, wistful kind of expression when his face was in repose, which I suppose he inherited from his dead mother.

Uncle Gough stepped forward and led the way beneath the porch of famous memory, and into the hall; and we four, Anna and I and the two Mr. Lees, followed in a somewhat pell-mell fashion. But I noticed that when we came to the dining-room door and my sister and I paused an instant, old Mr. Lee pushed on in his pompous, self-absorbed way, and entered before us; and that a slight look of annoyance came across the young man's face as he drew back with a formal little bow to allow us to pass. Dear Aunt Gough was the soul of hospitality, and I believe if uncle had brought home half Willborough to dinner she would have felt no more regret than might be occasioned by anxiety lest they should not all be comfortable and well provided for. She looked a little surprised when Mr. Lee walked in, for he had never been on intimate terms at the Gable House; but she welcomed him and his son with the sweet, simple kindliness that can not be counterfeited. And then, during dinner we heard how it was that Mr. Horace was in Willborough, and what uncle meant by speaking of a toast to his success and prosperity.

"Mr. Lee's son is coming to settle among us here, old woman," said my uncle to my aunt. "He has been studying engineering and land-surveying away in Birmingham, with Mr. — Mr. —"

"Topps," said the elder Mr. Lee, seeing that uncle paused for the name. "Topps. A very eminent man, Madam. Very eminent man. And expensive, very expensive. But eminence is ever expensive." The old gentleman looked round as though he had said something highly gratifying, and expected us to appear pleased. Horace kept his eyes on the table-cloth.

"Yes," resumed my uncle, "Mr. Horace has been studying with Mr. Topps. I am sure that Mr. Horace has profited by his opportunities; and his course of study being now finished, I am glad to say he is coming to give us Willborough folk the advantage of his skill."

"I have bought him a share in the old established business of Phillips and Rotherwood," put in Mr. Lee. "Mr. Phillips is about retiring, and there is an opening for a young man with moderate capital and a good connection. I consider that I have done my duty by my son, in keeping before him from boyhood the advantage of a good connection. And, if I may be allowed to say so, I think he will find a good connection ready to receive him, and to respect him—for his father's sake."

"No doubt of that, Sir," said Uncle Gough, after so short a silence that there scarcely seemed to have been a pause at all; "and to like him for his own."

Horace looked up at my uncle then, and thanked him with a smile so bright that it seemed to light up his face as if a ray of sunshine had fallen on it.

After that we girls went away with my aunt and left the gentlemen over their wine. They did not remain apart very long, for the Lees had a ten-mile drive to their home, and the days were shortening already at the approach of autumn. They came into the morning-room where we were sitting to take leave of my aunt. Old Mr. Lee was a good deal flushed, and had been doing justice to my uncle's cellar. That was no uncommon circumstance in those days, but it was one we were unused to, for James Gough was the most temperate of men.

"Won't you stay and drink a dish of tea, Sir?" asked my aunt, hospitably, though she looked a little fluttered as Mr. Lee took her hand and glared at her solemnly. He was not intoxicated, but he had taken enough to make him more prosy and pompous than usual.

"I thank you, Madam, but 'tis a beverage I never partake of, and we are pressed for time. My horse and gig are awaiting us at the Blue Bell, but I could not depart without expressing my best thanks for your hospitality. Horace, why do you not join your acknowledgments to mine? I am surprised at your negligence."

"Oh, pray!" said poor aunt, quite earnestly, "I'm sure there's no need, none in the world. It's a great pleasure to us to have entertained the young gentleman in our homely fashion."

"But there is need, Madam," persisted Mr. Lee. "There is need; pardon me for contradicting you, but I am a great stickler for the observance of those polite forms which—which—gild the wheels of life. Likewise, I was brought up in the observance of the utmost courtesy, especially toward the gentler sex. You may deem me punctilious and over-precise, young man, but in my day it was thought no part of good manners to leave a lady's house without a parting compliment. Courtesy, courtesy and consideration for the fair sex, even in the most trifling matters, has been my rule through life."

I couldn't help thinking of the little scene at the dining-room door, and I had an uncomfortable idea that Mr. Horace was thinking of the same thing, and I felt my cheeks grow provokingly scarlet. Mr. Lee went on some time longer, and made quite a speech, which, however, seemed to be spoken rather at us than to his son; but at last it came to an end, and he took a dignified leave of me, and an admiring one of Anna, paying her several high-flown compliments, which she received very graciously and with much self-possession. Horace made each of us his stiff little bow. I fancy his father's paternal admonition had not tended to put him more at his ease. But no bashfulness could have helped thawing under the influence of Aunt Gough's genial motherly manner, and the young man took her hand, and bade her farewell, quite cordially.

"I hope we shall see you at the Gable House very often," we heard my uncle saying, as he accompanied his guests down stairs. "You'll be a neighbor, you know, Mr. Horace. If you can put up with humdrum old-fashioned folks like us, you will always find a warm welcome and a cool tankard."

I have been sure since that old Mr. Lee had accosted my uncle that market-day, and introduced his son to him, expressly that he might receive some such invitation, and secure a footing in the Gable household. I know not if he had any further plan in his mind at that time; but it was of itself no trifling advantage to a new-comer in Willborough to be known as a welcome guest at the Gable House; an advantage which the baronet's steward was very sensible of, notwithstanding his boasts about his good connection. We had never been honored by so much of Mr. Lee's company before that day, and I think we were all tacitly agreed that it was a luxury we should not care to indulge in very often. But my uncle had taken a liking to the son, and said over and over again, "He's a nice lad. A well-looking lad, and well-mannered, though he's strange among us as yet. But where in the world he gets his shyness from the Lord knows! His mother must have been a gentle creature. I never knew her; but he looks like a lad who has had a nice mother."

The autumn days grew shorter and shorter, the faint smell of dead leaves was in the air, and the pale evening sky, pricked here and there with a speck of tremulous lustre, began to show the delicate tracery of leafless boughs relieved against its faint western yellow. By that time Horace Lee was as familiar an apparition beneath my uncle's roof as old Stock himself. His shyness wore off as he grew intimate with us, and we found him to be a most pleasant companion, with a vein of almost boyish fun and merriment which especially delighted my uncle. A closer bond of good-fellowship between them revealed itself accidentally. James Gough was a north-countryman by birth and family. I can not now explain—if, indeed, I ever did rightly know—what vicissitudes of fortune had brought him to dwell in our southern county; but I know he kept a warm corner in his heart for all that belonged to his dear Border land, and retained a clannish interest in his own far-away kinsfolk, even to cousins thrice removed. And, behold, one day it came out that Horace Lee's mother had been a Northumbrian, born and bred within twenty miles of my uncle's native place! Here was a pleasant discovery! Uncle Gough was never weary of questioning Horace about his dead mother, and rubbing up his own reminiscences of her family, the McNaghtens, until he ended by persuading himself that he must have known Mrs. Lee in her early youth, though I am afraid it was inexorably proved by dates and figures that he could never have seen her. He would sit and talk for hours of the wild moorlands and the heathery solitudes he had tramped through when a boy, relating one adventure after another, until the northern burr would come back to his tongue, and the boyish sparkle into his eyes, and he would bid Anna sing some old Border ballad, and would sit listening with closed eyelids to her fresh thrilling tones, while his heart lived over again the days of auld lang syne, and the tears stole unchecked down his dear honest face.

Horace too would listen, charmed and attentive. Anna, who loved excitement and admiration as much as most girls conscious of their beauty, and accustomed to receive praise in no stinted measure, never threw so much power and pathos into her voice, or so much expression into her changing face, as when Horace varied the monotony of her home audience and added novelty to the chorus of our familiar praises.

CHAPTER V.

Miss Wokenham was a frequent guest at this time at our fireside. She had made a confidence to us, and imparted a great piece of news, which we received half with pleasure and half with pain. The pleasure was occasioned by the hope that she would be happy, and the pain by the thought of losing her. Miss Wokenham was going to be married! And her husband was to take her out of Willborough, out of England, out of Europe, away across the salt sea as far as North America. I well remember the day when she first broke the news to us, and the comical struggle between crying and laughing which twitched her face all the time she was telling it. It was the afternoon of a half-holiday, one bright October day, when she walked into the parlor where Anna and I were sitting with Aunt Gough, who was half asleep over a perfect Arachne's web of fine-drawing. "Well, my mild-eyed Philosophy," said Miss Wokenham, greeting me with a kiss, which I had to stoop down to receive. (Almost every one of her pupils she distinguished by a nickname. Mine was Philosophy. Anna she always called Will-o'-the-wisp.) "Well, mild-eyed Philosophy! And how are you? And how is dear aunty? I need not ask how you are, Will-o'-the-wisp, flashing and beaming brightly enough to lead a whole legion of unwary travelers astray, and mischievous enough to enjoy their flounderings in the bog afterward."

She had always a quick, lively manner; but she now spoke more rapidly than usual, and I, who knew her well, was certain she was fluttered and excited. She proved me to be right after a minute or two, when, seating herself on a broad, low cushion just by Aunt Gough's knee, she clasped her hands tightly together, and said, abruptly, "I'm not used to tell lies, and I find I can't even act one well. It's of no use my coming in with a swagger and pretending to be quite at my ease; for I'm not at my ease, and you know I'm not at my ease; and I know that you know I'm not at my ease. I've come on purpose to tell you something, Mrs. Gough, and, as the dear girls are here, they may as well stay and hear it too, for they must know it sooner or later." She stopped an instant; but, seeing my aunt was about to speak, held up her hand to beg for silence, and went on with a plunge. "I am going to be married, and I know every thing that can be said about the absurdity of such a step at my time of life. But I've balanced the disadvantages of living and dying a solitary lonely woman, without a human being to comfort me in sickness or sorrow, against the disadvantages of being laughed at for an old fool who threw away herself and her savings on the first frog-eating Frenchman who chose to hold up his finger to her, and I've come to the conclusion that I can endure ridicule in good company better than dreary old age by myself. So there's my great news, my dears, and you needn't put any restraint on the expression of your feelings."

I never heard any one observe that Aunt Gough was remarkable for tact; but she certainly had a way of doing and saying the right thing at the right moment, which fell like soothing balm on the feelings of those around her. She was what it is now the fashion to call "sympathetic," in a greater degree than any one I have ever known. When little Miss Wokenham had finished her speech, and sat panting with her mouth twisted into a strained smile, and her bright black eyes brimming with tears, my aunt took her small hard gently in her own, and, patting it soothingly, said in her soft, slow way, and without a trace of surprise in her voice: "And very good news it is, too, and a very sensible woman I think you for bringing it. And who is to be the good man, my love?"

The little woman jumped up and put her arms round my aunt's neck; giving way now to a gush of tears.

"That's the phrase," she said. "The very phrase, you dear, kind soul! I have been puzzling how I should call him—not in my own thoughts, you know, but to other people; and I felt that my lover, or my betrothed, was out of the question. Even husband gave me a kind of shock. It's so late to begin, you know. But 'good man,' that is the very phrase! Cozy and prosy, and yet kindly. And you don't think me a weak old idiot, do you?"

By-and-by the little woman calmed down and received our congratulations with her usual sensible self-possession. Then by degrees she told us the story of her wooing.

"It's M'sieu' de Beauguet, the French master—Old Bogie, you know, girls. I shall be Mrs. Old Bogie. Won't that be a good name for me? I'm sure I never thought of such a thing all the years I've known him, though we were always on the best of terms, until, about a month ago, he came to me and told me that he had had an unexpected piece of good fortune. 'I'm honestly glad of it, M'sieu',' said I; 'for I have a great respect for you, and I'm sure you deserve a smile from Fortune after bearing her frowns with such gallantry. But all the world knows how natural cheerful bravery is to a Frenchman.' My dears, I knew he had been very, very poor, and had fought a hard fight without asking aid from any one. So it was not a mere flourish on my part. He made me a grand bow, and said, 'I accept the compliment for my nation, mademoiselle, not for myself.' And then he told me that a distant relative, from whom he had had no expectations, had died in Canada, whither he had emigrated many years ago, and that this distant rela-

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ive had left a small property and a farm near Quebec to his second cousin, Louis Auguste Philippe Emile de Beauguet. I wrote the names down afterward, and that's how I remember them so glibly. And then he said that he had resolved to give up teaching and to go out and settle in Canada, where there was quite a colony of his country people; and he was full of his plans and hopes. He didn't say a word about—about me—then. After he was gone I don't mind owning that I felt much depressed. I was glad of his good prospects, really glad; and yet the idea of his going away all that distance, set me thinking how all those to whom I was attached had other and stronger ties in the world—how the girls I had loved and taught grew up and passed out of my ken, generation after generation, vanishing away to be bright and pretty and clever in their distant homes, without a thought of their poor schoolmistress growing old by herself in her solitude. And I could not help thinking how other women took root, as it were, in the world, and bore fruit, and flourished into a green old age; while I stood alone, like some cold bare rock that had no beauty and little use, and must some day topple down and lie unregretted where it falls. I worked myself into such a dismal, desolate frame of mind—more shame for me!—that I sat huddled up by the fire, crying and sobbing like a fool, when my little servant Kate came bouncing into the room—you remember, Philosophy, my love, that we never could teach her to knock at the door—and brought me a great square letter, sealed with a coat of arms as big as a cheese-plate. It was from De Beauguet, of course. I'm not going to repeat it to you, don't be afraid, though I do know it by heart"—here a faint pink flush came over Miss Wokenham's delicate pale face—"but I may say it was a good letter, a very good letter. He said he felt alone in the world. He had been exiled from his country and all he held dear in it for so many years that France was more like a beautiful dream to him than a reality. He said a great deal more than he need have done about generous kindness and delicate sympathy on the part of your humble servant. I'm not going to pretend that I was not gratified; but he gave me more than my due ten thousand times over. And then at last he said that if I would—there!—would cast in my lot with his, and go abroad with him, he would undertake that I should never repent my confidence. I took a week to consider about it, though I think—upon my word I am not sure—that my mind was made up from the first. And the end of it is that I've promised Louis to take him for better, for worse, and to be a faithful, kind companion to him, as well as I know how, so long as I have life and strength, and longer."

After that day Miss Wokenham was a great deal at the Gable House. She had many preparations to make, and not too much time to get ready in. They were to be married in Liverpool, and to sail from that port in a merchantman bound for Quebec. Monsieur de Beauguet had arranged all that. My aunt was a perfect mistress of the craft of needle-work, and Anna and I were fairly creditable scholars of so accomplished a teacher. So we all three were able to be useful to our old friend, and were happy to be allowed to help in the preparation of her wardrobe. The year was drawing to a close by this time, and we stitched our way through the very core of the winter. Anna was a better seamstress than I, and her rapid fingers did good service in the manufacture of caps and aprons, and such other sober decorations as Miss Wokenham thought becoming her years. I worked neatly but slowly; and our shrewd little bride elect was wont to say: "You're both dear, kind children; but, on a stitching emergency, give me Anna." Philosophy, with the very best intentions, stops at every cross-road to deliberate which turning she shall take. Will-o'-the-wisp keeps moving and does get over the ground, even though it be after a somewhat zigzag fashion."

One cold bleak day we had all been busy in the morning-room from an early hour. When, in the sudden dusk, Miss Wokenham folded up her work and prepared to go homeward my aunt stopped her and insisted that she should stay to take tea and see my uncle.

"Horace will be here too, by-and-by," said Aunt Gough—"young Mr. Lee that is; but he seems so much one of us now that I give the lad his Christian name as natural as possible. And both of them will be so glad to see you."

"I should like to stay very much, but—but M'sieu' is to walk and meet me this evening on the way home, and perhaps he'd be disappointed if I was not there."

"Perhaps he would?" echoed Aunt Gough. "Why, of course he would. But I will send some one to him with my respects, to say that you are here, and that I expect him to tea, if he will do us the pleasure of coming without ceremony."

Thus tempted, Miss Wokenham remained; and in due time "M'sieu'" arrived. We had seen him since the announcement of his engagement to our old schoolmistress, he having made a formal visit to my aunt, and having been presented by his affianced with all due observance and punctilio. But on this occasion he came on a more intimate footing, and without the panoply of etiquette and ceremony which it had pleased him to assume at first. "M'sieu'," without his mail of proof, was a very genial, simple creature, with more of youthful freshness and romantic chivalry than I have often seen remaining in dashing cavaliers of half his years. He was a handsome man of fifty, with high, clear-cut features, a florid skin, and the bluest of blue eyes.

"I take it very kind of you, Mr. Bogie," said my aunt, thus pronouncing his patronymic in all simplicity and good faith: "very kind, that you should have come to us in this friendly way, and I hope you'll be able to make yourself comfortable among us."

M'sieu' was at home in a minute.

"Ah, Elise!" said he, sitting cosily beside Miss Wokenham in the glow of the fire-light, "dese is dy scenes dat makes us suggerest to leave England."

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "I can't commend your grammar, but your sentiment is mine exactly. I shall never get him to talk good English, Mrs. Gough, no more than he will ever teach me to pronounce good French; and that's speaking pretty strongly, as you would know if you had ever heard my attempts."

"She speaks very well, Madame," interrupted her bridegroom elect. "She can say 'oui,' and 'je t'aime,' and dat's so much French as I ask of her."

While we were laughing at this, and Miss Wokenham was protesting with unnecessary vehemence that she never said "je t'aime" to *him*, and was declaring that her friends would think she had taken leave of the last remnant of her senses if he went on in that way, my uncle and Horace Lee entered together.

"I picked up this young gentleman on my way home from Oatlands; or, rather, he picked up me, for I was afoot, and he driving in Rotherwood's gig. He has been surveying, and measuring, and tramping through plowed fields with a chain round his middle, or some such adornment, and—"

"—And he is not fit to come into the presence of ladies, Mrs. Gough," said Horace, finishing my uncle's speech. "But there was no refusing. You know how positive your lord and master can be on occasion."

"She know!" said my uncle with a laugh. "O the sweet simplicity of three-and-twenty! As if a man was ever positive with his wife! But there, laddie, run to my room—you know the way—and polish yourself up before the candles come. No one has seen how you look yet."

It was quite dark, except just within range of the deep, red glow from the hearth; for we all loved the dreamy, fitful fire-light, and had sat talking by it until the faint gray ghost of day, peeping in at the windows, had melted into the dense blackness of a winter night.

"Where's Nanny?" asked my uncle, suddenly, when he was seated in his arm-chair, enjoying a tankard of hot mulled wine which Aunt Gough had prepared with her own hands. Aunt was busy now, spicing a similar jorum for Mr. Lee, to warm him after the cold plowed fields. "Where's Nanny? I haven't set eyes on her bonny face to-day."

She had been in the midst of us when they entered, but had vanished.

"Mademoiselle Anna was nearest de door when Monsieur Gough and Monsieur Lee came in, and she sl-slepped away wizout one word. I remmarark it," said M'sieu'.

"Slepped away! My goodness, Louis, slipped, you mean—slipped away," cried Miss Wokenham, with comical consternation.

"Ah bien, sleeped," said De Beauguet, with perfect good-humor, smiling round on us all; "she sleeped away quite quiet."

"We'll wake her up, willful baggage!" said my uncle, who could not bear to miss Anna's bright face from the home circle, even for a moment. But almost as he spoke the door opened and my sister came in, followed by Horace Lee. "Why, whither did you two run off together?" asked Uncle Gough. "Come here, sauce-box. This is a warm reception to give the master of the house, to run away as soon as he shows his face!"

"I overtook Miss Anna on the stairs as I was coming down, Sir," Horace Lee explained, as he drew his chair up to the fire, next mine. I looked at my sister and noticed that she had been to her room to put on a scarlet ribbon which she sometimes wore in her dark curls, and which she had tied very archly and becomingly over one ear. Miss Wokenham, whose observation was singularly keen, noticed the ribbon too, but said nothing. Only I saw her watching Anna with a curious intent look in her eyes all the evening. After all, the little harmless bit of coquetry was nothing very wonderful, especially in Anna, who made no secret of the pleasure she took in her own good looks. She was very handsome. And as she sat on the soft white rug at my uncle's feet, with her pretty round arm leaning on his knee, and her animated face flushed and smiling, I thought I had never seen a bonnier sight, even in a picture. So thought uncle, too, for he sat looking down upon her with a smile of positive enchantment.

"Sing us a song, Nanny," he said at last. "Let M'sieu' hear one of our Border ditties. Not scientific music, you know, M'sieu', but simple old songs, where the words and the tune seem to belong to each other, and to grow out of each other like the leaf and blossom of a flower. Sing us 'Sir Patrick Spence,' Nanny."

"Not if you call me Nanny," said she, pouting. "For my part, I don't know what is the use of one's godfathers and godmothers giving one a pretty name if it's to be nicknamed into Nan and Nanny. I'd as soon be called Sukey."

"But pretty names are for pretty people. Don't you know that, Nanny? Well, there! Anna then. Don't flame up like a volcano, but sing us 'Sir Patrick Spence,' my bairn."

But Anna was ruffled, and would not sing Sir Patrick Spence, or any other song. Her temper was very capricious, and had been pampered by constant indulgence. My aunt and uncle began to coax her in their gentle, loving way, and Monsieur De Beauguet added a polite hope that Mademoiselle would give him the great pleasure of hearing her charming voice; but she only shook her rich ringlets, and kept her eyes obstinately fixed on the floor.

"You ask her, Horace," said my uncle, on a sudden. "Try if she won't sing for you."

Horace was sitting silent beside me, and had not seemed to hear the discussion. He had a very absent way with him sometimes, and he sat playing with a little hair chain, twisting it round and round his fingers. It was mine. I wore it round my neck, supporting a gold locket which contained some of our dead parents' hair. Anna and I had each one alike. The clasp of mine had come unloosed, and it had fallen on the carpet. I did not replace it at once on my neck, and Horace took it up from the table where I had laid it, and sat twisting it as I have said. He started when my uncle spoke, but leaned forward directly, and said, "Oh, I beg pardon. Pray do sing, Miss Anna."

"What shall I sing?" she asked, softly, lifting her head a little, but keeping her eyes cast down.

"There! You see you have succeeded, Horace," said my uncle. "I thought you would." But he looked surprised and just a little hurt.

"Won't you sing what your uncle asked for?" demanded Horace.

"No. I'll sing the Yellow-haired laddie," answered Anna, decisively. She was just about to begin, when she glanced up at him, and stopped.

"Where did you get Margaret's chain? Put it down. I hate to see you twisting things backward and forward in your hands; it fidgets me to death."

Horace laid it down without a word, and there was a minute's silence. It was broken by Anna's clear vibrating tones, as she burst into an old legendary ballad, the name of which I have forgotten (it was not the Yellow-haired laddie), but which was wild, and fierce, and stormy, and which she sang with amazing power and passion. As the last note thrilled through the room she rose and went away without a word of good-night to any one, shutting the door sharply behind her. We were well used to her capricious moods, her sudden alternations of cloud and sunshine; but there was something strange and oppressive in this.

When our three guests bade us good-night, intending to walk part of their way home in company, Miss Wokenham lingered behind with me, while De Beauguet and Horace were wrapping themselves to face the cold, in the hall. Aunt and uncle were both standing just outside the sitting-room door, and the maid had been sent to fetch Miss Wokenham's hood and mantle; so my old schoolmistress and I were alone together. She knelt upon a chair, and putting her two hands on my shoulders as I stood before her, looked earnestly into my face.

"I wonder," she said, slowly—"I wonder if my Philosophy is only a fair-weather sailor! I wonder whether her courage would rise into her head or sink into her heels, if, all at once, in the midst of a prosperous voyage, favoring gales, halcyon seas, and the rest of it, she were to hear the warning cry, 'Breakers ahead!'" Then with a rapid change to her ordinary brisk manner, she added: "Why, what a sweet sage Margaret it is! You mustn't look so pale, my child. Good-night! God bless you." And she was gone.

I hunted before going to bed for my hair chain. The locket was there, safe on the table, but I could not find the little guard that it used to hang upon. This vexed me rather, and Anna's unreasonable humor grieved me. I did not like her to be harshly judged by others, as I felt afraid she would be. I lay awake a long time. But all the while Miss Wokenham's words ran uneasily in my memory, like a haunting tune: "Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The scorching heat of July induced many New Yorkers to make a hasty raid upon the country. August, usually hot, sultry, and uncomfortable, will surely, they reasoned, be positively unendurable this year in the city, heralded as it was by mercury in the immediate vicinity of 100. So we, in common with the multitude, packed up, and plunged into the "forests of Maine" to "cool off." Well, we have got "cooled off," emphatically so; and if Phœbus does not exert himself soon, and make August seem a little less like October, we propose going back to New York to get warmed up. Why, last night the people (it is not altogether wild land here, as some may fancy, there are plenty of pleasant people, pretty villages, and flourishing towns) were actually talking about covering up the tender products of their gardens, lest there should be a frost, and the first thing every body did this morning was to look out of the window to see if the ground was not white. Even a little two-year-old city boy, who has been wonderfully interested in the corn which he planted, and has watched until it is far above his head, shouted from his bed, before his eyes were half open, "Mamma, was there a frost last night?" as if the welfare of the country depended on his particular crop of corn.

But it is cold. Linen coats and muslin dresses are at a discount, and over-coats and shawls are in demand. Ladies who have come from the city anticipating only hot weather, look regretfully at the pretty white waists, the organdies and grenadines, that lie unfolded in their trunks, and declare, with more truth than they ordinarily make the assertion, that they have "nothing to wear!" And though with their usual ingenuity they manage to make themselves comfortable by the use of breakfast-capes and jaunty little jackets, they find that it was a great mistake in leaving thick dresses and warm flannels at home.

It is curious about the weather here. You rise early in the morning—for what is the use of going into the country unless you can find out where the sun rises?—besides, if you do not get up in pretty good season, you will miss the family breakfast entirely, and find the [illegible] people at dinner! But the mornings are ch[illegible] envy the good housewife who is broiling the [illegible] and herself over the kitchen fire. She has not [illegible] of any body's being cold; but you would not object to turning cook pro tem. to benefit your tardy circulation. However, you put on an extra garment, and climb the little hill that rises abruptly just behind the garden, and soon return eager for breakfast. As the sun nears the zenith it may be hot enough to make thin clothing almost a necessity for a few hours. But after you have gazed upon the magnificent sunset, which here is glorious beyond comparison, a damp chill comes over you, and when you go within doors, if a bright fire is burning in the cozy little parlor, you feel like toasting your feet by it, as on an autumn eve. And then at night you need not fancy you can sleep with only a mosquito netting over you. There are no mosquitoes here; the tropical little creatures would freeze while singing their first serenade, if they ventured into these parts. You want plenty of warm blankets, and then you will sleep "like a top," as the saying is: though why a top sleeps any better than other playthings we have never been able to ascertain.

Cool in the morning, hot at mid-day, showery in the afternoon, and cool at night—this is what the average of August days in Maine have been this year. But it is not always thus, and September will bring more balmy days.

If any fancy not this picture of country life, to them we will whisper of another side; of delightful drives, wild and magnificent scenery, romantic walks, fishing and picnics; of delicious fresh air, untainted by horsed-killing or fat-melting; of country milk that would put city cream to shame, and cream that is cream; of blue-berries, and early apples, and wonderful mealy potatoes, and—and—we will leave other pleasures of the country for future consideration.

Although Saratoga has been very unfortunate in regard to fires, there still remain accommodations for a few visitors. The hotels will give "food and lodging" to some four thousand. And almost every second house in Saratoga is a private boarding-house, many of which are very nice and stylish. There is, however, a fine opening for hotels at "the Springs;" a half a dozen more would all be well patronized, and those now in operation be all the more busy for such an addition.

There has been a great deal said of late about the increasing wickedness of the world in general, and of large cities in particular. Newspapers have brought forward sundry fearful statistics to prove that theft, and murder, and fighting, and disgraceful conduct generally, was on the increase. *Perhaps* this is true, sometimes it almost seems so. But we might as well take into consideration the great increase of population, and *these* make our calculations. The following item would lead us to suppose that "fights and rows" are not quite so fashionable now as they used to be in olden times. "There is yet standing, near Oxford Street, London, a very old sign of 'David Williams, Eye Painter.' Antiquarians, after long puzzling over this, have discovered that it refers to a period of society when gentlemen had so many rows and fights that black eyes were common; and the artist found it a sufficient employment to paint such bruises to a flesh-color, in order that gentlemen might go into company without remark."

An Eastern paper indulges in the belief that many young men marry various scraps and bits of a wife instead of the genuine article. It says: "Some young men marry dimples; some ears; some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often." A caution is then given to heedless youth to beware of marrying a curl, however natural-looking; a neck, however swan-like; or a voice, however melodious.

A young lady advertises in a country village newspaper for one hundred young men of all shapes and sizes, to form a "gaping corps," to be in attendance at the several church doors, and on the principal streets in that village, to stare at females as they pass, and make "delicate" remarks on their dress and person. In order to prevent a general rush, it is stated "that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacity above that of a well-bred donkey." There are villages in some parts of the United States where such an advertisement would be superfluous—there being a complete regiment of "gapers" in constant attendance at church doors, at the entrance of shops, and in all the public thoroughfares, necessitating every lady who passes to almost force her way through the lazy, staring crowd.

They have a singular currency in Chicago, Illinois. Not long since a young lady of that city selected a pair of shoes at a store, and took them to the door to show them to a friend, as she said, asking the obliging clerk, meanwhile, to keep her little satchel for her. She did not return, however, and the satchel being found empty, the clerk was indignant about the unpaid-for shoes. A few days after he met her in the street and demanded payment. She had no money, but asked if he would take her waterfall as security. He would. So she quietly detached it and gave it to him. The next day she called at the store and redeemed her back hair.

A Western paper contains the following announcement:

"Engaged.—Miss Anna Gould to John Goodal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and for ever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attention."

If English law prevailed in this country a good many lawyers would, we think, be obliged to alter their tactics entirely, for the English lords of the bench decided at Westminster recently that it was a principle of common law that a counselor, in questioning a witness, should address him in ordinary tones, and in language of respect, such as is employed by a gentleman in conversation with another; that such lawyer has no right to question the private business or moral character of a witness any further than it is apparent they absolutely affect his reliability or touch the case in hand; and that a witness is not bound to answer questions put to him in an insulting manner.

A wonderful report comes from Australia in regard to a certain "amianthus rock," which, on being exposed to atmospheric influence, changes into asbestos, which is a fibrous substance, white in appearance, soft and pliant as silk, and is incombustible by fire. An Australian paper remarks:

"Should asbestos ever come into general use it will, in some measure, no doubt, from its incombustible nature, supersede the evils of crinoline. Besides this great advantage, it will also set aside the [illegible] and use of soap and water, for all a lady will have to do when she [illegible] herself will be to pitch her articles of apparel into a glowing fire, and while they become [illegible] as a snow-flake she may remove them at pleasure."

It is said, on medical authority, that a few drops of permanganate of potash will speedily purify turbid or disagreeable water, and make [illegible] clear and sweet as spring water. Travelers might [illegible] great benefit from a judicious use of it.

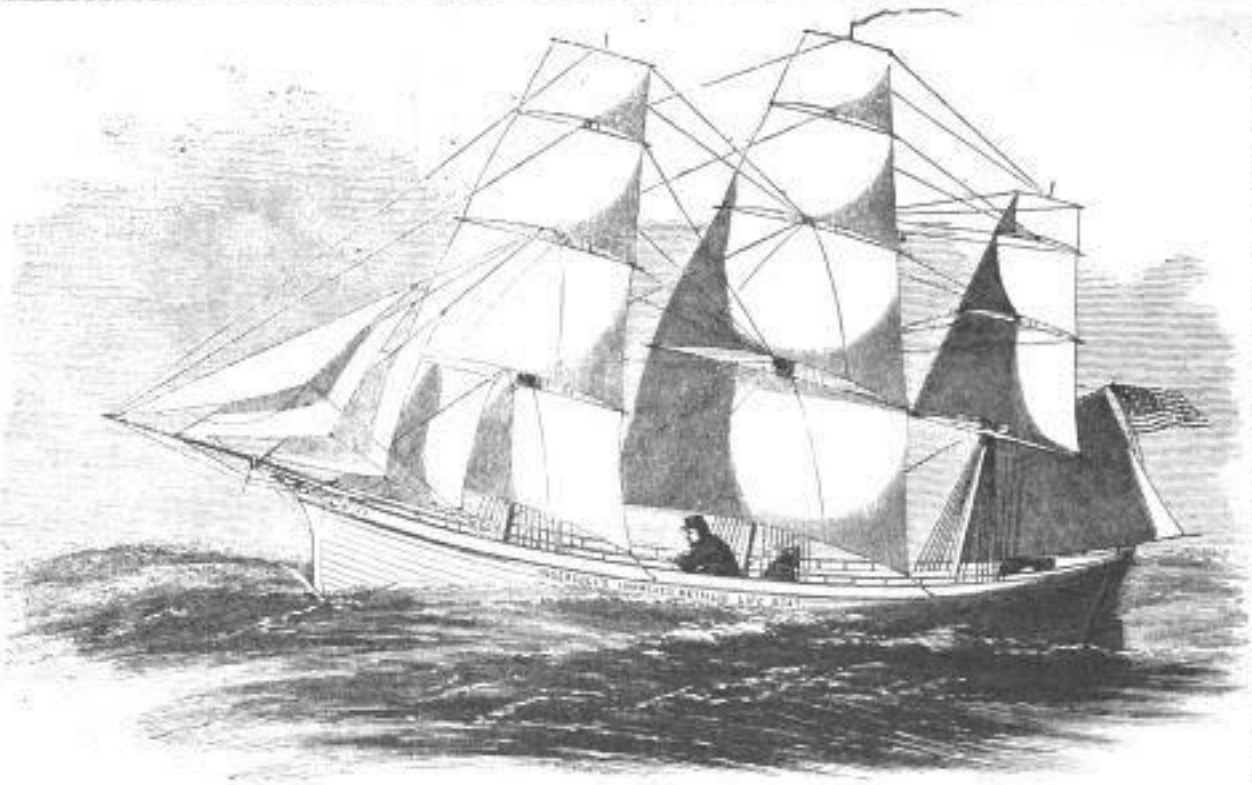
The P[illegible] have made a new and startling innovation in dress. They have made bonnets smaller and smaller and beautifully less, until at last they consist of nothing more than a ribbon round the head, with a veil attached to it. The veil is generally black, so that the fair French dames resemble greatly Spanish ladies.

A lady in Paris recently appeared at a concert in the unique costume of a black and white muslin dress (black and white being the Prussian colors), embroidered all over with needle-guns, and with Prussian soldiers mowing down Austrians with the murderous weapon; and the little cockade, which now serves as a substitute for a bonnet, [illegible] trimmed with steel signification of needle-gun patter[illegible]

Some rather unpleasant developments ha[illegible] been made in regard to the manufacture of [illegible] in France, which, in the form of gingerbread toys for children, has there an extensive sale. An official investigation has proved that the inferior kinds of gingerbread are simply disgusting compounds of rye-flour, treacle, potato-flour, pounded alum, salts of pewter, stale gingerbread, and Marseilles soap! The paste thus made is stiff, but it requires to be made stiffer. This is soon done. The gingerbread-maker pulls off his shoes, jumps into the trough, and works away valiantly, and, however dirty his feet may have been, they soon become thoroughly cleansed by the Marseilles soap which the gingerbread contains. Without entering more minutely into details it will be sufficient to say that the tins in which it is baked are greased with lime-oil; and that after it is baked a layer of Lorraine glue, applied with a soft brush, gives that bright gloss so enticing to children.

THE NEW LIFE-BOAT.

THE *Red, White, and Blue* is what is termed an "Ingersoll Metallic Life-Boat," being the invention of Mr. O. R. INGERSOLL, of New York. The boat is built of galvanized iron, has large air cylinders at each end and along the sides, which, combined with certain valves in the bottom, render the boat capable of freeing herself from water in a few minutes. This identical boat was exhibited at the American Institute Fair in 1865, where a gold medal was awarded it; and as it is the intention to have it exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, it will undoubtedly take the prize, having been subjected to a severer test than any life-boat ever before. While the *Great Eastern*—the largest ship the world ever saw, and an honor to old England—was approaching our shores, the *Red, White, and Blue*, the smallest ship that ever crossed the Atlantic, and the wonder of this country, was at the same time winging her course to Europe. She was manned by Captains J. M. HYDSON and FERRY, both well-known navigators, and natives of New York. The passage was made in 25 days, most of the time in rough weather, as the *Great Eastern* reports. The sails were made and presented to the boat by D. M. CUMMINGS, of this city, who has manifested great confidence in the success of the voyage. The vessel was stocked with all sorts of condensed meats, vegetables, and fruits. The boat averaged $5\frac{5}{8}$ miles an hour, which is much faster than many of 1500 or even 2500 ton vessels (the *Red, White, and Blue* is $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons), which seldom make the voyage in less than 45 days.



THE "RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

"THREE-CARD MONTE."

THE scene presented in the accompanying sketch is one frequently seen on Coney Island. The sharper who performs the trick, having gathered about him a crowd, selects from his pack a figured card—say the Queen of Diamonds, which he facetiously nick-names "Polly Berdyne," or something else, as the humor takes him. He shuffles the cards in such a way that it is perfectly easy for the spectators to follow the card in all its wanderings; and, as if to aid the eye, the card usually bears upon the back some mark which gives the spectator unusual confidence as to the accuracy of his vision. The sharper offers to bet against the spectator's eyes. "I'll bet you five dollars," he says, "you can't follow Miss Polly." The spectators are pretty sure they can; and one of them bets, and as the cards are laid out in three packs upon the stand, they all watch the card narrowly. After the deal, the spectator points out the card, and, sure enough, it is Miss Polly. Sharper looks a little frustrated, but is willing to bet again. The operation is repeated with a similar result. The spectators get excited, and think the sharper is having a losing game. "He doesn't see," they whisper among themselves, "that little black speck on Miss Polly's back." So they are in for another trial, and the sharper, as if in bravado, declares he is willing to bet a hundred dollars on the result. He will have no more small play. The confident spectators may not be able to stake so large a sum, but by clubbing together some of the more excited ones make up a purse of from thirty to fifty dollars, and the cards are dealt again. But the sharper is too much for his opponents this time. By some sleight of hand he slips in another card, similar in appearance on the reverse, black speck and all. The spectators follow this as curiously and confidently as on the previous occasions, but upon pointing out the card find to their astonishment that Miss Polly has vanished—and likewise their money!

"RESCUED FROM THE WOLF."

EVERY one is familiar with anecdotes of the faithfulness, perseverance, intelligence, and courage of dogs employed to guard and protect the silly, defenseless, gregarious sheep. Somewhat different breeds of dogs—all, however, possessing the same valuable qualities—are used in various countries; the larger and more powerful kinds being of course required where danger from wolves still remains. But many instances are related of dogs far inferior in size beating off from the flock and killing the savage but cowardly wolf. Some naturalists may tell us that the wolf is really identical with the dog, but generations of domestication have deprived the latter of ferocity without diminishing his courage. Certainly the most wonderful fact relating to domestic animals is the transmission of acquired qualities from the parent to the offspring; the peculiar sagacity of the shepherd's dog seems, however, rather intuitive than acquired.

That the scene of the picture is laid, say, in Switzerland or the Black Forest is apparent from the slight indication of costume answering to those localities worn by the shepherd, who is also coming to the rescue; and in the winter season (also represented) such an incident as that selected by Mr. CARTER must be of occasional occurrence. A ram or wether has strayed from the flock—perhaps benumbed with cold; the wolf has fallen upon the straggler, and, before even the watchful dog can interpose, has mangled and disabled it; but, just in the very nick of time, "the shepherd's best friend" rushes to the rescue, dashes at the "thief and murderer," and, seizing him by the throat, pins him till dead, or till the shepherd comes up; when, as if acknowledging the natural supremacy of man, the wolf will almost invariably give himself up to destruction without further resistance.

HAZELEY MILL.

I.

A NOISY place is the old wooden mill at Hazeley from the rising to the setting of the sun, as the clacking wheels whir steadily round to the music of the falling waters, and the miller's men bustle in and out, and up and down at their dusty labors.

THE "THREE-CARD MONTE"—A SCENE ON CONEY ISLAND.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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And a cheerful place is the mill when the light of day is gleaming and glistening on the rapid stream beside it; and wagons from the neighboring villages, or broad-faced farmers, in their chaise-carts, come to and fro to traffic with the wealthy miller; or tarry—for old acquaintance sake—on their way home from the town to discuss the rise in prices, or the latest news gathered there; or to have a social chat and cup of tea with the miller's pleasant, hospitable wife.

But when night falls and work is over, the spot wears, to unaccustomed eyes, a dull and solitary aspect. On two sides the little river environs it closely; on the third, the miller's garden and fields extend for a considerable distance; and on the other, the narrow highway alone separates the miller's domain from a few acres of woodland, the poor remnant of what had once been an extensive forest.

Not a house is nearer than a cluster of laborers' cottages, half a mile away; and the village of Hazeley, in itself but one straggling street, lies still farther from the solitary mill. But those who once dwelt within it knew no fears. For years they had found shelter and safety under its roof, even when floods from the adjacent hills reared around the very door-step, and isolated them for days from the dry ground beyond.

Their most troublesome visitors were but a footsore tramp, whose thanks and blessings were easily won by a seat in the porch, and a hearty meal; or—and this was but rarely—a gang of gipsies, whom the prudent dame, with a view to the safety of her hen-roost, while they encamped in the vicinity, was careful to conciliate.

Besides, Abel Weston, the miller, was large-limbed and strong-armed; and in the peaceful valley where he lived and prospered greater crimes than the petty pilfering of saucy boys in the orchards or farm-yards were almost unknown.

From the time she was a merry, active child, delighted to help Mrs. Weston in her garden, or peep with awe-delighted eyes into the mysteries of grinding and bolting, Katie Morris, the neatest and prettiest little girl in Hazeley, had been a member of the miller's household.

At first she was welcomed as an amusing visitor; then prized for her tender assiduities, when the dame's eyes began to fail and her once active limbs to stiffen; and, eventually, as Katie was one of a large family whose parents could scarcely contrive to maintain them all, it was arranged that she should receive a regular wage for her willing services.

From thenceforth she resided entirely with the aged couple; and as she blossomed into fair womanhood, her light footfall and merry songs filling the house with pleasant sounds, the miller and his wife grew to love their *protégée* as dearly as if she were their own child.

But her friends were not without that frequent blemish—family pride. In their great Bible there were registered generations of stanch yeomen, who had intermarried with the most reputable and ancient families in the county; and Katie, who had never heard a reproachful word from her indulgent employers, saw their brows bent upon her coldly and disapprovingly when their nephew and heir, handsome Hugh, so far forgot himself as to linger

her side in the porch at twilight, and to steal a kiss from her cheek as they parted.

Abel Weston could easily separate the young people, and he did so, by sending Hugh to London to see a little of the world, under the guardianship of a bustling trader, who claimed kinship with him. But would this root out the love with which Katie had inspired the lad? And if not, what was to be done?

Hugh was ardent and impetuous, and if crossed by aught he deemed unjust, or even ungenerous, obstinate to a degree. Against his choice what had they to urge but her poverty and her birth? They had well liked Katie, and she deserved that they should; but they never forgot that her mother was the daughter of a carter who had grown gray in their own service, or that her father! ay, here lay the greatest difficulty of all—

Abel Weston had his hobbies, as other men have; his violin, which he treasured and caressed, and played with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; and his politics.

A Conservative, as his sires had been before him, he stanchly upheld Church and State, and refused to believe that the party for whom he voted—whether in power or out of power—could ever do wrong. And his opinions and prejudices, strenuously adhered to, and always vehemently expressed, were sometimes rehearsed at the White Horse at Hazeley, where the wealthy miller was generally listened to with respect. But Harvey Morris, the father of Katie, a journeyman carpenter, in a paper cap and patched jacket, not only chose to consider himself superior to the farming men who sat in the tap, and so quaffed his occasional pint at the door of the bar, but joined in the conversation carried on by the favored few admitted to a seat within it. And not content with this intrusion, he had on more than one occasion ventured to contravene some of the miller's assertions, and to argue the rights and wrongs of the working-classes with all the rhetoric of an intelligent but uneducated and dissatisfied man.

This Morris, with his radical notions and errors, must do he permitted to link himself with their family, and perhaps infuse his wild fancies into the mind of the young and enthusiastic Hugh? Abel Weston had begun by fostering a distaste for the saucy workman, whose noisy denunciations of the Government measures had shocked and disgusted him; but little by little the rancorous feeling spread until it deepened into hate; and in his wrath he declared to his grieving dame that he would sooner disinherit the boy than see him the husband of Katie Morris!

Katie was accounted by those who knew her best a high-spirited, quick-tempered girl; but now she bore changed looks and cold words uncomplainingly. To leave the mill was to quit Hazeley, and very possibly to see Hugh no more.

Besides, were not they who rebuked her his nearest and dearest relatives? and for his sake what could she not endure? By-and-by—so she hopefully argued—they would see that the love which had sprung up in their bosoms was no light passion which would wither beneath the first cloud in the sky; and, subdued by her patience and Hugh's entreaties, his uncle would withdraw his tacit opposition, and they should be happy once more.

And thus it might have been, but for the interference of her father. Some gossip-loving neighbor seized the first opportunity of confiding with him on the sorrowful looks of his daughter, Hugh Weston's departure, and the miller's harshness.

His pride in arms that a slight should be cast upon his child, Morris threw down the plane with which he was industriously flogging floor-boards, and without vouchsafing a comment to his officious and now half-alarmed informant, put on his jacket and went to the mill.

At the gate he encountered Katie on her way to the village shop; and drawing her across the road to the shelter of the wood, angrily questioned her.

"You have been in tears! Nay, no denials! These purse-proud Westons have cast your poverty in your teeth, and told you that you are no fit match for their nephew; is it not so?"

She attempted a faint disclaimer, but he would not listen to it.

"RESCUED FROM THE WOLF."—BY J. S. CARTER.—[SEE PAGE 572.]

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"I have heard the whole truth of the matter, so why try to deceive me? Come home, child! Nay, you shall stay there no longer. Why, who and what are they to despise you? There is more sense in your little finger, Katie, than in all their shallow pates together! They shall pay dearly for their insolent treatment of you!" and he shook his fist menacingly in the direction of the mill.

"Who has been telling you this, father? I have made no complaints. Is it known in the village?"

"Ay, child, for it was there I learned it. Leave this house at once. There is food and shelter for you at home."

"No," Katie replied, spiritedly, "I will never be a burden to you, nor stay in Hazeley to be pointed at. I will go right away."

"That's my brave girl! Never fret for Hugh Weston! The lad's well enough, but there are better husbands to be had than he."

But with the sound of that name Katie's resolves melted away, and sitting down on a felled tree she wept piteously.

Not knowing how to console her, Morris paced about, his ire increasing with every sob that burst from the lips of his daughter as she wept.

At last he broke out furiously: "I must be a blind fool or I should have seen this long ago and taken you away. But they shall repent every tear they have made you shed, as sure as my name's Harvey Morris! I'll have a day of reckoning with Abel Weston for this. Come home, I say, at once!"

"Oh! no, no, father!" she pleaded; "the dame is not well; I could not leave with no one at hand to help her. I will quietly say that you have bid me come away, and I promise you that some time in the evening I will let you know when I can be spared."

At first Morris would not hear of this concession. The yearning tenderness Katie felt for those at home heard she had set so long he could not comprehend, and was half disposed to rate her soundly for her want of spirit. But she was resolute; and, still muttering threats against those who contemned her, he plunged more deeply into the wood, too much disturbed to return to his daily labors.

Katie went on her errand; heard her delay coolly commented on without reply; and then faltered out her intention of quitting the mill.

Dame Weston clasped her feeble fingers and sighed piteously. The miller, although more moved than he would have confessed even to himself, heard her with apparent composure and satisfaction.

"It will be for the better, my wench," he said; "better for you, and for all of us. And you're going quite away? Right; quite right. Get into the house and see a little more of life; and if you marry a decent steady lad, let's know, Katie, and the old folks shall send ye a wedding-dinner, and I'll find something toward the house furniture."

"God bless ye, Katie, wherever ye go," said the old dole, tremulously. "I shall miss ye sadly. I wish—"

She caught the warning look of her husband and paused; and, by common consent, Katie's future was not discussed again.

With an aching heart the poor girl all through that day went slowly about the house bidding a tacit farewell to the cozy chambers her willing hands would strange no more. On the morrow, when the wagon went to the town with a load of flour, the carter was commissioned to bring back with him an elderly cousin of Mrs. Weston's, who could take Katie's place for the present.

Ah! they would soon replace her. Perhaps when Hugh returned another would be filling her duties so deftly that they would almost cease to remember her.

But where would she learn equal forgetfulness? The mill had been her home so long, that even now, with her trunk packed for removal, and her sad and silent farewells said to those nooks in the garden and by the river, where Hugh had first whispered his love, it was difficult to realize that she was going away, and forever.

The evening closed in; the cloth was spread for supper, and Abel Weston, who had lingered in the counting-house until the last moment, came in to partake of it.

And now Katie remembered her promise to her father, and reached down her bonnet and shawl.

"There needn't hurry back, child," said the miller, with something of remorseful kindness in the tones of his voice. "If thee art a bit late, dame shall go to bed, and I'll smoke a pipe in the garden and wait for thee."

Katie's soul was too full of heaviness to make more than a brief reply to this unexpected offer; but she stooped over Mrs. Weston as she departed, and kissing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, whispered an assurance that she would return in time to assist her up stairs; an office that would never be hers again.

It was a relief to Katie to find the children abed and her father out. From her mother she could procure the address of an old friend who resided at B——, a market town twenty miles from Hazeley. Thither she would go and seek a service in some secluded farm-house where the name of Hugh Weston could never reach her.

Unceasing struggles with poverty, and wearying endeavors to support a large family honestly and decently, chafed and fretted Harvey Morris into murmurs at his hard fortune. But they had a different effect upon his wife; perhaps for the reason that he sought them in his own strength, while she, with truer wisdom, sought the sustaining aid of a Divine arm, and learned in the only book she ever read to be patient and hopeful.

From her sympathizing tenderness Katie won consolation; and when she rose up to depart it was with changed feelings, and a determination to emulate that dear mother's resignation and unfailing trust in Providence.

As she crossed the threshold a sudden thought made her pause and return into the kitchen. "Mother, I'll not go back along the road. Betty Jones is standing at her open door, and I don't care for her to see my swollen eyes. I'll run down the garden and cross the fields, and so home by the wood."

"It's a long round and an unked (lonely) one," her mother dubiously remarked; but Katie was resolute, and with another hasty "God bless you!" she sped away.

The night was closing in somberly, but Katie was familiar with the narrow track she had chosen, and trod it unerringly, even where the trees clustered thickly together, and threw their shadows darkly across it; and her thoughts were wandering in that blissful future which her faith in Hugh's fidelity whispered was not impossible, when the tramp of heavy feet aroused her from her reverie.

Katie was no coward, and it was from no foolish timidity that she instantly stepped aside and crouched behind a convenient thicket. The same disinclination to betray her tears to the curious eyes of Mistress Betty Jones now actuated her desire to avoid the rude stare of others, and she saw no harm in thus avoiding a threatened rencontre.

The next moment three men in the rough garb of the working-class came hurrying by, huddling together, breathing loudly and quickly, and glancing fearfully to the right and to the left, as if some terrible shadow which they vainly sought to avoid was dogging their uncertain steps. Scarcely had they passed the hidden listener when she started up with the word, "Father!" upon her lips, for, on the one nearest to her she certainly recognized in the dim twilight the old but neatly-patched jacket he commonly wore.

But without perceiving her they had gone on; and wondering a little at their haste and the direction they were pursuing—for they were already far down a by-path leading to a bleak common beyond—she went on her own way to the mill.

A couple of hundred yards more and the stile was reached; but here Katie stopped with an exclamation of surprise, for, fluttering on a bramble beside it, was the treasured India silk handkerchief which Mrs. Weston was in the habit of folding over her head as she dozed in her arm-chair in the evening.

Carrying it in her hand, and speculating as to how it came there, she ran across to the gate of the miller's garden, where she expected to find him awaiting her coming.

But Abel Weston was not there, and the house-door was closed and fastened. This was unusual, for the miller, accustomed to be much in the open air, seldom sought the fireside in hours so mild as this fair spring gloaming.

Katie rapped for admittance, and the summons remaining unanswered, she stepped back to reconnoitre the chamber windows. Was it later than she had imagined, and had they—now so indifferent about her—retired to rest?

If so, surely the key was hung in the porch as it had sometimes been for Hugh; and, standing on tip-toe, she groped for the nail. It was empty; and now disposed to resent their seeming unkindness, she rattled the latch loudly and repeatedly, and then put her ear to the key-hole, and listened for the coming of the miller.

The ceaseless rushing of the water over the weir, and the steady ticking of the Dutch clock hanging in the nook by the dresser, alone broke the solemn stillness of the hour; for so calm was the night that even the leaves on the beech-trees opposite seemed to be at rest. But suddenly a low, lengthened groan, followed by a choking sigh, echoed through the quiet house; and Katie, with a shriek of terror, fled from the door, and down the lane to Hazeley.

II.

PALE as a corpse, breathless with running, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silken kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, including table ale, two or three laborers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighborly pipe when Katie appeared.

"To the mill! to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I can not open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words put the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required to gain them admittance.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terror-stricken Katie.

"Lordsakes, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? No? Why, what's this on your pretty handkercher?"

Ay, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frenzied girl, while the men—their faces blanched by this dark evidence of some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living room.

There had been spoilers in the home of the aged couple—spoilers and murderers. On his own floor, killed in defense of his hard earnings, lay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feebly endeavoring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the vastness of the misfortune, stood Katie, insensible to the condoling and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; until a simple, kindly-natured lad, who worked at the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old master and mistress, mentioned the name of their absent nephew.

Then Katie awoke from her lethargy. "Hugh! oh, Hugh!" she moaned, and bursting through the throng, ran wildly down the road toward Hazeley.

"She's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie; "where is he?"

Ere the mother could reply he entered, as ghastly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the light, and without speaking plunged them into a bowl of water.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice unsteady with apprehension. "What has happened? Harvey, why do you not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said, sullenly.

"Lost it! But how?"

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Ere a reply could be given the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother clung together in a closer embrace, while Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, never repeat to any one the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came toward her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! and I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Morris eagerly questioned, "Did you know them?"

Katie flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me it was not you! It was your dress, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean this when you said those fearful words! Father, father, say that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, and neighbors, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Morris, recovering his usual acuteness, civilly dismissed them, and aided his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial discovery of the murder; unconscious that, when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that her own ravings, added to other circumstances unfavorably construed, had made Harvey a marked and suspected man.

No traces of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered.

It was surmised that, after securing the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat; but the absence of any evidence—no one but Katie having encountered them—involved the affair in mystery.

In vain did Hugh offer large rewards; no one came forward to claim them. And as time went on, the belief which had arisen, none knew how, that Harvey Morris was concerned in the murder, gained ground in Hazeley.

There were more than one ready to prove that he had gone in the direction of the mill that morning deeply angered with the miller; and an old woman picking up sticks for her fire had partly overheard his conference with his daughter.

From that moment he had not been seen near Hazeley until nightfall; when, as the door of the miller's house was wrenched open, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange, and as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted in raising the miller, who still breathed, and carrying him up stairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom?

So strong were the doubts of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrates; but his explanation, though improbable, was possible.

He frankly acknowledged the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle menaces to which they had given birth; and alleged that, too much annoyed to resume his work, he had gone to a small, out of the way public house on the road-side, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed; and on awakening from the stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pillowed his head *stolen*. That, ashamed to return home by daylight or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be among the first who entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But he grew moody and sullen as people began to avoid and point at him, and the men with whom he worked to utter covert insinuations, to which his readiness to resent them with his fists only gave a deeper coloring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night, "we must go away from here as soon as that poor child can be moved, or I shall be goaded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said, fiercely, "when Katie hides her face from me, shrink away too, as if you believe me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him!"

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! If now and then a dreadful fear has come over me, that you went to the mill that night to ask for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arms about her as she knelt beside him, the harassed and depressed Morris forgot his manhood, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where there is no one to throw this in my teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't here! I'm like Ishmael, every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of the struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to bid farewell to the scene of so much sorrow.

Hugh Weston, who only heard of their projected departure an hour before it occurred, hastened to the cottage and bent over the fragile form of her he loved.

"Katie, how can I let you go away from me? But it is only for a little while, is it? By-and-by I shall come and fetch you back."

"No, Hugh, no; I must never see you again. Even if we could resolve to forget your poor uncle's disapproval, you could not marry the daughter of the man whom people—" Her voice died away in a sob.

"But *I* do not believe him guilty, Katie. He came to see me before he left Hazeley, and we did not part like men who mistrust each other. You will come to me by-and-by, dear?"

But she repeated her "No" with equal firmness. "For your sake, Hugh, it must not be. If ever my father is cleared, then—but in a little while you will marry some one more suited to you in station, and I mustn't wish it otherwise." However, Katie wept bitterly as she sobbed this.

Hugh said but little more, for she was evidently unable to bear the agitation it occasioned, but his last words were, "Trust me, Katie! We're not parting for ever, remember!"

And, in spite of her better judgment, she did trust him, and cherished a secret hope that they should meet again, even when a report reached her that Hugh had sold the mill and flitted to a distant county. Even when months elapsed, and no sign came from him. But these were not the days of the penny postage, and Katie felt herself amply rewarded for her faith and patience, when, on her birthday, a parcel arrived by the carrier, containing a handsomely bound Church Service, and within its cover a tiny simple locket, which held a wave of Hugh's black hair.

Long before this Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages, and Katie, restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a large dairy farm, belonging to a gentleman who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in so many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the old home at Hazeley with a sigh of regret, it was always followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the billing, dissatisfied man, but sobered and steadied by what had occurred, now labored assiduously for his family. Her mother had lost the haggard look of over-work and scant food; the boys, under better teaching and greater home care, were developing into bright lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Perhaps such thoughts as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's mind, as, a few weeks before her birthday again came round, she stood one soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flower-garden she called hers.

But she was not permitted to indulge them long. Mr. ——, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night and receive some final directions, etc.

So, gathering the wild roses and honey-suckles from the hedge-row as she went along, Katie, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the "great house" by the offices.

It was an hospitable mansion, and it was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside, devouring the food unsparingly bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged footsore man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured cook brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away, when Katie, white and trembling with eagerness, clutched his arm. "Where did you get that jacket?"

The confused vagrant tried to slip away, but flinging to the outer door and bolting it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female—were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a mate some long time ago.

There was falsehood in his shifting eye and stammering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"Where are the men who went with you to Hazeley Mill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment he was startled into silence; then, declaring with a blasphemous asseveration that he knew not what she meant, he thrust his pipe and tobacco-pouch back into his pocket, and, roughly pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help!" she shrieked, "help me! This man is a murderer. I can swear to the pouch now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I last saw him alive."

Mr. ——, who was a magistrate, was quickly summoned, and Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county jail.

The excited girl flew rather than ran to the neat little dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? and now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston? he must be sent for."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you be-

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fore this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my true-hearted Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris, and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the county town to witness the execution of those stolid sullen murderers of the inoffensive and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their nuptials.

"I would fain say yes," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved us both is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply; "in all that is right and just, I, too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing hallows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old house, and stood by the grave of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to found a new family of Westons in a valley as green, and beside a river as brisk and clear as the never-forgotten stream that still turns the weather-stained wheels of Hazeley Mill.

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What though the loud fierce storm-wind howls!
  What though the night be dark?
What though the lowering tempest growls
  Above the wave-tossed bark?
What though New Orleans' whirlwind,
  And Memphis' iron hail,
Again, unchecked, roar round your homes—
  There's no such word as fail!

For bright upon our Northern plains
  There stands a glittering band,
That soon will pass fair Freedom's torch
  Alight, from hand to hand.
Before its gladsome, cheerful blaze
  The scowling storm shall pale;
So courage, friends! Bear nobly on!
  There's no such word as fail!

The time is past when slavery fire
  Our erring people led;
The Copperheads are scared with fire,
  The Dough-faces are dead.
A few woe-worn and trembling ghosts
  At truth and justice rail;
But soon they'll vanish with their hosts—
  There's no such word as fail!

No tyrant's will can curb the bold,
  Free spirit of our land;
His chain will break who seeks to bind,
  His sword fall from his hand.
Our Israel, of the Lord beloved,
  Shall o'er her foes prevail;
So bravely tread your gloomy path—
  There's no such word as fail!

The time is past when lips were sealed
  From uttering words of truth;
Baptized in blood, our Union dear
  Again renews its youth.
Like a young giant, for the fight
  All armed in plate and mail,
Young Liberty essays his might—
  There's no such word as fail!

From Ellsworth's blood to Dostie's true
  We've counted every drop;
The sacrifice is nearly through,
  And soon the plague will stop.
Our prayers and tears, our sin and shame
  To purge will soon avail;
Then, crowned with Victory, we'll know
  There's no such word as fail! JOHN.

A VISION OF PARADISE.

The spirit is passing,
  The earth is receding,
The window of hope
  Closes over the eye;
The pulse it is throbbing,
  The breath it is floating—
Fluttering—quivering—
  Lost in a sigh!
The angel protecting
  The pure soul is greeting;
The glory of heaven
  Illumines the sky;
While soft on the wings
  Of young cherubim sleeping,
Earth's loveliest daughter
  In odor floats by.

Sweetly she slumbers,
  As, wafted afar,
She leaves the lost world
  For a happier star.
And angels are winging
  The found one to kiss,
Who sleepeth in beauty
  To waken in bliss.

Hark to their harps,
  The rapt seraphs are singing!
As, wafted on zephyrs
  The wanton notes stray;
Tripping, the Houris
  Fresh flowers are bringing,
With perfume and fragrance
  Embalming her way.
List, the glad chorus
  Through Heaven's arch ringing!
Resounding it echoes
  In musical play;
From the portals of bliss
  To the distance where, swimming
In ether, the lost comet
  Wanders astray.

Wake! for thy morning
  Hath risen in light!
Thy sorrows are vanished,
  And gone is thy night.
Rise in thy purity,
  Daughter of Earth!
Glory awaiteth thee,
  Wake into birth!

To melody rising,
  With incense ascending,
The maiden is changed
  To a Spirit of Light;
From her ivory shoulders
  Fair wings are depending;
She flutters—she mounts—
  She is lost to my sight!
The gates are revolving,
  The guards are defending,
The entrance of Paradise
  Melts from my view;
The vision is fading,
  Its beauties are blending!
And waking—I mourn her
  Beneath the dark yew.

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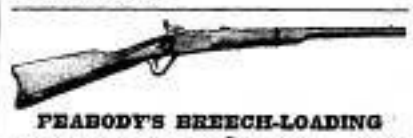

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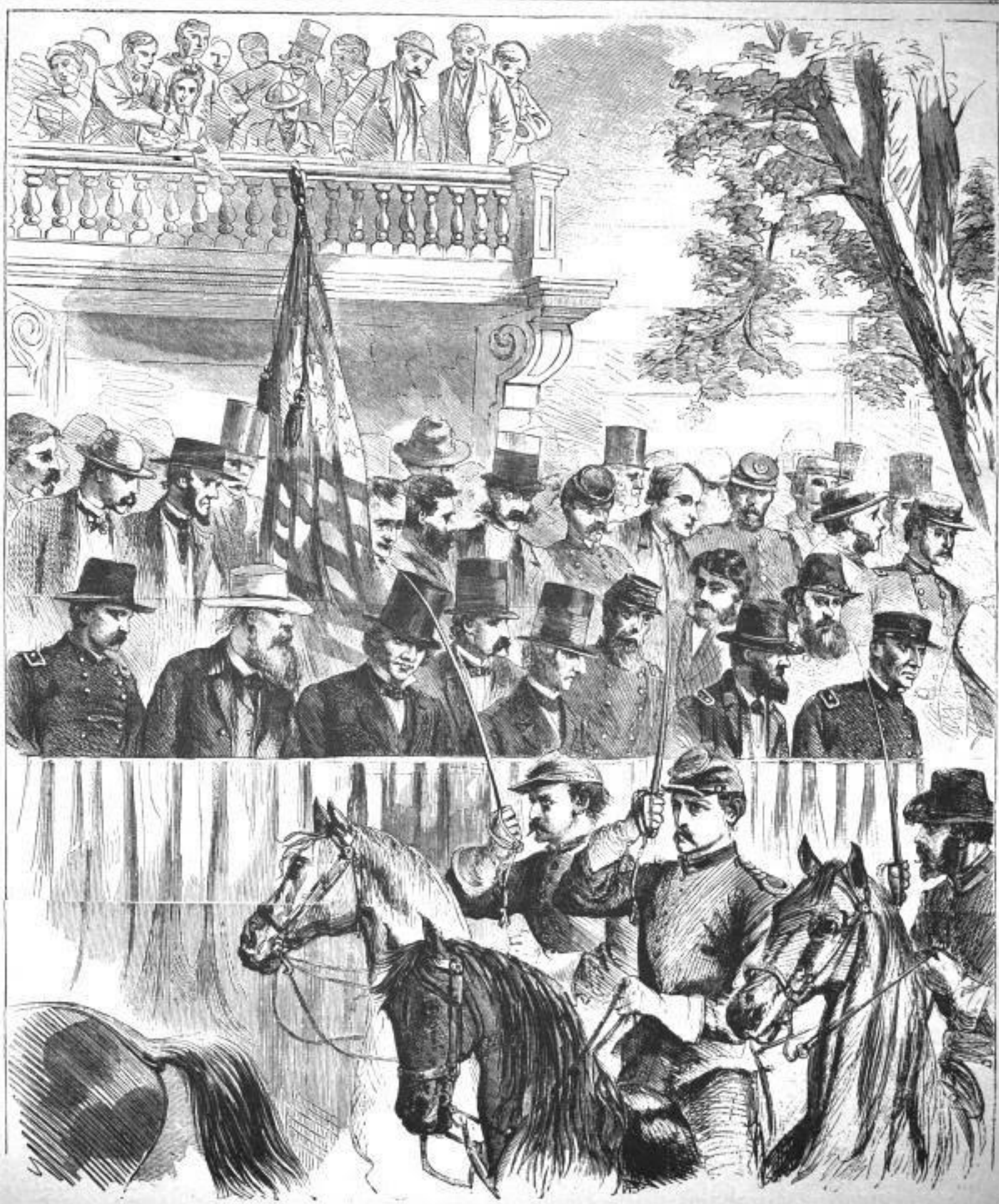

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK—REVIEW OF TROOPS AT DELMONICO'S.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HERBOS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 561.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

THE VITAL POINT.

THE *Evening Post* is of opinion that if the Union party does not nominate for Congress men who will vote for the immediate admission of representatives from all the late insurgent States it will inevitably be defeated, and ought to be. This is also the platform of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention; and the *Post*, like the Convention, assumes that the mass of the people are of the same opinion.

The elections will undeceive both. The people, who have been seeing and feeling for five years, who have endured, at such vast expense of every kind, so tremendous a war, are not, as an energetic Yankee remarked, "a darned fool." They have the most earnest desire, undoubtedly, for reunion, and they have the most decided purpose of obtaining it. But they propose a real and not a sham union. They intend to have union upon principles which will make union permanent and peace secure. The demand of the *Post* is, that States which, by the measures necessary to repress their rebellion, have gained twelve representatives shall be admitted to Congress before this injustice is adjusted, and that the country shall take the risk of their consenting to rectify it and limit their political power when they are beyond the national control in the matter.

We believe rather that the people who have required of these States, as conditions of their restoration, that they shall revoke their acts of Secession, repudiate their military debt, and accept the amendment of emancipation, will also require that they shall not have gained political power by accepting it. It is a perfectly plain matter. There is no reason whatever why the States in question should be consulted about one part of the amendment, for such it really is, when they were not consulted about the other; and to suppose that the people do not see that they spare themselves a continuous and perilous agitation by settling the question now, is to accuse the intelligence which they have constantly shown during the war. The *Post* should remember that the loyal population and representatives from the disturbed States are perfectly willing to await the proper adjustment of this difficulty, and that the eagerness of MAYOR MONROE and his friends, and of the Democratic party and its adherents, that "loyal representatives" should be immediately admitted, does not proceed from a high determination to right this wrong when they are admitted, but from a desire to turn it to their own advantage.

Moreover, it seems to us hardly permissible for a supporter of the President's policy, like the *Post*, to speak of the "mixed, incongruous, absurd" projects of Congress. Congress has a perfectly intelligent principle of action and a defined policy. It holds that conditions may be required, and it states the conditions which it deems essential. The President holds that the insurgent States have never lost their equal rights in the Union, while he deliberately sets every one of them aside. A more utterly illogical and inconsistent position than the President's it is not possible to conceive. And the *Post* is curiously confused when it denies to the supporters of Congress the right to condemn the President's course in Louisiana. They cite it as a most melancholy and disastrous illustration of his totally "mixed, incongruous, absurd" view of the situation. They assert, and unanswerably, that on his own ground he had no right to interfere except upon the demand of the Governor; but if he had the right he had the power to save every drop of innocent blood that was shed, and declined to exercise it.

The leading minds of the Union party are, as the *Post* truly alleges, in favor of impartial suffrage in this country as the guarantee of permanent peace. But they are desirous of obtaining that guarantee in the most reasonable manner. Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS would impose it as a condition of readmission, and Mr. SUMNER's proposition obtained three votes besides his own in a radical Senate. That fact shows that Congress was not of the opinion that the method of those gentlemen was the wisest method. It surely does not prove that Congress differs upon the importance of the end itself.

The *Post* further charges that the Union party is trying to carry the elections by force of excitement. Yet it is perfectly aware that Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, and the *World*, and the late rebel press at the South, and the other orators and papers of the Democratic party distinctly declare that if they do not succeed there will be a more terrible war, and a war of neighborhoods; while the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention directly encourages the resistance of the late insurgent States to a popular verdict which should decide to require them to ratify the amendment equalizing representation. Does a party which does not hesitate to conduct the Congressional election this year, as it did the Presidential election of 1860, under an open threat of revolutionary resistance, appear to the *Post* innocent of using the "force of excitement" as compared with a party which points to the massacres of Memphis and New Orleans as proofs of the real condition of lately insurgent States that claim increased power in the Union?

The *Post* is certainly right in urging the necessity of the speediest reunion, but the method is the very vital question of the situation; and such, we believe, the elections will prove to be the opinion of the people. From the West, in which the *Post* learns that Union candidates for Congress are being selected for their readiness to conform to the President's present declarations, we hear very different accounts. Our friends are confident of carrying Missouri by 25,000 or 30,000 majority. They count upon 40,000 majority for LOGAN in Illinois. From the East we shall soon hear. In Pennsylvania the Philadelphia coalition is making the most strenuous efforts to elect Mr. CLYMER, who belongs to the school of VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, and WOOD; but the Union men are jubilant over their prospect of an increased majority. In New York the withdrawal of Mr. WEED's friends and of the *Evening Post* undoubtedly weakens us; but we must be sadly weakened if we are to lose our 28,000 majority of last year. The politicians had their way at the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention. But the people will have their way at the elections. Two years ago they decided to prevent the dissolution of the Union by force. This year they will decide to complete its restoration upon principles which will insure its peaceful permanence.

THE ERIE ELECTION.

IN less than a month the election of a Board of Directors of the Erie Railway Company will take place. The Erie Railway Company is the leading railway corporation of the country, and, under any circumstances, a canvass for the election of its managers would command public attention. At the present time the threatened contest derives additional importance from the generally accepted belief that a party of wealthy speculators propose to turn out Mr. BERDELL, Mr. GREGORY, Mr. VANDERBILT, Mr. DANIEL DREW, and their friends, and replace them by men who have not as yet established a reputation as railway managers. We have no means of knowing whether the "generally accepted belief" is or is not well founded. It is said by men who ought to know that Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD, of the firm of CLARKE, DODGE, & CO., aspires to become President of the road, and to institute various improvements upon its past management. This may or may not be the case. If Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD has undertaken any thing of the kind, he is not likely either to let the public know his intentions prematurely, or to fail in his purposes for want of energy or capital. But the story may be a mere invention got up by Bull speculators in Erie in order to induce the public to buy the stock.

On the one hand, it is clear that, to secure the control of the Erie Railway Company, the possession of over $15,000,000 of stock, costing at present prices about $11,500,000, would be essential, and in the present condition of the concern it is questioned by sound men whether any Wall Street party, commanding so much money as this, would be likely to possess so little prudence as to adventure their means in so rash a speculation. But, on the other hand, it is argued that the Erie Railway Company is an enterprise of the future; that its capacities have never been fairly tested; that in fact it has never been finished; that all its troubles have arisen from the inadequacy of its capital, and attempts—renewed under each successive direction—to supply the deficiency out of current earnings; and that if a new set of men, imbued with new ideas, and forecasting the true future of this great enterprise, were to lay the real state of the case before the public, and to announce their intention of increasing from time to time the capital in stock and bonds, if need be, to even $100,000,000, they would restore public confidence in Erie, and the stock might be saved from the decline which has been so confidently predicted.

The contest, if contest there prove to be, will be one of financial giants. Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD is understood to wield his millions; Mr. DANIEL DREW has been known to raise ten millions in a single day without borrowing a dollar. He and Mr. VANDERBILT could take and pay for the entire capital of the Erie Railway without hypothecating a share. If, therefore, they are turned out, it will be because they so choose.

So far as Mr. DREW is concerned, it is an open question among his friends whether he should remain in the direction of the Erie. He has been for years the back-bone of the concern. He hardly ever fails to devote an hour or two each day to the active management of the road. Fair weather and foul, his carriage is to be seen at the foot of Duane Street every morning. And there never has been a time these ten years that the Company has not owed him money. So utterly inadequate has been the capital of the concern that, time and again, even when it seemed most prosperous, it could not have paid its pay-rolls or its coupons—to say nothing of dividends—without borrowing money, and that money it has always borrowed of Mr. DREW—because no one else would lend it. To DANIEL DREW, in fact, is due the credit of having built up and supported this great enterprise; and hereafter, when the Erie emerges from its troubles, and takes its place among the established dividend-paying railways of the country, he will be recognized as its real founder. So far, however, from receiving any credit for what he has done for the Company, the stock never falls but some of the papers accuse him of depressing it to serve his private purposes, and abuse him as though he had been the chief enemy instead of the stanchest friend of the concern. His friends naturally feel irritated at such injustice. If Mr. DREW is to be set down as an enemy of the Erie Railway Company, that concern should stop borrowing money of him, and should pay him what they owe already. If he is a friend of the Company, his co-directors ought not, in common decency, to set the papers hounding after him with charges which they know to be as absurd as they are unjust. It is high time that the question were settled one way or the other. If Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD will agree to do for the Erie Company what Mr. DREW has done, we have no doubt that Mr. DREW's friends will advise him to retire from the direction, and relieve himself of a thankless and most expensive duty.

Some of Mr. DREW's colleagues, it is said, are not quite willing to be turned out of their berths without a contest. They are said to have bought a considerable amount of stock within a few days. In the hands of a judicious man a share in the management of the Erie Railway is valuable. No salary is attached to the office, but, strange to say, every smart man who has been a Director in the Erie for a few years has grown rich. The late President, Mr. NATHANIEL MARSH, was a newspaper reporter when he became Secretary of the Erie; he died worth half a million. And if the lists of stockholders in the Express Companies which pay dividends of 5 @ 20 per cent. a quarter could be published, a goodly proportion of the names would be found to be identical with those of Erie directors. On a road which is not completed, and on which from one to five millions should be spent each year; which employs 5000 men; which spends in ordinary running expenses nearly ten millions a year, or $33,000 a day; it is a very comfortable thing to have a voice in the general direction, to control contracts and bargains, and purchases of labor and supplies. A man of commanding mind, in the Presidency of the Erie, would be the leading railway official in the United States. We shall see, in the course of a month, upon whose shoulders the mantle will fall.

THE LABOR CONVENTION.

THE proceedings of the late Labor Convention in Baltimore were in many respects extremely wise. The delegates were all naturally in favor of a law limiting a day's work to eight hours, and pledged themselves to an earnest and devoted agitation to that end. If such a law can be framed which shall be equitable in its operations for all concerned, it will be an admirable reform; and the discussion proposed will certainly test the feasibility of the proposition. The resolution favoring the speedy restoration of the agricultural interests of the Southern States and wisely aiding and elevating the laboring classes is truly sagacious and patriotic. The interests of labor every where are identical. Wherever and by whatever means labor is dishonored in the person of the laboring man, a blow is struck at the national welfare. The expression of sympathy with the sewing women; the protest against the vile tenement houses of the cities; the recommendation of the formation of Mechanics' Institutes and Libraries; to demand that the public domain be disposed of to actual settlers only; the suggestion that working men in want of employment settle upon the public lands; and the condemnation of "strikes" are all timely and judicious. All these resolutions show the thoughtfulness and the good sense of the delegates.

But there is a question which seems not to have occurred to the Convention which is well worthy of consideration. The tendency of the assembly, and of the third resolution, declaring it the imperative duty of every working man to connect himself with his labor organization, is to the recognition and indeed creation of a special class known as working men. Is such a tendency in this country wise, or is it even practicable? We are all laboring men. Fortunes are constantly accumulating and dispersing. The poor boy of to-day is the father of the capitalist of to-morrow, and the grandfather or great-grandfather of the poor boy again. Every career is open to every man and to every talent. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a flatboatman and country shopkeeper. ANDREW JOHNSON was a tailor. The father of WILLIAM B. ASTOR came to seek his fortune from Germany, and Commodore VANDERBILT was a Staten Island skipper. Luck is equally distributed, sagacity and industry do the rest of the work. When then does a man among us, where there is no political or legal or social recognition of classes as in Europe, cease to be a working man? When is he to be denounced as a capitalist, and therefore opposed to labor and the laborer?

A man who lives by his daily wages often looks with bitter eyes upon another who lives in a specious house and drives a handsome carriage. But let him reflect. What is he himself doing? He is claiming that all his faculties shall be left perfectly free, and he is trying, by turning them to the best account, to lay up a little part of his wages to get ahead. In other words, he is trying to do fairly and squarely what his neighbor has already fairly and squarely done. He is working for his own interest as zealously as he can, and his neighbor did and does no more. If the law hinders him and helps any other man he has an undoubted right to demand that the injustice be corrected. But if the superior sagacity and industry of his neighbor have advanced him more rapidly, then a law to prevent his neighbor's enjoyment of the fair results of that superior industry and skill is only the infliction of an injustice. If a man uses his capital selfishly and meanly, undoubtedly other men have a right to combine fairly to defeat his selfish and mean intentions. But that is not a class distinction between capitalists and laborers, it is only the just thwarting of selfish men by those who are not so. A farmer may be as mean to the hand he hires for a day's mowing as the wholesale grocer to the farmer whose produce he buys. The farmer is a capitalist in comparison with the mower, and the grocer compared with the farmer. But is the mower the only laboring man of the three? If the grocer be generous and the farmer mean, would not the mower be a very foolish fellow to join the farmer against the grocer because the latter had more money or capital?

To denounce capital, therefore, as naturally opposed to labor, or to assume that, in a perfectly free country where every man must work for his living, there is a class which can be defined as the laboring class, seems to be a misapprehension. It is akin to the political folly of speaking of certain persons among us as "our Irish fellow-citizens." The truth is, they are Americans or they are not our fellow-citizens. All of us, either in our own persons or in those of our ancestors, came to the country within the last two hundred and fifty years. Shall we therefore speak of our English fellow-citizens, our Scotch fellow-citizens, our German fellow-citizens, our Welsh, and French fellow-citizens? Certainly not. We are all Americans, and we are all working men. And as the term "Irish fellow-citizens" is always used with an ulterior motive, and necessarily tends to a dangerous political classification of the whole population by races; so the term "laboring man" or "working man," as the expression of a class, immediately excites suspicion. Against the rights of classes of every kind our whole system is a protest. For it is founded upon the equal rights of men, and not the conflicting claims of classes of men.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL UNION COMMITTEE.

MR. HENRY J. RAYMOND ought certainly to have resigned the Chairmanship of the National Union Committee appointed at Baltimore in June, 1864, when he united himself with the RANDALL Convention at Philadelphia. He has zealously striven to show that the latter was a Convention which the supporters of the Baltimore action might properly attend. But he forgets that in the call to appoint delegates to it from this State those who supported a Congress elected by the friends of the Baltimore platform were excluded; and he also forgets that the Philadelphia Convention was not favored by the Union press or by the co-operation of the regular organization of the Union party of the country. Does Mr. RAYMOND mean to be the twelfth juryman who complained of the obstinacy of the other eleven?

On the other hand, the Convention of Southern Unionists was heartily approved by the various State organizations of the Union party. The Union Governors generally requested the Senators of the States to attend as delegates. Large delegations of the most representative men in every State of the party which made the Baltimore Platform were elected in counties or otherwise accredited to the Convention. It was as formally and warmly recognized by the regular organization of the Union party as it possibly could be, yet Mr. RAYMOND as Chairman of the National Committee of the party calls a meeting of that body to assemble in New York at the very day and hour at which the Convention was to meet in Philadelphia; and he did this, moreover, after several members of the Committee had asked their brethren to meet in Philadelphia to fraternize with the Convention of Southern Unionists.

It seems to us that the proper course would have been for Mr. RAYMOND, when he resolved to join the RANDALL movement, to have summoned the National Union Committee, and to have stated to the members his reasons for be-

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feeling that the true policy of the party was to unite with Mr. RANDALL's club. If the Committee agreed, it would have officially summoned the party to send delegates to the RANDALL Convention. If it did not agree, Mr. RAYMOND and those who sympathized with him should have resigned. That Mr. RAYMOND did not assemble the Committee proves very strongly that he did not believe it would approve the RANDALL movement. That he did not assemble it, and yet did not resign but summoned a meeting in New York on the day when the regular organization of the party throughout the country had taken measures to have the party by every authoritative means represented in Philadelphia, proves very strongly that he was not unwilling to distract and perplex the party to which he owed his position.

THE END OF THE EMPIRE IN MEXICO.

THE departure of the Empress CARLOTTA from Mexico was a very suspicious sign for the empire of the Austrian Archduke in that country. Monarchs do not send their wives upon political missions thousands of miles over the ocean except in extreme emergencies, and emergencies which they fear may be fatal. There can be no doubt of the truth of the rumor that the Empress went to France to tell LOUIS NAPOLEON that the Mexican adventure must fail unless he came to the rescue, and as little doubt that she was told that MAXIMILIAN must now trust to his own resources. It is tolerably clear that the amiable young man has been duped. He was a pawn which can no longer be played with advantage, and he will be swept from the board.

Indeed, from the moment that our war ended it must have been evident to LOUIS NAPOLEON that unless he could satisfactorily show to this country that MAXIMILIAN was the honest choice and an empire the sincere preference of the Mexican people, he could maintain himself in that country only at the risk of war. But while the French troops remained the proof could not be furnished. The fact was apparent that the so-called empire was merely forcible French occupation, and the Emperor an Austrian archduke, supported not by the consent of the Mexicans, but by French bayonets. This aspect of the situation has never changed, and when LOUIS NAPOLEON, after dire delays and fine phrases, promised to withdraw his troops, MAXIMILIAN's throne began to totter. The Archduke himself can not be expected to remain after the departure of the French, and the painful course of Mexican history will be resumed.

That it will seriously affect the policy of this country is not to be anticipated. Long and sad experience has taught American citizens the perils of all moneyed adventures in Mexico, and the permanence of the empire has never been supposed possible. The internal confusion of the country, however deplorable it may be, will therefore not directly affect us, unless a request for interference or aid should be made to our Government. But the demand for foreign interference has usually proceeded from the Tory or Church party, not from the Liberals. The most the latter would ask of us would be a loan, the granting of which is not probable.

The fate of Mexico is most melancholy. Apparently destitute of native energy to establish order and peaceful industry, the government of the country has the form of a republic without the popular intelligence and moderation which make a republic possible or desirable. On the other hand, the monarchical traditions are destroyed. There is no royal family whose name and associations awaken sentiments of loyalty; and a monarchy must therefore be necessarily a pure military despotism. Neither has Mexico yet produced any leader of such force and intelligence as to rally the people to his standard, or command the confidence of the world, as the hope of order and progress in the country. And to complicate and prolong the tragical situation, the Tory Church party, resisting all efforts to be dispossessed of its property, maintains the baleful power of superstition amidst an ignorant population.

We can only await inevitable events in Mexico, therefore, with the conviction that the fall of the fatile empire of MAXIMILIAN will not bring repose or relief to the unhappy country. But at least we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the action of our Government has not prevented the clear perception of the fact that the French Empire in Mexico was not the desire of the Mexican people.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

A Congress chosen by remarkable unanimity and by every Constitutional form, thoroughly representative of the intelligent patriotism which conducted the war to a successful issue, and which wisely settle the questions it has left, is deliberately described by the President in these words: "We have seen hanging upon the verge of the Government, as it were, a body called, or which assumes to be, the Congress of the United States, but in fact a Congress of only part of the States."

If this be true, every measure of the present Congress is invalid, and the whole national legislation since the acts of secession five years ago is equally so, for the Congress of the war was, "in fact, a Congress of only part of the States." If the absence of a State, or of a combination of States, from Congress destroys the validity of its action, the Union is at the mercy of any State. But if the voluntary withdrawal of States from Congress in order to make war upon the Union does not destroy its authority, the enforced absence of such States until the national security is provided for can not affect that authority.

But if the President's assumption be correct he condemns himself mercilessly. For he has not hesitated to acknowledge this same Congress as lawful, and to co-operate with it for eight months. He now charges that "its every step and act tended to perpetuate disunion and make a disruption of the States inevitable." Yet on the 27th of March of this year he said to the upper branch of the body "assuming to be Congress" these words: "I now return the bill to the Senate and regret that in considering the bills and joint resolutions—forty-two in number—which have thus far been submitted to my approval, I am compelled to withhold my assent from a second measure that has received the sanction of both Houses of Congress." If it was not a valid Congress why did he recognize it as such? If all its measures were revolutionary why did he congratulate himself upon differing upon two only out of forty-two? What has happened since the 27th of March to convert these Houses, whose authority the President gladly acknowledged, into a body hanging upon the verge of the Government and assuming to be a Congress?

Whatever the explanation may be, it is obvious that the President has made it very difficult for him to recognize the body to which he thus denies all validity as the Congress of the United States. If it is now merely hanging upon the verge of the Government and falsely assuming to be a lawful body, it will be in precisely the same condition next December. Will the President then follow the advice of the Chicago *Times*, which supported the late rebellion, and of the other organs of the late rebels, and sweep the assuming body out of the Capitol?

THE TWO EUROPEAN GAMESTERS.

LIBERALS of the school of M. THIERS in France are valuable for their shrewd opposition and remorseless exposure of the designs of LOUIS NAPOLEON, but their own views are scarcely less selfish and narrow than his. Before the late war M. THIERS made what he called a last effort for peace, in which he maintained the necessity of defending the treaties of 1815, to which LOUIS NAPOLEON has never concealed his hostility. These treaties were a reactionary settlement of the wars of the beginning of the century. They were founded neither upon reason nor justice, but simply upon the fact that Europe was prostrate and exhausted. They made the most forced and unnatural combinations and alliances, from which it was evident that Europe, with returning vigor, would recoil. How completely she has done so is shown by the astonishing results of a campaign of a fortnight which has remodeled Europe.

M. THIERS contended that these treaties divided the political power of Europe, and that "unification," or the restoration of nationalities, would endanger France. The true French policy, in his view, was to hold Austria in Italy and to keep Germany divided. The liberal and national aspiration of Italy and Germany must be repressed in order to maintain the supremacy of France in Europe. M. THIERS was therefore in the extraordinary position of wishing LOUIS NAPOLEON and France to defend the treaties of 1815, which were made to humiliate LOUIS NAPOLEON's uncle and to circumscribe France. Fortunately this narrow policy did not prevail, and by the victory of Prussia the cause of Constitutional liberty in Central Europe has made memorable progress.

It was not, however, from any such consideration that LOUIS NAPOLEON opposed M. THIERS's plan of maintaining the map as it was. His object was twofold: to legitimate his dynasty by destroying the settlement which outlawed it, and to celebrate its vindication by an offering to "the glory" of France in an enlarged empire. It is therefore most probable that he did propose, as was reported by the ocean telegraph and is now confirmed by fuller information, to "rectify the boundaries of France." It is not less evident that his proposal was received with opposition by Prussia, and has been since withdrawn. Has LOUIS NAPOLEON found his match in BISMARCK, or is this demand and surprise and withdrawal merely part of the understanding between them? These are questions that can not yet be answered. But we have little faith in any preconcerted arrangement by which LOUIS NAPOLEON is to appear to be humiliated. Undoubtedly if he has really made the demand he has done so at an unfortunate moment for himself, because Austria is prostrate. It may be true that before the war he held the balance, for Prussia might well have hesitated if she saw Austria and France allied. But after the terrible defeat Austria is, for the present, eliminated from the situation, and the question is simply between Prussia and France. Neither, probably, wishes to make war upon the other. But should LOUIS NAPOLEON take up arms it will be for conquest and dominion—a war with no reasonable pretense, and without the sympathy or approval of any other power. The question becomes very significant, Has LOUIS NAPOLEON found his match in Count BISMARCK?

TWO TRAVELERS.

I.

A MAN passed over the road
  In the early days of spring,
When the grandest flower that ever bloomed
  Was brightly blossoming.

And never a word he spoke,
  And his face was marble-cold,
But millions of men above him wept,
  And a million bells were toll'd.

And the cities were draped in black,
  And the towns were wrapped in gloom,
"For he is dead," the people said,
  "Who made the flower to bloom."

Down many a swarthy face
  Unnumbered tear-drops flowed,
"For he is gone"—the boatman spoke—
  "Who lifted our weary load."

And they builded him a tomb
  Afar in the silent West,
And that beautiful flower which men call Peace
  Spread its leaves above his breast.

II.

A man passed over the road
  Ere the summer days were dead,
And the leaves of the flower that bloomed in spring
  He trampled with ruthless tread.

And many a word he spoke,
  And his arrogant face was flushed;
And he laughed aloud with the noisy crowd
  When the leaves of the flower were crushed.

But down many a swarthy face
  Flowed tears of bitterest pain,
"For he is come"—the boatman spoke—
  "To forge our chains again."

He must seek the tomb some time
  Afar in the silent West,
But will ever the flower which men call Peace
  Spread its leaves above his breast?

NERVOUS DISEASES.

WHILE most men are hardly aware that they have any nerves—with so little of disturbance are their functions performed—nervous diseases form a large part of the complaints of females. So palpable is this difference, that it is very common to say of any man whose nervous system has become deranged that he is as nervous as a woman. There is one nervous malady—hysteria—in regard to which this difference is peculiarly marked. It has been commonly supposed to belong exclusively to the female, but it sometimes, though very seldom, appears in the other sex.

What, now, is the reason of this difference? The nervous system is the same in the two sexes, and its functions are performed in the same manner. But there is a difference in general character. The nervous system of the female is more mobile or excitable, and is therefore more readily made the seat of morbid irritation by causes that tend to derange it.

Here, then, we have one cause; but it obviously is not competent alone to produce the whole result. There must be some other causes, and these we will indicate.

The susceptible nervous system of the female is acted upon by some causes that do not act in the other sex, at least to any thing like the same extent. There are influences in her case of a peculiar character, from the prevalent modes of training and habits of life. These tend, especially in fashionable life, to give passion and sense the supremacy over reason, and to produce a factitious and morbid sensibility. A series of unnatural excitements fills up a large portion of the time, beginning even in the school-day life, and reaching its consummation when the period of full introduction into society comes. And the effect is enhanced by the unnecessarily wearisome and unpractical exercises of the school-room; for the mind has failed to get wholesome food, and thus has lost its natural appetite, and is therefore ready for all the unnatural and unhealthy excitements which the fashionable world and its literary exponent, the trashy novel, can afford. We know of no better exposition of the tendency of the common mode of female education than is found in the fact that in most cases, after school-life is ended, the reading of novels furnishes the almost entire food for the mind, which is as irrational and injurious as it would be to feed the body with nothing but confectionery. Let education be made what it should be, and the gratification of the natural tastes of the mind will prevent its being driven to seek excitement in what is unnatural and artificial. Not to dwell on this interesting point, we simply remark that the grand desideratum in instruction is to convey into the mind such knowledge, and in such a manner, that the pupil will in after-life of choice continue to acquire from books and observation similar knowledge, thus throwing novel-reading into the subordinate position in which it belongs.

The ideas which are instilled into the minds of daughters by most mothers in relation to the great objects of life, largely help to produce the nervous tendencies which we have indicated. Even those who are in the main conscientious are often guilty in some measure of a conformity to the fashionable world in this particular. Getting admiration, catching a beau, and by-and-by getting a husband—are not these the objects practically set before daughters by the vast majority of mothers? And what surer way of making a young lady nervous than having the excitement of such objects continually at work in her mind, together with novel-reading and turning night into day with late parties? No nervous system can long bear such an unnatural mode of life without suffering more or less of derangement.

Hysteria—that hydra-headed nervous malady—exhibits generally in its very character the agency of the influences which we have noticed. It has often stamped upon it moral characteristics derived from these influences. These are selfish caprice, a disposition to exact undue attention and even to assert control over others, and sometimes a fondness for exciting wonder and sympathy. The education that enervates, and pets, and allows sense and passion to overslaugh reason, is very apt to stamp these bad moral qualities upon nervous diseases, and in some cases they stand out with such prominence that their origin is unmistakable. Of course it will be inferred from what has been said that the treatment of hysteria must generally be to a great extent moral. Often one of the most decided means of breaking up the malady is to go firmly counter to the unreasonable demands of the patient. She is to be made to know that her will is by no means to be the law. Many a case has been unnecessarily prolonged by the injudicious fondness of mothers and friends acting in opposition to the firm course of the physician in this respect. But it is not our intention to enlarge on the treatment of hysteria, and what we have said in regard to it was for the purpose of enforcing our views in relation to some of its causes.

The hints which we have thus thrown out are enough to show that education—and we use this term in its widest sense, as including all influences outside as well as within the school-room—as it is commonly conducted, ministers largely to the production of nervous diseases, especially in females; and we hope that we shall not fail to waken up a proper attention to this subject in the minds of some mothers and teachers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONVENTION OF LOYALISTS AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE Loyalist Convention met at Philadelphia September 3. A grand procession was formed in the morning to escort the Southern delegations to the Union League House. A speech welcoming the delegation was made by the chairman of the committee. Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, answered on behalf of the visitors, and then the Convention was called to order, the speaker being the Honorable gavel used in the North Carolina Convention when the ordinance of secession was passed.

There were only two or three colored delegates on the floor. Thomas J. Durant, of Louisiana, was elected Chairman. A committee on permanent organization was appointed, and the Convention adjourned until the 4th. A meeting of the Northern loyalists was held simultaneously with the Southern meeting, at the Union League House. Governor Curtin was elected Chairman, and a number of State Governors were made Vice-Presidents. Speeches were delivered in the evening by Henry Wilson, Horace Maynard, Colonel Stokes, and others.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

A band of desperadoes attacked and routed a negro camp-meeting at Shipply's Woods, near Baltimore, on the night of August 30. The negroes, it seems, were holding a camp-meeting under the auspices of white Methodist ministers, a white camp-meeting being in progress at the same time. During the day suspicious-looking young men were seen about the grounds, and at night the attack was made by firing among the negroes while they were at their devotions. The blacks resisted, and the fight became general, the darkness of course increasing the confusion. The fight finally ended by the negroes, at the advice of the white preachers, seeking safety in flight. The tents, bedding, and trunks belonging to them were then piled together and burned by the white assailants. One white man was killed and several negroes severely wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 29.

(LONDON.)—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that the Empress CARLOTTA has so far succeeded in her mission in behalf of MAXIMILIAN as to obtain from the Emperor of France an extension of time in which to pay the French Government the ten millions of francs due.

Napoleon refused to loan to MAXIMILIAN ten millions of francs to pay for the equipment of troops in Mexico, but will assist in such equipment by furnishing material from the French magazines.

The Empress also obtained from Napoleon an extension of time, until next January, for the projected departure of the French troops from Mexico.

(VIENNA.)—The Austrian Government has paid the indemnity for Prussia's war expenses, as secured to the latter Power by the treaty of peace.

(SOUTHAMPTON.)—The steamship *Hermann* sailed for New York to-day, taking £81,000 in specie.

(LIVERPOOL.)—The steamship *City of Boston* sailed to-day for New York, taking £50,000 in specie.

(CONSTANTINOPLE.)—Affairs in Turkey are in a very bad state. The revolt in Candia progresses. The inhabitants (Cretans) have asserted their independence of the Turkish Empire. Constantinople is announced in a state of siege.

August 31:

(LONDON.)—United States Five-Twenties are quoted at 72½.

(MUNICH.)—The motion to close the union of Bavaria with Prussia was lost. The Chambers then adjourned, and will probably meet again in October.

September 1:

(LIVERPOOL.)—The Royal Mail Steamship *China* sailed to-day for Halifax and Boston, with £158,000 in gold for the United States.

September 2:

(HERALD'S COURSE.)—The cable of last year was picked up this (Sunday) morning at 4.40 o'clock, in 1500 fathoms of water, in latitude 51° 52', longitude 36° 03'. The splice was made and the cable lowered at 7 A.M.

The *Great Eastern* is now 100 miles from here, paying out. Every thing is going on well, and they expect to reach here on Saturday next.

Signals are sent through the cable with perfect accuracy, and we are talking with the *Great Eastern* every moment, via Valentia, in Ireland.

(PARIS.)—M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has resigned. The Marquis of MOUSTIER (Napoleon's) succeeds him.

September 3:

(VIENNA.)—The Austrian Government has given orders for a reduction of the army to a peace footing, and the work has already commenced.

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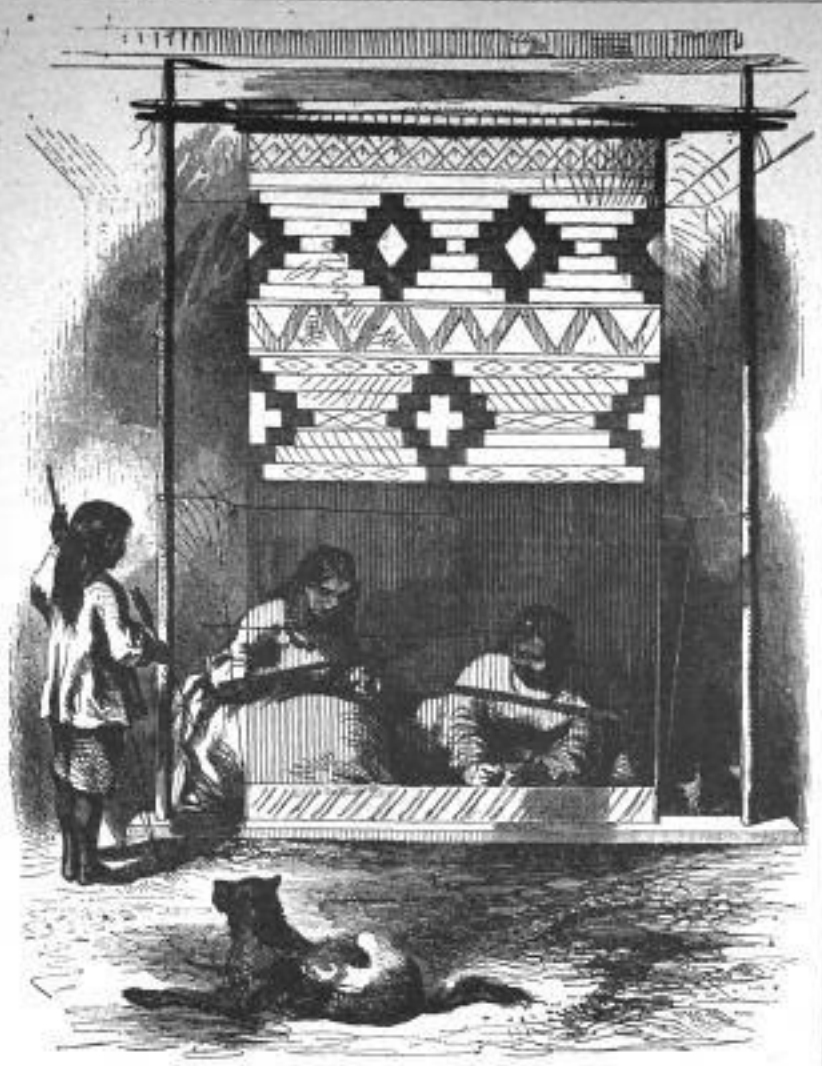


INDIAN SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

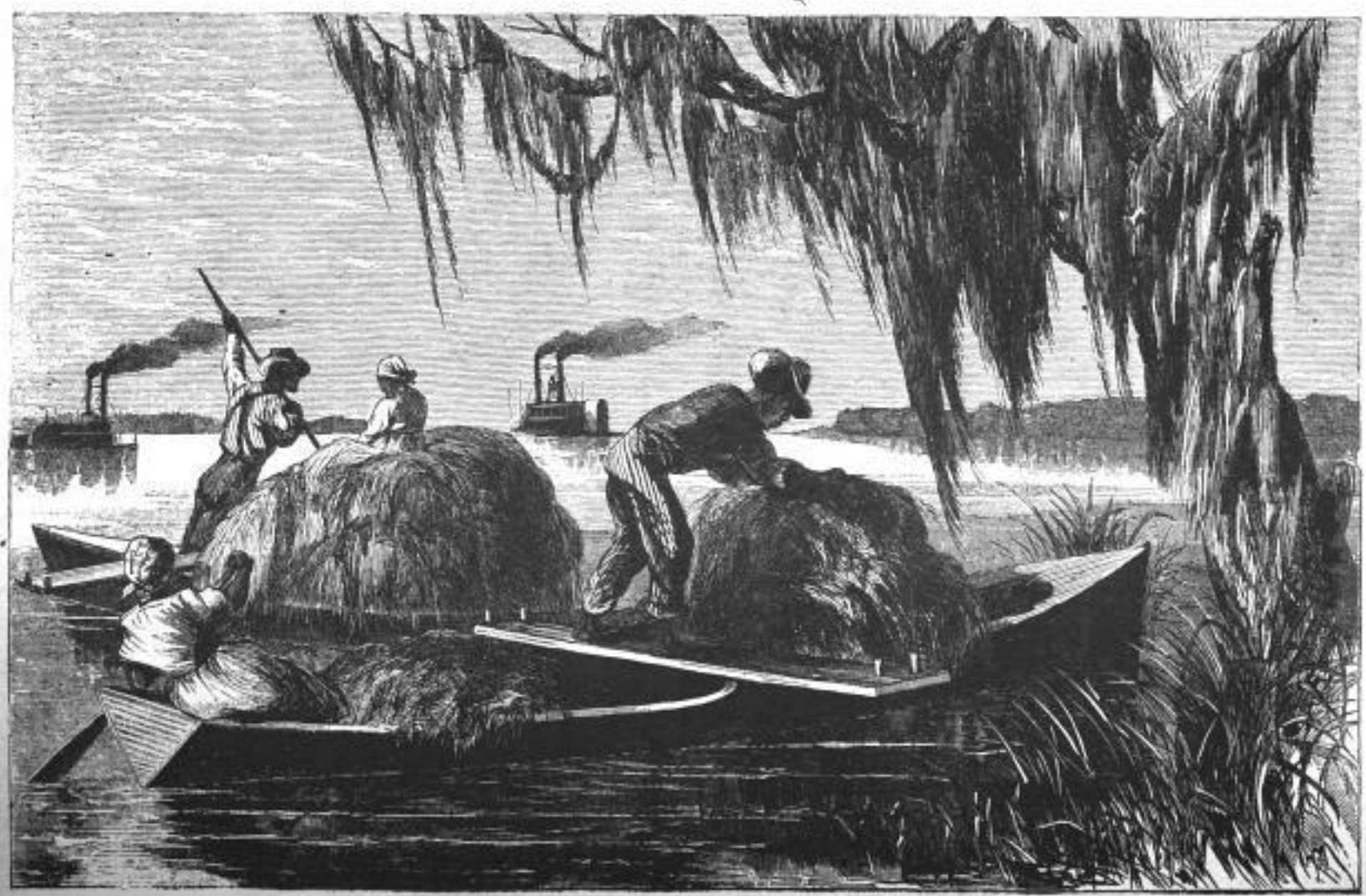
"OLD ABE"—EAGLE OF THE EIGHTH WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. R. CURTISS.]

SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.

"MAXWELL, an old frontiersman," says our artist, has a ranch which it is the work of many days to inspect. This farm consists of a grant of forty miles square. MAXWELL's sheep reach the number of nearly 30,000; cattle and ponies he has without any knowledge himself of their number. A tribe of "Utes," numbering about 600, are his chosen defenders. The ranch proper, or house, is inhabited by the most miscellaneous collection of man and beast and fowl that one can imagine. The servants are mostly Navajo Indians. Two of the squaws of this tribe have been engaged for months in weaving in their own peculiar style a blanket that is to be presented to the Secretary of the Interior. The Navajo blanket is an article more sought after than one would suppose. It sells readily, if a good one, for from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars, according to its pattern or quality. They are so closely woven that water can be carried in them; and as a protection against the chill winds of the plains they are equal to the best fur robe."

"OLD ABE."

OUR engraving represents the standard borne in more than a score of battles by the Eighth Wisconsin regiment. Let not our readers imagine that this standard was simply the device for a flag, or a mere material image. "OLD ABE" was a genuine live eagle, which the standard-bearer of the regiment carried aloft, chained to his perch, into the hottest of the fight. When the battle raged most fiercely, and the enthusiasm of the soldiers was at its highest, then it was that "OLD ABE" seemed to be in his own element. He flapped his wings in the midst of the furious storm, and, with head erect, faced the flying bullets and the crashing shells with no signs of fear. "OLD ABE" triumphs with the triumph of the flag, and seems in some measure conscious of his relationship to the emblem of a victorious Republic. Long may he live!—the favorite of his regiment. We hope "OLD ABE" is as intelligent as he looks to be—and if he is, we can wish him no brighter fortune than that he may survive the present disorganization of the republic, and see the return of a real and permanent Union.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—GATHERING MOSS ON BERWICK BAY, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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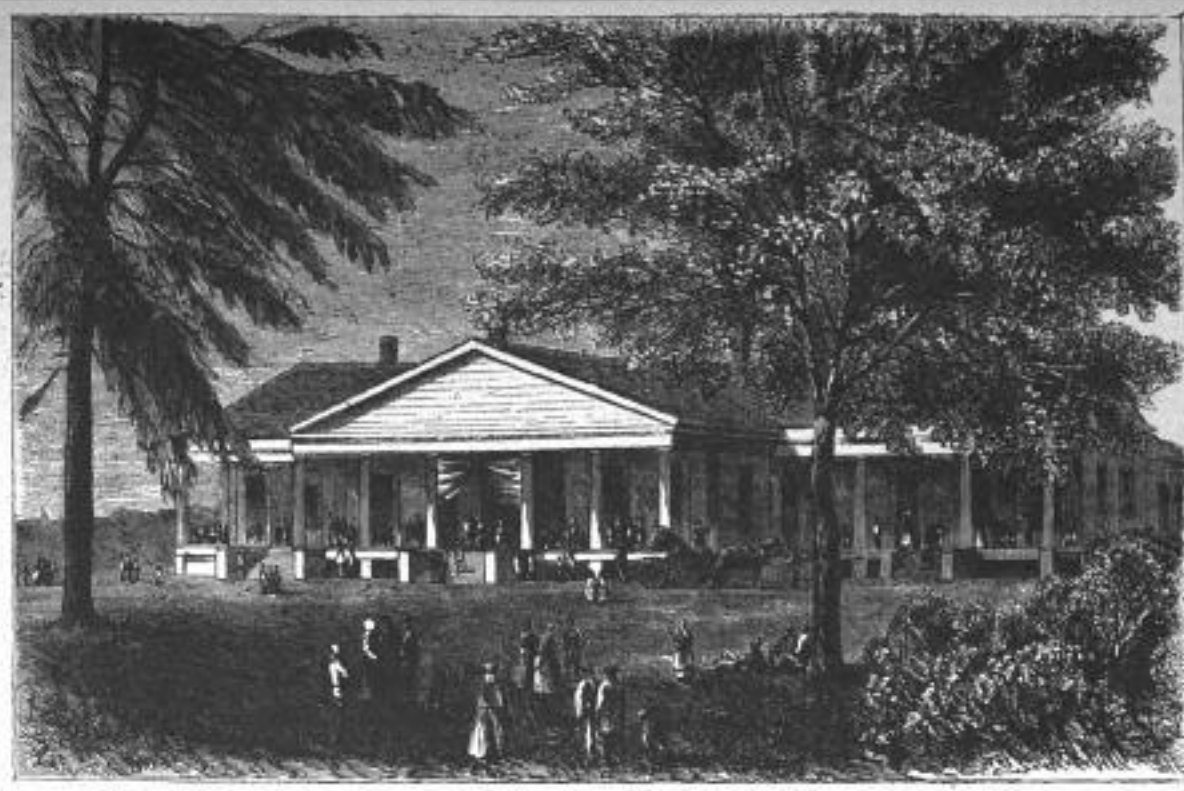
PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MOSS GATHERERS ON SEWICK BAY.

THE Spanish moss, whose gray drapery hangs in heavy folds from all the trees in this section, is not without its uses. Floating in the shadows, as our sketch was made, some negroes were whiling away the noon hour and presenting a scene picturesque and peculiar as they loaded their outrigger-boats with the luxuriant parasite.—When gathered, it is dried in the sun, the negroes—and whites also, for that matter—using it for beds. When cured by immersion in boiling water it becomes an article of export to the North, where it is used to stuff cheap matresses, being for a time almost as soft and springy as horse-hair. After it is cured and dried it loses its soft shadowy gray and becomes a dark brown.

JEFF DAVIS'S PLANTATION.

Of this plantation, which is located in Mississippi, I have made two sketches, one representing the Mansion, and the other the Negro Quarters on the grounds. The Mansion is now used as a school-house by the freedmen. A. R. W.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MANSION IN MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

LAUNCH OF THE "MANITON" AT BOSTON.

THE United States gun-boat *Maniton*, which we illustrate on page 588, is rated as a second-class gun-boat. She was commenced two years ago from the designs of JOHN LENTHALL, Esq., Chief of the Bureau of Construction, under the superintendence of WILLIAM H. HANSCOM, late constructor at the Boston Navy-yard, and was finished under the superintendence of EDWARD HARTT, Esq. Her dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 250 feet; extreme length, 301 feet; breadth moulded, 40 feet 1 inch; extreme breadth, 41 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet 10 inches; tonnage, 2348 tons old, and 1448 new measurement. She will be bark rigged, and will have four MARTIN'S boilers 24 feet 4 inches long, two 40-inch cylinders, and be propelled by a 16 feet diameter four-bladed screw. Her armament, incorrectly stated in the *New York Register* and copied from that into the daily journals, will consist of eight 9-inch guns broadside, and one 60-pound pivot rifled, mounted on the top-gallant forecastle.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

WE give on our first page and on pages 584 and 585 illustrations of President JOHNSON'S reception in this city and in Philadelphia.

In a speech made in this city Secretary SEWARD alludes humorously to the situation in which the President's party found Philadelphia. He says: "When we came to Philadelphia, the only city that had not tendered to the President of the United States its hospitalities in the expectation of his coming, we found a city that was disorganized and ungoverned. No Government there; no Common Council, no city authorities, and no police. We found a city so loyal, so peaceable, so earnest, so zealous for the cause of the national restoration and reconciliation, that every man was a law unto himself, and I said to myself, 'Blessed is that city that can dispense with a ruler.'" But notwithstanding the Mayor's absence and the dereliction of the Common Council, the people of Philadelphia gave the President and his party an enthusiastic welcome. We illustrate on page 584 the scene upon the arrival of the President in front of the Continental Hotel.

It was in New York city, however, that the President received the most demonstrative ovation both from the city authorities and the people.

The party arrived in the city shortly after noon, August 29. The streets from the Battery were lined with an immense throng all along the route which the President was to take. His formal reception took place in the Governor's Room at the City Hall. Of this we give an illustration on page 585. From the City Hall the party proceeded to DELMONICO'S, where the military passed in review before the President. Of this review an illustration is given on our first page. The following description of this affair is given in the *New York Times*:

President JOHNSON soon appeared upon the platform and occupied the seat prepared for him. He was speedily surrounded by his friends, both military and civil. Generals GRANT, MEADE, BUTTERFIELD, HAWLEY, Admiral FARRAGUT, Secretaries SEWARD and WELLES, Mayor HOFFMAN, Collector SWEEPS, and numerous other distinguished persons were present. The members of the Common Council and the heads of departments occupied the space in the rear of the Presidential party.

The head of the First Division soon ordered the avenue from Thirteenth Street, and approached the reviewing stand. Major-General SANDFORD, accompanied by his staff and mounted escort, led the column. He was immediately followed by General STORM, commanding the First Brigade. After paying the customary salute to the President, General SANDFORD dismounted, and ascending the platform, took his position beside the reviewing personage. The first regiment which passed the stand was the Second New York, commanded by Colonel RIPE. There were about 450 men in the ranks. They marched with platoon front, and made a most creditable appearance. The old Seventy-first Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel CROSS, followed, winning applause from the spectators, both on and off the platform, by its soldierly appearance and steady marching. The Seventy-first had 450 men out. Colonel THOMAS LYNCH followed with the Seventy-seventh Regiment, numbering 300 men. Colonel WILLIAM LYNCH brought up the rear of the brigade with 400 men of the Ninety-ninth Regiment. There were two or three good bands of music with the brigade, each one of which turned out opposite the President and played martial airs until the regiment to which it belonged had passed. The Second Brigade, commanded by General BERGER, was the next in order. The General led the way with his staff, closely followed by the Third Regiment (SIMON ROGERS), numbering 400 men. This regiment looked and marched remarkably well, winning a complimentary remark from General GRANT. The Fifth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel MEYER commanding, also looked well. Its ranks were more than usually full, there being nearly 600 men under arms. The Sixth, Colonel MAHON, 350 men; the Twelfth, Colonel WARD, 350 men; the Eighty-fourth, Colonel COWLING, 400 men; and the Ninetieth, Colonel KRIEGER, 400 men, completed this brigade. The First Artillery is attached to the Second Brigade, but portions of it were on detached service, firing salutes and performing escort duty. The brigade appeared in excellent condition, and was greeted with much applause. General HALL'S brigade, comprising the First, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Thirty-seventh, and Fifty-fifth Regiments, was unquestionably the favorite one of the four. The Seventh, Col. CLARK, paraded about 700 men, and sustained its well-earned reputation for marching and soldierly appearance. The Fifty-fifth, Colonel LE GAL, also did well, and attracted much attention. Of the other regiments the only noticeable one was the Seventy-ninth Highlanders. This is a fine hardy body of men, who marched with the instinct of old soldiers, and looked well.

In the evening the party with invited guests sat down to one of the most sumptuous banquets ever provided on this continent. The expense of the dinner has been estimated at $25,000, the burden of which, we understand, was borne by A. T. STEWART, Esq. About 250 persons sat down to the table. After dinner the President made a long speech in support of his policy. After expressing his gratitude for the reception which had been given him, he alluded to the part taken by the several departments of the Government in the restoration of the Union. He paid a passing tribute to GRANT and FARRAGUT for their victories by land and sea. He spoke of what he had himself done in the work of restoring the Union. He then charged Congress with being in favor of disunion. "There is," said the President, "a department of your Government which has practically assumed and declared, and up to the present time carried out, that the Government was dissolved and the States were out of the Union. We," he added, "who contend for the opposite doctrine, years ago contended that States had not the right even peacably to secede; and one means of peaceable secession was by a State withdrawing its representatives from the Congress of the United States, and that would be practical dissolution of the Union. We denied that a State had any such right, and when, subsequently, they attempted to withdraw, we again asserted that they had no such right; and now, when the doctrine has been forcibly established, that a State has no right to leave the Union, and when the States are again resuming their relations with the Federal Government, as far as in them lies, we find that when they seek to have their representatives admitted to Congress there are men in that body, who, in violation of our great charter of liberty, deny their right to be represented, and refuse to admit their representatives into the Congress of the United States.....

.....Are we prepared to renew those scenes through which we have just passed? Are we prepared again to see one portion of this country arrayed in deadly conflict against another portion, as we have just seen them arrayed? Or, shall we not make every effort to have all the parts and all the people of the country again united in harmony and brotherly affection?" He said he did not want to let the Southern States back into the Union degraded and debased. They would not be fit to form a part of this great American family.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—NEGRO QUARTERS ON JEFFERSON DAVIS'S PLANTATION.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

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THE RIVER.

THE river flows through the populous town,
Where the sombre houses look silently down,
Like sentinels standing on either side,
And frowning there on the sullen tide,
As the blackened waters pass on their way
In the silent night and the busy day.

From mountain torrents it takes its birth,
Where the cool spring bubbles from out the earth;
And on through the valley it winding flows
By banks where the silvery willow grows;
And wandering down to its weedy brink
The thirsty cattle come there to drink.

On and on in its course it glides,
Bearing along on its restless tides
A thousand sails with their precious weight
Of human souls and of costly freight,
And feeding, high up amid heated glooms,
A hundred factories' hungry looms.

On past village and hill and field,
Rich with the wealth of earth's broad yield,
It flows till it reaches the busy town,
Where the sombre houses look silently down,
And a shadow comes over its waters there
Till they gather dark that had flowed so fair.

Often I stand on the lonely pier,
As the silent hours of the night draw near,
And hark to the voice of the murmuring tide
As the blackened waters beneath me glide;
And watch the lights as they gleam and glow
In the chilly depths of the slip below.

And I think, as I stand in silence there,
Of the poor souls, mad with a wild despair,
Who have sought to drown where the waters flow
Their burden of sorrow and want and woe;
And I think, as its currents coward glide,
Of the guilt and sin that those cold waves hide.

Oh, winding river that takes its birth
From springs that bubble from out the earth,
And on through the bright vale, smiling, goes
Past village and hill and waving field,
Made rich by the wealth of the broad earth's yield!

To me you seem like a life begun
In sweet fields warm with the summer sun,
That on by pleasant and flowering ways
Passes through childhood's innocent days,
Till at last, where thy dark waves wander down,
It is lost in the sin of the shameless town.

And I think on my own life once so bright,
Of the joys that rendered my young heart light,
Of the dreams and hopes that I nurtured there,
Making the future seem all so fair;
And I grieve as I think, now those years are fled,
Of the golden hopes that have long been dead.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was gardening time now in earnest. The soft April sunshine began to warm the earth and to stir the heart of every leaf-bud on the trees; and the gentle showers that came dropping down every now and then seemed almost to have more power yet. The birds were all a-flutter with eagerness and expectation, peering in among the bare branches of some of the trees, and then betaking themselves to the well-clothed evergreens for house-room and shelter; the grass grew in the most wonderful way; and the blue violets stood with their eyes wide open, full of sweetness and content. In the garden—the large one which was under Robin's care—many things were already planted; peas, and such common things, as Lily said; and even the three little gardens began to show their pretty promise of sticks and labels, for some of the hardy seeds were already in the ground. "Anemone" was marked upon one label and "Hollyhock" upon another, and Prim had planted her sweet-peas. Planted them with much fear and hesitation too; for when with a good deal of trouble she had dug a trench for them four inches deep, Prim thought they might as well be buried in the centre of the earth at once.

"They'll never get up out of that hole, Sam!"

"Four inches deep is what Mr. Vick says," answered Sam, showing her the words in the Catalogue. "The plants will bear the heat so much better."

"Bear it! I should think they would—and be glad to get it, too, way down there," said Prim. "I wonder if they'll be prettier planted so, in a circle, than they would in a straight line?"

"Plant some of them both ways and then you can judge."

"So I will!" said Prim, carefully sowing the seeds "pretty thick" in her dug-out circle. "Now I s'pose the straight one must be just as deep."

"Of course. But cover these first," said her brother.

Prim carefully folded down the open end of her seed-bag lest the peas should take the matter into their own hands and sow themselves on the surface of the ground; and then she gently threw in the earth with her trowel, looking up at Sam every now and then as the trench grew full to see if that depth would not do. But Sam showed no signs of relenting until all the earth was filled in smooth and even.

"Now you can go on to your straight line," he said, "and I will go and help Lily a while."

"What are you doing?" said Lily, coming up. "Oh, how pretty every thing looks!"

"Sowing my sweet-peas," said Prim. "That's a circle, and this is a straight line."

"Is it?" said Lily; "I should have said it was a crooked line if you'd asked me."

"But it's so hard to draw it straight!" said Prim, standing up to look at her line, which was indeed extremely wavy, to say the least.

"Never mind—I dare say it's as good as the circle," said Lily, consolingly.

"The circle's *perfect*," said Prim. "Sam drew it for me himself. He set a stick in the middle and tied a string to it, and tied another stick to the other end of the string, and just drew it all round—so."

"For the straight line," said Sam, "you can stretch a cord between two sticks; or you can lay your rake-handle down on the bed and measure by that. Now, Lily, what are you about?"

"I don't know how thick to sow these seeds," said Lily. "I sowed all there were in the paper first, and then the holes looked so close together I picked up a good many of 'em."

"Picked them up—the seeds, I suppose!" said Sam. "That's a losing business. And what are these holes you talk of?"

"Why, the holes I made for the seeds," said Lily, leading the way down the hill to her garden.

"What seeds are they?"

"Only my dwarf convolvulus. Oh, I didn't lose any of 'em—I knew exactly how many there were."

Sam thought to himself that it was a very loving sort of gardening in which the seeds were all counted; but he said nothing except to give Lily her directions, and then walked up the hill again and toward the fence to look at Clover. Lily's counting was nothing to Clover's care. She smoothed and resmoothed the little spot where the seeds were to go; dug it lightly up with her trowel, and then smoothed it again, breaking every smallest lump of earth. Then carefully opening her seed-bag, Clover took out a little pinch of seed between her finger and thumb, and slowly, cautiously sprinkled it over the prepared bit of ground. Then making some more earth very fine, Clover sprinkled that over the seeds, pausing once or twice to consider whether that was deep enough; then patted the whole softly down with her trowel, stuck her label at one side, and the work was done. With a little sigh of great satisfaction Clover looked up at her brother.

"Will it do, Sam?"

"Exceedingly well," said her brother, smiling. "But where are your sticks?"

"What sticks?"

"Sticks to mark the boundary line of each patch of seeds, so that you may not plant one kind on top of another."

"Oh, I never thought about that; I haven't got any," said Clover.

Sam took up a tree branch which the wind had blown off, and cut three or four little sticks—six inches long or so—with which Clover at once fenced in her seeds.

"How pretty it looks!" she said, slipping her hand into her brother's; "and how wonderful it is, Sam! Just to think what my little seeds will be next time I see them!"

"Ay!" said Sam, clasping the little hand tight, but speaking in a musing way, as if hardly thinking of her: "'That thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be.' 'In hope of a glorious resurrection'—that is it, dear. And the earth seems but a soft, quiet bed in the sunshine of such a promise."

Clover looked at him earnestly, and then her eyes flushed, and she looked down at her garden again quite silently, for she was a little body of few words. Or perhaps I should say, of fewer words than thoughts. "In hope of a glorious resurrection"—yes, that was it, certainly; but Clover had never known what these words meant before.

"What will these flowers be like, Clover?" said Sam, suddenly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Clover; "the Catalogue doesn't tell. Only they will be sweet and white."

"Yes," Sam repeated, as he walked slowly away, swinging Clover's hand softly back and forth in his own, "'sweet and white,' that is all it tells. 'For it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know'—we who love Jesus—'that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'"

One little word among all these went straight to Clover's heart; that little word "we." "'He who love Jesus,'" her brother had said; oh, did she?

I can not tell you what joy it was, when the plants began to come up in the little window-boxes. I think the very first of all was the crumpled pink leaf of an abronia, "as pretty as a flower," Prim declared, for the abronias belonged to her. Then in Lily's box appeared a quite different beauty—small, compact, and round; a canna shoot, with its white tip above the lovely green line. Lily was what Jack called "frantic," in her delight. Nothing quite equal to these in beauty was seen in Clover's box at first; but the hyacinth beans sent up their broad seed leaves, which Sam called "cotyledons," and Jack declared to be only the two halves of the bean itself. Then the sinnias came forth, bright and strong; and the stocks—little tiny flat seeds that they were—burst out with such broad, large cotyledons, that Clover wondered over them. Clover did a great deal of thinking in those days, and never could go near her box or her garden without remembering the words Sam had spoken down by the fence. Jack declared that gardening had spoiled all his three sisters, for Lily was crazy, and Prim in a dream, and Clover in such a brown study that you could get nothing out of her. "Except moral lectures," Jack would add by way of conclusion.

By-and-by the earth which covered Prim's ipomœa seeds began to rise up in a most remarkable manner; a little heap here, and another there, not quite smooth but inclined to crack open at the top.

"It's just like what mamma said!" exclaimed Prim, in her excitement. "Oh, do you think it can be the seeds?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Sam, to whom this appeal was made. And from that time, whoever wanted Prim was sure to find her at the window, gazing down upon the pot that held her ipomœa seeds.

Lily, too, made a great discovery. A similar disturbance of the earth in one of her flower-pots had been followed by the sudden appearance of two little green leaves on a very long stalk; so long indeed that it could hardly hold itself up. Lily thought it must be the newest and rarest of plants, there was but one in the pot, and that grew so fast.

"Just look, Sam!" she said, "is that one of my asters?"

"Aster, indeed!" said Sam, with an expression of great contempt. And before Lily well knew what he was about, Sam had raised the pane of glass, pulled up the rare plant, and flung it out of the window.

"Oh, Sam, Sam!" was all Lily could say, "what did you do that for?"

"What did I do it for? why you do not want to grow weeds, I suppose?"

"Was *that* a weed?"

"That was a weed."

"Well, I'll never trust any thing again," said Lily. And to be sure she did not; for when a few days after one of the pots became suddenly full of green leaves upon long stalks, Lily began to root them out with an unsparing hand; but this time it was Sam who cried "stop!"

"They're only weeds," said Lily.

"They're only your scarlet flax," said Sam. "Never mind, you have lost but a few."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said poor Lily, "what am I to do! I thought weeds and flowers were different—and they're just alike!"

"No, they are not," said Sam; "but that is one of the things you have got to learn. A gardener knows a weed from a flower by a sort of instinct, even when it first comes up; though it is such a little bit of a thing, and may be of a kind he has never seen before. He will recognize one weed in a whole tuft of flowers, or one flower in a whole tuft of weeds."

"But *how*?" said Lily. "Tell me how?"

"Ah, that I can not do; that you must learn," said Sam: "I could as soon give you directions for finding out a real lady or gentleman. It's not because of their dress, it's not because of their place—you *feel* the difference. And so it is with weeds."

LOVE'S LIGHT.

LAST year she wandered through the wood,
The Spring was on the breeze,
And overhead, among the trees,
The building cushats cooed and cooed;
And all around a hundred notes
Poured fresh and sweet from warbling throats;
And she was gay with Earth's glad mood.

With girlish laughing glee she strayed
Amid the primrose flowers,
And from the hawthorn shook in showers
The fragrant blossoms—wanton maid—
And making havoc as she went,
Her merry voice glad snatches sent
Of song and carol through the glade.

Again the Spring was in the grove,
Blithe carolled every bird,
And overhead again were heard
The plaintive cushats crooning love;
Again along the primrose glade,
Beneath the thorns the maiden strayed,
And felt the Spring her pulses move.

But not again she shook the sprays
With playful fingers rude,
To scatter in her careless mood
Their blooms along the forest ways;
But violet and primrose fair
She gathered in a garland rare,
And lily bells and fragrant mays.

And through the woodland on she moved,
Until she reached the stile,
And resting there, saw many a mile
Of field and mead, where cattle roved;
The homestead and the cottage small,
Her eye dwelt lovingly on all—
She loved them, for she was beloved.

Last year she was a wayward child,
A merry madcap thing,
And frolic as the birds that wing
Their random flights along the wild;
But Love has come, and every where,
In blooming earth, in balmy air,
It seems as though an angel smiled.

And what is Love? A sympathy,
An intuition rare,
A sense that need hath ne'er
Of words to thread the intricacy
Of thought and feeling's maze,
A foretaste of the eternal days,
When God shall lighten every eye.

MARGARET.

MARGARET GLINT was very busy. The clergyman of New St. Simon's Church—good, abstracted Dr. Glint, who had grubbed among dead languages until his own seemed a very small absurdity to him, and who was so absorbed in the roots of Greek and Latin words that but for the joint efforts of his young sister and old servant he would probably have preached in his night-gown, gone abroad on week days in his surplice, and retired in his best coat—was hard at work at a fearfully learned and woefully dull volume fast approaching the epoch of publication, when weak eyes and a press of pastoral duties rendered the engagement of an amanuensis positively necessary. Such a one had been engaged—a gentleman recently arrived from England—an intelligent man of education, who seemed glad enough to occupy the position, and agreeable enough to prove a pleasant companion to the Doctor in his leisure hours; and having forgotten to mention that he was expected, the stranger arrived without the least warning this Monday morning, baggage and all—what there was of it—and was now shut up with the Doctor in his library, while Miss Glint and Nancy bustled about the "blue bedroom" arranging it for the new-comer. Both highly provoked by the Doctor's forgetfulness to give them warning; and Miss Margaret, in a sarcastic mood, saying so many absurd things that Nancy declared she would be "the death of her." "Two looking-glasses, Nancy," said Miss Margaret. "Mind that. He surely must want them to make that nice, straight part at the back of his head; and be careful of the carpet-bag, or you might spill the rouge and lily-white."

"As if he had any, Miss," said Nancy.

"He's like a china doll," said Margaret. "I hope he's not a girl in male attire. There would be such a scandal. Now we're all right, I think. Remember to put out plenty of jam and cake for tea. I'm sure he likes them. I hope I sha'n't forget and call him Bubby."

"You'll kill me, Miss," said Nancy, leaning against the wall. "How you do make fun of 'em, to be sure!"

By them Nancy meant the sterner sex. It was a way Margaret Glint had. She was always laughing at some one. Perhaps she laughed more than a quietly happy person would have done. She had had what in common parlance is called a "disappointment." At twenty she had been engaged to a certain Roger Ackland—a man ten years her senior—one to be both proud and fond of. Her very wedding-dress had been ready, when some one, in no kindly spirit, had brought the girl a tale of her lover's past life which he had hidden from her.

He did not deny it, and she would listen to no excuse. She gave him back letter and ring and lock of hair, and bade him leave her. It was like the parting of body and soul, but she did it bravely. Since then she had been mistress of her brother's house, and had never once fallen into low spirits as far as any one could judge. What she suffered only the pitying angels knew who comforted her—and she did not repent. "Better any fate," she had said, "than the wife of a bad man;" and she meant it. Many a one had wooed her since, but she cared for none. Roger was not a handsome man, but she could see no beauty in any other face, and the men she met all seemed so small and petty in comparison with him.

Least of all did she like purposeless, helpless men, like this amanuensis of her brother's. It would bore her woefully, she knew, to have him about the house. Yet when he made his appearance at table she was very courteous to him—more so than to most strangers.

He was small and very fair. His hands were girl's hands. He was not decided even about the matter of cream and sugar in his tea. He took what was handed him, and refrained from helping himself to the butter at his very plate, until some one discovered that he was nibbling dry bread; but he was so mild withal—so sweet-voiced and amiable that he won on her. After a few days she felt much as she might toward some timid child, and was very anxious to please and make him comfortable. And this rôle of protector suited Margaret well. It came in a week or two to keeping a seat beside her for him, to making much of him in a motherly sort of way. He was three years her senior, but she always felt as though he was much younger, and, to tell the truth, made a sort of pet of him, as she might of some young brother home for the holidays.

And Charles Lawton was immensely grateful in his mild way. Nothing was too much to do for Miss Glint. He walked miles in the noonday sun to the circulating library for a book she wanted. He found, in some mysterious manner, a rare plant she coveted for her garden. He scoured the country for her lost canary-bird, and rescued it from the hands of a dishonest boy in a way that excited the astonishment of those who knew of the adventure, and made himself useful in a thousand little ways, morning, noon, and night. But whatever he did, wherever he was, the young man never seemed quite happy. He was always sighing, always looking downcast. Always being found in a brown study on the porch, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and two great tears in them. It troubled Margaret Glint sorely to see this. It made her more unhappy than she could have fancied possible. For some men to be wretched seemed natural; but this gentle, innocent, effeminate man *should* have been as happy as a school-girl. She tried to cheer him up—in vain. She exerted herself to make him laugh. He did it, and then grew sad again. What could he have done? What could have been done to him? Had he been in love—had he been jilted? No one could answer these questions save himself. Until at last Margaret made a discovery. Her brother had gone out, taking his amanuensis with him. To rummage for some rare work, and dusting and sweeping and purifying the library, was the business of the day. It was necessary to do it secretly, for broom and brush were denied an entrance; though, if papers were not moved, the Doctor would never notice the difference on his return; and old Nancy was in abject terror until the work was accomplished. Then, in an idle mood, Miss Glint sat down at the desk of the amanuensis and began to look over the papers. The Doctor's crabbed scrawls were copied in a fair hand, with pretty, delicate flourishes, and exact margins, all fresh and nice, and pleasant to look at; but under the pile, hidden there, as it seemed, in a hurry, for the upper edge was crumpled, lay a sheet of foolscap covered on both sides, thus:

"Margaret!"—"Dear Margaret!"—"Margaret my love!"—"Beautiful Margaret!"

The same name written a hundred times in as many different styles with loving words appended. No one who is in the habit of writing but has done the same thing some time. We all know why, though it would be hard to explain the reason. Margaret knew. She had discovered Charles Lawton's secret. She stood holding the paper in her large white hand, cheek and brow flushed hotly. Then the sheet began to tremble and was crushed in the round finger-tips, and Margaret Glint fled the library with that mute witness of love like a guilty thing. What had tempted her to toy with those papers which did not interest her one whit? The manuscript of that dry, deeply-learned work which

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was so much pure stupidity to her, as to most people? Was it fate? It seemed so, for thus had she learned what else she might never have learned in all her life, for she knew now that her great wealth—she was a very rich woman—kept her gentle lover from telling her of his love. "Margaret—Margaret!" Ah, did he love her as she had loved Roger Ackland, when it was her wont to scribble his name over and over again? Could it be? Had he the strength of heart to feel so? In her own room Margaret knelt down upon the cushion at her bedside, and, hiding her face upon her pillow, with her folded arms above her head, thought. She must needs think it all out for herself. There was no one to go to for advice. Had it only been the root of a Greek verb her brother could have helped her. Any thing a dictionary or a treatise could have availed her in she need not have puzzled over; but this involved only the heart and conscience—the heart and conscience of a woman, and her brother, the clergyman, could not advise even could she ask him.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "What love I done? I have been kind to him. I have been very kind to him, but I never thought of this. And he is so good. Could I come to liking him enough? Perhaps."

The face of Charles Lawton arose before her. The pale face, with its light, cool-tinted hair and helpless-looking, girlish mouth. A face sweet and pure but with no strength in it, and her mental gaze was fixed upon it.

"Perhaps," she said again. And her eyes looked tender. So might a man have looked, thinking of some girl who loved him. She was a little like a man, this Margaret Glint. Large and dark and brilliant. Looking at her you might sometimes think of some poet's young hero. In her soul, too, dwelt a high-toned sense of honor which was manlike: though all men—more is the pity—do not have it. And this it was which moved within her now.

Unconsciously she had won a heart. It was a little her fault, a very little, and she dared not trample on it. She could not.

From her knees she arose, convinced of her duty, and stood before the window looking out upon the road—a pleasant country road, burnished by the setting sun.

"I must love him if I can," she said. "Poor child—poor boy! This is what his sadness means. This is his secret. I am so very rich—he poor. He is afraid to speak. I wish he were not. I could love him more."

She went to the mirror to bind up her hair—that glorious hair, ink-black and glossy as polished jet. The great waves were prisoned in a golden net. From her dainty ears hung glowing rubies; their mates glittered on her bosom, no redder than her lips. Such a face might a Sultana have owned. It was gorgeous; gorgeous things became it; rich colors set it off. Margaret knew that it was beautiful. But for five long years—ever since she had given Roger Ackland back his letters, and seen that face of his, rugged as the granite hills where he was born, turn grayly pallid to the lips—ever since she had put her own heart beneath her feet and trampled on it—she had never dreamed the dreams of other girls—never hoped as other women do. She was five-and-twenty now. Should she begin to dream again?

"Love is worth much," said Margaret, "and I could comfort him and care for him—I could make him rich. Better mend my life thus than let it go to waste. Better make another happy if I can not be quite happy myself." And she turned from the mirror with a sigh.

Ten minutes after her laugh rang merrily through the great rooms below, and Charles Lawton was listening to it.

He sat beside the clergyman and opposite her as she poured the tea. There was grace in her every motion, fascination in her every glance. She looked at him as she had never looked before; for she knew now that he loved her. That knowledge alters a man at once to any woman. Before to-day he had been only a gentle, pleasant-faced man, to whom she could be kind. Now he was much more. She exerted herself to please him. She began to like to do so. She could not quite meet his eye. She blushed when, by accident, he touched her hand in taking his cup. Before her newly-acquired knowledge she could have held it in her own like a little child's.

When the meal and the long, quiet evening chat were over, she sought her pillow, confident that she had chosen well. A good if not a great man loved her; and she would be his wife. Only that subtle pain remained when, in some day-dream, she saw again the glorious, rugged face of Roger Ackland, and looking into her heart saw there a shattered idol—a shrine cast down—a something vanished from her soul forever, which had been very sweet to it.

Yes, Margaret was on the whole happier. Hour by hour in the days which followed she found it a sweeter task to give her timid lover hope. No vain fellow, no conceited "pretty man," was this. Less confident of his own powers of fascination, less hopeful, more humble-hearted he could not have been. That dainty care of person and attire was natural to him. Looking foppish, he was not one whit so in reality. Teaching him what he might hope, she began to feel a strange fondness for him, such as few women ever experience. A protecting feeling, as though he had been a girl and she a man. This strange, peculiar Margaret Glint absolutely began to long for the day which would give her the right to pillow his head upon her bosom, to endow him with her worldly goods, to shelter him with the great mantle of her love, and care for him in sickness or in sorrow. Oftener and oftener at this time her face and form reminded one of some young cavalier.

In the great bow-window, looking out upon the grounds, they used to sit together for hours, when the amanuensis was free from his daily task. She at her work, he idle. Sometimes they talked. Sometimes he gave her a half-glimpse of his life. Hinted at a sorrow, at a hopeless future. Seemed half inclined to tell her what he felt, then sunk into shy silence.

"And all because I am rich," thought Margaret. "Can he not see, what I should not say?—am I not plain enough in my manner? I have gone as far as woman can."

Yet she pitied him instead of feeling wrath.

The great book toiled on toward its end and was haply finished. Proof-sheets were revised, columns of jetty words were shut up between covers of substantial leather. The amanuensis was needed no longer. In a day or two he would be gone. Could it be that he would go without a word? It had come to this. Margaret had taught herself to love him. To be so fond of him that hot tears welled up to her eyes at the thought of parting. She saw how sad he was, and she vowed that woman's fear should not stand between them. That if he dared not speak she would.

The last night had fallen. They were alone together. Along by the blazing fire, kindled for the first time that season on the hearth. She sat upon a low lounge, he stood with his arm upon the mantle-piece and his head upon it. From the tea-table the Doctor had gone to his own room to luxuriate in the sight of those hot-pressed volumes. The servants were far away in kitchen quarters. The rain forbade all fear of intruders from without. If ever time were favorable for her purpose that was the hour. Margaret knew it. Why did he not say something to her, sit beside her, take her hand? Surely never was man's heart as faint as his.

Thinking this a little bitterly she saw something glitter in the fire-light—something that smote her heart. It was a tear. This mute lover of her was suffering.

Margaret sprang from her seat and crossed the space between them. She put her hand upon Charles Lawton's shoulder. "You are unhappy?" she said. "Have you no confidence in me? Come, sit beside me; tell me all."

He sat down as she bade him. She kept her hand upon his arm. Had he met her eyes he must have known the truth; but he never lifted his.

"You are in trouble," she said again. "Can I help you? can I advise you? Believe me, if I can I will. Whatever it is, if I can I will."

He shook his head.

"God bless you!" he said. "I fear there is no advice to be given; no help to come, save that which Time may bring. You would despise me should I tell you all."

"Coward!"

He heard the word and looked at her. She smiled.

"Faint heart. I know what troubles you. Why should you fear to tell a woman of your love because she is rich? Have you no trust in me? See, I know all."

From her bosom she drew the paper she had kept there so long and laid it on his knee.

He caught it, gazed upon it, and the next instant was kneeling at her feet. Not to woo.

How he told it, how she heard it, Margaret never could remember; but she had the truth at last. It was another Margaret he loved. Another, whose name was written on that paper. Far away across the sea she dwelt. They were both too poor to wed. His health had failed him.

Years might pass before he might dare claim her, or the time might never come. And his grief was this, that in honor he must give her up lest all this weary waiting might chest her of her spring-time, and leave her only a hopeless, lonely autumn.

Margaret heard it all, crushed by her great shame. Had he known the actual truth, it would not have been so bad; but that might never be. What must he think of her? For a while she was wroth with him. For a moment she could have killed him. Then she relented.

Like a queen she arose.

"I told you I would help you if I could. I think I can," she said, and gave him her hand; and swept from the room stately until the door had closed upon her. Then, alone in the darkness, she bowed down her proud head as it never had been bowed before. She had taught herself to love this man, who, after all, had never cared for her. She almost died of it. But Margaret was noble. One day there came to Charles Lawton a letter from that other Margaret in far-off England, bearing strange, sweet news. A mysterious legacy had come to her from an unknown friend. A legacy conditional upon her union with him to whom she wrote. They need not fear poverty henceforth; and she was coming to him.

She did not, so she wrote, believe that the donor had left this world. The lawyer in whose hands the business had been placed had been forbidden to say more than that the money was bestowed "by Margaret on Margaret."

These words told Charles Lawton all. One day he shared the secret with his wife.

But long ere that Margaret sat one day before the fire—the first fire of the season, as it had been on that eventful night, but this time quite alone—when the door behind her opened and the servant announced "A gentleman." Rising, she turned toward him, and stood transfixed. The massive head and rugged face; the grand figure, in its half careless dress; the eye like steel in fire-light, were before her once again—Roger Ackland had returned to her.

He looked at her in silence; then he said, softly:

"You bade me leave you once, Margaret. Are you angry with me for seeking you again? I could not help it."

And she had given him her hand. Holding it still he had taken his place beside her. He had looked into her eyes.

"You would not hear me years ago," he said. "Will you listen now? If I have erred, I have done penance, Heaven knows! God forgives all sinners. May not a mortal woman forgive one who has repented?"

And then he told her all—the evil that had been done and sorrowed over even before they met; the excuse for it; the spiteful tattling which had warped for her ear that which he would have laid before her in plain, unvarnished truth—and she listened, believing.

"You took hope and life from me when we parted," he said. "I have suffered deeply all these years; but when, returning to my native land, I found Margaret, whom so many sought, yet free, I began to hope again. Will you give me something to live for—will you forget the past, and be mine, Margaret?" And he drew her toward him, and her head dropped upon his breast and rested there. A very woman she seemed now, confiding, clinging, trusting; and as she felt his arms about her the olden joy returned, and Margaret was happy.

So happy that she could have knelt down to thank Heaven for the bitterest mortification of her life, for any woe or any pain which had kept her free to give herself to Roger Ackland.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

WE have had in our political history four eminently critical Presidential administrations: WASHINGTON'S, in which the Constitution, established in 1787, was first tested in operation; JACKSON'S, in which this Constitution was for the first time seriously threatened by CALHOUN'S adherents in South Carolina; LINCOLN'S, in which CALHOUN'S doctrines, finding support in eleven Southern States, culminated in open rebellion against the Constitution; and JOHNSON'S, in which the rebellion, having been suppressed and the Constitution having triumphed over its armed opponents (or *misinterpreters*, if they prefer that designation), it became necessary for the General Government to step in, and, under the Constitution, to guarantee to disorganized States "a republican form of government," and to secure the peace of the country and the perfect allegiance of all its citizens, which had been obtained by military conquest. The first three of these administrations were eminently successful. Under WASHINGTON the Constitution, then for the first time put into operation, fully justified the hopes of its distinguished founders, who, after years of often-repeated and often-baffled attempts, had finally secured its adoption by the people. JACKSON, with characteristic firmness, silenced the Nullifiers of 1832. LINCOLN, with a fidelity to the Constitution and an honesty of purpose in enforcing its claims, equally characteristic, suppressed the rebellion of 1860-61. The issue of JOHNSON'S administration remains yet to be decided.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the seventeenth President of the United States, is probably as remarkable a man as our country has produced. His career is a notable one. He was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. At the age of 10 years he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city. The circumstances of his early life were calculated to give him an appreciation of many of the worst evils of the Slave system prevalent in the South. The disadvantages under which he, as a poor boy, labored as contrasted to the advantages of the privileged few, were only too apparent to him at every step. No institution of learning opened its doors to him. During the seven years of his apprenticeship he learned to read, an acquisition due, in part, to accident but still more to his own ingenuity and untiring perseverance. His first reading-book—and that was a borrowed one—was a volume of speeches, chiefly those of British statesmen. In 1826, at the age of 18, he removed to Greeneville, in East Tennessee, where he was so fortunate as to marry a young lady who was competent to teach him writing and the first rudiments of arithmetic. This was the completion of ANDY'S schooling; the refinements of a college education were beyond his reach; the knowledge which he had, though not securing the ends of a higher and more scholastic culture, fitted him for the uses of life.

As might be supposed, when we find him at the age of twenty entering upon the arena of political conflict, his instincts and opinions are emphatically democratic. His first political success was against the aristocratic element in Greeneville, his own town, where for three years he held the office of Alderman, and was immediately afterward promoted to the Mayoralty, which he held for three years. In 1834 he was influential in securing for his State a new Constitution, guaranteeing the freedom of speech and of the press, and enlarging the liberties of the masses. In 1835 he was elected to the Tennessee Legislature; in 1840 was one of the Presidential Electors from that State; in 1841 was sent to the State Senate; in 1843 was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1845 and 1847; in 1853 was elected Governor of Tennessee, being re-elected in 1855; was elected United States Senator in 1857 for the full term of six years; and in 1862 was appointed by President LINCOLN Military Governor of Tennessee.

Such was the curriculum of official life run by ANDREW JOHNSON before he was, in 1864, elected Vice-President of the United States. His political record during all these years has been well defined, and, in the main, consistent. His maiden speech in Congress was made in support of the resolution to restore the fine imposed upon General JACKSON for having placed New Orleans under martial law. Judging from his Congressional record, we should set him down as a stiff Democrat of the ANDREW JACKSON school. He warmly advocated the annexation of Texas, and he thought that State would "prove to be the gateway out of which the sable sons of Africa are to pass from bondage to freedom, and become merged in a population congenial with themselves"—a prophecy which had no basis and no verification. He has made since his accession to the Presidency a somewhat liberal use of the veto power; but we find that in 1847 he made a very eloquent argument in favor of the exercise of this power, in the course of which he said that JACKSON had exercised this power nine times. In this respect JOHNSON may certainly claim to have successfully imitated his prototype. He was a strong advocate of the Mexican war, and he opened the agitation of the Homestead bill, of which he was an ardent supporter until its passage.

But it is in ANDREW JOHNSON'S Senatorial career, and especially in his denunciation of the Secession movement of 1860, that the strong points of his statesmanship are most apparent. He can justly claim the rare merit, which all will cheerfully accord him, of having been the only Southern representative in Congress who stood firm to the Union in its greatest peril. Of course this destroyed his popularity at the South. In his own State he was burned in effigy. Passing through Lynchburg at the height of this Secession excitement, in the winter of 1860, he was groaned and hissed by a mob, who threatened to take him from the cars to hang him. The *Memphis Avalanche* of April 25, 1861, amusingly described his having his nose pulled by another mob at Liberty, in Virginia. It was this noble stand taken by ANDREW JOHNSON for the enforcement of the Constitution which insured him the Vice-Presidency.

In the special session called by President LINCOLN in the summer of 1861 we find Mr. JOHNSON the ardent supporter of the apparently arbitrary acts of the President in increasing the army, claiming that Mr. LINCOLN had only anticipated Congressional legislation. Yet Mr. JOHNSON stood by the Constitution even in making war upon its enemies. It was he who introduced into the Senate, July 26, the following resolution (previously adopted in the House), and which passed by a vote of 80 against 5:

Resolved, That the present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States, now in revolt against the Constitutional Government, and in arms around the Capital; that, in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feeling of mere passion or resentment, will recollect only its duty to the whole country; that this war is not prosecuted upon our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of subverting or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and all laws made in pursuance thereof, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.

The principle involved in this resolution is the key-note of ANDREW JOHNSON'S policy to-day. And this brings us down to the immediate present. We pass over Mr. JOHNSON'S career as Military Governor of Tennessee, which was thoroughly consistent with his Congressional record. He was, without parade, inaugurated President of the United States upon the day of Mr. LINCOLN'S death. We shall not here quote what he had previously said about hanging conscious traitors, nor, as is the habit of many, shall we denounce him for not having made the unsparing use of the halter which he once threatened. This journal has never advocated the execution of these threats, has never in cool recommended any vindictive policy as against the persons of those lately in rebellion. It is not worth our while to inquire what has turned Mr. JOHNSON toward a more lenient policy—the policy of pardoning rebels instead of hanging them. It may have been that a deep sense of his responsibility upon the assumption of the Presidential office led him to change his mind as to the expediency of such measures as he had formerly proposed, or it may have been the example of his predecessor which altered his purpose. Whatever it may have been, we have no fault to find with him in this regard.

The main objection presented against Mr. JOHNSON'S conduct of the problem of reconstruction by those who were formerly his supporters arises from a divergence of views between him and them as to the expediencies and necessities of the situation. They wish to secure the results of the war, and they go somewhat farther than he does in the guarantees which they ask of the late rebels. The case stands simply thus: The rebels in arms were disarmed by our soldiers; submission to the arbitrament of war was the least that could be expected of them—this was simply the recognition of defeat, and by no means involved of necessity a return to their allegiance. But they claimed that they not only recognized their defeat, but were willing also to yield their allegiance to the Government and to unite with their victors in such a restoration of peace and union as was dictated by the necessities and proprieties of the situation in which the war had left the country. They accordingly nullified secession, repudiated the rebel debt, and ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. President JOHNSON accepted these acts as satisfactory evidences of the good faith and loyalty of Southern citizens. He recognized the rebel States as restored to their normal relations with the General Government, except in the very important matter of representation, which he must leave to Congress. Well, Congress, upon its assembling, claimed that the Legislative Department had something to determine in this matter of restoration—something more than was involved in the mere examination of the credentials of Southern Congressmen. In short, Congress was not satisfied with the guarantees which the President had secured; these were good as far as they went, but still others were necessary. In the first place, Congress determined it was necessary to secure the equal rights before the law of all citizens without respect to race, class, or color; and still farther, the States ought, by an amendment of the Constitution, to be put upon an equal footing in their basis of representation.

Congress decided, therefore, that these two things must be secured, precedent to its recognition of the States as restored. Here, in few words, is the difference between the President and the Thirty-ninth Congress. Between them the people are to decide. We have, in this place, no arguments to offer in support or opposition of either side. Arguments of this nature are presented every week in our Editorial columns. One thing, however, seems certain. The difference between the President and Congress has brought on a deplorable situation in the South. It seems to be taken for granted there that the late rebels will be sustained in their proscription of Union men, and their inferiated animosity against the freedmen; and it is to be feared that a popular victory on the side of the President will tend to confirm this assumption. This is a consideration seriously worthy the attention of all who are in favor of equal rights, and who are not willing to forget those in the South who have been faithful adherents of the Union cause during the war.

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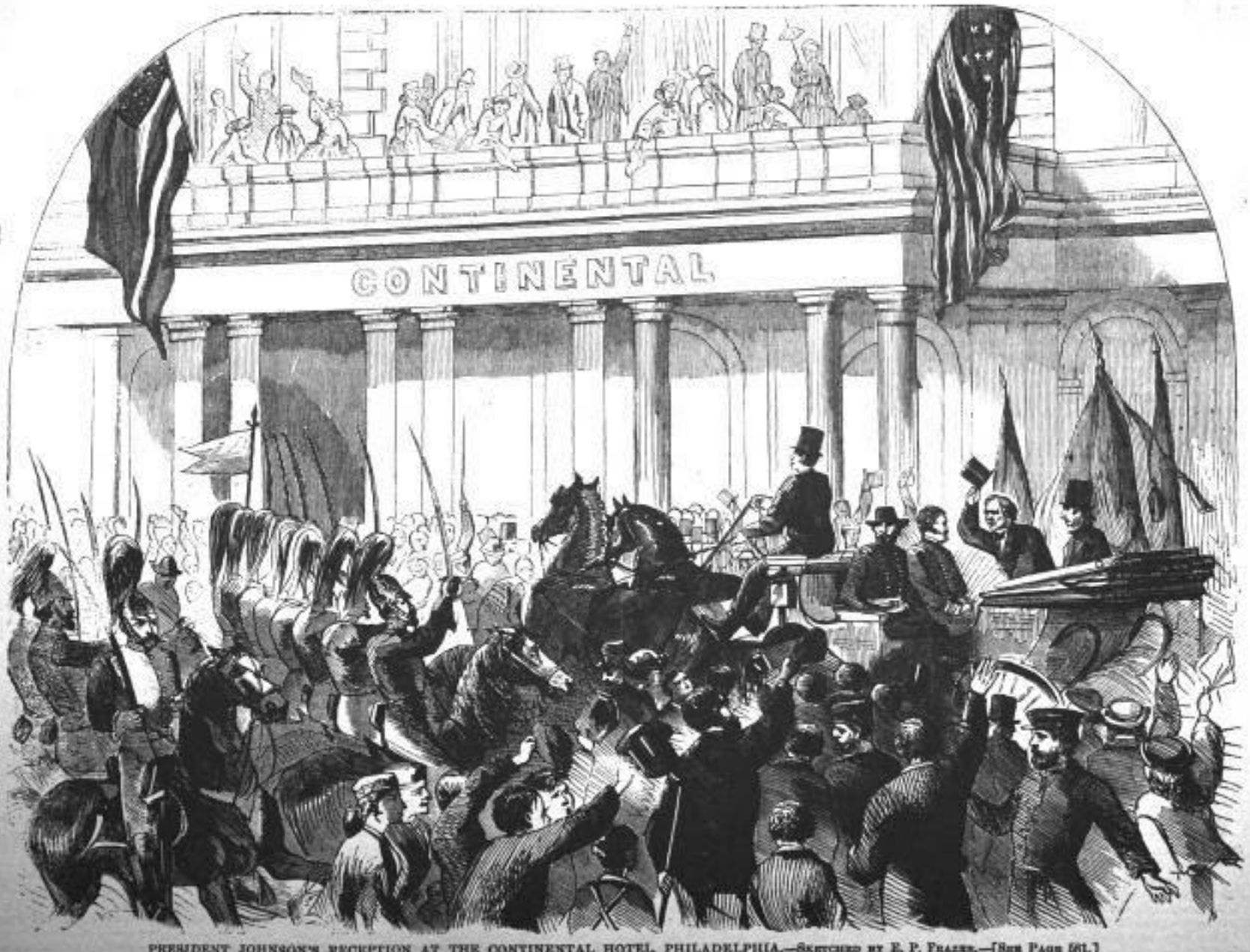
President JOHNSON has been sketched by Senator DOOLITTLE as "a man of medium stature, compact and strong built, of dark complexion, and deep-set black eyes. He is of bilious temperament, of strong intellect, indomitable energy, and iron will, in whose character, I should say, the strongest feature of all is that of stern justice, mingled with a genuine hatred of all forms of aristocracy and oppression, and a patriotism so ardent that it amounts to a passion, almost a religion." We mean nothing disrespectful when we add that ANDREW JOHNSON does not belong to that high order of American statesmen where stand such men as ALEXANDER HAMILTON and WM. H. SEWARD. While he undoubtedly possesses a remarkable tenacity of purpose, and is to be accorded perfect honesty in his political views, it is impossible for him to command that kind of popular confidence which was given to Mr. LINCOLN. Unlike the latter, Mr. JOHNSON possesses a mind rather impassioned than argumentative. His exhibition of temper, his intemperate, and often indecent, denunciation of his political opponents remind us rather of the demagogue than of the unimpassioned and well-balanced statesman. Whether we deem him right or wrong, his speeches before the people always have had essentially the same characteristics—the same strength and the same weakness. He never forgets, or lets you forget, that he is "the humble individual who is now addressing you;" he seems always apprehensive lest we shall lose sight of the sacrifices which he has borne or the service which he has done; if we do not agree with him politically we may expect to be called "traitors;" if any opponent has denounced him, we may be sure that he will return the blow with interest, thus putting himself upon the level of his intemperate and it may be vulgar antagonist. These characteristics are the result, in part, of his peculiar temperament, and, in still greater part, of his political education. The strongest speeches he has ever made—and those most free of the characteristic weakness to which we have alluded—were those made by him in the Senate in the winter of 1860 and the following summer. Indeed when speaking before the Senate he appeared as a very different style of orator than when addressing the people. Before the latter his speeches are disconnected, full of repetitions, and not even his official position as Chief Magistrate of the United States is sufficient to keep him within the limits of good sense and decorum.

These weaknesses are no arguments against his policy, any more than the same sort of weaknesses displayed by THADDEUS STEVENS are arguments against the policy of Congress. We have always spoken freely of this sort of rhetoric, on whichever side it has been used. Neither Mr. STEVENS's denunciations of the President and his supporters, nor the indecorous epithets applied by President JOHNSON to his opponents, will weigh much with the people. They will dodge this rhetoric of thunder, and decide the great issue which is now before them according to their appreciation of the questions involved, and we feel sure that their verdict will accord with reason and with their patriotic instincts.

ANDREW JOHNSON, THE SEVENTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.—SKETCHED BY E. P. FRAZER.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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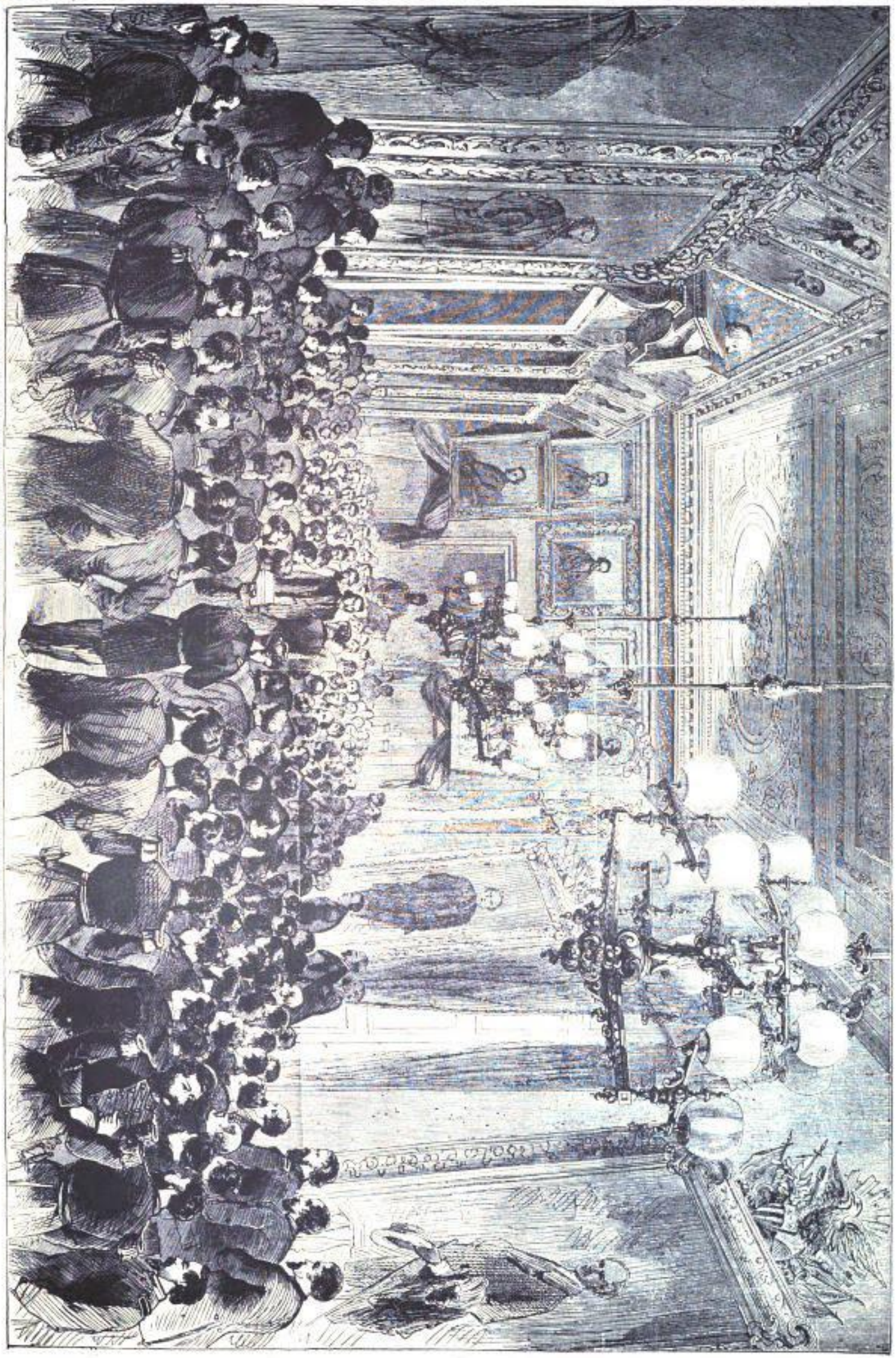

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, AUGUST 30, 1866.—SEE PAGE 581.

SEPTEMBER.

GENTLE September, thou art here;
The Graces follow in thy train,
The almoners of the bounteous year,
And scatter gifts of golden grain.

September, e'en thy very name
Is syllabled unto the ear
In liquid sweetness; and the same
Sweet promise ripens in thy cheer.

We see thee in thy deep-hued dress,
We hear thee in thy plaintive breeze,
We taste thee in the mellowness
That drops from thy rich-burdened trees.

We know thee by the tempered heat
That lingers in the sun's spent rays,
And by the passing hours more fleet
That fill thy Indian Summer days.

And by the faint-hued haze which veils
The vista seen through branching trees;
But we feel thee most when language fails,
By other signs and scenes than these.

Thou hast a token in the sky,
A music in the wandering winds,
A strength in thy maturity,
In which the soul a solace finds.

We hail thee, harvest month—and mere,
Thou art the heart's month—and we gain
Of calm content a plenteous store,
As well as gifts of golden grain.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Third Portion.

CHAPTER VI.

ONLY a short time intervened between that evening when Anna sang so wonderfully, and quitted the room so strangely, and the period fixed for Miss Wokenham's marriage. The approaching departure of our good friend naturally occupied our thoughts very much. It was a great event and excitement in the even tenor of our lives; and going to America was a much more serious matter in those days than it is now.

Miss Wokenham, however, was as brave and bright as possible; it was not until the very night before she went away that she broke down, or lost the cheerful front we were familiar with.

"It isn't that I'm at all afraid, my dears," she sobbed out, "or that I have the least distrust of Lewis; but I am so fond of you all, and home is very dear, and every thing is strange before me, and, of course, one must be a callous brute—and I hope I'm not quite that—to be able to take it all composedly, and—and I can't find my pocket-handkerchief!"

My heart warmed to Monsieur De Beaugart when I saw him draw a bright-colored bandana from his pocket and gently wipe the little woman's streaming eyes as if she had been a child. I could have hugged him when he afterward applied the handkerchief to his own eyes with the utmost simplicity. Somehow I felt then that our dear little governess was safe with him.

They had at first intended to be married in Liverpool, and to spend a few days there before leaving England. But the merchantman they were going out in was to sail sooner than had been expected, and they would have no time to spare. So Miss Wokenham bade us good-by in her maiden character that last evening, and was married early the following morning. Dear uncle gave the bride away. He and my aunt were the only guests present in the church, by Miss Wokenham's expressed desire.

She had some relatives—second cousins, I believe—who lived in a tall brick house just outside the town, and were very stiff and stately. Not the less so, I dare say, that they had no particular reason for stiffness and stateliness. They were a childless old couple, sufficiently well-to-do in the world, and were mysteriously aggrieved by the fact of their relative's keeping a school. This injury, however, they kindly condoned, finding, possibly, some consolation in the reflection that her keeping a school relieved her friends from the necessity of keeping her. But the announcement of Miss Wokenham's intended marriage had shocked them—Mrs. Parker especially—to a frightful extent.

"You would have thought I had confessed to some awful crime, to hear cousin Sarah," said Miss Wokenham to my aunt. "She talked to me more like a jail chaplain than any thing else. And after all, I should like to know what difference it can make to them? They insinuated that I must not expect one to inherit any of their money—just as if I ever had expected it! and they talked vaguely of ruin and disgrace in store for the family. However, I kept my temper pretty well till they began to be impertinent about Lewis, when I fired up, and told them he was a Gentleman whose shoes none of the Parkers were worthy to wipe. Therefore, you see, it would have been of no use asking cousin Sarah and her husband to my wedding. And indeed they shouldn't have come if they had wanted to, unless they made a handsome apology to M'sieu'."

So our little schoolmistress became a wife, unillumined by the lustre of the Parkers' presence or patronage. The breakfast was given at the Gable House, and, at the last moment, when it was time for the travelers to depart, Horace Lee came hurrying in, flushed and panting, with a great nosegay of hot-house flowers in his hand, which he presented to the bride. The poor little soul was in a sad state of agitation by this time, and was clinging to my aunt as if she could never part from her, but she smiled through her tears when she saw Horace. He was always a great favorite of hers. "My goodness!" said she, with a spark of her wonted vivacity, "where did you get those glorious flowers? But your face is as bright as they are. I scarcely hoped to see you again. I thought you were at your father's for the week."

"Did you suppose I would let you leave Willborough without saying good-by?" returned Horace. "I was up at six o'clock this morning, ransacking the green-houses at the Hall. When I told the head gardener that I wanted some flowers to give to a bride, he took quite an interest in their selection, and said I was to gather what I chose. I galloped the new mare nearly all the way into Willborough. And now you must pay me for my posy, Madame de Beaugart."

To see the start the little woman gave when he called her by her new name! But she put her hands in his, and stood on tip-toe to be kissed, saying, "God bless you, my dear boy! I shall always like you, and keep you in my thoughts side by side with our beloved friends at the Gable House. You know I can not express a higher regard than that for any one."

More kisses and embraces, confused farewells, promises to write, thinks, tears, blessings, and our dear old friend was gone. The last glimpse I had of her showed me her small form being lifted into the fly by my uncle's strong arms. Good, true friend! As large of heart as she was tiny of stature. What a giantess would Miss Wokenham have been if her soul and body had borne proportion to one another!

For some days after the marriage the whole household seemed unsettled; and Anna and I wandered about from the house to the gardens, and from the gardens to the orchard, and about and about, in a most desultory manner.

Old Stock had been forced so far to yield to age and rheumatism as to accept the assistance of a permanent under-gardener, who was to receive his directions, and spare him the hardest part of the outdoor work. It was a sore trial to him, until he discovered a mine of comfort in the alleged and assumed total incapacity of his assistant. This inexhaustible theme for grumbling seemed to afford him more enjoyment than any thing except his pipe. "Good-morning, Stock," said I to him, a few days after Miss Wokenham's wedding. "What sort of a spring are we likely to have? And how are things looking with you here?" He was standing in the kitchen garden—leaning on a great brown knotted stick, scarcely browner or more knotted than his hands—inspecting the labors of his subordinate, who was digging up a great potato-bed. It was one of Stock's rheumatic mornings, and he was unable to handle a spade himself.

"Spring, Miss Margrit," growled the old man. "The spring'll be all right, to be sure. The Lord'll look after that. But as to how things is looking here, why bowlvee is things fuke to look, when the master livers 'em over to the mercy of Bill Green? In course I knows my dooty;" Stock was always comfortably satisfied on that point: "my dooty's wrote out plain. It may be hard on a man as has served the master forty year, far to see the soil turned up in that there fashion, like stirring furmety wi' a ladle; but if the master ordains as Bill Green is to spoon the herth instead of spading it, why spooned the herth must be."

"Don't be hard on Green, Stock," said I; "he'll improve, no doubt, with all the pains you will take to teach him."

"Pains! Ah, great pains an' little gains. Jist look at him now, Miss Margrit, a-standin' gapin' like a stuck pig, instead of arnin' his day's wage. Didn't ye niver see a young lady afore, ye great galoy?"

"I've see'd lots on 'em," returned Bill Green; a blue-eyed stolid young fellow, upon whom Stock's sarcasm and scolding appeared equally powerless to produce any impression.

"Oh, ye have, have ye? Then what are you standin' starin' at? Why don't ye try to do summut for your daily bread, thef it be but spoonin'?"

"I've digged this here bed, an' I danno what's to do next," said Green.

Stock turned to me triumphantly.

"Ye see, ye see, Miss Margrit! That's the way! He ain't got no more notion of his dooties nor a baby. It's a marciful Providence as I'm able to git about to look after him. Come been along wi' me, Bill Green, and I'll pint out what mischief you and your spoon is to do next. Bring your spoon along with you. Not as the Lord wills that the article should ever be missing where you are!" And the old man hobbled away to another part of his domains, followed by Bill Green, who confidentially bestowed a broad grin on me as he departed.

Horace greatly relished Stock's eccentricities, and I got into the habit of treasuring up his odd sayings and doings, in order to repeat them to Horace. Horace was really witty. I have never known a more amusing companion than he could be when once he knew you well enough to cast off his shyness. He sometimes had fits of wild spirits that kept uncle Gough in roars of laughter. But then, too, he was very easily moved to sympathy with any thing sad. The tears would spring to his eyes in a moment at hearing a plaintive tune or a pathetic story. He rarely could refuse to give to a beggar, and was as tender as a woman with aged people and little children. Uncle Gough used to say that Horace had one great fault; he could not say, No. "Wants ballast a bit, does the laddie," said uncle. "But, Lord help us! We all grow hard soon enough; and an old heart in a young bosom is worse than an old head upon young shoulders."

CHAPTER VII.

GRADUALLY I grew to join the thought of Horace with every incident in my life. When the lilies of the valley first peeped up under the shady side of the moss-grown orchard wall, I said to myself: "How Horace will like to see them!"—for he loved flowers dearly. When old Bran, the watch-dog, crawled feebly into the parlor, one day for the first and last time in his life, and died with his faithful head on my uncle's feet, I thought, amidst my tears: "Horace will grieve for Bran." If I wore a brighter ribbon than usual, or any new piece of girlish finery, I secretly wondered, "How will Horace like it?" I suppose this was "falling in love," but I did not know it. It was rather growing into love, gradually and gently, as the love of kindred—father, mother, brothers, sisters—grows up in our hearts, until it becomes a part of our nature, and we can no more remember when it was not there, than we can recall the days of our earliest infancy. Mine was not a passionate nature, but it was a clinging one. Love, with me, was not the fierce devouring overmastering feeling that I had seen it in others. It grew to be a part of me; an ever-present, steady, strong affection, that claimed no passionate expression nor violent outbursts, but that lived in my life, and breathed in my breath, and took root in my innermost and deepest heart of hearts. Yes, it was love that I felt for Horace Lee; a real, true, undying love. Undying, for oh a long life lies between those youthful days and this present time in which I write, and oh, my Lucy, for whom I write, I love him to this hour!

Although I can now, on looking back, clearly understand what were my own feelings, you must not suppose that I did so at nineteen. I never thought of "questioning my heart," or "analyzing my inner consciousness," or of attempting any of the profound metaphysical problems which—the circulating library informs us—the girls of this generation are accustomed to solve. Inasmuch, that sometimes I feel almost afraid lest they should "analyze" all their emotions away, or lose the sweet evanescent freshness of them, and leave only a little earthy deposit at the bottom of the crucible. But when I look around me and see eyes as bright and cheeks as blooming as those other eyes and cheeks I saw so long ago, I believe that fresh, unsophisticated hearts come, according to the goodness of God, to gladden the earth as naturally as the daisies; and I revert to my old comforting conviction, that when youth and love quite go out of the world the world itself must go out too.

I look back on that girl at the Gable House as on another creature. I smile at her follies and simplicities, and weep at her sorrows, and grieve over the bitter days that lie before her. Ah, how young she seems with her nineteen years, and how old am I, Aunt Margaret!

Well! As I have said, Horace Lee became the central figure in my life, his presence made me quietly glad, and I loved my dear guardians and benefactors the better that they also loved him. But it was all unconsciously, or at least without thought, on my part. Horace was like a son of the house, and uncle used to call him and Anna his two spoiled bairns. Anna had given way to no outbreaks of temper since that stormy night of her willfulness about the singing, and we hoped that, as she grew older, she was gaining self-control and gentleness. My thoughts often recurred to what Miss Wokenham had said to me on that same evening, and I wondered what "breakers ahead" she could have foreseen, or fancied she foresaw. I came at last to the conclusion that she dreaded trouble for us all from Anna's violent temper, knowing, as she well did, how unchecked by firm opposition that fiery spirit had been from babyhood. I wished that our good friend could have seen how pleasant a change had come over my sister within the last two months. I mentally resolved to give her a glowing account of Anna's improvement when I should write to Canada, so as to convey to her that I understood what she had meant by her warning, and to assure her that her anxiety had been overstrained and needless. Altogether, that winter evening was frequently in my mind, for from it I dated the loss of my little hair chain. Search was made for it on the following morning, but vainly; and then the preparations for our old schoolmistress's wedding had sufficiently occupied us all, from the kitchen-maid up to dear Aunt Gough.

Old Mr. Lee came occasionally to see us, and to express to my aunt and uncle his sense of their kindness and hospitality toward his son.

"Horace is doing well at Rotherwood's," said the old gentleman. "At least, so they tell me. Sir Robert"—this was the great baronet, Mr. Lee's employer—"Sir Robert sent for Horace to the Hall the other day to speak about a little matter of business, the draining of Meadow Leas, and Sir Robert had him into the drawing-room—into the drawing-room where my lady was sitting—and made him stop to luncheon."

We were all uncomfortably dumb in a moment, and I felt, without looking at him, that Horace was crimson. But Mr. Lee went on in his usual self-satisfied way, in happy ignorance of the misery we were feeling.

"He staid in the drawing-room, where my lady was, full twenty minutes—from that to half an hour, wasn't it, Horace? and Sir Robert shook hands with him when he came away. Very gratifying. But they always have been pleased to entertain a great respect (however unmerited) for me."

Somehow or other the louder I grew of Horace the more I shrank from Mr. Lee. I must have appeared a mere fool in his eyes, for a perfect pall of silence and shyness seemed to envelop me from head to foot when I was in his presence. Anna, on the contrary, who always was less diffident than I—and with good reason, for she was a bright, winning creature, with the lively, frank manner that had never known a chill or a rebuff—Anna would laugh and chat and play off her pretty airs on the old gentleman with astonishing vivacity. He admired her vastly, and called her all manner of "sylphs," and "nymphs," and "cruel charmers," and fair "enslavers:" compliments over which Anna used to go into fits of laughter in private. But she seemed determined to fascinate Mr. Lee, and she certainly succeeded.

One day, when the spring was pretty far advanced, and the young leaves and the tender grass had put forth their first fresh delicious green, Mr. Lee appeared at the Gable House early in the forenoon. He had his chaise at the door, he said, and was come to ask my aunt to do him the honor of taking a drive. She had been ailing somewhat during the last week, and he thought that the bright sun and fresh air would do her good.

"Do go, dear aunty," said we; and my uncle joined us in urging her.

"I will take you to a farm of one of Sir Robert's tenants, where I have business," said Mr. Lee, "and the good people of the house will be proud to offer you some homely refreshment, as a friend of mine. I am to sleep in Willborough to-night, and will drive you back before it grows dusk. There is—ahem! there is a third seat behind, and if one of the young ladies would accompany us—"

It was comical to see the look he gave me. It said "don't you come," so plainly. I involuntarily answered the look, by exclaiming, "Oh no, of course Anna will go." But Anna wished me to have the pleasure of the drive, and protested she would not care to go and leave me at home. "That is nonsense, dear," said I. "Do you go, and take care of aunty, and make her wrap up. Perhaps Mr. Lee will take me some other day." A proposal to which Mr. Lee, in his gladness at escaping my companionship for the present, politely and even cordially assented. So it was settled that Anna should go; and I helped to put warm wraps into the little open chaise, in case the spring evening should turn chilly as they came home; and I stood watching them as they drove away: Anna's dark ringlets waving about her pretty face, and her mouth pursed up into a ridiculous grimace in imitation of the unconscious Mr. Lee, who sat square and stately before her.

There was never lack of occupation at the Gable House. Aunt Gough had made us familiar with all housewifely love, and both my sister and I were proud of our skill as housekeepers. My morning, therefore, passed busily away. After giving my uncle his early dinner, and seeing him established with his pipe and the London newspaper in the dining-room, I took my knitting and went into the garden to enjoy the brightness of the sunny afternoon. I wandered all over the grounds, through the shrubbery, into the orchard where the happy little birds were chirping and twittering in the gnarled old fruit-trees. I marked the early flowers dotting the borders with brilliant spots of color; and I peered with keen interest at the promise of a great plenty of roses displayed by the standard trees upon the lawn. It was all so dear and so familiar to me! I knew every nook in the place, every time-tinted patch in the old brick walls, every shrub, every bough, nay, almost every leaf. As I came slowly back toward the house I stopped to pick a bunch of brown-faced daisies that grew luxuriantly on a tiny green mound in a sunny corner of the shrubbery. It was a very tiny mound, with a white upright stone at one end of it, whereon the syllable VIC was engraven. Poor little Vixen lay beneath it, her fiery barkings and quaint gambols stilled forever. "Vic," said I, half aloud, "I am glad to know that you were a very happy little dog." And then I began to think of our childish days when Anna and Vic were such fast friends and joyous playmates. I remembered the great battle of the porch and Stock's signal defeat, and then I thought of my discomfiture and poor Dolly's deadly peril. Coming to the said porch at that moment, I went inside it and sat down. Though it was yet early in the year, the afternoon sun falling on that side of the house and beating on the yellow spare of gravel—still the pride of Stock's heart—made the shade pleasant. The click of my knitting-needles grew slower and slower, and at length ceased. I had fallen into a drowsy kind of reverie. I was given to day-dreams then. All sorts of pictures of my childhood's days, and of people and places I knew, came into my head and passed away to be succeeded by other pictures. I was conscious of a lazy kind of curiosity as to what I should see next, when I heard a step on the gravel-path. It was not old Stock's heavy tread this time, but a light rapid footfall. I well knew whose.

"I thought I should find you here," said Horace, coming out of the sunlight to my side.

"Did you? I have not been in the porch before, this year; but this lovely afternoon tempted me. Aunty and Anna are gone to drive with your father."

"Yes, I know it. I am glad Mrs. Gough consented to go. I believe the air will do her good."

He had come eagerly into the porch as though he had been seeking me, wishing to say something; but now he sat silent, trifling with the ball of knitting-worsted that had lain on my lap. I have mentioned that he had an absent trick of turning and twisting things in his fingers.

"What you are doing now reminds me," I told him, "of my hair chain. Do you know I have never been able to find it since that night when you made Anna nervous by playing with it? Isn't it strange?"

He put his hand into his breast and turned his eyes upon me with a look that made my color rise and my heart beat faster.

"Margaret"—oh the tenderness in his voice! how sweet my name sounded!—"Margaret, shall I tell you something? Here is your chain. I have had it next my heart ever since that night." He drew it forth and held it out to me. A great joy began to flood my soul, but it was my nature to distrust such happiness. I could not accept it all at once; it seemed too great to believe in. So I tremblingly held out my hand for the chain, with a slight exclamation of surprise.

"No," said Horace, drawing nearer to me, "not till you have heard why I took it. You have not asked me that, Margaret. Do you know?"

I shook my head. I was past speaking.

"Can you guess?"

My tears began to blind me, and I could not keep down a sob. He threw his arms around me and held me to his breast.

"Because it had been yours; because it had clasped your throat; because the poorest ribbon you could wear, the glove that had touched your hand, the flower you had gathered and thrown away, would be dear and precious to me; because I love you, Margaret!"

Oh those words, those dear, dear words! Oh that happy time, that happy, happy time!

"Horace," I whispered, after a while, "Prince Goldenheart is come at last." For he knew the

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story of my childish play, and had often laughed over it with me.

"*Is* it Prince Goldenheart?" he said. "Well; he should have a heart of gold who woos my Margaret. Thank God, at all events, there is no wicked fairy to blight my gentle Princess, or to stand between her and her love."

As he spoke a shadow blotted out the evening light, and when it had passed the sun had set.

"What was that?" I asked, looking up.

"Why, they have come home! Is it so late? It was your sister Anna."

"They have come home? Then they must have driven round into the stable-yard, and come into the house by the back way. I dare say Anna was looking for me. I must go now, Horace. Please let me."

I felt much as the child of twelve years before had felt, when old Stock, personifying the work-a-day world of reality, broke in upon her fairy story. We had been dreaming such a beautiful dream, Horace and I, all to ourselves, that for the moment it seemed a hardship to come out of that enchanted realm and face the common aspect of accustomed things. "Just one instant, Margaret!" He held both my hands clasped in one of his, and stood with his other hand laid softly on my head, looking down upon me.

"Aunty will wonder what has become of me."

"Answer me this one question. Do you really, really love me?"

"Oh, Horace! have I not said so?"

"Say it again! Once more—only once more."

"May I go if I say it again? Do you promise?"

"I promise, darling."

I released myself from his hold, and drew down the hand that rested on my head; then, leaning my two hands upon his shoulders, I raised my face to his, and kissed him; darting away next moment at full speed, and never stopping until I had flown across the hall, and along the stone-flagged passage that led to the morning-room. I paused outside the door, suddenly conscious of flushed cheeks and disheveled hair, and panting from my swift run. I heard voices laughing and talking within, and, reassured by the conviction that they were not thinking of me, I stole up to my own chamber to bathe my face and smooth my hair. When I came down again and entered the morning-room the tea-table was spread there, and Horace was seated beside my aunt, who was leaning back in her large arm-chair with an air of weariness. Anna was there, and my uncle was there, and Mr. Lee.

"Dear aunty, are you tired? Have you had a pleasant day?" said I, hastening to her.

"Where have you been, Madge, my love? Anna was looking for you. Will you make the tea, and offer Mr. Lee some cold meat? I had a very agreeable drive, but I am a thought tired now, my dear."

So the business of the tea-table came opportunely to cover my confusion. After I had attended to our guest I took courage to glance at Horace. He had been waiting on my aunt, holding her tea-cup, drawing forward a folding screen to shield her from the scorching blaze of the wood-fire—my uncle never relinquished evening fires until quite midsummer—and placing a broad cushion beneath her feet. Now he sat beside her, with his handsome head bent down to listen to her soft, slow speech. How I loved him! How beautiful the gentle deference of his youth and strength to her weakness and age appeared in my eyes! Anna was chatting gayly with Uncle Gough and Mr. Lee; but she kept looking across at my aunt and Horace, as if she too thought the picture they presented a pleasant one.

"We have been to such a dear old farm-house, Madge," said Anna. "Such a quaint, queer, uncomfortable, picturesque old place! Meadow Leas it is called. The drive there is pretty too. I did so enjoy it."

"The good farmer and his dame were truly proud and delighted to entertain Mrs. Gough and your sister," said Mr. Lee. "Hospitable, kind souls, poor things!"

"Hospitable! Yes, indeed, Madge. I never saw such heaps of food as they spread on the table. Pies, and cheese, and cream, and ham, and butter, and ale, and bread. I was frightened when I saw the piled up platter of rabbit pasty they put before me. And they expected me to eat it all!"

"You must go some day, Margaret dear," said my aunt. "I'm sure you would enjoy it. Farmer Gibson and his wife have all manner of pets that you would delight in."

Old Mr. Lee was to sleep at the Blue Bell, where he always put up when he came to Willborough; and he withdrew early.

"I have business to attend to to-morrow that will cause me to be up betimes, my good madam," he said to aunt in his tiresome way. "You will therefore excuse me if I take my leave now. Late hours do not suit me. They interfere with that clearness of brain which is essential to the transaction of important business."

I was very glad to see him rise to depart, for late hours did not agree with Aunt Gough any more than they did with him, and she had been looking very weary for some time past. "Horace," Mr. Lee continued, "I shall see you in the morning. Our ways lie in different directions to-night. I shall have a message to deliver to you from Sir Robert. Good-night, my dear madam. Nay, nay," in reply to some murmured thanks from my aunt, "only too glad to have afforded you a day's pleasure. Farewell, Miss Anna. I am sure you will not soon be forgotten at Meadow Leas. A vision of youth and beauty bursting on the—hem! What is the word? No matter, you understand me. Good-night, Mrs. Gough. And good-night to you, Miss Sailey." He had very nearly omitted his parting salutation to me altogether; but I could not let Horace's father go without a farewell, that night of all nights; so I had emerged from my nook behind the tea-table. Mr. Lee tried to look as if he had been purposely reserving the pleasure of shaking hands with me for the last, and had meant to come round to my side of the room if I would but have awaited him patiently. But I am afraid I must make the humiliating confession that I believe he had quite forgotten I was present.

My aunt rose as soon as Mr. Lee had departed, and said she would go to bed. She seemed very feeble when she got upon her feet, and I began to fear that the day's exertion had been too much for her. Horace gave her his arm to the room door, and then I think my uncle observed her weakness with some anxiety. "Shall I carry you up stairs, my dear?" he said. "It wouldn't be for the first time."

"No, love, no; I'm not so dead tired as that. Madge will come with me. Good-night, all. I shall be strong again to-morrow after a night's rest."

So I went up the wide old-fashioned staircase with my aunt, she leaning on my arm; and we made the journey slowly, though the ascent was far from being a steep one.

Anna had seemed inclined to linger a little; but Horace was preoccupied, and did not talk; and my uncle's dear face had a rather troubled look as his eyes followed his wife's slow steps out of the room. Anna, to whom silence and dullness were always intolerable, forthwith began to yawn, and followed us up stairs almost immediately. Horace remained in the morning-room, and I saw in his eyes, and I felt in the parting pressure of his hand that he would speak in the fullness of his heart to my uncle before he went away that night. The thought made me a little nervous and agitated, though Heaven knows I had never had cause to dread my dear guardian and benefactor. I longed to speak to Aunt Gough, and tell her of my great happiness, and receive the sweet motherly sympathy that she had ever been ready to lavish on me from my childish days; but she seemed so fatigued and unstrung that I dared not venture to excite her that night for my selfish pleasure. I remained with her until her eyes were closed and her head lay placidly on the pillow; then, lamp in hand, I crossed the broad landing to my bedchamber.

Anna and I shared a large, low, oak-paneled room with three deep windows looking on to the lawn. Our white-curtained beds stood side by side on an island of crimson carpet relieved against the darkness of the polished floor. I found that my sister was already in bed and apparently asleep; shading the lamp with my hand, I walked softly to the dressing-table and looked in the glass. It was a large old-fashioned oval mirror set in a black carved swing frame. How plainly it all comes back to me! I can see the blue gleam of moonlight that slanted in at the many-paned windows, and threw a fantastic pattern on the oaken boards; I can see the wide stretch of garden and shrubbery shimmering ghost-like out of a silver veil of mist; I can see the long shadows of the trees rocking and swaying noiselessly on the lawn, as the trees themselves moved with a soft whispering sound in the night breeze; I can smell the fragrance of a bunch of rich brown wall-flowers that stood in a china vase on the window-sill. It all fixed itself in my mind during the moment in which I set my lamp upon the dressing-table, and tilted down the glass to an angle at which I could see my face reflected in it. Not a touch or tint in that picture has faded in fifty years. "This then is the happy girl whom Horace loves!" said I to myself, looking at the face which looked at me out of the dark sea-green depths of the mirror. I knew very well that it was not a beautiful face. I knew very well that it was scarcely even pretty. But it was irradiated now with a light that transfigured it. "Oh, I am so glad!" I whispered through my blissful tears. "I almost believe that being so dearly loved, and loving so dearly, will make me grow pretty." Then I bent forward and put my lips to the cold surface of the glass, and said, "That means good-night for Horace!"

I turned away from the glass with a heart full of happy thoughts, and yet my tears fell fast. Anna was lying asleep on her white bed, and, as I looked at her lovely fresh face in its nest of rippling hair, I yearned to tell my joy to any thing so sweet and young and beautiful, to receive her sisterly kiss, and to feel the clasp of her arms around my neck, as I had felt it many a time when she had come to me to be soothed in some baby sorrow, and we had fallen asleep together. I thought I could tell her better if I put out the light; therefore, when I was undressed, I extinguished the lamp and kneeled down by her bedside. The moonlight shone into the chamber, and her hand and arm, tossed carelessly outside the coverlet, were bathed in a flood of pale brightness; but her face was in shadow.

"Anna," I said in a low voice, putting my cheek down on hers—"Anna, I have something to tell you."

She did not answer me.

"Anna, darling! It is something that makes me very, very happy, and I can not sleep without telling you."

She breathed quicker, and the white hand that lay in the moonlight clenched itself.

"Don't be frightened, dear. It is good, good news I have to tell you."

No reply. The cheek on which mine rested turned a little away, but she did not speak.

"Anna, Horace Lee loves me. He has told me so!"

She dashed herself out of my arms, turning so as to bury her face in the pillow, and the moonlit hand went up into the black shadow around her head, and staid there.

"Why did you wake me, Margaret? I was asleep. I was dreaming. I was so happy, and now you have awakened me, and I shall never, never dream that dream again."

"Anna, my pet, my child, I did not know you were sleeping so soundly. I did not mean to disturb you. Don't cry, my dear, don't cry!" For she was sobbing and moaning fretfully.

"Don't speak to me, Margaret. Get to rest. Say what you have to say to-morrow. I—I can't understand you now. I am tired, and you have awakened me, and I was dreaming pleasantly, and now my dream is gone!"

She pushed me irritably from her. My heart felt very heavy. It was such a sudden chill after my glow of joy and tenderness! But with the habitual yielding to her, which was common to us all, I rose up from my knees and went to my own bed. "I ought not to have roused her," I said to myself as I lay down. "She was tired and sleepy, and she is such a child!" Once I stretched out my hand to touch her, and as she remained perfectly still I hoped she was sleeping. Gradually I grew drowsy, and my eyes closed, and my ears lost their vigilance, and the sweetness of Horace's smile, as he had held me in his arms that day, with the dancing shadows of the leaves upon his head, faded and faded, and melted away. But all night long, at intervals, I had an uneasy sense of disquietude and restlessness, and a fancy that some one was moving about the room. Once I dreamed that Anna was pacing up and down, her bare feet pattering lightly but distinctly on the polished floor. But when I started, and sat up and looked around, every thing was still, and I could hear no footstep, and the moon had set, and it was very dark.

TO THE BABY.

Funny thing a baby is,
 Curious little creature;
Funny is its little phiz,
 Comic every feature.

Helpless thing a baby is;
 Tiny hands uplifting
O'er the troubled tide of life
 Into which 'tis drifting.

Mystery a baby is—
 Memories of heaven
Still must hover in the soul
 Such a short time given.

Solemn thing a baby is,
 Since it must inherit
All the loss and gain of life,
 All the sin and merit.

Funny, helpless, mystic, sad,
 Let me tell you, Freddy,
Half the good and sweet of life,
 Is the getting ready.

Yours the sunshine—take it all
 While you're weak and tiny,
By-and-by the days that come
 May not be so shiny.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

COMPARISON-CABLE.—The difference between the cables of 1858 and 1866 is but slight. The latter has been successfully laid by perseverance—the former was per-severance lost.

REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.—The performances of the needle-gun throw sewing-machines into the shade when we consider how many Austrians are sewn-dead by means of it.

A SPARK OF INTELLIGENCE.—It is proposed to give a banquet to those who have so admirably managed the Atlantic Cable. Of course they will have electric currents for their deserts.

As Hayes, whose cup with poverty was dash'd,
Lay long in bed, while his one shirt was wash'd,
The dame appear'd, and, holding it to view,
Said: "If 'tis wash'd again 'twill wash in two."
"Indeed," cries Hayes: "then wash it, pray, good cousin,
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen."

The man in jail who looked out of the window of his cell and exclaimed, "This is a grate country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.

"Molly," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at this present moment," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she. "Faith," says he, "'tis a sort of a half-way house between you and heaven, and I stand it mighty aisy after leaving you."

A leather medal having been offered for the worst conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following from several hundred: Why is casuistry like a breast of a fowl?—Because it is a piece of chicanery.

A little boy some six years old was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, entered and said: "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I am drawing meeting-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

"Why will you persist in wearing another woman's hair on your head?" asked Arid of his wife.—She retorted: "Why will you persist in wearing other sheep's wool on your back?"

"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved you will never get a husband."—"No," retorted the young lady, "unless the poets tell lies, a primrose is not without attractions."

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers. It is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

NOT YOUR BUSINESS.

Would you like to know the secrets
 Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, or how he doesn't,
 And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
 Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
 To the concert or the play?

If you wish it I will tell you—
 Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil,
 It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying
 Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your own but justice
 You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
 As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
 Let your business be your own.

One word by way of finis—
 Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
 You must cease to be a spy.

"TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—To be sold, a thrashing-machine in good working order; has birch, cane, and strap barrels; warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offenses into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat."

"I will never marry a woman who can't carve," said Jones. "Why not?" he was asked. "Because she would not be a help-meat for me."

Like cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

"Bob," said a young fellow at a fancy fair, "you are missing all the sights on this side." "Never mind, Bill," retorted Bob, "I'm sighting all the misses on the other."

Jack his own merit sees; this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

EVIDENT.—With what material ought the Needle Rifles to be loaded?—Gun-cotton, of course.

WANTED—A HEART!

I want, ah, me! I want a heart,
 But not a heart for love,
To feel the smart of Cupid's dart
 And also rhyme with dove.

I do not want a manly heart
 With high desires to glow,
Or feel what friendship can impart,
 And sympathy bestow.

The heart for which I long is none
 Of man's—nor yet of maid's,
I only want a little one
 To trump that trick in spades.

The latest fun out about Bismarck is, that his fate depended not upon a thread, but upon a needle.

THE FASTEST THING GOING—A Hunting Watch.

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

The man who makes a business of raising pork for market, may be said to live by his pen.

What is the key-note to good-breeding?—B natural.

An English lady advertises, "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs."

Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush?—Because it spoils the nap.

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

THE PICKPOCKET'S PARADISE.—Wigan.

When does a boy begin bird-keeping?—When he first sets up a (h)owl.

THE CORRECT CARD.

Conceited Party. "AW, I SAY, MUST I, AW, TAKE A TICKET FOR A PUPPY?"

Ticket Clerk (meditatively). "NO! YOU CAN TRAVEL AS AN ORDINARY PASSENGER."

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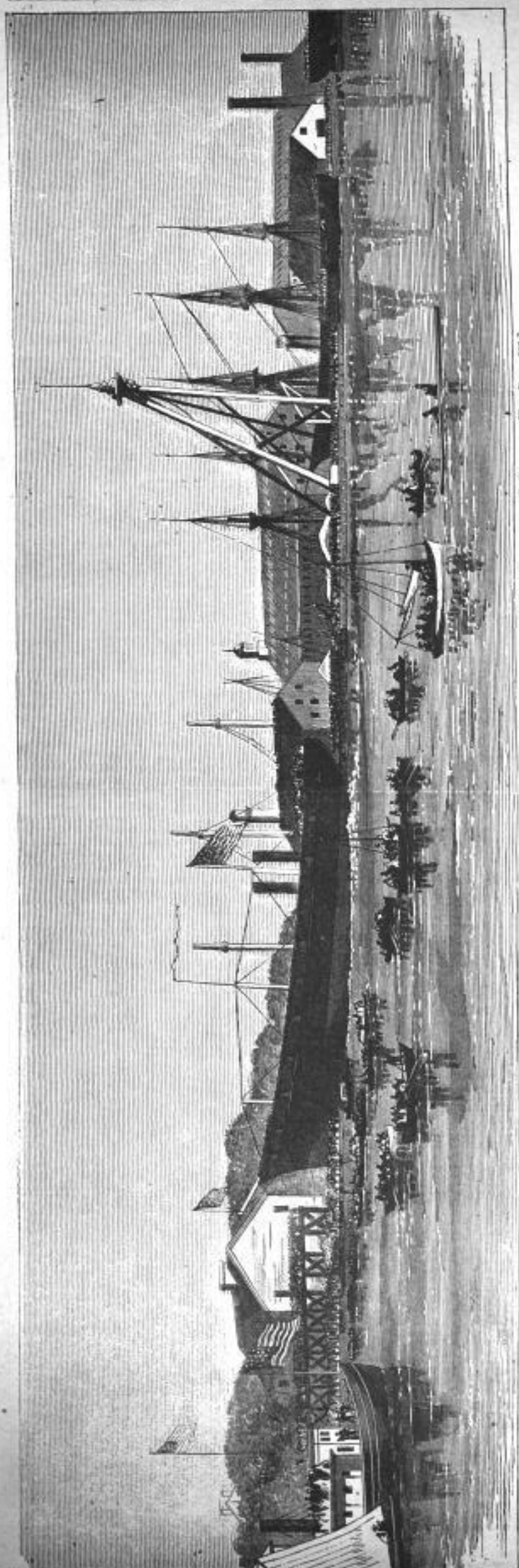


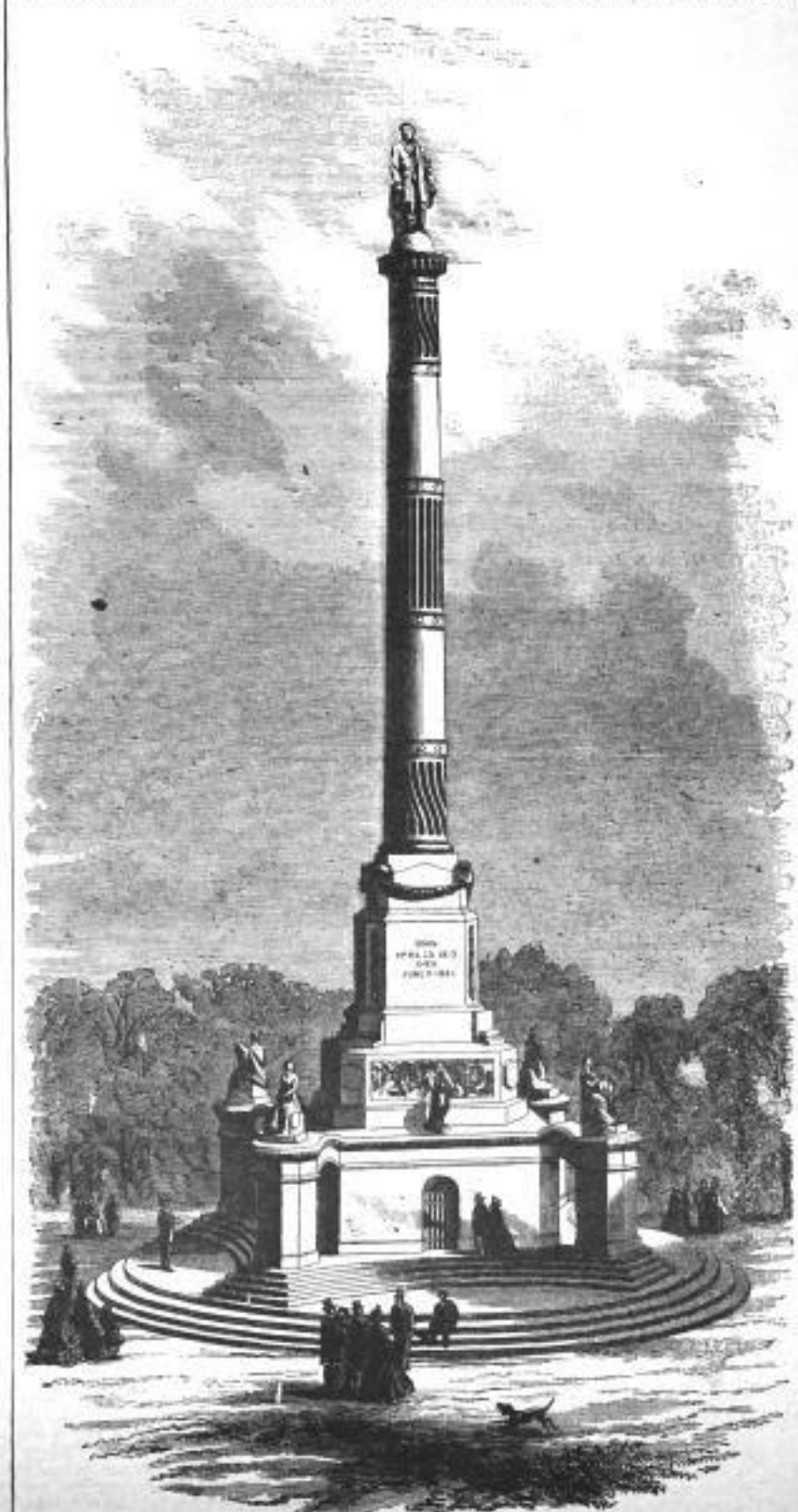
LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES GUNBOAT "MANSITON" AT THE BOSTON NAVY-YARD, AUGUST 25, 1866.—SKETCHED BY H. BILLINGS.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

THE President's tour, which we have illustrated on other pages, was undertaken for the purpose of a participation in the dedication of the Monument to STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, erected at Chicago, under the superintendence of L. W. VOLK, and the dedicatory address will be delivered by Mr. SEWARD.

The monument will be one hundred feet high, wrought in marble on a granite base. Through the arched and grated bronze door seen in the engraving will be visible the sarcophagus containing the remains of the departed Senator. Directly over it an eagle with drooped wings is sitting, a sublime emblem of mourning for a dead statesman. The four seated statues upon the pedestals at the corners of



MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

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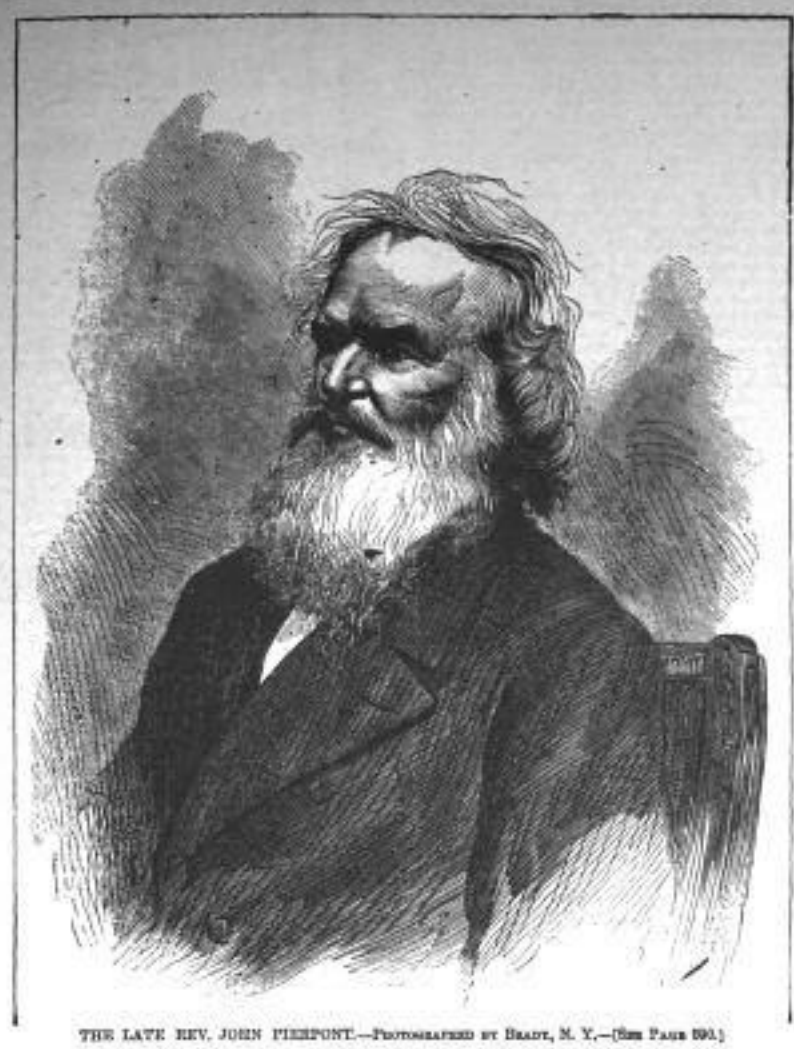

THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, N. Y.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. & H. T. ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

the base are designed to represent: 1st, Illinois, at the right, holding a medallion portrait of DOUGLAS; 2d, America, at the left, supporting a wheat-sheaf; 3d, History, at the left in the rear, with tablet and pencil; and 4th, Fame, holding a wreath and a trumpet.

The bas-reliefs upon the sides of the column-supporting pedestal base are designed to represent in panorama the progress of American civilization—more especially in the Western States—with which Mr. DOUGLAS was so peculiarly identified.

Wreaths, scrolls, etc., adorn the pedestal above, while higher towers the marble composite column, forty-two feet in height, and bearing stars, indicative of the States of the Union. The whole is surmounted by a colossal statue of DOUGLAS, standing upon a bronze globe, with his right hand upon the *fasces*—symbolical of the Union—and his left holding the Constitution.

SIDE-SHOWS OF THE JOHNSON RECEPTION.

BY OUR INVISIBLE PENCILIST.

IN a mixed assemblage—and there never, surely, was a more mixed one than the crowd that gathered to greet President ANDY JOHNSON on his arrival in New York, on the 29th of August—I find it a mighty convenient thing to be invisible. One advantage of it is that the police can't interfere with me, not even if I "hooray!" before a speaker comes to a sensation point in his speech. Then, some of the Presidential supporters are not of a very mild type of character, and look as if they could make pigeon's meat of a fellow if he sat himself down visibly before them to take their portraits. In fact, as they "wouldn't see me," probably, if they could, I am just as well satisfied that they don't.

On that Wednesday, forever now to be associated with the name of JOHNSON, I am convinced that every inhabitant of New York over the age of four years was actuated by one impulse, and that was to see the President. There was a very general burnishing up of eyeballs and spectacles. At early dawn I saw an elderly gentleman, of apparently regular habits and not much given to excitability, poising and flourishing an enormous telescope, such as might once have belonged to PAUL JONES or some other buccaneer of old. He had green goggles on, and I can fancy that glimpses of the moving panorama of the day, seen through such a telescope and such a medium of color, must have had a very novel and characteristic effect.

Just as the Presidential cortège arrived in the City Hall Park, and halted nearly opposite the statue of WASHINGTON, a very singular incident occurred, and one which, I think, has escaped the notice of the reporters. People sometimes dream when they are awake, I believe, and perhaps I might have been dreaming. I had glanced for a moment from the face of Mr. JOHNSON to that of the Father of his Country, near whose statue I was standing, when, as sure as I live, I saw a sudden change come over the stone effigy. The pillar with the ball upon the top of it, on which WASHINGTON rests his left hand, became transformed into the semblance of a small negro, who, hat in hand, grinned impudently, after the manner of his kind, in the direction of the President. At the same moment I saw the stone figure of the great Chief relax from its rigidity and bend slightly to Mr. JOHNSON, waving gracefully its right hand, while it patted playfully the head of the little darkey with its left. Then it uttered, in a deep, sepulchral voice, such as once heard can never be forgotten, the words which I have written at the bottom of the sketch: "I want this fellow-citizen to have a vote." I could see that Mr. JOHNSON was visibly moved at this incident; his lip blanched slightly, and the steel-gray of his hair seemed to assume a more silvery hue.

There was much political discussion in the crowd that surged to and fro on this memorable occasion. Lovely woman was out in all her variety, and the influence exercised by her upon the political feeling of the day must have been obvious to the least observant. It seems about time that lovely woman participated in the right of suffrage. She rules the voter as it is, and she might just as well cast the vote herself. Near me, on one of the ragged selvages of the crowd, there stood a portly lady from Baxter Street, or Mott, balancing a basket upon her head as she held persistently on to the iron railing. The general expression of her face was Fenian, and yet she was gifted with that peculiar style of beauty so much prized by the upper-tendom of our time, namely, black eyes and very red hair. One of her eyes, at least, was very black indeed, suggesting that contact with a skilled set of knuckles must have been the cosmetic by which the hue was obtained. "And that's Andy, then, is it?" said she, in a thick, treacly voice. "Musha, then, bad scran to him, that wouldn't let the b'ys have their fling over in Canady, whin it's meself gev tin dollars to help 'em to h'ist the green above the red!" Some conversation with this interesting person developed the fact that she places the African very low down upon the list of the human family, and does not consider him competent to enjoy the right of suffrage.

Some speculators along Broadway did a little business by setting planks upon the tops of the numerous stacks of bricks by which that thoroughfare is now encumbered. The seats looked very rickety, and were the cause of many inquiries by irreverent persons as to whether they were meant to represent the Copperhead platform. The boys, as usual, were out in great force; and it is a significant fact, foreshadowing, perhaps, the future of these precocious politicians, that there was hardly a post in the city but was occupied by them.

THIS IS THE OLD GENT WHO WAS DETERMINED TO SEE ANDY JOHNSON.

"I WANT THIS FELLOW-CITIZEN TO HAVE A VOTE."

THIS IS THE LADY WHO DOESN'T THINK THE "NATIVE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO VOTE."

THIS YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS INTERESTED IN SEEING THE PRESIDENT, CHIEFLY BECAUSE HE THINKS THAT, SOME DAY, HE MAY BE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE UNITED STATES HIMSELF.

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HABIT.

Habit at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
A little smiling child, obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

The Rev. John Pierpont, whose death we regret to announce, was born April 6, 1785, in Litchfield, Connecticut. His education was completed in 1804, at Yale College, and in 1805 he became a tutor in the family of Colonel William Allston, of North Carolina. In 1809 he returned to Connecticut, where he studied law, and settled at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He did not succeed as a lawyer, and his mercantile enterprises in Baltimore and Boston were also unfortunate. In 1816 he published "Airs of Palestine," one of his first poems, and subsequently studied in the Harvard Theological School. In 1819 he was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. In 1835-36 he visited Europe, and published in 1840 an edition of his poems. His persistence in speaking in favor of the temperance reform caused trouble with his congregation, which resulted in a seven years' controversy, when he resigned. In 1845 he accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church in Troy, New York, where he remained four years, and then took charge of the First Congregational Church in Medford, Massachusetts, where he continued to reside till the beginning of the war. Of late Mr. Pierpont—probably unfitted by age for the active duties of a clergyman, was obliged to accept a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and holding that position died.

John Pierpont was a good man, and an earnest reformer. He labored actively in behalf of temperance, anti-Slavery, the melioration of prison discipline, and other reforms. But as a poet he will be chiefly remembered. His most important poems were the inspiration of special occasions; one of the longest was read in honor of the centennial celebration at Litchfield, and even "Airs of Palestine," the work which first gave him reputation, was written for recitation at a charity concert. The idea of this poem is the exhibition of the power of music in conjunction with local scenery and national character, mainly referring to the sacred history. His temperance songs, religious and patriotic poems, are numerous, and probably the majority have never been collected. During the war he wrote several noble songs, inspired with passion and energy, and remarkable for one almost an octogenarian. Mr. Pierpont, who was always strong and healthy, retained much of his power almost up to his death. As an American poet he can not be ranked with the best; the highest imagination was denied him, but some of his religious poetry has rarely been excelled for strength and simplicity.

THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.

The Democratic organization of this State lost its leader by the death of Dean Richmond on the 27th ultimo; and it will with great difficulty find another man to take his place.

Dean Richmond, whose portrait is given on page 589, was born at Woodstock, Vermont, March 31, 1804. At fourteen years of age he was left an orphan; and the first steps taken by him in a career which has secured for him great wealth and unusual influence were assisted by no friendly support. The only legacy he received from his parents was one of pecuniary obligation, and we find him at first a clerk, setting apart his savings to cancel his father's debts. Soon after he removed to Syracuse, where he engaged in the salt-boiling business, and in a few years became very successful. His next step was to engage in the commission and forwarding business, by which he gained a fortune which he invested in the purchase of railroad securities, becoming largely interested in several important roads. Western New York was in 1836 a grand field for such energy and foresight as his, and about this time he was made a Director of the Buffalo and State Line Railroad. Upon its consolidation with the Central Road, in 1853, Mr. Richmond was elected Vice-President of the Company, and in 1864 succeeded Mr. Erastus Corning as President. His connection with other railroads, though not official, was influential. For many years he had lived in Batavia and acquired great wealth. These are the main facts of his business life; but it was as a politician that he became one of the powers of the State.

In his youth Dean Richmond was a Free-Soil Democrat. In 1844 he opposed the annexation of Texas, and in 1854 he denounced the Nebraska bill. He was always a Democrat, but always inclined to the most liberal phase of Democratic principles. Whatever compromises he made was for the purpose of reconciling the several factions of the party, and thus insuring its success at the polls. He was the organizing will of the party. From 1850 until his death he was Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee. Since the Charleston Convention he has never seen his party crowned with success. At that Convention he tried hard, but failed, to unite the two sections of the party. At the Chicago Convention of 1864 Mr. Richmond was very active, and ardently promoted the nomination of McClellan. His political course of late is well known. He was one of the three or four men who shaped the action of the Saratoga Convention, and at Philadelphia was consulted equally by the seceders from the Republican party, the Southern delegates, and the Democrats.

Dean Richmond loved politics. He seemed to enjoy the subtle ways of partisan diplomacy. He had no ambition for office; he preferred control over the organization of his party to leadership in the political arena. He was a shrewd political manager, and if the Democratic party had listened to his advice in 1860 it would not have succumbed to the perils which threatened it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A new era has dawned. The days have passed when it was sufficient for the young girl to spend a few months at a fashionable boarding-school to gain a smattering of French and a flourish of music as a "*finishing*" before putting her into the marriage market. It has been discovered that women have minds capable of close application and high training. Moreover, it has been discovered that they have physical systems which may be healthily developed by proper culture. And the days have passed—never more to return, we devoutly hope—when a staid walk of half an hour daily was regarded as ample outdoor exercise for the school-girl.

It is a significant fact that the Vassar Female College, recently opened at Poughkeepsie, not only affords excellent facilities for a thorough, systematic course of instruction, including the various accomplishments of music, painting, etc., but also that there is in connection with the College a riding-school and stable-room for twenty-four horses; thus giving to the young ladies unusual opportunity for equestrian practice. There is also a gymnasium, conducted on the system of Dio Lewis; and it is projected to have a swimming-school at one end of a lake in the vicinity. All over the country gymnastics are being introduced into young ladies' schools, and various means are adopted to encourage more vigorous outdoor exercise.

There certainly is no reason why American girls should not follow the example of their "Transatlantic cousins," and participate, with a moderate degree of freedom, in the sports and recreations of their brothers. Nor is there any thing "masculine" in a woman being physically as well as mentally educated, and knowing how to ride, and row, and swim, and play croquet with skill and activity.

Just now croquet is greatly commended as a health-giving game. Its principal good point seems to be that it keeps the players in the open air. The active exercise it affords does not amount to much, and it involves a good deal of stooping which can not be advantageous. Very few women know how to swim; and, considering how easily the art is acquired, and how useful it may be in practice, it is surprising that it is not more frequently taught. It may be said that the means of teaching it are not always easy of access; but these could be often provided if it were desired, and swimming would be a valuable addition to any system of physical education. Rowing is an excellent recreation, though as yet but little practiced among ladies. But surely there is no recreation more delightful. How beautiful is the picture Scott gives of Ellen Douglas as she,

"Alarm'd, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore;"

or, when springing up at the sound of her father's bugle,

"'Be mine,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side.'
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay."

Archery has been introduced somewhat into our gymnasiums; but, to be fully advantageous, should be practiced out of doors; and as it requires considerable space of ground, and rather expensive appliances, these are not always at command. Yet the exercise is good, and requires great skill and exactness. Horseback riding, of course, stands pre-eminent among the physical recreations pleasant and suitable for ladies; but comparatively few have the necessary facilities. And simple walking is usually practiced as a kind of melancholy duty. A walk, without a definite and interesting object in view, is seldom beneficial. Young ladies should be especially encouraged to abandon their spiritless walks, and take up enthusiastically some cheerful exercise in the open air.

The rebuilding of the Academy of Music is steadily progressing; and it is said that it will be ready for occupation about the first of February next. The plan followed in the new building is essentially the same as in the old house, but more attention will be paid to the acoustic qualities, and the seats will be so arranged as to offer a full view of the stage from all parts of the house. The amphitheatre will be partly removed, and the entire house will be made much more solid than the old one.

Is there no law, "human or divine," that can put an end to the perpetual and disgraceful difficulties arising in connection with our city railroad cars? Must the public be served in such an unjust, uncomfortable, and unsafe way? Why must an entire community be thus constantly annoyed? There is a great mistake *somewhere*, that affairs are allowed to go on for a single day as they have been for weeks. Would such management be suffered for an hour in Paris? It makes us almost ready to pray, as did the Children of Israel, "Give us a King!"

A new kind of pavement, called the "*Nicholson*," is to be laid in Nassau Street, between Pine and Wall, as an experiment. This pavement has been used in some of the large Western cities with great success. The chief peculiarities of this pavement, it is claimed, are, that it furnishes a road like one of gravel; that the passage of vehicles over it makes very little noise, and that it is not easily destroyed or injured.

A little boy living in Orleans, New York, recently threw up, while coughing, the porcelain leg of a doll, an inch in length, which had been in the lungs of the child for seven years. He had been ailing all the time, and was regarded as a victim of consumption. All along the lad said he felt something in his lungs that ought to come up. Now that it has he feels quite comfortable, and it is thought that he will get well. Parents would do well to provide moderately digestible food for their children!

At one hotel in Newport—we omit the name, and as we do not wish any landlord to sue us for spreading such a damaging report, we will prefix to our item the convenient "*they say*"—they say the regular charges are ten dollars a day. We wonder in what the extras consist. When Joseph Bonaparte first visited America, he stopped on one occasion at a hotel where he was well entertained. But when the landlord made out his bill, he put in every item he could think of: yet he did not think that the total was large enough for an ex-monarch to pay. So he reviewed the bill, and added a few more items. Yet still it did not seem enough. Then he added one more—"To kicking up an internal fuss generally, fifty dollars." It must be that landlords nowadays add similar items (under cover, of course) to make the grand total of their bills.

An "old salt," who has finished his voyages, and is "resting upon his oars" at one of our most fashionable watering-places, recently invaded the ball-room and got a peep at the belle of the evening. He afterward gave the following characteristic description of her:

"She was crowding all sail across the room; couldn't see whether she was a good-looking craft or not, she was so covered up by her canvas and things. She had a spot on her port-side and another on her starboard-side, and looked as if she had run her head into a flour-barrel, and carried away as much as would make biscuit for all hands. She had a chain-cable which went over her main truck, was shackled to her ear-rings, came down over her outriggers and laid in amidships."

Every few weeks the newspapers report some singular and fearful injury inflicted by rats upon sleeping children. A case recently occurred in Albany. A lady who had two infants, twins, a few months old, put one into the crib at night, and the other, not being very well, she took into her own bed. About two o'clock in the morning she was awakened by the cries of the child in the crib, and to pacify it she took it into her bed, at the same time changing the other to the crib. About half an hour after she was again awakened by the child in the crib, and on going to it felt that its night-clothes, about one of the sleeves, were wet. Procuring a light she discovered that the sleeve was saturated with blood, and on further investigation found that its little arm had been lacerated and gnawed in a shocking manner by rats. Turning to the other child, whose cries, while he was lying in the crib, had first awakened her, she saw that it, too, had suffered about the temple in a similar manner. Mothers can not look too carefully after their little ones if rats infest the house.

A singular story is reported in a Southern paper respecting a dwelling-house in Pike County, Missouri. According to this sensation story, fires, of unknown and mysterious origin, occur daily, and sometimes hourly, in this dwelling. Numerous individuals, eager to investigate the cause, have kept careful watch in the building, but with no success. Sometimes the mosquito bars are discovered on fire, but the flame is no sooner quenched than fire breaks out in the chamber among the wearing apparel. Extinguish the fire in the chamber, and an alarm is given in another part of the house where least expected. Flames burst out in the bedding, curtains, dresses, etc., during the day, but at night there are no disturbances. On one occasion the investigating committee marked a match, placed it into the box securely covered, placed the box on the table and guarded it closely for a few moments, till the next alarm was raised, when they found, to their utter amazement, a portion of the identical match which they had marked lying near a burning garment in another part of the house. This is the report, which we give for what it is worth.

"The Queen," under the heading, "Influence of Muslin and Flounce on Mortality," has the following item:

"The influence of costume on mortality is shown in a very instructive manner by one of the Registrar-General's reports. Thus, from 1 to 5 years there is an equality of deaths by scalds and burns among boys and girls; but from 5 to 10 double the number of girls to that of boys die from these causes, while from 10 to 20 there die 109 women, and only 32 men—and from 20 and upward, 71 women and 32 men; showing the influence of muslin and flounce in producing death notwithstanding the greater caution of the female sex."

We should think that "Influence of Occupation on Mortality," would be an equally appropriate heading to the above paragraph. Girls and women, in their domestic avocations, are exposed to accidents from fire so much more than the other sex are, that no correct comparison in regard to the number of deaths from this cause can be made simply on the ground of dress.

Mr. Sala, writing from Vienna, gives an incident which can not but shock the feelings of Americans. He says:

"Alongside of that prodigious new Opera House they are building in the Kärnthnerstrasse, a new sewer is being excavated. Peeping into a huge trench lately *I counted a hundred and fifty women at work there*—dreadful creatures who had lost all the softness and suppleness of their sex, were coarse of feature and muscular of arm, and plied the pick and shovel and flung the dirt about with a will, and shouted to each other in harsh tone and with uncouth gesture. Clad in unwomanly gear, slouched hats tied on to their heads, their arms and necks bare, their skirts little better than aprons, their legs cased in huge bucket-boots, their features worn, furrowed, and begrimed—these poor creatures filled me with a sickening horror."

A philanthropic gentleman recently attempted to remove a large bug from the bonnet of a lady who sat near him at a public concert. The result was he unrooted the whole of her back hair. Deeply chagrined he hastily apologized, but soon learned that the bug was of the ivory species, and was employed to hold the head and hair together.

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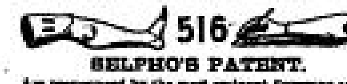

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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This ASSOCIATION has been organized for the purpose of encouraging one of the most enterprising of American citizens in his laudable ambition and efforts in the cause of ART, and the development of a correct and classic taste. Some years since, SAMUEL N. PIKE, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio, conceived the idea of erecting

A MAGNIFICENT LYRIC TEMPLE

In that city, which, in design, ornamentation, and grand proportion, should excel any similar edifice in the country, and thereby foster and advance a taste in the West for the most humanizing of arts.

How, unaided and alone, he carried out to a successful issue this stupendous scheme, is now a matter of history. While the lyric temples of the great cities of the East were each represented by five or six hundred stockholders, Mr. PIKE constituted the one-man power in giving the city of his adoption a temple devoted to HIGH ART, superior to any upon the continent; and the impresarii of Italian Opera had not, in his Opera-House, to experience the unpleasant conviction that from five to six hundred of the most eligible seats were nightly occupied by "dead-heads."

Extending his business connection with the great metropolitan city of New York, Mr. PIKE grasped and prepared to carry out another gigantic plan, in the construction of an Opera-House which, in architectural beauty and grandeur of design, will eclipse every similar edifice upon the American continent. With this view he purchased the property on the CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND THE EIGHTH AVENUE, one of the best and most available sites in the city of New York.

In the month of March, 1866, the magnificent edifice in Cincinnati fell a prey to the devouring fire-fiend, while the indomitable proprietor looked on and calmly smoked his cigar as a million of dollars' worth of property, upon which there was but a trifle of insurance, was wrested from his grasp. Undismayed by this terrible financial disaster, Mr. PIKE, with the celerity which has ever marked the carrying out of an idea, is now engaged in erecting a Merchants' Exchange upon the ruins of the Opera-House, reserving for New York the benefit of his great musical enterprise. In a spirit of admiration of his unconquerable energy, a Company has been started under the title of

Pike's New York Opera-House Association for the Encouragement of Art.

With this view, the Association proposes (among other objects) to give a series of

GRAND OPERATIC ENTERTAINMENTS IN MOST OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES,

For which they will issue tickets at the uniform price of THREE DOLLARS each, which will admit the holder to any one of the series of Entertainments, and also entitle him to a participation in the final AWARD OF PREMIUMS, as hereafter specified. These Grand Operatic Seances will be given under the sole management of the celebrated Italian *Impresario*,

MAX STRAKOSCH,

whose great reputation as a Musical Virtuoso and Operatic Director is a sufficient guarantee of the high-toned order of the Entertainments. The highest lyric talent of Europe and America has been secured, consisting of the following distinguished Artists: Mademoiselle PAULINE FLEISOWSKI, late principal *Donna Soprano* of the celebrated La Scala, Milan, and of the principal European opera houses—her first appearance in America. Mademoiselle FRIDA DE GEBELE, the brilliant Italian *Cantatrice*, late *Prima Donna Contralto* of Grover's Opera Troupe. Herr KARL FORMES, the world-renowned *Basso Profundo*, and magnificent lyric dramatic artist. GIUSEPPE LIMBERTI, principal *Tenore* from the grand operas of Milan, Rome, Vienna, Naples, Turin, and St. Petersburg. J. M. WEHLI, the famous Pianist, and successor of Thalberg. CARLO PATTI, the eminent and incomparable Violinist. Mons. BLIBREINER, the distinguished and accomplished *Maestro*, will preside at the pianoforte.

The inauguration of this Grand Series of Operatic Entertainments will take place in New York, at the

Cooper Institute, on Monday, October 1, 1866,

And will be continued as follows, the Halls, Institutes, and Academies of the various cities to be specified in future advertisements:

NEWARK, N. J., Tuesday, October 2.
BALTIMORE, Wednesday and Thursday, October 3, 4.
PHILADELPHIA, Friday and Saturday, October 5, 6.
PITTSBURG, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 8, 9, 10.
WHEELING, Thursday, October 11.
ZANESVILLE, Friday, October 12.
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Saturday, October 13.
CINCINNATI, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 15, 16, 17.
DAYTON, Thursday, October 18.
INDIANAPOLIS, Friday, October 19.
LOUISVILLE, Saturday, October 20.
ST. LOUIS, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 22, 23, 24.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Thursday, October 25.
CHICAGO, Friday and Saturday, October 26, 27.
DETROIT, Monday, October 29.
TOLEDO, Tuesday, October 30.
CLEVELAND, Wednesday, October 31.
BUFFALO, Thursday and Friday, November 1, 2.
ROCHESTER, Saturday, November 3.
SYRACUSE, Monday, November 5.
UTICA, Tuesday, November 6.
TROY, Wednesday, November 7.
ALBANY, Thursday, November 8.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Friday, November 9.
WORCESTER, Saturday, November 10.
MANCHESTER, Monday, November 12.
CONCORD, N. H., Tuesday, November 13.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Wednesday, November 14.
BOSTON, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 15, 16, 17.
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Monday, November 19.
HARTFORD, Conn., Tuesday, November 20.
BROOKLYN, L. I., Wednesday, November 21.

Which will conclude the Grand Tour; after which the Troupe will return to NEW YORK, and give their

Grand Final Performances on the Evenings of December 28th, 29th, and 31st.

And at the closing Entertainment the Association, by a Committee representing the interests of the ticket-holders, will distribute to the subscribers throughout the entire country the Awards—the large number of which are unprecedented in the annals of such distributions, embracing the extraordinary proportion of ONE PREMIUM FOR TWO TICKETS, which will include the following gigantic scheme:

200,000 Tickets of Admission to Pike's New York Opera-House,

Which will be received at any time within two years after its completion.

$350,000 IN CASH!

And a further distribution of $500,000 in MAGNIFICENT PAINTINGS AND CHOICE ENGRAVINGS, which, as will be seen by the Schedule, are the works of the most eminent EUROPEAN and AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The number of tickets has been limited to 200,000, and every ticket-holder will receive some award as a Premium, varying in value from $3 to $50,000. In this connection, the Managers have arranged to present to each purchaser of a ticket a FINE STEEL ENGRAVING, which can not be obtained at retail at less than $3—the engraving plates and copyrights having been secured for the exclusive use of this Association:

WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, from the original painting by Mössinger. Engraved by G. R. Hall. Size, 26 by 32.

SIGNING OF THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER, from the original painting in the possession of the late Major-General Phil. Kearney. Engraved by G. E. Perine. Size, 24 by 30.

WASHINGTON'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS MOTHER, a beautiful engraving by Oetide, from the original painting.

SAVED, a magnificent steel engraving, by Samuel Holyer, from the original painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Cost $10.

For five shares or certificates the purchaser will, at his option, in lieu of the previously-named engravings, receive a splendid Chromo Lithograph: A BEVY OF QUAIL, from the original, by Hill.

For ten shares or certificates a beautiful Chromo Engraving of LAKE MAGGIORE, from the celebrated original painting by Newbolmen.

For fifteen shares or certificates the purchaser can select from the following superb Chromo Engravings: FORGE IN WINTER, from the original painting of Zimmerman; MY FIRST SERMON, steel engraving, from the original, by Hines; QUAIL AND THEIR YOUNG, from the original of the celebrated Tait; WOODCOCK AND THEIR YOUNG, also from the great original picture by Tait.

For thirty shares or certificates either of the following Chromo Engravings will be given or forwarded, each being valued at the price of the shares: THE WATCHMAN, from the renowned original painting of C. Milner; THE DACHSTEIN, from the great original of the same author.

The following is the list of the principal awards:

One Grand Premium in Cash	$50,000	150 Premiums, of $100 each	$15,000
One Grand Premium in Cash	20,000	200 Premiums, of $25 each	5,000
One Grand Premium in Cash	10,000	400 Premiums, of $50 each	20,000
Three Grand Premiums in Cash, of $5000 each	15,000	2000 Premiums, of $10 each	20,000
Ten Grand Premiums in Cash, of $1000 each	10,000	8000 Premiums, of $5 each	40,000
Forty Grand Premiums in Cash, of $500 each	20,000	38,200 Premiums, of $3 each	114,600

Making a Grand Total in Cash Premiums of $350,000.

The following list of MAGNIFICENT OIL PAINTINGS are classed at the head of the

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THE JUNGFRAU AND THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN. A magnificent painting, 80 by 60, by J. Butler. Valued at $5000.

YO SEMITE VALLEY. A brilliant and life-like representation, 6 feet by 7 feet 6 inches, by Thomas Hill. Valued at $5000.

GREEK IDYL. An exquisite work of art, by Brun, 5 feet 4 inches by 6 feet 8 inches. Valued at $2500.

CATTLE MARKET. A superb painting, by Van Marcke, 5 feet 6 inches by 6 feet. Valued at $2500.

THE LOST SCENT. A superb painting, by J. H. Beard, the American Landseer, 5 feet by 4 feet. Acknowledged to be the finest picture of the kind in America. Cost the Association $1500.

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FARM-YARD SCENE, with Bull in Foreground. A superb painting, by Van Marcke, 50 by 67. Value $2000.

JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES, 51 by 66, by Minor, and the *chef d'œuvre* of that celebrated artist. Value, $5000.

REBECCA AT THE WELL. A veritable gem, 45½ by 61, by the celebrated Brun.

A FOREST IN WINTER TIME, with a Fox in the Foreground, 80 by 50, by Jacobsen. Value, $2250.

THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ, SWITZERLAND. A *chef d'œuvre*, by Joseph Bucklin, 47½ by 64½. Valued at $1250.

TWO PAINTINGS, representing Cattle and Marine View, 36½ by 50 each, gems of the Dutch school, by Kavaugh. Value, $500.

CATTLE SCENE, 27½ by 15, by Gregor. Value, $250.

A MAGNIFICENT PAINTING OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT POTSDAM, PRUSSIA. One of the finest works of the celebrated E. S. Zimmerman. Purchased for $3000.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. One of the finest works of the famous Otto Georgi, 68 by 92. Value, $2500.

A veritable gem, 43½ by 39, by Goldberg, after the celebrated Lessing, representing JOHN HUSS BEFORE THE CLERICAL COUNCIL AT CONSTANCE IN 1437. Valued at $750.

Another beautiful painting, 43½ by 50, by the same master—MOZART AT THE PIANO. Price, $700.

A magnificent painting, by C. Milner—SUNSET IN THE TYROLESE MOUNTAINS, 69 by 61. Valued at $2000.

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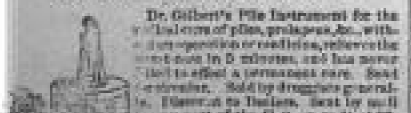

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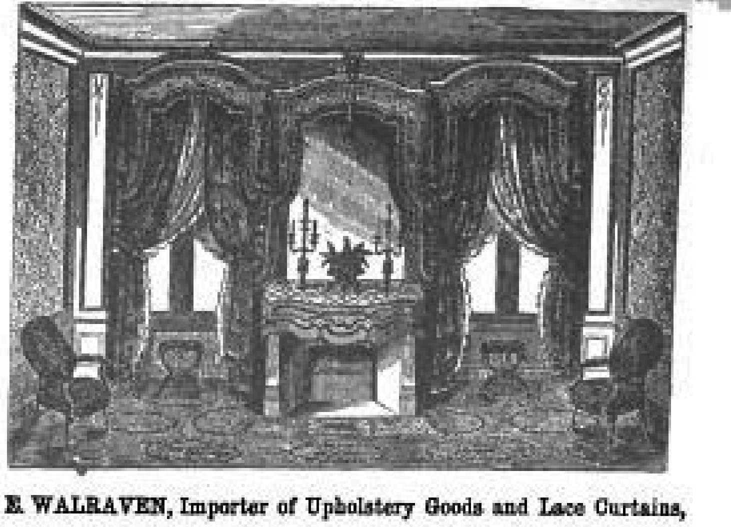

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20	do. do. 500 each	10,000
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20	do. do. 50 each	1,000
800	do. do. 10 each	8,000
1000	do. do. 5 each	5,000
1	do. Residence in Chicago	5,000
10	do. Lots in Chicago, $500 each	5,000
40	Gifts in Pianos, $500 each	$20,000
20	do. Melodeons, $150 each	3,000
100	do. Bibles, $20 each	2,000
200	do. Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
200	do. do. do. 100 each	20,000
200	do. Silver Watches, $65 each	13,000
300	do. do. do. 40 each	12,000
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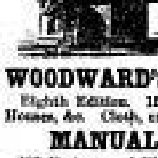

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 508.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HON. JAMES SPEED, OF KENTUCKY,
PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION.

"NATIONAL HALL," PHILADELPHIA—MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION.

THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA—"PARSON BROWNLOW" PASSING THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE NORTHERN DELEGATION, IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.—[SEE PAGE 596.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 22, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

So melancholy a spectacle as that of the President of the United States passing through the country and passionately denouncing Congress and some of his fellow-citizens by name, was never before known in our history. Invited as President to participate in a public ceremony, he surrounds himself with the chief civil officers of the Government, and the two great heroes of the war, and then insists that he may stump the country as he goes, in his private capacity. We defy any man to read the speeches uttered by the President without wincing with mortification. The whole thing would be inexpressibly comical if it were not too painful. The insanity, the vanity, the incredible balderdash of these performances would set the whole country shaking with laughter, except for the fact that the speaker is the President of the United States, and the man who gravely expresses his profound admiration and delight in the spectacle is William Henry Seward. The story of this progress reads like an incident of the lower empire in its lowest days. A man might justly tremble for his country, if he did not feel the deep disgust and unutterable indignation of the honest people all around him. If the elections had been held on the day the President reached Chicago the Union ticket would have swept every State. As it is, this Presidential progress has unquestionably carried the autumn elections for the Union party. For there is not a thoughtful man who does not ask himself, with startling emphasis, how any policy could be safe in such hands?

We have but incidentally mentioned the saddest part of the whole, and that is the part played by Mr. Seward. It is not anger, nor disgust, with which his words are read and his conduct in this extraordinary performance contemplated, by those to whom in other years his name was a pride and his words were an inspiration. Such men—and they are the only true friends he has ever had or will have in the country—have looked on in inexpressible sorrow and consternation. What more they have felt, what more they are justified by the truth in feeling, there is no occasion to express in words.

It has been Mr. Seward's hard fortune—cruel for himself, mournful for those who honored him as political chiefs are always honored—to be tried beyond his power. We are not of those who hold him willfully treacherous to humanity and liberty; for it is easy to believe in ourselves and to count all who differ as faithless. Nor do we explain his course by any motive so poor as desire of revenge upon the party which did not make him President in 1860. Men act from mixed motives, and the balance of moral perception once disturbed, ever so slightly, is not readily recovered.

Mr. Seward was made for calmer times and a purely political arena. He neither believed in the war before it came, nor understood it when it burst. "The Union saved by the sword is a Union I can not comprehend," he said, in his last important speech in the Senate. He did not understand it then. He understands it still less now. At once a doctrinaire and an optimist, he accepts a form for a fact, and refuses to believe in an actual event which seems to him illogical, however it may burn and bruise the country.

At the close of the great campaign of 1860 Mr. Seward, who had laid aside his natural and bitter disappointment to work for the success of Mr. Lincoln, passed through the West making a series of speeches, so varied, so powerful, and so persuasive that they will endure among the purest illustrations of American eloquence. Crossing the line of the Free States he carried the banner of Republican equality of rights up to the very citadel of the enemy; and at St. Josephs, upon slave soil in Missouri, he made as masterly and lofty a plea as ever fell from his lips. Returning to the increased love and admiration of his friends, he was never so great as on the day of Mr. Lincoln's election. Had he died then his name would have been chief among American statesmen for insight into the necessary conditions of American civilization, and his memory would have been the inspiration of those, younger in years, who were to carry on his work.

Well, the work remains, and there are the younger men to do it. But their hearts are as the hearts of soldiers who win the victory after their chief has fallen.

THE UNION STATE CONVENTION.

We heartily congratulate all loyal Union men in the State upon the singular harmony and enthusiasm of the Syracuse Convention. Victory was never more plainly prefigured than in the cheerful confidence with which every delegate from every part of the State reported the increased interest and determination of his neighbors and friends to secure the legitimate results of the war; nor was it easy to find a single person who knew of any defection in the ranks, except such as might be traced to bread-and-butter considerations. The usual discord of such an assembly was entirely wanting. Indeed there was a natural expectation that a Convention of the party, meeting under the peculiarly exciting circumstances of the time, from the very want of dissension among its members, might express itself intemperately. But its wisdom was as evident as its warmth. Those who were hopeful that the Convention would help to defeat itself by its extravagance, find nothing to say but that the platform is tame compared with the spirit of the delegates.

The candidates, excepting Governor Fenton, are new men, but men whose character and ability are such as to give both strength and dignity to the ticket. They are worthy representatives of the principles of the party and of the citizens such principles make. The resolutions declare that the Constitution has been maintained as the supreme law—that every interest demands the speediest restoration compatible with justice and safety—that States can not secede, and that Congress is the restoring authority when attempted separation has failed—that the emancipation amendment works a change in the Constitution prejudicial to the equality of the States in representation—that this inequality should be adjusted, and that the adoption of the new amendment would equalize the representation as well as define citizenship and its rights; would, in fact, engraft the legitimate results of the war upon the organic law, and that any State which adopts it should be allowed to resume its relations in the Union. The resolutions further declare that the President in denouncing Congress convicts himself, and that his policy inevitably tends to such scenes as those of Memphis and New Orleans—that equality of rights is the sole foundation of secure peace—express satisfaction in the spread of liberty in all lands, and undying gratitude to the soldiers and sailors of our army and navy, as well as to those of every race in the rebel States who were true through the war to the Union.

Such are the words and the works of the New York Union Convention, and no member is ashamed of them. If any body is of opinion that States ought to gain representation by rebellion, he will probably brand the Convention as radical. If any body holds that a State retains all her powers and relations in the Union unimpaired while she is trying the experiment of forcible secession, he will doubtless call the Convention disunionist. If any body thinks that a New Yorker ought to lose equality of representation with an Alabamian because he defended the Government and is now heavily taxed to support it, he will of course denounce the Convention as revolutionary. But if a man can see no reason why the citizen of South Carolina or of Mississippi should be rewarded for rebelling, he will support the Syracuse Union nominations. If he thinks that the men who saved the Government have a right to take care that reasonable security be taken for future peace, he will support the Union ticket. In short, if he thinks the political opinions and spirit of Vermont and Maine are dangerous and anarchical, while those of South Carolina and the slums of the city of New York are truly conservative and peaceful, he will certainly vote with the Dead Rabbits. But if he believes that a tendency by lawful means to secure equal rights among all citizens is a tendency toward endless tranquillity and prosperity, he will vote with the Union men who met at Syracuse, to secure the legitimate results of the war.

WHEN SHALL WE RESUME SPECIE PAYMENTS?

The public debt was reduced last month by the sum of $37,000,000, making a reduction for the year of over $125,000,000, notwithstanding the large amount of unsettled claims which have been adjusted within the period. At this rate the present generation will witness the entire extinction of the war-debt—unless, indeed, it should be deemed by future Congresses better policy to reduce taxation than to cancel indebtedness. As a matter of abstract principle, there can be no question but we had best pay off our debts first, and reduce our burdens afterward; but when hard times come, and making a living becomes more difficult than it is at present, it is not unlikely but some political party may raise the cry of "Less taxation!" and may carry its point at the polls. It is comfortable to believe that before adversity again befalls us we may have reduced our aggregate debt below two thousand millions.

A saving of from $18,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year may be effected by the conversion of our present Six and Seven-Thirty per cent. obligations into Five per cent. bonds as fast as they fall within the control of the Government. If present prices are maintained they will fall in slowly. All holders of Seven-Thirty notes will convert at maturity into Five-Twenty bonds, which command a premium of 11 @ 13 per cent. But the original series of Five-Twenty bonds matures next year, and should Government conclude to redeem them in legal tenders they can easily be replaced by Five per cent. bonds, at a saving to Government, in the matter of interest, of nearly $6,000,000 a year. The present large premium on the Five-Twenty bonds and Seven-Thirty notes is no advantage to Government, and is a clear gain to the holders.

The debt certificates are now out of the way, and of the deposit certificates none remain but the Four per cent. Clearing House notes, which will doubtless be paid off at an early day. When they are disposed of the coast will be clear for a reduction of the legal-tender notes. First in order the compound legal-tenders, as they mature, will be paid off and canceled; and next will come the plain legal-tenders. Interference with these notes has been vehemently opposed by such partisans of paper-money as John Sherman, Thaddeus Stevens, Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts, and others; but it can hardly be pretended that it was the intention of the framers of the National Banking system to leave both the legal-tenders and the National Bank notes in circulation together, or to keep the country forever flooded with over $800,000,000 of irredeemable paper. Half that amount would be double the volume of paper-money afloat before the war, and though, by reason of the withdrawal of specie from circulation, a larger amount of currency is now required for the transaction of business than formerly sufficed, yet still there is room for a curtailment of two or three hundred millions without risk of precipitating a crisis. And as gold would fall surely but steadily with each contraction of the currency, it might be that before $300,000,000 of legal-tenders were canceled the premium would fall to zero, and thus the circulating medium of the country would be swelled by the hoards of gold and silver in and out of the Banks.

Government held on 10th September about $63,000,000 of gold, exclusive of temporary deposits represented by gold certificates. It is assumed that before 1st January next the reserve proper, belonging to the Government, will not fall far short of $100,000,000. How much gold ought the Treasury to hold in order to resume specie payments?

In this country, and more especially in this city, it is a maxim in banking that when a bank holds an amount of legal tenders (or coin, in specie times) equal to 25 per cent. of its deposits of debts payable on call, it is in a safe position. In Europe banks like to be prepared to pay off 33 per cent. of their immediate liabilities on demand. But no bank any where calculates to hold more coin (or legal tenders) than this. In practice, much less suffices. Before 1857 our banks used often to let their reserve run down to 12 @ 15 per cent. of their deposits; yet never, till the panic of that year, was there any question of their suspension.

In January, 1867, the immediate liabilities of the United States Government will be less than $400,000,000—exclusive of interest-bearing legal tenders, which, in the event of a resumption of specie payments, could only be collected by sacrificing the accrued interest. If, therefore, the Treasury should on that day hold $100,000,000 in coin, it would be justified, according to the ordinary principles of banking, in announcing its intention of redeeming its legal tender currency in specie. It could not do so, of course, if all the legal tenders were likely to be presented for redemption. But the experience of bankers is, that people seldom want to redeem their notes in coin when they can do so on presentation; they only want coin when they know they can not get it.

A further difficulty, however, would arise from the institution known as the Gold-Room. This "Room" contains a gathering of wealthy speculators, controlling very large amounts of money. If the Government proposed to resume specie payments on a specie reserve equal to 25 per cent. of its liabilities, it would be possible for the heavy speculators of the Room to band themselves together—as they have heretofore done—and by creating a run upon the Treasury for coin to defeat or at least imperil the object in view. But again this difficulty might be met by the establishment of a European agency of the Treasury Department with power to sell United States Bonds on telegraphic orders from Washington, proceeds to be remitted in coin. The operation would then simply constitute an exchange of legal tenders for bonds, or, in plain phrase, a funding of the floating debt. It would work its own solution very rapidly. For instance: on 25th December the Secretary announces that, on New-Year's day, he will resume specie payments. The Gold-Room, knowing to a dollar how much coin the Treasury holds, makes arrangements to take it all. To do so it requires nearly all the floating greenbacks at the financial centres. The mere inquiry for so much currency creates a very active money-market. Still, at a price, the money can be had. Negotiations are no sooner made than the Secretary is apprised of them. He telegraphs to London and Frankfort to raise $10,000,000 a week by the sale of United States Bonds and to remit proceeds in specie, and on the telegraphic advice of sales, he sells the gold here, seller ten or fifteen. The Gold-Room must buy this coin or fail in its purpose. If it takes it, it merely adds to the load it carries, with no market to sell on and no prospect of a market. Every day it has to pay more for the greenbacks required. If it fails to take it, gold falls naturally to par; and the people who have withdrawn coin from the Treasury replace it as a matter of convenience.

We have mentioned the 1st January as a mere peg on which to hang the argument, but without expecting resumption to come quite so soon. For the sake of the National banks, which will have to put their houses in order before resumption occurs, the Secretary will not be likely to act precipitately. But twelve months are not likely to elapse without some very direct steps being taken toward a rehabilitation of the national currency. Events abroad as well as at home are calculated to insure this. Our bonds rise steadily, with occasional reactions, in the European markets, and will probably sell in London between 80 and 90—equal to par in gold here—within a year. At home they are quite scarce, even at a premium of 11 to 12 per cent. Our trade, domestic and foreign, is sound, and promises to yield a fair profit. Under the circumstances a premium of 45 or 47 on gold would seem not less absurd and unjustifiable than the premium of 100 per cent. seemed when Lee surrendered and the rebellion collapsed.

MR. BEECHER'S LETTER.

As the letter of Mr. Beecher will probably be published as a campaign document by the Democratic party it may still be considered not an untimely topic. Indeed, its vigor and earnestness, and its general truths, which if not new are picturesquely stated, will make it timely as long as the question remains unsettled. Yet we must say frankly that, as a campaign document, it will persuade only those who do not understand the question. For it does not seem to us to touch the question. To be asked whether it is convincing is like being asked after a feast of water-melon, how the peaches taste. We have not tasted them. Here is a really powerful letter full of excellent and indisputable truths, but they lack completeness and appropriateness. The general considerations presented by Mr. Beecher are admirable. Their appositeness to the particular situation does not appear.

That our theory contemplates States in the Union is undeniable. That our machinery works awkwardly except when adjusted to the normal conditions is not to be disputed. But it certainly does not follow that if we should suddenly become possessed of Mexico it should at once, without prudence, or inquiry, or deliberation, or security, be admitted as a State. The genius of our Government is just as averse to war, and especially to civil war, as it possibly can be to retaining States in an abnormal relation. But it was equal to the one solely by reason of the general intelligence and character of the people; and for the same reasons it will be equal to the other. The danger of familiarizing the popular conscience with injustice is at present much greater than that of familiarizing it with despotism.

Then as regards parties, Mr. Beecher is full of scorn at the idea that the South should be able to govern the North; or if it can, he cries, indignantly, that it ought to. But it is not a question of sections. What are the North and South but ideas? The Democratic party is the organized South, or the party which declares the inequality of human rights. The Union party asserts equality of rights. The contest is between those two. Very well, says Mr. Beecher, if the idea of the South is numerically stronger it ought to prevail, until we can overthrow it by free speech, schools, and churches. Possibly; but how can you determine numerical preponderance if you allow those at the South who deny equal rights to speak not only for themselves but for their opponents, who are not suffered to speak at all? In a tremendous struggle to plant the Government upon its true principle of equal rights, is there any sound reason why the enemies of that principle should be allowed an unfair advantage in voting merely because they have not succeeded in destroying the Government altogether?

Mr. Beecher declares what no sensible man denies, that we must trust much to the great laws of human nature and civilization, and not attempt to do by enactment what can only be done by time and various spiritual influences. This is a very favorite assertion also with our friend the *Evening Post*. But it seems to be forgotten by both that political changes wrought by war or otherwise require political guarantees. It is true that civilization is a growth. It is true that all races in this country must take their chance. The freedmen must do it. They must not be classified. But who is trying to classify them? the States which make them by law a distinct class, or Congress, which declares them equal citizens with the rest of us? "They must take their chance," says Mr. Beecher. Very well, are they not entitled to as fair a chance as the rest of us? and, according to all experience of human nature, will they have that fair chance if their neighbors are to be rewarded by increased political power for an attempt to deprive them of all chances whatever? Is nothing humane or statesmanlike but to dis-

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regard facts and proceed upon a pleasing theory? "The freedmen will never be well treated until the South is prosperous," says Mr. BEECHER. Shall we therefore say, in order that the South may be prosperous, she may do what she chooses with the freedmen?

The situation is obscure. There may be, as Mr. BEECHER suggests, vast perils at hand. But in a dark night we must use what light we have. It is not the part of wisdom to fall into a pit that we see, because there may possibly be a deeper one a few steps ahead. Let us restore the Union at the very earliest moment which is consistent with a reasonable promise of justice and safety. But do not let us abandon a reasonable promise of justice and safety in order to restore the Union, for we should discover that we had lost a substance for a shadow. Two years ago the men who, as a party, are now shouting for restoration anyhow, and rights and honor and justice and reason afterward, told us at Chicago that the war was a failure, that the South was inflexible, and that we ought to surrender, and then see what we could do. But the people were of another opinion, and the South yielded. The same moral unanimity among us to-day will work the same miracle.

JUDGE ADVOCATE GEN. HOLT.

THERE is an attempt, properly described as atrocious, to make it appear that Judge Advocate General HOLT was in league with base men to injure JEFFERSON DAVIS by evidence which he knew to be false. So foul a charge upon so fair a fame as General HOLT'S would not be worth attention except for a combined effort now plainly making to poison the public mind. With perfect propriety, therefore, General HOLT has himself called attention to an article in the Washington *Chronicle* of the 3d of September as a truthful and complete vindication.

The few facts are, that a person called SANFORD CONOVER was brought to the notice of the Government as a competent witness in the trial of the assassination conspirators. His testimony was such that, when he offered to furnish General HOLT with important evidence of the complicity of DAVIS and CLAY in the great crime, General HOLT could not with fidelity to his duty disregard the opportunity. Upon conference with the Secretary of War, therefore, CONOVER was engaged to collect the testimony of which he claimed to have knowledge. For some months he was in various parts of the country with this object and corresponding with General HOLT.

This testimony the General wished, of course, to try by every possible test. When the Committee of the House was appointed he stated to it all the circumstances of the case, and laid before it all the correspondence; and he urged that such witnesses as were accessible should be examined by the Committee. He was authorized to summon some of them, and sent an officer to New York for that purpose. This officer saw one of the chief witnesses, and he declared that his previous deposition was false, and made at the dictation of CONOVER. He affirmed that this was also true of other witnesses. This witness was brought to Washington and confronted with CONOVER. The witness still persisted that his deposition was wholly the fabrication of CONOVER, who denied it, and went in charge of the officer of the Committee to New York to summon the other witnesses, but escaping from the officer CONOVER has not since appeared, although the letters to various papers in the country aspersing General HOLT are evidently written with his connivance.

General HOLT immediately advised that the depositions of all CONOVER'S witnesses should be withdrawn from the evidence before the Committee. This was done, and the Committee gave them no consideration whatever; but upon the unimpeached testimony in their possession the Committee, in their Report, declared that there is probable reason to believe that DAVIS was privy to the measures which led to the commission of the crime.

So plain a statement of the truth confounds calumny. But General HOLT'S fidelity was shown so early in the war, and has been so lofty and persistent, that the friends of the rebels could not spare him, and they have not ceased to follow him with their envenomed slanders. From the moment he raised his voice against the rebellion until now it has given no uncertain sound. President LINCOLN had no truer friend or more frequent counselor than General HOLT, and it does not harm him with good citizens that those who called LINCOLN an ape denounce his friend as a false witness. His character is his sufficient panoply.

THE LAST PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Convention of loyal Southern Unionists at Philadelphia was the most memorable political event of many years. The RANDALL Convention was substantially a repetition of the old Democratic assemblies in which the Southern delegates appeared to announce the policy of the party. So under the auspices of Mr. DOOLITTLE and MONTGOMERY BLAIR the Democrats met, with some recruits from the Union ranks, and laid down as their platform for the campaign the continuing right of States to enjoy all their privileges in the Union at the same time they are trying to destroy it, as expounded by Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, ex-Vice-President of the ex-Confederacy.

But the Convention of original Union men did not get their instructions from the late insurgents. They were men taught by tremendous experience that inequality of rights before the law leads to bloodshed and universal ruin. They had learned that justice is the only rock of safety in the storms of states, and therefore, instead of endeavoring to discover how much of the old spirit of slavery they can preserve, they tried to find a common ground upon which they could stand with loyal men in the North in order to secure by the wisest means that equal guarantee of liberty in all the States which is essential to the common peace.

The resolutions adopted are virtually those of the Syracuse Union Convention, and thus the Union party is formally nationalized. Both Conventions declare their faith in the equality of political rights, and neither insist that Congress shall require impartial suffrage as a condition of the restoration of any lately rebel State. The reason of this action undoubtedly is, that that result can better be reached in the way proposed with less conflict of prejudice of every kind, and therefore more speedily and wisely. Equality of rights being clearly defined as the condition of national permanence and peace, the method of obtaining its lawful guarantees is solely a question of expediency.

It was remarkable that the demand for impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration came from the Gulf States. As a revelation of the actual condition of those States this is a valuable fact. Nothing but a profound conviction of the utter hostility of the late rebel population to their loyal neighbors would induce the latter to risk their own safety in the immediate enfranchisement of those whom they have been accustomed to regard as less than men. It may well induce the people of this part of the country to reflect whether the political power of a population so inflamed should be increased by the whole representation to which the disfranchised people are entitled.

The popular welcome which Philadelphia gave to the delegates was a significant contrast to that which greeted the Convention of Mr. DOOLITTLE, or the President's party. The enthusiasm showed how strong a hold at the popular heart the question of a fair restoration has. For a week the city blazed and rang with the signs and sounds of welcome. Every delegate said all that he thought, and just as he thought it. The great body of Northern representatives looked and listened. They were truly representatives of the true North, which asks simply equal rights of all the States in Congress, and reasonable security for the national peace. And for the first time since the Continental Congress of 1776 a National Convention—for such the combined delegates really were—declared their faith again that all men are created equal and enjoy inalienable rights.

NEW YORK CONVENTION OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

GENERAL BARLOW, Secretary of State; General HOWLAND, State Treasurer; General MARTINDALE, Attorney-General; General BARNUM, Inspector of State Prisons; General JONES, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and General IRVINE, Adjutant-General, have issued the following call:

"COMRADES!—We invite you to assemble in Mass Convention, on the 20th day of September inst., at the hour of 12 o'clock M., in the City of Syracuse.

"We desire to concentrate our efforts to keep in power that Union Party, which, under the leadership of the late lamented President, promulgated the Emancipation Proclamation; which supported the gallant and lamented WADSWORTH for Governor while we were absent in the field; which demands from the South entire submission and loyalty to the Union, the amended Constitution, and the laws enacted by Congress; and which are apt and appropriate to render effectual the defense of the Freedmen in the equal protection of their persons, property, and rights; the Party, which in the hour of peril was the Party of the War, and which we are not willing to see absorbed in the Anti-War Party under the pressure of Presidential policy and dictation."

This assembly will be an imposing and effective aid to the great National Convention of soldiers and sailors at Pittsburg on the 25th of September; and we hope the soldiers of the State will even at some personal sacrifice be sure to attend.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS IN VERMONT AND MAINE.

An election was held in Vermont on September 4, for Governor, three members of Congress, members of Legislature, and two Senators to take the place of Collamer and Foot in the United States Senate. The Republican ticket was triumphant by a largely increased majority. Governor Dillingham has been re-elected.

In Maine, on the 10th, a similar result was obtained. Governor Chamberlain was re-elected by an increased majority as compared with the previous election, and the five Congressional districts were all secured for Republican members. Four members are re-elected.

These are the only elections taking place in September. The elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa take place October 9.

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

The New York Republican Convention met at Syracuse September 5, at Wieting Hall. General Van Wyck was chosen temporary Chairman. The General made a lengthy and elaborate speech. He referred to the Republican Convention of 1861, of which he had been President. "We were pleading then," he said, "that this great trust bequeathed by our fathers should not without a struggle be surrendered to the demands of rebels, as we are this day pleading that the results of the victory over treason shall not be abandoned—that we shall not publicly proclaim that the blood of three hundred thousand patriots has been shed in vain. The nation responded then, and with bayonet and bullet went forth and conquered. With the same zeal, and trusting in the same God, it will respond now and go forth with the ballot and again be victorious." He referred to the glorious national victories won on many battle-fields. These victories it was our duty now to secure by Constitutional amendments before restoring the South to her former rights. He reviewed the President's action; he referred to the exactions made from the South by Johnson. Yet, when Congress exacted more its members were branded as usurpers and traitors. He charged the President with usurpation. He thought we could not rely upon the professions of the South. We must secure our positions by Constitutional amendments. He expressed his disapprobation of the President's policy in regard to the Fenians.

Hon. Lyman Tremain was elected President of the Convention, and committees were appointed.

The following telegram was read, being frequently interrupted by applause:

"CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

"*The New York State Delegation at Philadelphia, to New York State Convention at Syracuse, greeting:*

"We have met our brethren from the South and grasped them with the hand of fellowship. They are loyal to the Union and to the great party that saved the Union. They seek a readmission of the Southern States to representation on the simplest condition compatible with the safety to the lives, property, and political rights of the loyal people of those States. They declare that the policy of the President has been proved in their own persons to be unjust, cruel, and intolerable. They look to a loyal Congress for that protection which a recreant President, once a Southern loyalist, has denied to Southern loyalists. Their hearts beat with a noble sympathy for universal liberty and the equal, civil, and political rights of all American citizens.

"HIRAM WALBRIDGE, Chairman."

The President also read a telegram from J. D. Defrees, informing the Convention that the National Republican Committee had promptly cast out that very unworthy member, Henry J. Raymond, and put in his place one whom "danger will never deter, nor threats appall."

Mr. Ballard moved that the proceedings of the National Committee be now formally ratified by this Convention. Carried without dissent.

The following is the telegram, under the instruction of this Convention, to the Philadelphia State Convention:

"By resolution of the Republican Union State Convention of the State of New York, now in session at Syracuse, I am directed to send greetings to the loyal men of the South now in convention at Philadelphia, and to assure them that the great heart of the people of New York beats in sympathy for them in their new and increased persecution by the substitution of the policy of Johnson for the despotism of Davis. New York was never more determined than now in the complete overthrow of the rebellion, its cause and sympathizers, come whence and from where they may. A union against dangers in the past produces a more lively appreciation of your present trials. You faltered not in your devotion to your country when dangers and the gallows stared you in the face, and the loyal people will never desert your cause until justice is vindicated, and the freedom bought by blood shall be permanently established by the Constitution.

"C. H. VAN WYCK,

"Temporary Chairman, Republican Union State Committee.

"To the Hon. Thomas J. Durant, Philadelphia Convention."

President Tremain on taking the Chair made a speech of the same general tenor with General Van Wyck's, to which we have referred.

Reuben E. Fenton was renominated for Governor, and Stewart L. Woodford for Lieutenant-Governor.

The following platform of resolutions were reported by the Committee on Resolutions—George W. Curtis, Chairman—and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That by the grace of God, and the valor and intelligence of the people, the Constitution has been maintained as the supreme law of the land, and that every political, social, and industrial interest of the country, as well as the most earnest desire of every generous and patriotic heart, imperatively demand the speediest restoration of the Union which is consistent with constitutional justice and national safety.

Resolved, That the Union of the United States is perpetual, and that no power exists either in the Federal Government or in the several States rightly to dissolve or destroy it. No State can rightfully secede from the Union or withdraw or withhold its representation in Congress with intent to prejudice the Government, nor oust the jurisdiction of the General Government over a State and its inhabitants, or its rightful authority to execute its laws therein to any extent be lost or impaired by rebellion and law, or other unlawful conduct of a State, or by treason of its people. But while the constitutional authority of the Federal Government can in nowise be impaired by the acts of the State or its people, a State may by rebellion and war on its part, or treason on the part of its inhabitants, or by the abrogation of its loyal State Government, and the creation and maintenance of one alien and hostile in its form, so far in fact rupture its relations to the Union as to suspend its power to exercise the rights and privileges which it possessed under the Constitution. That against such rebelling State the Federal Government may wage war for its subjection, using for that purpose all the powers of the laws of war as recognized by the laws of Nations; and when that end is accomplished it belongs to the legislative power of the Government to determine at what time the State by the establishment of a government Republican in form under the Constitution and the complete abandonment of its rebellion and the return to loyalty of its inhabitants may safely resume the exercise of its rights and privileges under the Constitution which have been lost and suspended by its own wrong, and the doctrine that each State has kept perfect and unimpaired all its rights and privileges while in rebellion and war, to be used at its option, and is itself to judge when it is in proper condition to resume their enjoyment, is false and pernicious, and the other doctrine, that the President is alone sole judge of the period when such suspension shall be at an end and the State permitted to resume its power in the Union, is equally unsound.

Resolved, That the pending amendment to the Constitution, proposed by Congress, which defines citizenship in the United States and the civil rights of citizens, which equalizes national representation among the several States, which disables from national or local office—at the pleasure of the people represented in Congress—those who having taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in rebellion against the same, and which declares the validity of the public debt of the United States, and invalidates every debt incurred by any attempt to overthrow the Union, is essential to engraft upon the organic law the legitimate results of the war, commends itself by its justice, humanity, and moderation to every patriotic heart, and that when any of the late insurgent States shall adopt that amendment such State should at once, by its loyal Representatives, be permitted to resume its place in Congress.

Resolved, That in pursuance of these principles the late insurgent States were required by the President, subject to the approval of Congress, to accede to certain conditions including the ratification of the Constitutional amendment of emancipation, which works a change in the Constitutional basis of representation prejudicial to the equality of the States in Congress. That the continued absence of ten of the late insurgent States in Congress is due solely to their refusal to recognize this change, and that their claim to enter Congress before that change is acknowledged, is a demand that a bloody attempt to dissolve the Union shall be rewarded with increased representation of political power.

Resolved, That inequalities of guarantees of person and political liberties are dangerous to the peace of States and the welfare of freemen, and that we shall sincerely rejoice if the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment shall tend to that equalization of all political rights among citizens of the Union upon which the future peace, prosperity, and power of the United States must depend.

Resolved, That the President of the United States, in denouncing as unconstitutionally incompetent the Congress whose lawful authority he has officially recognized, convicts himself of usurpation of power, and that the tragical massacre of faithful citizens in Memphis and New Orleans should admonish him that his policy encourages a spirit fatal to national tranquillity, and which indefinitely delays the restoration of the Union.

Resolved, That Reuben E. Fenton, by his able, faithful, and vigilant discharge of his duties of Governor, has deserved and secured the confidence and gratitude of the people of our State, and we present him as a candidate for re-election in the assured trust that his nomination will be ratified by an increased and commanding majority.

Resolved, That we recognize in the other candidates on our ticket men who have proved in the field and elsewhere the patriotic fidelity and conspicuous capacity which commend them to the hearty support of the people of New York.

Resolved, That alike as to our own and other lands we take our stand on the glorious platform which proclaimed and justified our fathers' Declaration of Independence, wherein liberty is commended not as the prerogative of a superior race or caste, but as the natural birthright of all men inalienable save by crime. We rejoice to witness the progress which other nations are making in the practical recognition of this inestimable truth, and we confidently trust that the day is not distant when throughout the civilized world there shall no more be found a despot, a vassal, or a slave.

Resolved, That we cherish in grateful and eternal remembrance the brave soldiers and sailors who, through four years of fire and blood, bore the banner of the Union to glorious victory, and that we hold in undying honor the brave men of every race in the insurgent region, who, during the late war, and under the most ferocious persecution, heroically maintained their faith in the Union, and succored its imprisoned soldiers; and that we pledge to them, to every citizen everywhere in the land who is now sincerely faithful to the Union, our unswerving sympathy and support, praying them to close up the mighty line, and hand in hand and heart to heart to move on to assured triumph that, in the words of our beloved and immortal leader, Abraham Lincoln, who, though dead, yet speaketh, "The Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

CONDITION OF THE TREASURY.

The receipts of gold into the Treasury continue to be very heavy, and notwithstanding the disbursement of over five millions since the statement of September 1, four and a half of which was for interest on the Ten-Forty bonds, the amount now held exceeds that on hand at that time, reaching nearly $80,000,000; of this amount $63,000,000 actually belong to the Government, the balance being represented by gold certificates.

The total receipts from customs, internal revenue, etc., are larger than at any previous time, and notwithstanding the rapid reduction of the national debt, the balances in favor of the Government are again rapidly accumulating at all points.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 2:

(VIENNA.)—Affairs in Saxony resume a warlike aspect. The Saxon troops have been withdrawn from the Hungarian frontier, and the army is being provisioned. The treaty of peace with Prussia binds Austria not to interfere.

September 4:

(BERLIN.)—The armistice between Saxony and Prussia has expired by limitation. Peace is yet unsettled between the two countries, and hostilities, it is thought, may possibly occur.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the Government Indemnity Bill by a large majority.

A treaty of peace between Prussia and Hesse-Darmstadt was concluded yesterday.

It is said that King William, of Prussia, will visit Holstein.

September 5:

(BERLIN.)—Darmstadt has complied with the demands of Prussia, and will pay the latter three millions of florins, besides ceding to Prussia some of her territory.

Prussia is treating for the purchase of the iron-clad *Dannebrog*.

Since the expiration of the armistice between Prussia and Saxony the Plenipotentiaries of the two Governments have met, and peace negotiations have been formally opened by the representative of Saxony.

September 6:

(BERLIN.)—It is said that the King of Saxony will be deposed in case he refuses to accept Count Bismarck's terms, and that he will be succeeded on the throne by a member of the Coburg branch of his family.

(FLORENCE.)—The cholera is making sad ravages in Italy.

September 7:

(BERLIN).—The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill for the annexation of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and the city of Frankfort. A bill for the annexation of Schleswig and Holstein has been sent in by Count Bismarck.

September 8:

(LONDON.)—Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, in a speech delivered at Salisbury last evening, urged upon the Liberals to support any good Reform bill which should be brought forward in Parliament by the Derby Administration.

(HEART'S CONTENT.)—Since Sunday morning uninterrupted success has followed the *Great Eastern*, and she laid the shore end of the cable of 1865 on Saturday evening at 4 o'clock, under a salute from the ships of war in the harbor and tremendous cheers from a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators assembled from all parts to witness this second triumph of ocean telegraphy, even greater than that of July 27.

The electrical condition of this cable is most perfect, and messages are now being sent and received over it.

September 10:

(LONDON.)—It is said the cable tolls are soon to be reduced one-half.

(BERLIN.)—The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bill to indemnify the King for acting without the assent of the Diet in the matter of the budget and army supplies previous to the war with Austria. The bill passed unanimously.

The number of troops in the Duchies have been ordered to be immediately reduced to a peace footing.

(ATHENS.)—The Cretans have rejected the terms offered them by the Turkish Government, and continue their revolt.

The Epirots (inhabitants of Epirus) also claim their freedom from Turkey, and have abandoned their habitations and taken to the hills.

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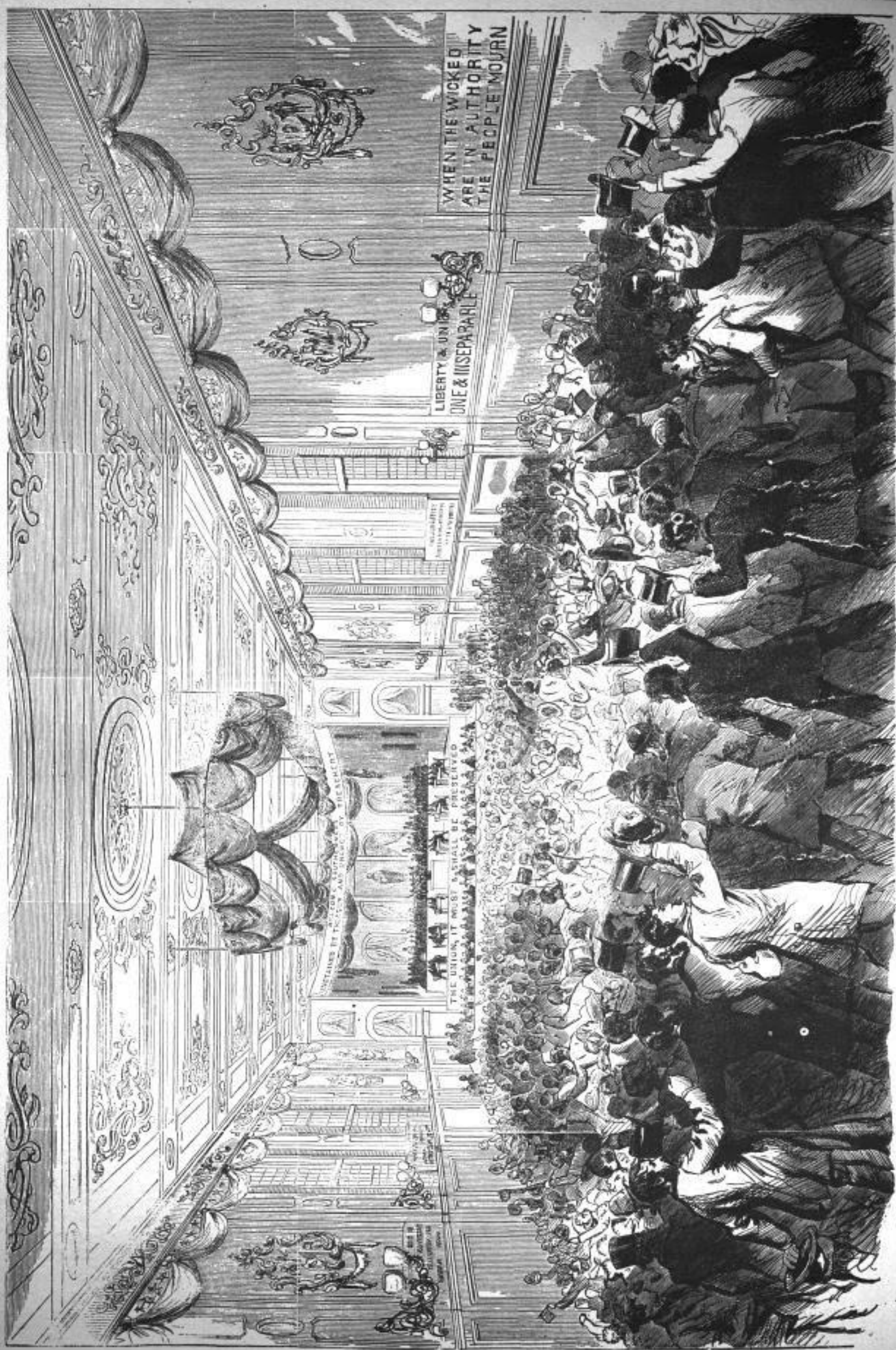

SCENE UPON THE ASSEMBLING OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION AT THE "NATIONAL HALL" IN PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 596.]

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THE UNION LEAGUE PROCESSION PASSING INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, AND CHEERING THE FLAG RAISED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1861.—[See Page 596.]

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THE LOYALIST CONVENTION.

IT is the day of popular Conventions. Setting aside the State Conventions which usually recur at this season, there will have been held before the close of this month, and following fast upon each other's heels, three general Conventions, called together by the pressing questions which are to be, in a great measure, decided by the Fall elections. The National Union party held its Convention at Philadelphia in the middle of August, and it had scarcely left the Quaker City before the loyalists from the Southern States entered it to hold their Convention. On the 17th instant the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention will be held at Cleveland. So absorbing is the popular interest in the great national question of the day, that even in our State Conventions local interests seem to have been entirely forgotten. And in addition to the meeting of Conventions there is the President's grand political tour through the several States; and the people with intense interest are following their Chief Magistrate, weighing carefully his every word and thought, some on both sides glorying in his mistakes, while others either seek to hide their blushes of shame, or indignantly speak out their rebuke.

It is well that our people are thus alive to the present emergency; and it is well that the problem of restoration is thus being brought before them in all its manifold phases. The Conventions of the period are an expression of something more than the members that compose them; they represent most faithfully both the *principles* and the *temper* of the parties for which they speak. And the President, too, is demonstrating to the people *his* policy and *his* temper, neither of which the people will forget. The American people never forget any thing.

But our present business is with the Southern Loyalists' Convention, which met on September 3 in Philadelphia, and to the illustration of which we have devoted several pages of this Number of our paper.

What is the composition of this Convention? whom does it represent? and what is the policy which it advocates? These are the questions which we purpose to answer.

THE CONVENTION.

The Convention was made up of *Southern* men, almost entirely of men from the eleven States lately in rebellion—of men who were faithful to the Union when all others in their several States were faithless, and who suffered ever-instant and long-continued perils for their fidelity—of men who are now bitterly hated, proscribed, and sometimes murdered, for no other reason than that they have been always Unionists, by those who still glory in the shame of their treason, even while they profess repentance, and claim the nation's pardon, and insist upon the restoration of their ancient privileges. The men of the Convention were such as Governor BROWNLOW of Tennessee, ex-Governors HAMILTON and PEASE of Texas, the Hon. THOMAS DURANT of Louisiana, and JOHN MINOR BOTTS of Virginia. If they speak bitterly and strongly of those who rebelled, it must be remembered that they have had a nearer and more intimate knowledge of the real spirit and meaning of rebellion than we of the North, or even our loyal soldiers have had.

They represent very many who have been at the same time Southern loyalists and Union soldiers. And all whom they represent have been faithful to the National flag, excepting only those who were as loyal in sentiment as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, but who, by a very common frailty of our nature, being forced to choose between death and the sacrifice of sentiment, accepted the latter, and thousands of whom found death also, and now fill rebel soldiers' graves. They represent those stanch Unionists of the South who are not willing that the Freedmen should be forgotten, and who insist upon the equality of all men before the law, irrespective of color, and look forward to the time when a large portion of the colored race shall participate in the duties and privileges of the Government of which they are citizens.

THE WELCOME.

The members of the Convention, upon their arrival in Philadelphia, received an enthusiastic welcome from the Union League Club, the citizens, and the delegates from the North who had come on to meet them. On behalf of all these CHARLES GIBBONS, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Reception, made a brief but eloquent address to the Convention. There was, he said, no loyal blood on their hands, and their souls were free from the guilt of treason. They had held fast to their integrity, although their homes had been desolated, their pleasant places laid waste, and themselves and their wives and children driven into exile. The sympathy which the men of the North felt for them at that time was flashed from a million Northern bayonets, and pronounced by the mouths of Northern cannon. He proclaimed it as the honest sentiment of the North, that when the South returned to her duty she must come in new robes, with new covenants for liberty, equality, and justice held by her own loyal Unionists, who are free from the guilt of treason. What hope had they in the future, or what security had they, if unpunished and impenitent traitors were to be reinstated in power by the arbitrary and besotted will of one man under a Constitution they had deliberately forsworn? The answer was already written in the blood of the murdered loyalists of New Orleans. They, the men of the South, were here on the high and solemn mission of re-establishing the American Union on the broad and sure foundation of equal and exact justice to all men. It could stand upon no other. They could not be so unmindful of all the lessons of the past as to be led by vagrant politicians into another compromise with crime, instead of lifting up from degradation those who had been its victims.

On the part of the Convention Governor HAMILTON responded to the greeting. He said the spirit which animated the rebellion was as rampant to-day as on the day when the rebels first drew the sword. The proscription of all who aided the Government was as rampant and incorrigible at the South, as defiant, as denunciatory, as vindictive, and as cruel as it was at any period during the rebellion. Seeing this, and realizing that so far from being remitted to their homes, they were remitted to the same element which has sought their destruction and the destruction of the Government, some of them who happened to be at the national capital deemed the time propitious to call on the Unionists of the South to send delegates to meet and consult together as to their own condition and that of the country. They believed that they saw not only danger to themselves, but a cloud, though no bigger than a man's hand, on the verge of the horizon, which might ultimately spread over the entire country. This Convention had been called because they realized the fact that no practical principle of administration had been settled by the late contest. They had hoped that henceforward this Government would be such a Government as the fathers had intended it to be—one giving freedom to every human being within its limits by placing on a sure foundation the rights of every citizen. But they found that they were only to be remitted to the tender mercies of States, which might, at their will and discretion, strike down the dearest human rights, while no protecting power was to be found in the Government. They therefore deemed the time auspicious to bring back the people to the primitive ideas of republican liberty, to organize a party, or rather to improve the organization of a party devoted to republican liberty, and to bring it back to the simple platform of the constitutional rights of every citizen. That was why the Convention was called. They wished the assistance and counsel of all their brethren everywhere throughout the United States. They asked the loyal delegations that came here from the loyal States to give them the hand of welcome, to help them to renew their faith to the Government in a purer spirit than before, and to prove to all Presidents, Cabinets, and Councils, North and South, who were loyal to the Government, that they would be satisfied with nothing less than actual security or individual equality under the Constitution to all men.

A RELIC OF SECESSION.

CHARLES GIBBONS, Chairman of the Reception Committee, then came forward with a small gavel in his hand, and said:

"I hold in my hand the identical gavel used in Charleston, South Carolina, when the Convention assembled there in 1860 for the dissolution of the American Union. This is the gavel that called together that Convention which declared the American Union dissolved. Sir" (turning to Governor HAMILTON), "I have the pleasure of tendering it to you for the purpose of calling together that loyal Convention which is to lay the foundations for the establishment of that Union."

Governor HAMILTON accepted the gift, and then the presentation ceremonies were declared ended.

The gavel bears the following inscription: "This mallet was used by the first Convention of Southern Independence, at the Charleston Theatre, in 1860, by old BYARD, of Delaware. E. P. CUTLER, of Charleston, S. C."

THE "NATIONAL HALL."

The procession, after much confusion, was remarshaled, and took up its line of march, with music playing, banners waving, and the bells of the fire-engines ringing, to National Hall.

This large and commodious hall, located on Market Street, near Twelfth, was beautifully decorated for the occasion. At the rear of the large platform, where seats were arranged for the speakers and desks for the reporters, was a large, life-like portrait of President LINCOLN, the frame of the picture being neatly draped in mourning. Over this was a large canvas scroll bearing the words, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Beneath the picture were the lines:

"Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the sons of light—
Among the noble hosts of those
Who perished in the cause of right."

At the front of the stage was another scroll, pendent from the ceiling and reaching across the hall, on which was inscribed:

"Welcome to Southerners,
Unstained by Rebellion, unawed by Treachery."

From the centre of the ceiling there depended two large American flags, which drooped in graceful folds, the ends being caught upon the circular gas fixtures by means of which the hall is lighted. Flags were also festooned against the walls for the whole circuit of the rooms, forming a very handsome border for the paneling on the walls.

WHAT THE CONVENTION DID.

About 250 delegates were assembled in the hall. The Northern delegation met separately. Mr. DURANT was chosen temporary Chairman. Then followed the usual details of organization. In the Northern Convention, held at the same time at the Union League Club-house, a motion was made, and supported by Generals BUTLER and BURNSIDE, that the Northern delegates should appoint a committee to confer with the one appointed by the Southern delegates as to the drafting of resolutions. The motion was lost.

Upon the reassembling of the Convention on the 4th Texas reported 15 delegates, Louisiana 18, Tennessee 81, Virginia 61, West Virginia 51, Georgia 8, Alabama 4, Kentucky 13, Mississippi 3, Missouri 30, Arkansas 21, North Carolina 7, Maryland 60, Delaware 6, Florida 7, District of Columbia 27. Total 392.

JAMES SPEED, of Kentucky, was chosen President. In thanking the Convention for their choice he alluded to the Convention which had lately met in that city.

"It was here in part, he said, because a great cry came up from the white men of the South, 'My Constitutional rights, my natural rights are denied me!' A great cry came up from the black man of the South, 'My Constitutional rights and my natural rights are denied me!' This was a great complaint, a complaint founded earnestly and made sincerely on both sides and directly antagonistic, the one to the other. He said that the Republican party had gone further than the National Union party in the matter of emancipation. At the Convention held in Baltimore in 1864, which nominated Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON, it was announced that slavery should be extirpated, not abolished merely—extirpated, taken out of our institutions root and branch, body and soul, every lineament and every fibre of it. Mark, gentlemen, the difference between the two words: One to extirpate, not simply to cast off this or the other limb of this horrible monster, but to take out not only slavery, but all the incongruous unrighteousness and unequal consequences and incidents that resulted from slavery. What are they? In the first place, unequal representation. Does not slavery remain so long as there is a man, no matter what his color, so long as there is a man unrepresented in the Government? Does not slavery remain as long as you can, because of color, say to a man that he may not stand equal with his fellow-men in your courts of justice? All these incidents the great Republican party pledged themselves at Baltimore should be extirpated. And you, Southern men, who were at that time as it were in the prison-house of the South, when this pledge came to you, it came as the sweetest and sweet note you had ever heard. Let this be done and we will be content.... Then, gentlemen, this Convention ought to say to the people of this nation. 'If you want to be secure and safe in this matter, fix it down in the Constitution where neither Congress nor any department of the Government can touch it—that emancipated slaves are never to be paid for.' These Southern people, when they assembled to make their various Constitutions, provided in their State Constitutions that their State rebel debt is not to be paid. Every Southerner well knows with what reluctance they did that. It required the positive command of the President and all the power of the Government to exact it of them. That can be repealed by State action. They can by State action undo what they have done, and assume the payment of the debt which they have now under coercion refused. Write it down in the fundamental law of the land. Let the loyal people of this nation see that it is written down in the fundamental law of the land, that no moneys shall be paid out of the coffers of the people any where, North or South, for the effect to destroy this Government. Upon these subjects I think; but upon the subject more particularly of equal and just representation this Convention ought to speak out. Those Southern men complain that their Constitutional and natural rights are infringed. If they complain fairly, say so. If they ask more than justice, deny it. They have no right to it. If they ask that the vote and power of a white man in South Carolina shall equal the vote and power of two white men in Pennsylvania, it is an injustice, and say so. If they ask less than justice, give them full measure. If they ask more than justice, deny it. As to the disfranchisement of rebels and the enfranchisement of the black people, this subject will also come before the Convention. Upon this subject, gentlemen of the Convention, all I have to say is: Do nothing in anger; do nothing from hatred; do nothing from ill-will or for revenge; but do that which justice and right and mercy and love dictate."

Separate Committees were then appointed to draft Resolutions and to prepare an Address. A. J. HAMILTON was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and Hon. GEORGE W. PASCHAL of the other Committee. Mr. WARMUTH, of Louisiana, offered a resolution, which was adopted, that each delegation of the non-reconstructed States shall appoint one delegate to form a Committee to publish an address on the condition in which the reconstruction policy of ANDREW JOHNSON has placed the loyal men of the Southern States.

RESOLUTIONS.

On the 6th the following resolutions were adopted by the Convention:

Resolved, That the loyal people of the South cordially unite with the loyal people of the North in thanksgiving to Almighty God, through whose will a rebellion unprecedented for its extensiveness, its cruelty, and its criminality, has been overruled to the vindication of the supremacy of the Federal Constitution over every State and Territory of the Republic.

Resolved, That we demand now, as we have demanded at all times since the cessation of hostilities, the restoration of the States in which we live to their old relations with the Union, on the simplest and fairest conditions consistent with the protection of our lives, property, and political rights, now in jeopardy from the unquenched enmity of rebels lately in arms.

Resolved, That the unhappy policy of ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, is, in its effects upon the loyal people of the South, unjust, oppressive, and intolerable, and, accordingly, however ardently we desire to see our respective States once more represented in the Congress of the nation, we would deplore their restoration on the fraudulent conditions prescribed by the President, as tending not to share, but only to magnify the perils and sorrows of our condition.

Resolved, That the welcome we have received from the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, under the roof of the time-honored Hall in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, inspires us with an animating hope that the principles of just and equal government which were made the foundation of the Republic at its origin shall become the corner-stone of the Constitution.

Resolved, That with pride in the patriotism of the Congress, with gratitude for the fearless and persistent support they have given to the cause of loyalty, and their efforts to restore all the States to their former condition as States in the American Union, we will stand by the positions taken by them, and use all means consistent with a peaceful and lawful course to secure the ratifications of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States as proposed by Congress at its recent session, and regret that the Congress in its wisdom did not provide by law for the greater security of the loyal people in the States not yet admitted to representation.

Resolved, That the political power of the Government of the United States in the administration of public affairs, is by its Constitution confided to the popular or law-making department of the Government.

Resolved, That the political status of the States lately in rebellion to the United States Government, and the rights of the people of such States, are political questions, and are therefore clearly within the control of Congress, to the exclusion of and independent of any and every other department of the Government.

Resolved, That there is no right, political, legal, or constitutional, in any State to secede or withdraw from the Union, but they may by wicked and unauthorized revolutions and force sever the relations which they have sustained to the Union, and when they do, they assume the attitude of public enemies at war with the United States; they subject themselves to all the rules and principles of international law, and the laws of war applicable to belligerents according to modern usage.

Resolved, That we are unalterably in favor of the union of the States, and earnestly desire the legal and speedy restoration of all the States to their proper places in the Union, and the establishment in each of them of influences of patriotism and justice, by which the whole nation shall be combined to carry forward triumphantly the principles of freedom and progress, until all men of all races shall every where beneath the flag of our country have accorded to them freely all that their virtues, industry, intelligence, and energy may entitle them to attain.

Resolved, That the organizations in the unrepresented States assuming to be State Governments, not having been legally established, are not legitimate Governments until recognized by Congress. Adopted.

Resolved, That we cherish with tender hearts the memory of the virtues, patriotism, sublime faith, upright Christian life, and generous nature of the martyr President ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Adopted.

Resolved, That we are in favor of universal liberty the world over, and feel the deepest sympathy with the oppressed people of all countries in their struggle for freedom, and the inherent right of all men to decide and control for themselves the character of the Government under which they live.

Resolved, That the lasting gratitude of the nation is due the men who bore the battle, and in covering themselves with imperishable glory have saved to the world its hope of free Government, and relying on the "invincible soldiers and sailors" who made the grand army and navy of the Republic to be true to the principles for which they fought, we pledge them that we will stand by them in maintaining the honor due the saviours of the nation, and in securing the fruits of their victories.

Resolved, That remembering with profound gratitude and love the precepts of WASHINGTON, we should accustom ourselves to consider the Union as the primary object of patriotic desire, which has heretofore sustained us with great power in our love of the Union. When so many of our neighbors in the South were waging war for its destruction, our deep and abiding love for the memory of the Father of his Country and for the Union is more deeply engraven upon our hearts than ever.

The Address, also adopted, was simply explanatory of the Resolutions.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON UNRECONSTRUCTED STATES.

On the 7th, the Report of the Committee on unreconstructed States was read and adopted. The report was a review of our political situation from the stand-point of the Convention. It charged upon President JOHNSON the existing evils in the South. It presented a graphic picture of these evils—what and how great they were. It gave a detailed account of the New Orleans massacre, and threw the responsibility of it upon the President. It declared that Congress, in order to avoid discord and conflict, has actually abstained from doing much which it ought to have done and possesses the power to do, and that Congress alone could save Southern loyalists from persecution, exile, and death. "There can be," it declared, in conclusion, "no safety for the country against the fell spirit of Slavery, now organized in the form of serfdom, unless the Government, by national and appropriate legislation enforced by national authority, shall confer on every citizen in the States we represent the American birthright of impartial suffrage and equality before the law. This is the one all-sufficient remedy. This is our great need and pressing necessity. This is the only policy which will destroy sectionalism by bringing into effective power a preponderating force on the side of loyalty. It will lead to an enduring pacification because based on the eternal principles of justice. It is a policy which will finally regenerate the South itself, because it will introduce and establish there a divine principle of moral politics which, under God's blessing, will, in elevating humanity, absorb and purify the unchristian hate and selfish passions of men. It will bless those who give as well as those who receive. It will be the crowning act of glory to our free Republic, and when done will be received as was the act of Emancipation, with joy and praise throughout the world as the final realization of the promise of the Declaration of American Independence."

FIRE AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

We give on page 604 an illustration of the recent partial destruction by fire of the Union League Club-House at Philadelphia. The fire broke out a little after midnight on the morning of September 7. Five thousand people had gathered in a short time opposite the burning building. The fire had its origin somewhere in the upper floor, where the apartments of the servants were located. By extraordinary efforts of the fire brigade the flames were limited in their destruction to the floor in which they originated, and were put completely under within an hour. Several acts of individual heroism are recorded to the honor of the firemen, every flag upon the building being rescued safely under circumstances of considerable peril. The loss will probably not exceed $25,000 or $30,000, which is but an eighth of the cost of the building.

The fire is supposed to have been the result of incendiarism. The janitor of the building was arrested the day after the fire.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our sketches of the Convention, made by our special artists, C. J. BOSS and C. H. WELLS, are very complete. Among these we wish to refer particularly to the interesting incident which one of our artists has made the subject of the engraving on our first page, representing Governor BROWNLOW, at the head of the Tennessee Delegation, passing through the Northern delegates in Independence Square, the spot where the Declaration of Independence was first read. The old man, so weak that at intervals he was compelled to stop and rest, and looking thin and emaciated, leaning on the arm of one from his own State, passed down the entire line, greeted by all with shouts of enthusiastic welcome. The other illustrations speak for themselves.

SPARKS FROM THE FORGE.

I.

"YES, yes, Miss Miller; it's tryin', as you say, after I've brung up the boy, to have him turn agin me now!" and old Mrs. Ripley sipped her tea solemnly.

Mrs. Miller sighed from the other side of the little black tea-pot on the tea-table between them, for the gossips were enjoying a dish of their favorite beverage, with sage remarks and bitter herbs of consolation thrown in. Then she handed over the great tumbler, with a sea of water and islands of radishes floating therein, under the vague impression that they would do the sorrowful gossip a world of good. Perhaps they did, for there was, first, the wholesome exercise of chasing the round ones and bringing them out in triumph; and overcoming the native obstinacy of the long ones, which bowed about at various angles.

"Yes, thankee;" and Mrs. Ripley took the top of one off with a snap, and held the remainder over the salt ready for another attack.

"Your radishes is splendid! If Lizee had been worth a cent we might ha' had a garden worth somethin' too. I told John how it would be, maryin' a city girl all fuss and feathers—never mixed a batch of bread in her life, nor milked a cow, nor nuthin."

"Well, I s'pose, if she was a manty-maker in the city, she couldn't have a chance to learn sich

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things, you know," said Mrs. Miller, pouring out a fresh cup of tea in a convivial way, as though she expected to get up a head on the harmless infusion.

"No, no more she couldn't—and that's what I say." And Mrs. Ripley rounded her period with a radish that threatened her only reliable tooth with instant destruction. "No more she couldn't, and so I told John, but he was the obstinatest creatur I ever see. See he, 'I don't want her to work, mother; I am strong and well, and am a-goin' to work for her.' John is a good boy, but when his mind is set it's six. I tell you, Miss Miller, when your children is little they tromp on yer toes, but when they get growed they tromp on yer heart!—No, no more tea, thanks!—I must be a-gittin' along. I promised John that I wouldn't leave Lizee and the house very long. She's no more 'count than a child; never even made a stitch of clothes for John yet. There's Mellisse Aspell now—why she'd ha' made him a suit of clothes as quick as wink. Well, well! Come over soon and see me. I must go back to Lizee."

"I'm here, mother!" and a young girl rose up from the flower-bed outside the door, over which she had been bending, and so heard the last words. "I was lonesome, and I came over to walk back with you."

There was a pitiful accent in her voice as she spoke. The clear blue eyes were a trifle dim as she walked slowly home by the old woman's side, and the little hands, already roughened by her new life, laid somewhat wearily together. "John's late to-night, isn't he, mother?" and she looked eagerly over toward the rolling-mill, not far away, that flung out its great pillar of smoke from a crown of fire.

"La! yes, child. You can't expect a man as has his livin' to make to be runnin' home all times of day and night. There's extra work at the furnace, I s'pose."

"Oh, there's John!" and the girl's pale cheeks, that had given no hint of dimples, flushed and made rosy nests of themselves as she sprang eagerly forward. "And Ned, I declare!—Cousin Ned! Oh, I'm so glad!"

The two men came forward, almost counterparts in figure—the same stalwart shoulders and goodly stature, but their faces were of opposite types. John with a square chin and somewhat heavy brow, underset by eyes that refused to tell their color in the shadow; while Ned Hammersly wore the fair Saxon color and golden hair that was softened into beauty on Lizzie's face.

"I'm glad to see you, Lizee!" and his great rough hand was outstretched for the little one, which met it frankly.

"Does Lizee behave herself?" turning to John, who slid his arm about her, and looked down on her head with a strong man's tenderness as he answered: "Pretty well, pretty well."

Then came the explanation of Ned's presence: that a process for preparing steel was to be put in operation, and carried out under his skillful direction, at the rolling-mill; that he had come to stay for the summer at the little hotel among the hamlets about there.

Old Mrs. Ripley had stood somewhat aloof, but John now touched her sleeve, and, turning to Ned, said: "My mother; Lizzie's cousin, Edward Hammersly." Thereupon the old, sharp eyes took an inventory of all his qualities and quantities of manner and person.

"You never told me about Mr. Hammerstee, Lizee," and she looked at John's wife in such a dreadful way over her iron-rimmed glasses that Lizzie drew back a step, and only said: "Didn't I?"

"Hev you got a family, Mr. Hammerskey?" she added, turning the glasses on him.

Ned grew as red as a great cabbage-rose, and answered, awkwardly: "No, ma'am, I'm a bachelor, and don't think of getting married now."

The sharp eyes saw a look pass between the cousins as he spoke which she never forgot, and thereon built up a theory of possibilities and probabilities. From this theory she never wavered through the long bright summer, her watchfulness never flagged, her innuendoes never ceased, until John grew pale and silent, and sometimes cross by fits to the poor little wife, who was a riddle to him yet. Ned, with his frank, cheery ways and pleasant laugh, smoked many a pipe in his company by their cottage-door, and then Lizzie seemed happiest and most loving toward him. And so glided by the days of harvest and its lingering moon, and the hours of daylight grew fewer and the night-watch longer.

II.

JOHN sat just by the outer rim of the circle shining from the mouth of the great furnace, whose fire must be undying now. There was to be a great casting on the morrow, and it was his turn to watch. Above him great wheels and bands turned dusky edges to the faint red light, and hopeful spiders tried again their hopeless work that never would be finished. Bars of trusty iron, to be welded by-and-by, lay biding their time of trial and destiny, fulfilled in honest gun or faithful anchor. The great trip-hammer, which had banged upon the anvil and whatever lay thereon, like a vindictive demon, all day, was at rest a while, and there was no sound except the unceasing roar of the furnace.

In this light John looked pale and worn; perhaps he felt so as he rose and held his head, with its thick locks, under the pump and deluged it, shaking the drops out like a great water-dog. Then he moved toward the open door and looked out at the stars so thick above him.

"'True as the stars'—ay, they are true, sure enough; one can depend on them all life through, and afterward—for, never mind how many graves there are, there is a star for each, I know, 'that will never waver.' I almost wish sometimes that all this worry of life was over for me!" And he passed his hand over his wet hair again, and looked out on the summer night. Crickets hung peaceful songs in the tall weeds by the pile of lumber near; now and then a frog croaked hoarse contentment from the stones below the dam; and a distant dog barked defiance to outlaws and marauders. As he listened he looked toward the white cottage, not very far away, with its colored shutters, like blind eyes, showing in the setting moonlight. He looked long and fondly, and when he turned away it was with a sudden wrench as of one in pain, and he sighed heavily. Just then something white came through the grass and almost startled him, until he saw that it was Lizzie's cat, with its bit of ribbon all draggled and wet with the night-dew.

"Oh! pussy, is it you?" and he sat down on one of the oaken benches and coaxed the creature up in his arms, as though glad of her company in his silent loneliness.

"Good little pussy loves me, I know," and he laid his rough red hand tenderly over her fur. "I wonder if your little mistress does? I don't know. I thought she did; but I ought to have waited a little longer before I brought her home to my poor homely place. So young and so fair, and I am ten years older than she, and grave and quiet in my ways—ain't I, pussy?"

For answer, to be sure, the creature said "Mew!" and nothing more; but it made no difference to the lonely heart, which was glad to-night of the dumb brute's cry. "And he knew her before I did, you see, pussy; and he is gay, and young, and handsome." He rose abruptly as he spoke, and the cat rolled over and over till, finding her feet, she ran frightened away, and between his heavy beard escaped the words: "I wish Ned Hammersly were dead—or I—God forgive me!"

The furnace fire was a shade less bright, and he replenished it and sat with his head in his hands a long, long while, until daylight looked over the hills and thrust her busy fingers even through the crevices and crannies of the black roof above him. Glad of its freshness, he rose from his lethargy and lounged in the heavy doorway.

There was the little white cottage, with its clambering rose and gay flower-beds. He could even see the purple bloom of the sweet-william, and the rod of silver lilies all abloom. But as he looked a great horror came in his eyes, for on the little side-porch, close in the shadow, stood Ned Hammersly, putting on his coat, and looking at the doorway, where Lizzie stood with John's best coat over her arm. He knew the coat even so far away by its bright buttons, and Ned had evidently been trying it on, for what deceit or wicked cause he knew not.

John Ripley grasped the lintel and never moved until the figure had disappeared on the road leading to the town, and the cottage door was shut. His limbs trembled and shook as he staggered back to the oaken settle by the fire, and he shivered with the cold. So he sat when his mother brought him a can of coffee and cakes cake.

"I thought I would just run over, John, with a bit of suthin' for ye. Lizee never thinks of nothin'. She didn't come down out of her room till jest afore I came out. What's the matter? I didn't hurt ye, did I? You look awful peaked this morning. Poor feller! poor feller!" and she touched his hand that refused to uncover his haggard eyes. "Massy, how cold your hands are! Have ye got the ague?"

"No, no, mother, I'm all right, said he, peevishly. "Set the coffee down, and I'll take it by-and-by."

Just then the great bell rang, and the hands came trooping in for another day of toil. Wheel and band were thrown in gear, and the trip-hammer became a busy, relentless demon again.

III.

ELEVEN o'clock, the time for casting, has come. Seething and blending the molten metal waits its change. Once more the workman stoops to see the mould, that spot or mar shall not be found therein. Pale and anxious, the head-workman goes hither and thither that all may go well. From a timber cross borne on strong shoulders hung a kettle suspended from its centre, that at the hour was filled and borne beside the mould to fill defects that might occur. From the molten mass, as the great clock struck, a ruddy stream came slowly down its conduit to the mould. The four men held steady by braces the great kettle, and the ladler waited for commands. John Ripley was one of the four. To-day his hand was scarcely steady, and when he heard Ned's voice behind him speaking to the men he turned away his head and held one hand over the other on its brace. Just then the ladler dipped from out the mass, and in his agitation dripped the lava-drops upon John's hand and arm. A sharp cry of pain escaped him, and he would have shrunk, and so let burning death upon him in its ineffable torment, if, like a tiger, Ned had not sprung and cried, "For God's sake, men, hold on!"

That cry and that quick grasp saved them all. The red iron had crept up to the very edge of the kettle with John's failing grasp, and one quiver more would have sent it over him in a burning flood.

The men knew well enough the danger. Round the forge-fires had gone many a tale of horror and disaster when a failing hand had left a molten sea to scorch and burn and kill and fetter in the flying fugitives, until its hot breath did its work.

John knew the death from which his rival had saved him, and remembered it even through the fearful anguish of his maimed and blistered arm. And yet he would have given worlds to have owed the life he held to any other man.

"Here, Joe Hill; take my horse, tied outside, and ride for the doctor; and you, Ben Collins, hold on here while I go home with John. He isn't fit to go alone."

Ned's orders were carried out, and the two men walked slowly toward the cottage.

"Let me go in first, John, and tell Lizee."

Even in his unutterable suffering of body the injured man turned and answered fiercely, with an oath.

"No you don't, Ned Hammersly. I go first. I can take care of my wife—ay, and my own coat too. I don't want your help."

"Are you crazy, John?" and Ned stood across his path.

"Yes. Stand aside, will you?"

The man's strong will carried him past his companion and by the little door, where he fell fainting like one dead.

IV.

DAYS of pain and nights of unrest had followed the fearful burning. At one time it seemed hardly possible to save his arm; but now he hoped to wield it by-and-by. A long while, perchance, it might be before it could give the thunderous blows of its olden might; but he was thankful for its partial restoration. For his fierce and bitter words when coming home Ned bore no grudge; but ever since John had turned away with steady coldness from his friendly offers. Lizzie, too, had come to be afraid of his petulant replies, and went about her round of duties pale and silent. Mrs. Ripley, as was her wont, went out to gossip and drink tea with her neighbors. She did not grieve, I am sure, at the estrangement, for did it not prove her prophetic croakings true?

So it was timidly and half afraid that Lizzie sat down beside him in the September sunshine, which flooded the open door and the chair where he sat wearily thinking, about a month after the accident.

"John, dear, I'm going to tell you something," and she laid her hand on his knee, but he did not take it. "I s'pose you won't care, but I thought I would tell you that my sister's married and coming here to live. She was a long while making up her mind too, and she said No once or twice, but she meant Yes all the time, and so they are married, and—and—her husband is Ned Hammersly. I thought we should go to the wedding, but you were hurt about a week before, and so we couldn't be there. And see, John"—she pulled out from behind her, where she had held it all the while, a new cloth coat—"I made it for the wedding, John, all myself. I cut it and sewed it, and Ned got the buttons for me, and I tried it on him when you were out of sight—you see your coats suit him—and I just got it done the morning you were burned. Ned stopped on his way to town, and I tried on your coat, and it fitted so nicely! Now mother won't say I am good for nothing any more, will she? Why, John, what on earth are you crying about? I thought you would like it. Don't you?"

"Come here, little one!" The arms were open wide. "Dear, patient, darling little lamb!" And so he held her golden head a while, and vowed anew to trust her for evermore. And so Ned and his new bride found them. John held out his hand to Ned. "I've been a fool, Ned; forgot it if you can;" and that was all.

If ever a man was proud, John Ripley was in that beloved coat, that had cost him such sorrow in its building. If ever a wife was happy, it was when John would boast of it as her own work.

And when Mrs. Ripley took tea with Mrs. Miller, she was forced to confess that "she thought she might make somethin' out of Lizee after all."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PLEASURE-SEEKERS are returning from various quarters to their city homes. It is the *fashion* to reappear in the city some time in September; and so, even though September's hot and sultry days may far outnumber those of August, people generally follow the fashion. Houses, long silent and deserted, are resonant with voices, blinds are thrown open, churches are reopened, and business receives a general impulse. The haste to return is altogether natural. Many who usually pass most of the summer in the city thought it expedient to recruit this year; but now that all fear of cholera is past, they are not sorry to leave exturbinate hotels and the chilly comforts of the country. The truth is, that while July brought some of the hottest weather known within the memory of the "oldest inhabitants," there has seldom been an August so unseasonably and extraordinarily cold.

The sojourners at the White Mountains have found themselves sadly uncomfortable. The rain has been almost incessant, and the roads, never good, have been, in consequence, nearly impassable. Shut up inside of a heavy, springless coach, or clinging to the outside of it to keep one's self from being tossed into the muddy holes beneath, may be an agreeable way of searching for the picturesque; but we have no taste for such exceedingly romantic excursions. A bridal-party from one of our Eastern cities, some two or three weeks ago, followed the fashion and went to the White Mountains. The bridegroom supposed he had made sure of comfortable quarters by securing rooms in advance. But on arriving there the hotel was found to be overflowing; and although, as an especial accommodation, a small, uncomfortable attic room was given up to the bride and bridegroom, most of the party got along as they could without rooms. Nothing daunted, the next day they commenced the ascent of Mount Washington; but a severe snow-storm met them, and, half-congealed with the cold, they beat a hasty retreat, resolving to seek some more genial clime in which to spend the honey-moon.

Undoubtedly September will be more agreeable to those who yet linger among the mountains than August was. There is usually a sort of compensation in regard to the weather; and those in the country who have complainingly shrugged their shoulders at the chilly breezes of August may vainly long, under a sultry September sun, for one refreshing breath.

It is said that a new sect has been formed among the women of St. Petersburg, and that they have already made their appearance in Paris. They are called "*Nihilists*;" and their distinguishing peculiarities are, that they remain unmarried; they assume the cares and responsibilities of men; work at all kinds of manual labor, and transact every sort of mercantile business. The following is a description of the costume of two "*Nihilists*," who recently made their appearance at a certain church in St. Petersburg: The two fair heads were cropped close, and their attire a sort of compromise between the coat and trowsers of the male sex, with the most convenient portions of female costume. A jacket descending low over the hips, and closed over the bosom by a row of large buttons; a short, very full petticoat of the same, and beneath, just apparent above the high boots of black, shining leather, full inexpressibles, not gathered in, but floating just above the knee, and displaying about an inch of the snow-white stocking, formed their novel and singular attire. Each held in her hand a low, flat hat, with a large brim adorned with a cord and tassel.

A curious report comes from France in regard to the mulberry-tree. A. M. Brunet affirms that he has succeeded in reducing the textile substances which are found in the bark of the mulberry to the fineness, durability, and general appearance of silk by chemical and mechanical processes, and affirms his faith in the discovery by buying up large quantities of the bark for producing this description of silk. If this is true, mulberry-trees will be all the fashion wherever they can be cultivated, and the invention will be a very profitable one.

There is an old story to the effect that a solitary bachelor, having suddenly resolved to commit matrimony, rang the bell, and proposed to his cook. She, in a state of indecision, hesitated; so he rang the bell again, and proposed to the house-maid, who accepted him on the spot. And—as the story goes—she lived happily ever afterward, as a just reward of her prompt decision. This tale is not cited as a precedent for young ladies to take such a dangerously short time in making a decision which involves the happiness of a lifetime. But we so often see such a ridiculous hesitation in trivial matters that it is a relief to meet a man or woman who is self-poised. Many a lady has no confidence in her own taste or skill in dressing herself. "Would you wear my buff silk, or my blue muslin?" "Which looks the best, a linen collar or a lace one?" "Does this ribbon look prettiest in a single or double bow?" And a multitude of similar questions are constantly heard in the dressing-room. Some are perpetually disturbed because, having no fixed principles themselves, they try to please those with whom they chance to be, and are like the "waves of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed." We often see gentlemen who are singularly undecided in minor matters—who, for example, require an immense time to decide what they will have for dinner—although they may decide a momentous question with comparative promptness. It is worth a good deal to any one to know what questions should be quickly and promptly decided, and what should be carefully considered—and to be able to do it.

Apropos to this subject, is what Sydney Smith says:

"It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 180 years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and uncles, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is 65 years of age, and that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice."

Every body has read or heard of the great meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. On that occasion the whole heavens were illuminated with celestial fireworks from about two o'clock until daybreak. Professor Newton, of Yale College, announces that a similar display of meteors will probably occur on the morning of the 13th or 14th of November next. Such a rare phenomenon awakens a deep interest among all classes of persons. Preparations to observe this sublime spectacle, for scientific purposes, have already commenced in Europe. And all, who in any country are fortunate enough to be witnesses of such an extraordinary sight, may well congratulate themselves.

Tomatoes are considered as among the healthiest of all our vegetables. Every housekeeper who has the opportunity should endeavor to put up some for winter use. It is a very simple matter to do this. They should merely be cooked, without seasoning, and put while hot into wide-mouthed jugs or tin cans. The jugs or cans should be entirely filled, and securely corked or covered. Preserved in this manner they keep almost as fresh as when first picked from the vine.

A Southern paper records the trial of a man charged with stealing corn from a neighbor's crib. The evidence went to show that the man had been found with his hand in an aperture in the crib, safely fastened in a steel trap, set for the purpose of catching the thief. It was also in evidence that two empty corn sacks were found lying at the feet of the entrapped individual. The decision of the magistrate, however, was, that there was no proof that the prisoner had stolen any corn, and as to being caught in a steel trap, any gentleman had a perfect right to stick his hand in one if he felt inclined to do so.

A humorous writer says:

"Every word in the French language beginning with croque has been turned inside out to find the origin of *croquet*, but without success. Some will have it that the word is a corruption of *crochet*, which means a hook, and that the game was originally devised by the ladies, who threw it out as a hook to catch husbands with. There seems to be a glimmering of reason in this, more especially when we remember that crochet also means a kind of fancy work much cultivated by ladies. The writer has at this moment hanging on the wall before him a smoking-cap in crochet work, made for him by fair hands several years ago, and thrown in the usual skillful manner; but, being a wary fish, he saw the hook and declined to bite. On the whole, we think that *croquet* and *crochet* are partly convertible terms, inasmuch as the hook is to be discerned at the root of both."

It is suggested that instead of the phrase "shaven lawn," which the manuals use to designate the croquet ground, the word parquet be used; because it would sound so pretty to hear the accents of a silvery voice saying, "Suppose we have a game of croquet upon the parquet?"

An exchange gives the following remarkable statements:

"We have a compositor in this office the friction of whose movements over the type in his stick fires them solid like stereotype plate. The only way to prevent this is to have his case submerged in water, and the rapidity of his motions keeps the water boiling and bubbling so that eggs have frequently been boiled in the space-box. Pipes lead from the bottom of his case to a boiler in the press-room, and the steam generated by our fast compositor's motions runs the power-press. In one day he 'set' so much type that it took all hands, from editor to devil, two weeks to read the proof, and it wasn't his good day for setting type either."

Not long ago a party who were sight-seeing in New York went on board a Liverpool packet—their first acquaintance with a vessel. They were politely shown over the vessel; and when they entered the luxurious cabin a young lady of the party, delighted with what she saw, exclaimed: "Oh! how I should like to go to Europe in such a ship!" "You can," spoke the captain, in a deep voice, who had entered the cabin unperceived. "You can if you will." "As your stewardess, I suppose, Sir," replied the young lady, pertly. "No; as my wife," returned the captain. "As your wife, Sir?" exclaimed she, in unfeigned astonishment, "you must be joking." "No, I am not," replied the captain: "I mean every word of it."

The young woman was flattered and flattered. She asked for a few hours to consider the unexpected proposition. At the expiration of the time she gave the captain a favorable answer, and in three days she was married.

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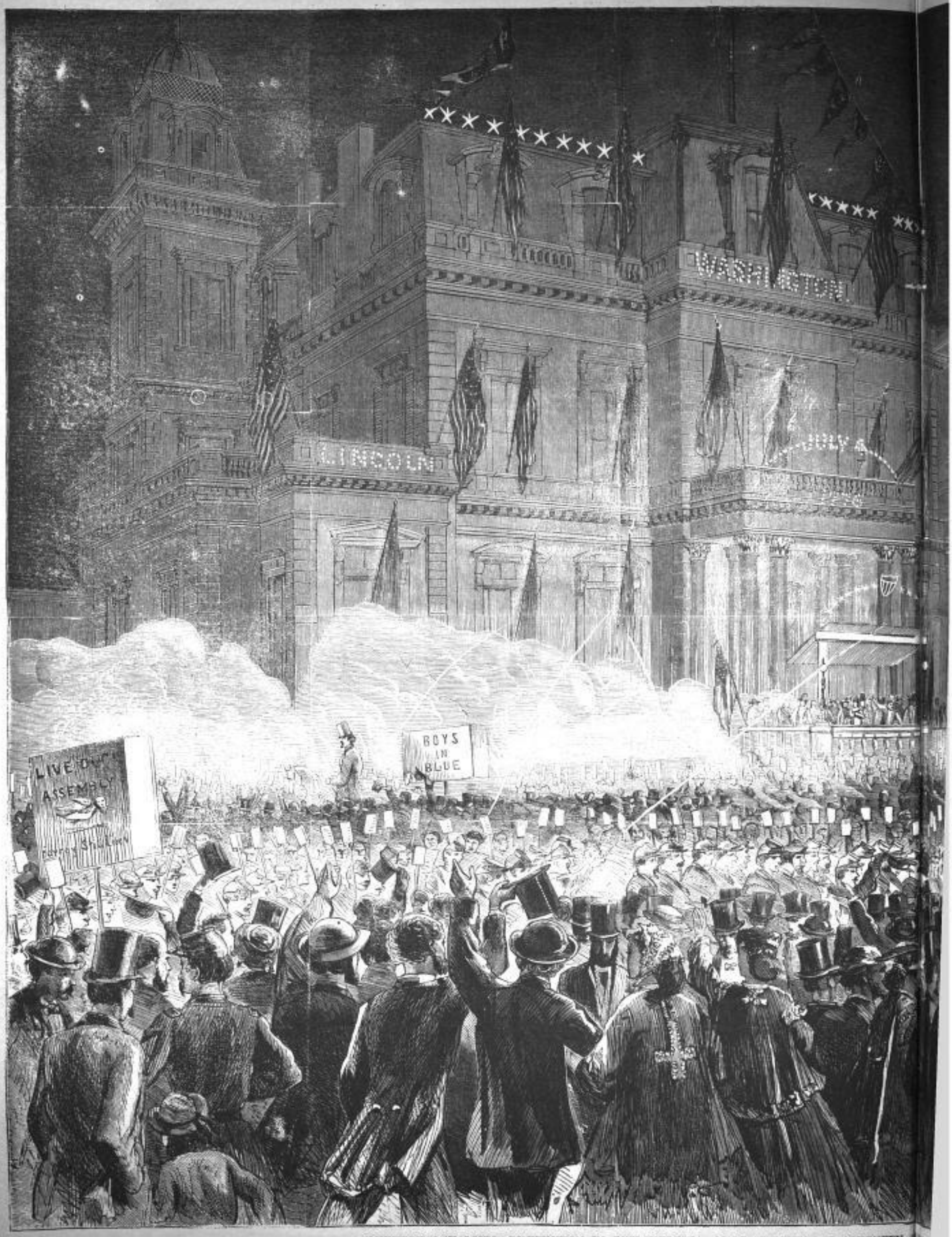

SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA—MASS MEETING OF SOUTHERN

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NORTHERN DELEGATES IN FRONT OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

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LIFE AND DEATH.

Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
To shut our eyes and die:
Nor feel the wild-flowers blow, nor birds dart by
With flitting butterfly,
Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky high,
Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,
Nor mark the waxing wheat,
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good
To die, then live again;
To sleep meanwhile: so not to feel the wane
Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,
Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,
Nor marked the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood
Rich ranks of golden grain,
Only dead refuse stubble clothe the plain:
Asleep from risk, asleep from pain.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Fourth Portion.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I NEVER saw a piece of knitting in such a mess in all my life! What were you thinking of, Madge?"

Aunt Gough uttered this mild pleasantry in the fullness of her satisfaction some days after that happy evening on which Horace had told me that he loved me. They all knew it now. Dear uncle had kissed and blessed me, mingling with his tender words some prudent cautions as to the necessity of waiting, and as to our youth and inexperience. But he was pleased. I knew that, and the knowledge made me inexpressibly happy. As for waiting, that was not hard to my mind. Of course we were young. Of course we were inexperienced and without settled prospects in the world. But we loved each other, and our love was approved by those whom we most honored and regarded. Surely that was happiness enough to fill years of waiting, should years be necessary. Horace was not quite so contented to accept Uncle Gough's words of wisdom. He chafed a little, in his impetuous way, at being told of his youth and inexperience.

"Young!" he said to me, when we were walking alone together. "Does your uncle know that I am turned three-and-twenty?" Horace looked very solemn as he announced his attainment of this venerable age. "If he had said that I'm not good enough, there might have been some reason in it. But if my dear girl is content to take me only because I love her better than all the world beside—"

"No; because I love you, Horace."

"My own Margaret! If you are content, angel that you are, I don't see who need object."

"Dear Horace, be reasonable. Can any thing be more kind and generous than Uncle Gough's behavior? Of course he is right when he says that our youth—"

"There it is. Our youth! The fact is, fifty-five is getting to be thought the right age for love and marriage. I wish I was as old as De Beauguet. Upon my soul I do!"

"Perhaps, Horace, in that case the objection might come from me, and not from uncle."

"I always say absurd things when I'm angry," said Horace, wiping his eyes after an outbreak of laughter. "Every body does."

I don't know whether every body does, but I know Horace did. And what could be more absurd than the idea of his ever being fifty-five? My bright, impulsive Horace!

All this brings me back to Aunt Gough and my tangled knitting. One of the servants had found it in the porch and taken it to my aunt, and she, divining the circumstances under which it had got into such a chaotic state, resolved to have her small joke at my expense. Horace and I were sitting with her now, having come in from the walk in which we had held the foregoing discussion as to the necessity for patient waiting.

"What have you been doing with your knitting?" said aunt. "I wonder who is expected to wear a stocking like that?"

"Oh, aunty, it was Horace. He was twisting it about in his fingers."

"And, pray, how came Horace to get hold of your knitting? I hope you don't mean to knit his stockings in that way, or he will think I have made but a poor housewife of you, after all my pains."

"Do give me a chance of testing her soon, Mrs. Gough," cried Horace, eagerly, improving the occasion. "We have been having quite a dispute, Margaret and I, and I am afraid Mr. Gough is all on her side. Do throw in your influence on mine! Do take my view of the case!"

Horace went over all his arguments to prove that we were both rather elderly, and to show that in three months at the utmost his prospects would be sufficiently assured to justify him in taking a wife. He was very eloquent in his pleadings. At least I thought so, and so, I suspect, did Aunt Gough. The truth is, Horace could be much more eloquent in speaking to her than he could be in speaking to my uncle. I have said that Aunt Gough was highly sympathetic. And sympathy was to Horace the atmosphere in which he lived and breathed easily. There are strong militant natures to whom strife and the hope of victory are bracing and pleasant, but his was never one of them.

My aunt had been ailing ever since the visit to Meadow Lees. We could not trace any signs of positive disease, but she got no stronger, had no appetite, and was incapable of active exertion. This was the only cloud in our Heaven. This and Anna.

My sister had been as variable and uncertain in her humor since that evening I have spoken of, when I spoke to her in her bed, as to try aunt sorely. Aunt's own temper was the sweetest and most placid in the world, but her nerves were unstrung, and she was liable to sweep on unusual excitement. Anna was not always angry, not always sullen, not always tearful, not always unaccountably gay and boisterous, but all these moods chased each other across her mind with startling rapidity. She was especially inconsistent toward Horace. At one time she would be so sweet and sisterly to him as to make our hearts glad within us. Next moment the merest trifle, the turning of a straw, something so slight as to be imperceptible to us, would ruffle her, and she would chafe and frown and treat him with an arrogant scorn that wounded me beyond measure. Once I was angered out of patience, and spoke to her sharply in Horace's presence. To my surprise she was soft and humble in a moment, coming and kneeling by me with her face hidden in my lap.

"Margaret, I love you!" she said, in so low a voice that I, with my head bent down to hers, could hardly hear it.

"My dear love, I know you do. But, Anna, because you love me you should be good to Horace." The dark clustering curls on my knee shook themselves petulantly from side to side. "Yes, Anna. I am sure he is very good to you. And you know he is to be your brother. Come! Give him your hand and be friends." With her face still hidden, she suffered me to take her cold little fingers and put them into Horace's outstretched palm; and so there was peace again for a time. But all this, as I have said, was trying to my aunt. Uncle Gough saw less of it than she did; but even he saw enough to distress him.

"I tell ye what, my bairn," he said to Anna, "a little change will do you good. I am thinking you're not quite well, Nanny. I shall pack you off to Meadow Lees for a week or two, and beg Farmer Gibson to feed you entirely on strong ale and rabbit pasty. You're growing as slender as a hazel-wand, my bonny bairnie."

"I'm not a bit ill," returned Anna, decidedly. "But I think I should like to go to Meadow Lees."

The idea was acceptable to us all. It had already occurred to me that Anna's excessive irritability might be owing to incipient illness; and, indeed, she was looking worn and thin. So it was decided that she should go to Meadow Lees for a week or two.

I have not yet said any thing as to the manner in which old Mr. Lee received the announcement of my engagement to his son. In truth, it is not a topic on which I am able to say much, for Horace would never exactly tell me what his father's words had been; but I gathered that he had expressed some disappointment in the matter. It must have been on the score of my personal demerits, for I knew that an alliance with the family of James Gough of the Gable House was, in a social sense, the best he could have expected for his son. However, the old gentleman was all cordiality to my uncle, and all condescension to me. He treated me with elaborate, I may almost say oppressive politeness—when he thought of it. Sometimes, however, he did not think of it. And I am afraid I liked those times best. He readily undertook to make the necessary arrangements for Anna's stay with the good people at Meadow Lees. But before she went away we had two pleasant surprises. One was a letter from our dear friend in Canada; the other, which concerned Horace, I shall come to presently.

Dear little Madame de Beauguet wrote most cheerfully, and there was no mistaking the fact that she was a perfectly happy woman. They had not long arrived out when her letter had been written, but she had a great deal to say about her new home already, and about her "good-man."

"Do you remember your giving him that title?" she wrote. Her letter was addressed to my aunt. "*I* do. And nothing ever was more appropriate. Put the strongest possible accent on the first syllable, or on the second syllable, or on both syllables, and you will be perfectly right all ways. He is the best creature in the world. Am I not a fortunate woman?"

Then our old governess sent kind love to Philosophy and Will-o'-the-wisp; and made many inquiries about Horace—"that most charming and civil of young civil engineers," as she called him. "Tell him that I have his parting flowers safely pressed in a book, and prize them above every thing; and that my good-man says he hopes no young lady will be jealous when she hears it."

This set us wondering whether M'dieu' had discovered Horace's secret—our secret—and then they all laughed, and we wandered off into happy foolish talk about ourselves. Madame de Beauguet's pleasant letter having been read and re-read and discussed in full family council with great relish, then Horace brought forth his news. And this was the second surprise.

"I have had a letter from Mr. Topps, of Birmingham, Sir," he said, addressing my uncle.

"From Mr. Topps, eh? I didn't know you kept up any correspondence with Mr. Topps."

"No, not exactly correspondence; but this is a business letter."

There was a look of triumph in Horace's eyes as he handed it to my uncle; though he assumed a sober unconcerned manner, as who should say that to a man of his age and position a business letter from Mr. Topps was an everyday kind of matter.

"Am I to read it?"

"If you please, Sir."

"What is it, Horace?" I asked, eagerly. But he hushed me with a motion of his hand, and we all waited silently until my uncle had finished reading the letter.

"Well, my boy, I am very much pleased with this. Indeed I am." My uncle took off his spectacles, and held out his strong right hand to Horace, giving him a hearty grip. "It does you credit, and you may justly be proud of it."

"I am proud of it, Sir," answered Horace, with ingenuous glee. "I am glad that you should see—that you should have this opportunity of convincing yourself—that is, I mean, that my prospects—"

"Yes, yes, I know. You are proud and glad that I should be made to understand on such excellent authority what a trust-worthy, responsible, rising gentleman I am to have for a nephew, and what a very slow old coach I must be to think it well for him to wait one single day before taking all the cares of the world on his shoulders. That's it, isn't it, laddie?"

Horace colored, but answered with a smile: "Well, you have put it in your own words, Sir, but I suppose that is it."

"And now, mayn't We know something of this great business?" asked my aunt, from among the cushions in her arm-chair.

Then Uncle Gough, with Horace's full consent, told us what were the contents of Mr. Topps's letter. That distinguished engineer retained a kindly remembrance and a high opinion of his former pupil, and was willing to put a good thing in his way when the occasion presented itself. There were some new water-works to be erected in a small northern town just on this side of the Scottish Border, and Mr. Topps had been applied to to find some competent person to design and superintend their erection. He himself was much too "eminent and expensive," as Mr. Lee would have said, to be asked to undertake the business. But the chairman of the water-works company, being acquainted with the great Birmingham engineer, had written to ask his advice. "And my advice is, that they should employ you, Lee," wrote Mr. Topps in his letter. "I have every confidence in you, and, if you will undertake it, it may lead to better things."

Better things! What could be better? So I thought. But to Mr. Topps, from his eminence, probably the whole matter looked small enough.

"What does Rotherwood say to it?" asked my uncle.

"Well, Sir, he sees no objection to my taking it. Clinch, his articled pupil, can do all such work as I have been doing during the last half year."

The only drawback to our happiness was, that Horace would have to go to the north, and remain there some time. But that would not be just yet. Some six months must elapse before the arrangements could be so far advanced as to necessitate his presence. And six months seemed quite a long time to look forward to when I was nineteen.

CHAPTER IX.

I WAS once told, when I was a very little girl—too little to be told so—that I should find good and evil, joy and sorrow, succeed each other throughout my life, with the regularity of the checkers on a chess-board. I have found this true in the main: true in the sense in which it was intended to be understood; but I have never found it to be an accurate illustration of the alternations of bright and dark in our daily existence. The dark spots have come to me—and, thank God! the bright spots too—but by no means with the rigidity of outline and regularity of succession suggested by the chess-board simile. Absolute blackness has been rare—rarer, perhaps, on the whole, than absolute whiteness. I have known both. But they were divided from each other by infinite gradations of more or less neutral tints, and not by sharp, well-defined lines, where the black ceased and the white began. In truth, I think that sharp, well-defined lines are not common, either in nature or human nature.

I am led to remember the "chess-board," by thinking of the cloud that came over us soon after our pride and triumph in Horace's good fortune. Dear Aunt Gough grew very ill. Still without any special disorder that could be discovered, or that the family doctor chose to define to us; but very weak and very ill. She seldom left her chamber now, and, Anna being away, I was with her a great deal. She would sometimes feebly protest against the constancy of my attendance on her; but I said, and said truly, that I could not have been happy if I had left her to receive loving care from other hands.

"It is but selfishness after all, dear aunty; for, as soon as I am away from you, I begin to fidget, and to fancy that something has been forgotten which ought to have been remembered, or something left undone which ought to have been done. And then my self-conceit brings me back to see to things myself."

"But Horace will think me very selfish, my love, if I engross you altogether. That must not be."

"I am sure he will not think that, aunt. Besides, Horace has been away a good deal himself, lately."

It was true that Horace had been away a good deal lately; away from Willbeough. Before he should take his departure for the north there were two or three matters to which Mr. Rotherwood wished him to give his personal superintendence. Among others, there was the draining of Meadow Lees. I have said that Mr. Rotherwood desired it, but Mr. Lee was very anxious, too, that Horace should see to it himself. Had not Sir Robert sent for him to the Hall purposely to speak of it? Had he not shaken hands with him, and presented him to my lady in the drawing-room? "Clinch could do it all right enough," said Horace. But nevertheless, thus influenced, he went himself to Meadow Lees. So it followed that what with his frequent absence, and what with my attendance on my aunt, we were not quite so much together as would otherwise have been natural in our position. But he rode over from his father's house (where he was staying to be near his work) almost every day, and brought my aunt many a beautiful gift of fruit and flowers from the green-houses at the Hall. Horticulture had not then advanced to the rank of a fine art, but Mr. M'Gee, Sir Robert's Scotch gardener, had some pretensions to science notwithstanding, and I can bear testimony to the perfume of his roses, and their beauties of form, color, and size. These floral offerings gave great offense to Stock, who lost no opportunity of decrying Mr. M'Gee's professional skill with much bitterness.

One evening my aunt had fallen into a doze, having desired, before she composed herself to rest, that I would go out and get a breath of air. So, after stationing one of the maids in the room with injunctions to call me when my aunt should awake, I went down stairs and passed through the kitchen, in order to reach the garden by the back way. The servants were enjoying the pleasant evening hour, after the business of the day, and the maids were sewing and gossiping over their work. Stock sat near the open window, in an appropriately hard Windsor chair, with his pipe in his mouth, contemplating the glories of the kitchen garden. I never passed Stock without a few words of greeting. I had a knowledge—how acquired, it would be hard to say, for never by word nor look was he apt to show any touch of tenderness—that the old man had a soft corner in his heart for my sister and me.

"Stock, how well your early vegetables are looking!"

"I'm not sure as you knows much about it, Miss Margrit."

"I hope I know a little, Stock, a very little."

"Vare little," said Stock.

"The peas, for instance. Are they not unusually promising?"

"There's a Providence above all peas," returned Stock, "and equally above beans. An' it's fort'nate as there be."

Stock had not the least idea of being irreverent. But he was given to solemn-sounding phraseology, and believed, I fancy, that there was something vaguely meritorious in the use of pious words—words not especially applicable to the matter in hand, but which seemed of themselves to impart an odor of sanctity to his discourse, be it what it might. Stock was an ignorant, narrow-minded old man, no doubt. But I have since heard pious talk, conducted on much the same principle, by people with the means of knowing better.

"It's fort'nate as there be, or it's little peas nor yet beans, as the master 'ud have see'd on table this year. Bill Green, he does his best to ruin of 'em; but there's a Providence beyond Bill Green."

It was so well understood by this time that Stock's revilings of his subordinate were to be taken as mere figures of speech—expressing more his own consciousness of old age and rheumatism than any thing else—that no one uplifted a voice in defense of Bill Green: who, by-the-way, was as honest and hard-working a lad as could be found.

"I'm going into the garden, Stock," said I, "to get a fresh posy for my aunt." This was an indiscreet speech.

"Ah!" growled Stock, "the missus she don't want no posies out of this here garden. Not now, she don't."

"Oh yes, she does, Stock. She thinks no flowers so sweet as our own."

"No more there isn't. None. The missus is right there, Miss Margrit. I knows summut about flowers, or I ought to it, and I'll 'ly all England to grow sweeter flowers nor ours. But it ain't sweetness now, nor yet completeness, as is the holject wi' some. It's to have 'em wallopin' big uns. That's the holject. You grow your flowers wallopers, an' you'll do."

"I don't think that, Stock."

"Well, Miss Margrit, I ain't a goin' to try it, whether or no. I allus done my doety, and I allus means to. I say as them flowers as young Master Lee brings here is wallopers, and nothin' else but wallopers. And I say, as one o' the 'lect, that I sha'n't find no wallopers where I'm a goin' to. Me—and a few more—we sha'n't be called upon to keep company with wallopers."

"Mr. Lee only meant to give my aunt pleasure, Stock. I'm sure he always admires the gardens at the Gable House. And you must not say any thing unkind of Mr. Lee, Stock, because I love him very much, and I'm going to be married to him, you know."

"Ah! sure. Well, well, well. No, I ha'n't got nothin' to say agin' young Mr. Lee. Goin' to be married," he pursued, musingly. "Little Miss Margrit. Ah, sure! Well, my dear, may the Lord have mercy upon ye!"

This was not exactly encouraging. But I understood Stock; and though his deep-set black eyes looked stern, and no muscle of his hard brown face was softened, yet I knew that the old man had a tender place in his heart for the orphan girl he had known so many years. I passed on to the garden, and was busy gathering my nosegay, when I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs entering the stable-yard, and almost at the same moment a window in my room was softly opened, and Hester, the maid, called to me that my aunt was awake, and that Dr. Dixon was with her. "I will come in a few minutes, Hester, before the doctor goes." As she turned away and shut the window Horace came hurrying across the lawn, all booted and spurred from his ride.

"My dearest Margaret! I am so glad to find you here! Each time I have come lately you have been mewed up in a close chamber."

"Dear Horace, I am very well. It does me no harm."

"It does me harm, for I see so little of you. And how is Mrs. Gough?"

"Dr. Dixon is with her now, and I am going in to hear his report."

"Going in! It seems to me, Margaret, that you grudge every moment you give to me." He had drawn my arm through his, and we were slowly pacing down the garden walk; I, with my basket of freshly gathered flowers in my hand.

"Oh, my dear Horace!"

"Well, it does seem so. Of course it is right that you should be kind and attentive to your aunt. I am sure I am nearly as fond of her as you are. But you seem so indifferent, Margaret. As if you didn't care to be with me!"

His tone was petulant, irritable, and unlike himself; looking at him more closely, I saw that he seemed harassed, and was very pale, now that the flush of exercise had faded from his face.

"Oh, Horace!"

If I could have told him but a tenth part of the joy it gave me to be with him! But no, I could not. And yet the tone of his voice, the sound of his footfall, the glance of his eye, made my heart overflow with happiness. And surely he might

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have known this. If he did not, I could not make him know it by any words of protestation. I have said that it was my weakness to be too keenly sensitive to reproof, especially where my affections were concerned. I always saw that *other side* of things too plainly. What he thought and felt was almost as vividly within my perception as were my own thoughts and feelings; but though I knew he was wrong, I could not plead my cause. It would have been better to have spoken frankly and fearlessly, setting forth the strength of my love; it would have been better, even, to have grown angry, and flamed at him as my sister might have done. But I could only withdraw into myself and bear my hurt in silence.

We walked to the end of the path without speaking, and when we turned to go back toward the house he suddenly took me in his arms, upsetting the flower-basket and scattering its contents upon the gravel. "No, my darling!" he said. "Don't mind me. I don't believe it."

"Believe what, Horace?"

"That you are any thing but the sweetest, dearest, truest, most unselfish girl in the world."

"I am not that, Horace; but do me justice. At least I am not indifferent."

"No, no, no, my own love! I am sure you are not. Forgive me."

We kissed each other with wet cheeks, like two children, as we were.

"Look at my poor flowers, you bad boy. There! Put them all in the basket. I would not have old Stock see one blossom lying trampled on the ground, for more than I can tell. I must not keep Dr. Dixon any longer. You will come to aunt's room when she sends for you, and tell us all about Anna? Of course you see her constantly?"

"Yes; I—have seen her. *Must* you go now?"

I only shook my head in answer, and ran into the house. Uncle Gough was in my aunt's room when I reached it, and Dr. Dixon. The doctor was a mild middle-aged man, well known and much respected in Willborough. He was brother of that Mr. Dixon, the organist, of whom I said in my childhood that he "played so kindly."

"Good-evening, Miss Sedley." The doctor stretched out his right hand, which held a leather driving-glove. I had never seen Dr. Dixon without that glove on in my life, but he always carried it.

"How do you find my aunt, Sir?"

"Mrs. Gough is better, decidedly better. If we can get a little strength, a little tone, we shall do very well."

"I am so glad!"

"Yes; a little tone. Do you know what I have been proposing to your uncle, Miss Sedley?"

"Proposing! Nay, it's all fixed and settled, lassie," put in my uncle, who was sitting by his wife's chair, gently smoothing her frail hand with his broad heavy one.

"I have been proposing," continued the doctor, who had a mildly obstinate way of sticking to his own form of words, "that Mrs. Gough should go for some months to the sea-side. To get tone: a little tone, you know."

"I believe it would do her great good, Dr. Dixon."

"Yes, yes; that's the thing, Madge," said my uncle. "She shall go next week to Beachington. I wonder we didn't think of it before."

"It wouldn't have done before, my good friend," said Dr. Dixon. "It is early in the season even yet. But I have been proposing something else, Miss Sedley."

"No, no," interrupted my aunt, faintly. "I won't allow it."

"Pardon me, my dear Madam. I have also been proposing, Miss Sedley, that you should accompany her."

Accompany her! Go away from Horace during the short time he had yet to stay in Willborough! I felt ashamed of my selfishness even as I thought this.

"Of course I will go with her, Dr. Dixon, if she will let me."

"It is too bad to ask the dear child," said Aunt Gough. My uncle looked at me wistfully. "I'm loth to part the bairn from her sweet-heart," said he. "But yet I know she'd wish to do whatever she could for her good aunt. She's the best lassie in the world, doctor."

"My kind, darling uncle," said I, "pray, pray don't speak in that way, as if you were asking any favor of me. I am thankful and rejoiced to be of use."

"Of the very greatest use, Miss Sedley," said Dr. Dixon, taking up his hat. "You are very patient, very gentle, and very pleasant to look at—three inestimable qualities in a nurse." And with those words the doctor betook himself down stairs.

"Bless thee, my bairn," said my uncle.

"Horace will never forgive me," said my aunt; "but he'll have Madge to himself all his life, and perhaps I may not be here to trouble him much longer."

CHAPTER X.

SEA and sky, sky and sea, sea and sky! Deep blue, or pale green, livid under the clouds, dazzling in the sunshine, sleeping with a slow, long-drawn respiration beneath the moonlight, dashing yeasty foam mast high over slanting sails reddened by the dawn; beautiful, terrible, wonderful always; the great waters lay stretched out before my eyes for many, many weeks. From my chamber window at Beachington I looked forth upon them every night and morning. There was nothing to interrupt my gaze as I strained it to the far horizon. I have stood looking, looking, looking, until all the life within me seemed to concentrate itself in my eyes, and I felt as though I were floating poised like a sea-gull in mid-air, with the fathomless heavens above me, and the fathomless ocean beneath me. Oh, sea and sky! Oh, sky and sea! Oh, the small throbbing human heart within, and the vast heaving waves without! Oh, the old, old story!

My aunt had borne the journey from Willborough—it was not a long one—better than we had thought she would; and for the first fortnight of our stay at Beachington her improvement was most rapid and encouraging. After that she sank again a little; but they told us these fluctuations were to be expected, and we were hopeful. My uncle remained at the Gable House. He had come with us to Beachington, and had seen us settled in our new abode; then he returned to Willborough; and Anna came back from Meadow Leas and kept house for him. I had left home with a heavy heart—heavier than the mere temporary separation from Horace should have made it; for he had parted from me almost in anger. I can not say that he absolutely thought I ought to have refused to accompany my aunt, but he seemed to think that I ought to have made it very evident how much the going cost me. And how could I do that without wounding my beloved benefactors!

"Horace," I said, "think, pray think, what they have been to us two sisters. It seems to me that an almost more scrupulous performance of loving duty is due from Anna and me to them than if they were our parents."

"Duty! Yes; duty is your god, Margaret. You will weigh out the affection you owe, even to the last scruple, in the scale of duty. So much for my aunt; so much for my uncle; so many drachms for Horace; good measure for Horace; he is to be my husband. Margaret, if you knew what real love was you could not be so calm and cold at parting."

I assigned what excuses I could for him, but I came away with a heavy heart. His first letters, after my departure, made me sweet amends. They were so full of love and sympathy, of kindly inquiries for my aunt, and affectionate solicitude for me, that I resolved to be happy again. My aunt, too, was apparently gaining strength, so the first days of our stay at Beachington were bright. We had brought a letter from Dr. Dixon to a brother practitioner at Beachington, one Mr. Betram Norcliffe. This gentleman, besides being skillful in his profession, was an accomplished scholar, renowned for his acquaintance with Greek and Latin and the modern tongues. When Dr. Dixon told us about him before we left home, we declared we should be frightened to speak to so awful a personage. But we found ourselves quite able to speak to him, and we soon came to like him very much. He was not young—nearly as old as Dr. Dixon, I dare say; but he was unmarried, and lived alone in a beautiful house some three miles inland from Beachington. He took an interest in my aunt's case, and, as he said it was essential that she should be kept cheerful and amused, he would come and sit with us, evening after evening, talking so unaffectedly and pleasantly that we entirely forgot all about his learning.

Of course we mentioned Mr. Norcliffe frequently in our letters home. At least aunty did, when she was able to write; and she generally added a few lines with her own hand to my weekly report to my uncle. In those times the postman was not so frequent an apparition at every body's door as he is now. A letter was a serious matter, either to send or receive. And, besides, between us and Willborough there was an awkward cross-country post, so that I seldom dispatched a packet to the Gable House oftener than once a week. Horace's movements were very uncertain, as he flitted about between Willborough and Meadow Leas and the Hall. He even made a flying visit to the north, to consult with the chairman of the water-works company, and to reconnoitre his ground; and he accomplished the double journey thither and back again, and transacted his business, all within the space of five days. We thought this a very wonderful achievement. (I forget how few hours are requisite to do it in now.) As Horace seemed to have no settled abode, I generally sent my letters to him under cover to Uncle Gough or to Anna at the Gable House, and I frequently received his, through their hands, in the same way.

Gradually, by slow degrees—degrees it was as impossible for me to trace as the shifting hues of sunset on the western waves, which began with rosy lustre, and left the deep waters dark—I found a change in my lover's letters. It seemed as if some spell were cast over him—as if a shadow had interposed itself between him and me—and at length one dreary fortnight passed and he did not write at all. But I fought against the dread that lay coiled up coldly at the bottom of my heart, and I endeavored to be cheerful. How good my aunt was! How patient, how unselfish! I have never seen recorded the story of a purer, sweeter life than Lucy Gough's. You, my godchild, are named after her. Hers was the large heart, which, cleaving strongly to its own, yet could embrace all suffering souls in a divine rapture of charity. As you go through life you will meet devoted wives who grudge hard-earned fame and fortune to their husbands' peers; admiring sisters who delight to jeer at their brothers' rivals in the race of life; doting mothers who, wrapping their own little ones warmly in the soft shelter of maternal love, will yet bring themselves to turn a cold stern front on the forlorn defenseless infancy that peeps in, shivering, from the hard outer world, at the bright flame burning on the hearth of home. But not of these was my aunt. Perhaps my own trouble taught me to understand and value her better than I had ever done before. Sorrow comes to teach such lessons. The worst was, I could not quite keep it to myself. "Has Horace written this week? What does he say?" She would question me thus, and I could not always keep back tears, though I tried hard. Though I tried very hard.

It was now drawing near the time at which I understood Horace was to take his departure for the north—within a day or two, as I reckoned—and I was feverishly hoping for a letter. A packet had come from the Gable House one morning, directed in Anna's hand, and containing a long letter from my uncle, and a short note from Anna for my aunt. But nothing from Horace; not one word. There was an incomprehensible allusion to my indolence as a letter-writer made by my uncle. "Madge is a good correspondent to me, my love," he said, writing to my aunt, "but urge her not to let us old folks engross all her pretty letters. I think Horace feels hurt." What did this mean? I could not understand it.

The day had been oppressively hot, and the moonless night came down from a brooding sultry sky. We sat with open windows, listening to the plash, plash, of the tide upon the shingle, and catching now and again, through the gathering darkness, the distant flash of some white-crested wave leaping high above its fellows. Mr. Norcliffe was with us, and we had all been sitting silent for some minutes.

"How the sea booms to-night!" I said. "Is it not a hollow, threatening noise?"

"Yes," he answered, "I know the sound well. We shall have a storm."

While he was yet speaking, rapid wheels and hoofs grated on the road beneath the windows, and a post-chaise stopped before the door.

I heard a voice telling the postillion to stop. "Why, it is uncle."

I started up breathless.

"James!" cried my aunt, with a scared look, "what can have brought him here?"

"Oh, I know, I know!" I exclaimed, "Horace must be with him—he has come to say good-by, he has come to see me before he goes!"

I was rushing to the room door, when it opened, and my uncle stood before me—alone. I know not what wild thoughts whirled through my brain. I turned giddy. I saw his pale, rigid face, and my heart stood still.

"Horace!" I gasped out. "He is dead!"

"My bairn! My bairn!"

"He is dead, and you have kept me from him!" My own voice sounded hoarse and strange in my own ears.

"Margaret! My beloved child! Be strong, be brave!"

"Tell me the truth. He is mine. I have a right to know. Is he dead?"

I clutched my uncle's arm. At the touch of my hand his locked mouth broke from its fixed lines with the terrible convulsion that comes upon a strong man when he weeps.

"No, Margaret, he is not dead. But he is gone—fled—fled away with Anna—and he is a damned black villain!"

The boom of the sea grew into a great roar, thick darkness came over me, and I fell down senseless.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HEIGHT OF INDUSTRY.—We know a girl so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

Louis XIV., playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Grammont, happening to come in at that instant, "Decide the matter," said the King. "Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong." "How can you thus decide," asked the King, "without knowing the question?" "Because," said the Count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your Majesty."

Horace Walpole records in his "Walpoliana" an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the best he ever met with. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse—"I hate her, for when I was a child she changed me at nurse." This was indeed a perplexing assertion; but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle."

A VERY PROPER REMARK.—"So it seems," as the young lady observed to the sewing-machine when she put the work before it.

When is old cheese like the American dollar?—When it is all-tilley.

HINT TO HOUSEMAIDS.—How to destroy flies.—Encourage spiders.

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, answered, "I can't exactly say; but it is surely better than being raised by it."

THE MONEY MARKET.—We understand that a great deal of capital is still "locked up." This might be expected, considering how frequently money has been "tight" of late.

THE NICEST KIND OF "CROQUET."

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was light as though lit by day—
From the window I looked—to see Croquet.

Of mallets and balls the usual display:
The hoops all stood in arch array,
And I said to myself, "Soon we'll see Croquet."

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and the youth! side by side sat they,
And I thought to myself, "Is *that* Croquet?"

I saw the scamp—it was light as day—
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
And he squeezed her hand. Was *that* Croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away,
He whispered all that a lover should say,
And he kissed her lips—*what* a queer Croquet!

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May;
But I knew by her blushes she said not nay,
And I thought in my heart, "Now that's Croquet."

LOVERS' LOGIC.

EDWIN. "You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and, as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you."

ANGELINA. "Oh you absurd creature!"

Why were the Greeks like the Scotch people who refused to allow a young lady to look out of window on a Sunday?—Because they'd no let her see!

An Irish editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is *not yet full*."

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice, was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steel, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, Sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house *I hope you will stop there*."

How does the hairdresser end his days?—He curls up and dyes.

An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise: "Why, where did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, yer Honor!" was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen-turkey."

An Irishman, having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow *forgot* to attend the appointment, met accidentally that same day the offending party, and thus addressed him: "Well, Sir, I met you this morning, but you did not come; *however, I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or not*."

THE SNAKER'S PARADISE.—Dropsical.

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly!' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' So with that we looked at aich other agin, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

It was in Dublin city that a good-humored maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvelous dream she had had the night before. "Pooh, pooh!" cries the latter, as the narrative ended; "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense." "Indeed I was not, then," replies the indignant Molly; "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

"Will you run away with me to-morrow night, Kate, dear?" said Phil to his charming rustic belle, who had just arrived at the years of indiscretion. "Ah, no, my dear Phil," replied the young lady, with great sense of prudence and decorum; "I will do no such an action as that; but I'll tell you what I will do—*I'll run away without you*, and then you can run after me, and so we will meet at my aunt's that same evenin'."

Among mere blunders we believe we have met with no richer specimen than this one, perpetrated by a bell-ringer in Cork. "Oh yis! oh yis! Lost somewhere between twelve o'clock and M'Kinney's store in Market Street a large brass key. I'll not be after tellin' yees what it is, but it's the key of the bank, sure."

A friend once visiting an unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of his apartment. "Why, you have not room to swing a cat." "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative reply, "I do not want to swing a cat."

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

A SHOCK.

SCIENTIFIC PARTY (*with whom our friend Jones has been having an interesting conversation*). "And speaking of Torpedoes, I have a Little Thing of my own Invention here, which I think you will Like. No Light required; the slightest Touch and you're Blown to Atoms!"

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BURNING OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING IN PHILADELPHIA—RESCUE OF THE FLAG BY FIREMEN.—(See Page 608.)

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT AT CHICAGO, September 6, 1866.—Sketched by T. Williams.—[See Page 604.]

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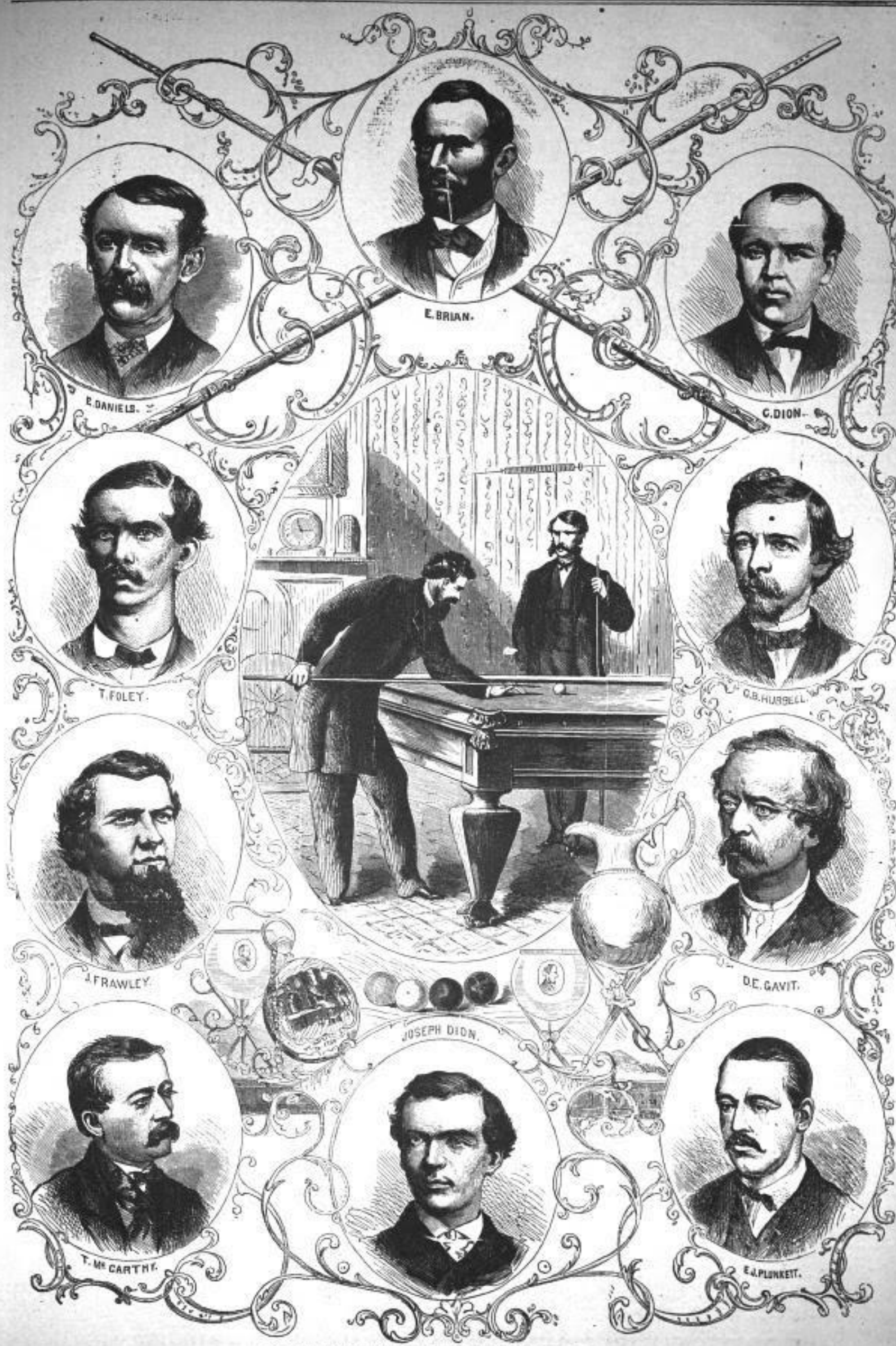

GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 606.]

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DEDICATION OF THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

The Monument to Senator Douglas, of which we gave an illustration last week, was dedicated on the 6th of September. Twenty-five thousand people participated in the ceremonies, which were interesting and imposing.

The procession started for the grounds where the Monument had been erected at ten o'clock A.M., and was two hours in reaching its destination. The Masonic Fraternity took the lead, followed by Mayor Rice and the orator of the day, Major-General John A. Dix. Then, entering the grounds on foot, came President Johnson and Secretary Seward, arm in arm, followed by General Grant and Admiral Farragut. Then followed Postmaster-General Randall, Secretary Welles, Generals Custer, Rousseau, Meade, Steedman, and others, distinguished guests, military and civilian.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

After prayer by the Grand Chaplain of the Masonic Order, the Right Worshipful Grand Treasurer of the Order, M. M. Noah, proceeded to deposit in the cavity of the stone left for this purpose the customary coins, documents, and other mementoes of the present time. Among these mementoes was a copy of *Harper's Weekly* containing an illustration of the Monument.

At this stage of the proceedings a salute was fired from the guns of the United States revenue cutter *Andy Johnson*, which was lying at anchor in the lake, a short distance from the grounds. After the mementoes had been placed in their proper place one of the bands played a solemn dirge, and while the strains of sacred music were floating on the air the corner-stone was lowered into its future resting-place.

The Dedicatory Address was then delivered by Major-General John A. Dix, and was followed by brief remarks from the President and Secretary Seward.

THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

The Tournament of the State and Provincial Billiard Champions opened on the evening of the 3d instant, at the Hippotheatron in this city, in the presence of a select audience, of which a respectable proportion were ladies.

The opening game was between Edward S. Plunkett, champion of Pennsylvania, and J. B. Cyrille Dion, champion of Canada, and brother to the player who holds the champion cue of America. This game, as all others of the tournament proper, consisted of 501 points, caroms, and was won by Dion, who made 502 points against 259, and who made 38 points in a single run. The game lasted nearly eight hours. A short game of 100 points was played the same evening between Michael Phelan and James Palmer, President of the Pennsylvania Billiard Congress, Palmer winning by one point; also a game of 250 points between Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, and John M'Devitt, the former winning by 175 points.

At the afternoon session on the 4th, the playing was even superior to that on the opening night. Especially brilliant were the games between Michael Phelan and John M'Devitt, and Philip Tieman and Mr. William Wicks, the latter one of the most expert amateur players in the States.

The trial of skill between champions T. M'Carthy and E. Daniels, the former of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the latter of Boston, Massachusetts, was first on the programme. It proved a very exciting contest, both players exercising their judgment quite as effectively as their hands, in their attempts to place the balls as unfavorably as possible for each other. The game, which fluctuated considerably, one player being now ahead, and in the next moment the other, lasted 1 hour and 43 minutes, and the average of the winner was confined to 9 points to a run. Daniels won by 500 points against 434; he made the highest run, of 80 points.

In the game between Tieman and Wicks which followed, Tieman made the handsome run, unusually large for a full-sized four-pocket table, of 179, and averaged 31[illegible] in a string of 250 points, winning by 180. The game between M'Devitt and Phelan was a fitting finale to the afternoon's entertainment, M'Devitt making as his best a run of 181, and an average of 28[illegible], and beating his opponent 242 points.

In the evening the great attraction was the game between John Frawley, champion of Ohio, and Thomas Foley, champion of Illinois. Up to the first hundred these players ran along at equal pace, the calls of the marker seldom announcing a difference of more than eight or ten points in their scores. When the relative positions were: Frawley 372, Foley 360, the latter made his largest count, 63. This gave him an advantage that he never lost, and in his 58th inning he was declared victor.

The games on the afternoon of the 5th were a decided improvement on those previously played, except that by Mr. Dion and Mr. Plunkett the first night. The first game was between Mr. Harrison, champion of Missouri, and Mr. Hubbell, champion of Connecticut. This was a close, spirited, and well-contested game, Mr. Hubbell winning by eight points only. At the close the score stood: Hubbell 500, Harrison 492. The second game in the afternoon was between Mr. Dion, of Canada, and Mr. Daniels, of Massachusetts. Neither of the players displayed particular skill, the "misses" being frequent throughout the game. It was, nevertheless, easily won by Mr. Dion, the score standing at the close: Dion 500, Daniels 329. In the evening one "champion's" game of five hundred points was played between Mr. Frawley and Mr. Plunkett. At the start Mr. Frawley exhibited the same carelessness noticed the evening previous, but at the sixth round he nursed his balls carefully and made a run of 102, following it the sixth round after with a run of 82. He was, however, beaten by Mr. Plunkett, who played steadily and excellently throughout the game, making runs of 55, 40, 58, 64, 50, and 50 points. At the close the score stood: Frawley [illegible], Plunkett 500. The average of the winner was 16[illegible], and of the loser 13[illegible].

On the afternoon of the 6th, Cyrille Dion, champion of Canada, defeated T. M'Carthy, champion of Indiana, and Thomas Foley, champion of Illinois, was beaten by A. H. Harrison, champion of Missouri. In the evening the opening game—the ninth of the tournament proper—was between T. M'Carthy, champion of Indiana, and Thomas Foley, champion of Illinois. The latter was again beaten.

On the 7th, a rather weak game was played between G. B. Hubbell and Mr. Plunkett, the latter winning. The closing contest of the afternoon was between John Frawley and A. H. Harrison. Frawley lost, though he made a run of 140 points. In the evening E. Daniels won a game against G. B. Hubbell.

Up to Saturday evening (the 8th instant) fifteen games had been played, Mr Dion having won four, the largest number. Unfortunately the success of the Tournament was marred at this point by charges of collusion which have been made against Messrs. Frawley and Harrison. On the 10th these charges were investigated, and it was decided that game No. 11 played on the 7th, should be considered null and void.

The Tournament was a splendid affair throughout, and is illustrated on page 605. Our illustration includes sketches of the pitcher, gold watch, billiard table, cues, etc., which are to be distributed as prizes to the most successful champions.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the very crisis of the work Sam went away; just, as Lily said, when every thing wanted him. There were more seeds to sow, and there were young plants to put out; above all, there were weeds which must not be put out. For even in those little flower-pots in the boxes weeds grew, fast and thick, and must be constantly pulled up. This was easy enough when the flower plants were there too, and the children soon learned to know many of the rightful owners of the soil; but in a pot where the weeds sprang first, before the flowers, there was great need of care. And there was nobody to consult with now; Sam was to be gone a month, and no one else could take his place, so the children were obliged to make use of all the wits they had. What grave questions arose, and were debated there in the window-seat! As, whether it was yet too cold to plant out the little seedlings; whether they needed water; and the like. Mrs. May told them she had always heard that most young plants should not be transplanted until they had their second pair of leaves, but it seemed as if these never would come, and, besides, who could tell whether this precious selection could be fairly classed under the head of "most young plants?" So the discussions were endless.

Then Mr. May, looking over the boxes one morning, affirmed that they had too much heat, and that Lily's flax and other things were running up as tall and slim as she was herself, instead of being stout, thrifty plants.

"But what shall we do with 'em, papa?" said Lily.

"Take them out of the boxes and set them on a table, *I* should," said Mr. May. "They want air, poor things!"

Now it was not endurable to have such plants called "poor things," so at once the pots were taken out, and the boxes set away, though Clover's mind was not at all at rest on the subject. Primrose had been quite uneasy about her ipomœas, which after that first cracking of the ground above their heads had made little progress; and she had (quite privately) given that particular flower-pot more than one decided watering or soaking; and still the plants did not come.

But the work out of doors began to be the most interesting now; and each child went about it so entirely after her own fashion that the gardens were, as Mr. May had said, a study. Clover, as usual, was perfectly neat and methodical—in her garden as elsewhere all she touched fell into order, as if under the wand of the old fairy herself. She had found a neglected basket in the garret, wide and long, without a cover and with a handle; and this basket being the desire of nobody else, became straightway the comfort of Clover. She dusted it, and washed it, and rubbed it up; tying some of her own odds and ends of red ribbon at the handle; both to cover up some breaks and damages, and to take off the look of a common basket, which it undeniably had. Then with labels and papers of seeds at one end, and her little trowel in the other, Clover went to her garden in full content of heart, and sowed and planted with a precision which few people ever attempted before. True, Sam had told her that it was best to sow the seeds rather thicker than the plants must stand, for some might not grow, and some young plants might die—they could be thinned out afterward to the proper distance. But still Clover believed in her heart that it was best to sow with the utmost regularity, putting seeds at precisely six inches from each other, if the plants were to stand precisely one foot; and any body who had peeped into her basket would have seen several small neat measuring sticks, of different lengths. Of course no very small seeds could be planted in this way, and such gave Clover an amount of thought and consideration that was only equaled by her enjoyment. In the basket, too, lay a neat list of all the kinds she had, each one marked "two feet," or "six inches high," or "trailing;" along with sundry cabalistic signs that the flower would be blue, white, or yellow. Some were in the pots at the house, some here in the basket; and the arranging of colors, and the placing of tall plants in the centre, and of vines by the fence; of single plants here, and of masses there, gave Clover's patient imagination more work than I can tell you.

Nothing of this sort went on in Lily's sphere. Lily stuffed her pocket with seed-bags, caught up her trowel in one hand and her bonnet in the other, rushed down to her garden as if the whole spring-work rested on her little shoulders, and then sowed and labeled with infinite zeal indeed, but without a particle of consideration. She would finish off more patches in ten minutes than Clover in a whole morning's work; and her seeds had all been planted some days before Clover intrusted the last of her treasures to the brown earth, "in hope of a glorious resurrection."

Little Primrose, on her part, managed her garden as she did every thing else, in a sort of a rosy dream—it was all poetry to Primrose, though she did not know it. No common questions about color and height troubled her head. She had studied the Catalogue descriptions until each flower was personified to her thoughts; and the point was not at all whether daturas and œnotheras would contrast well if planted near together but each must be placed for its own sake: the œnotheras must show their wonderful white flowers *here*, close by the green grass border, and a little withdrawn from public observation; and the pansies must stand *here*, where mamma could see them from the bow-window. So Prim planted and mused, and mused and planted, and lived a garden life that was about half dream and half sunlight.

Great was the joy when Sam came home, bringing with him the three rose-bushes—a white, a crimson, and a blush. Each was leading a rather weary existence in a flower-pot just then, and looked faint-hearted accordingly; but Sam said they were good, strong plants, and would grow well as soon as they had a chance.

"I shall put mine in the very middle of my garden—the beauty!" said Lily.

"I shall put mine close to the walk, so that I can smell the roses," said Primrose.

Clover said nothing, but she thought of a place between her sweet alyssum and mignonnette—the very place of places for a *rose*!—and her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"Now we can use our spades," said Lily, "to dig the holes."

Sam said nothing to dispute that; but when they all went out next morning, carrying the roses, he took his spade too, and his wheel-barrow; and when Lily had dug a hole about the size of the flower-pot that held her rose Sam fell to work, nor ever stopped till he had made the hole at least a foot deep and more than that across.

"If you think I'm going to plant my rose down there," said Lily, "you're just mistaken. I know better."

"It's worse than my sweet-peas," said Primrose.

Sam laughed and bade them have patience; and then he threw in a quantity of black stuff from his wheel-barrow, filling the hole half full. Upon this again he threw some of the earth that lay round the edge of the hole, and then mixed the whole well together, digging it up again and again.

"Now you can plant your rose," he said to Lily.

"Sam, what was all that for?" said Clover.

"Roses are great feeders—they want a very rich soil, well prepared. Lily, don't pull your rose out of the pot—you'll break off all the roots."

There seemed some danger of that, indeed, for Lily had taken her rose by the stem and was trying to shake the pot off.

"How am I to get it out, then?" she said, setting down the unfortunate rose. "It sticks."

"Sticks!" said Sam; "of course it does: the earth is full of little roots, all matted and twined together. See—take this old knife and slip it round the edge—so—as close to the pot as possible. Now lay your hand close on the top of the pot, with the rose stem between your fingers—so. Hold it tight, and with your other hand gently turn the pot upside down—there—you see the rose with its ball of earth is safe in your left hand, and the pot is loose and can be taken away."

"Why, how nice!" said Lily. "But the ball of earth don't stay a ball, Sam—it crumbles all to pieces."

"That is because you shook it so unceremoniously in the first place. Never mind—you'll know better next time. But don't let it crumble any more than you can help; set it gently down in the middle of your hole, and hold the stem up quite straight. No, not so deep: throw in a little more earth; that part of the rose where the stem joins the root—the crown it is called—must be just at the surface of the earth. Now cover the roots nicely, and make all even and smooth; and then you will want to take your rake and rake out our footsteps, and put things in neat order again."

"I should think so!" said Lily. "What a muss!"

"What have you been planting here?" said Sam, walking round the garden and looking at some tiny green things that stood hanging their heads sadly.

"Oh, flax, and things," said Lily. "Those are pinks."

"But what makes them droop so?—did you treat them as you did your rose?"

"I pulled them up, of course," said Lily. "There was nothing else I could do. They had to be separated."

"But pulling them up breaks off the little precious roots. How did you do with yours, Clover?"

"I tried a tea-spoon first," said Clover, blushing; "and then I thought that was too large, and I got a little, little flat stick, and stuck that down into the pot like a spade."

"Very good," said Sam. "Lily, did you water your plants?"

"Oh yes, the minute I'd set 'em out," said Lily.

"And shaded them?"

"No, I didn't know any thing about that," said Lily. "I just gave 'em a good soaking at the time, and then every morning since."

"Ah!" said Sam, "they look like it. Flowers, like some other people, often need less defense from their enemies than their friends. Now take a lesson for next time. Take up each little plant very carefully—Clover has told you how—with as much earth as possible about its roots. Then dig a hole, a little larger than the plant, and set it in, spreading out the roots, or arranging them, as naturally as possible; hold up the plant quite straight, and throw the earth in very gently, and press it lightly down. Then water it gently and thoroughly, and if it is a sunny day shade it with an old flower-pot, or a bit of shingle, or even a hood of paper held in a split stick. Shade it for several days, but always uncover it by night, that the plant may have dew and fresh air. Set out your plants, if you *can*, just before a rain; but if they need farther watering, give it to them always just at evening, after the sun is off."

"Well!" said Lily, "I suppose Clover will put all that in *her* head, but it's by no means certain that I shall in mine. Now let's go and plant the other roses."

"Sam," said Clover as they walked off, "what made you cut off that piece of Lily's rose-root?"

"It was broken," said Sam; "and a broken root does only harm. Any broken or bruised root should be cut smoothly off before planting."

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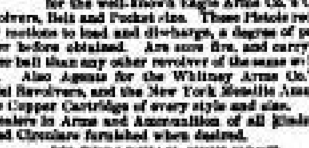

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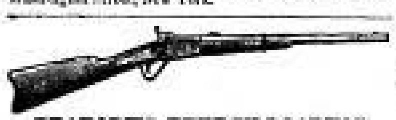

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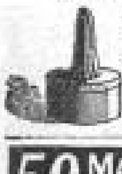

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1 do. do. 3,000	200 do. do. do. 100 each 20,000
1 do. do. 2,000	300 do. Silver Watches, $50 each 15,000
20 do. do. $1000 each 20,000	300 do. do. do. 40 each 12,000
20 do. do. 500 each 10,000	1000 Sets Plated Teaspoons, $3 each 3,000
20 do. do. 100 each 2,000	1000 Call Bells, $3 each 3,000
20 do. do. 50 each 1,000	1000 Plated Fruit-Knives, $3 each 3,000
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ADELAIDE RISTORI.

THE popular enthusiasm which has been excited by the arrival of RISTORI in New York—an enthusiasm which has a most worthy motive and occasion—leads us to produce for our readers a portrait of this celebrated *tragédienne*, the successful rival of her French contemporary, RACHEL, the only great Italian tragic actress, one who holds upon the Italian stage that place which upon the English has been conceded to MRS. SIDDONS alone.

ADELAIDE RISTORI, Marchioness CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO, was born at Civita di Friuli in 1826. Her parents were poor, and belonged to the CAVICCHI troupe—a company of traveling comedians. Her first years were passed "the other side of the foot-lights." She made her first appearance upon the stage at the early age of two months, when she was introduced in a basket in a play called "New-Year's Gifts." At her fourth year she commenced to play children's parts, which she continued to do until she was twelve years old. When only fourteen she appeared as Francisca di Rimini, and the impression which she made in that character decided her future life. She then abandoned her wandering life, and joined the company of the King of Sardinia, under the directorship of GAETANO BAZZI.

It was at the theatre of Livourne, and twenty years ago, that RISTORI made her first creations and established her position as an accomplished *comédienne*. It was at this time that she, the daughter of obscure comedians, became the wife of the heir of one of the noblest Roman ducal families—the Marquis CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO. It was a romantic marriage, contracted against the wishes of her husband's parents. For a time RISTORI withdrew from the stage, to which, however, she soon returned as a tragic actress. At first her impersonations in this new rôle appear not to have been very successful; but she studied to overcome the obstacles in her way, and was rewarded with a complete triumph, which may be said to have been pronounced for the first time on the occasion of her appearance in Paris in 1855, at the opening of the Exposition Universelle.

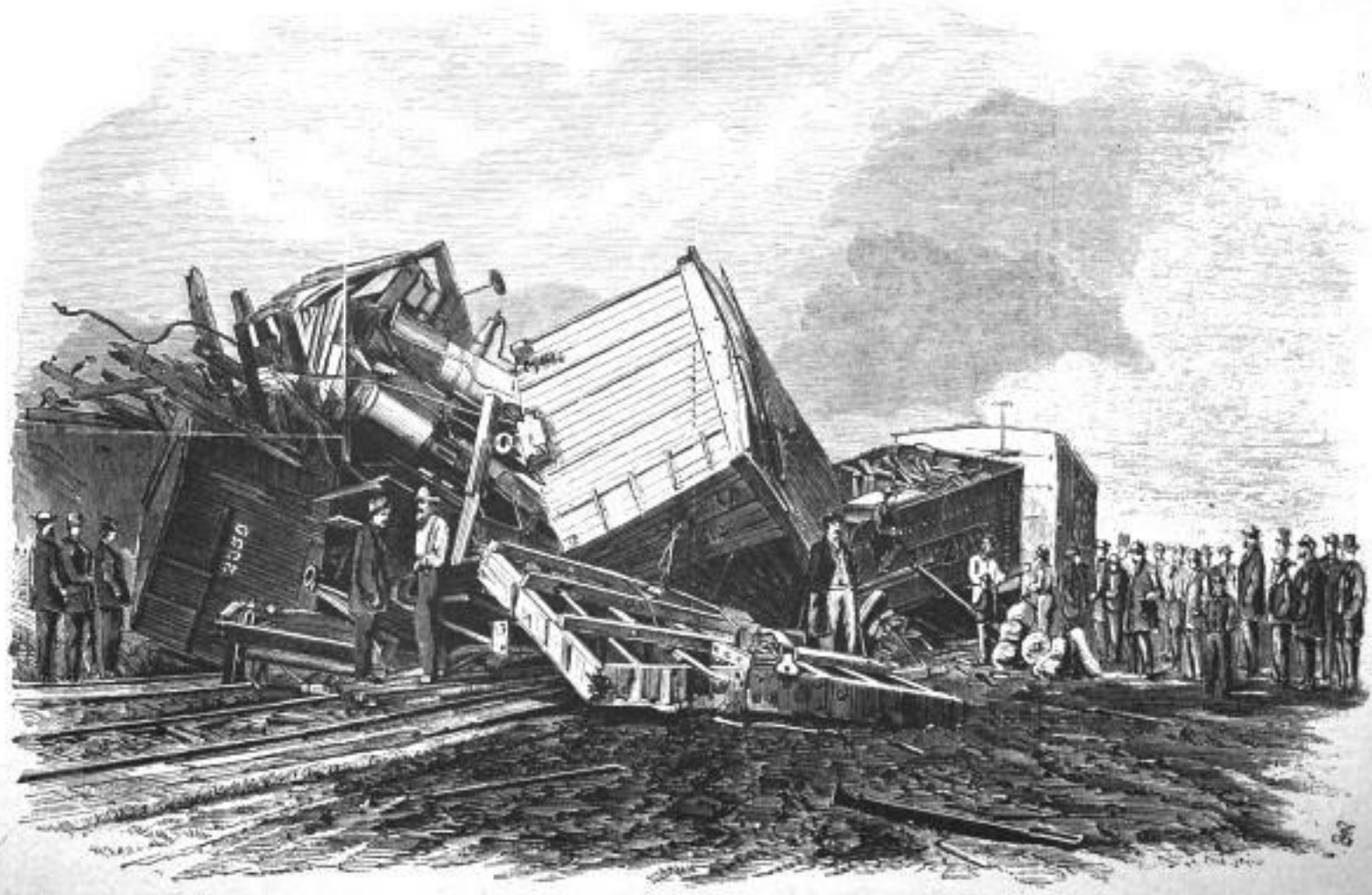
ADELAIDE RISTORI.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

RISTORI made her first appearance in Paris on the 22d of May, at the Italian Opera House, in the character of "Francisca di Rimini." The audience that greeted the début was not a very large one, as but few persons had the idea that so brilliant an artistic luminary was to take its place in the theatrical firmament. By chance only ALEXANDRE DUMAS, EUGÈNE SCRIBE, and JULES JANIN were present. On the next day the former wrote: "Last night I was at the representation of 'Francisca di Rimini' at the Salle Ventadour. I looked around the theatre, but did not see RACHEL. I beg that she will go and see how the death-scene is performed." M. SCRIBE called immediately on RISTORI, and, in her absence, left his card, on which he inscribed: "EUGÈNE SCRIBE, in acknowledgment of his admiration for Madame RISTORI, and with thanks for the great pleasure he experienced last night." JULES JANIN was the most enthusiastic in her favor. "RISTORI, RISTORI!" he wrote, "she is the rage of the day! She is tragedy itself. She is comedy itself. She is the drama. She reigns—she governs—she commands, and the crowd *obeys*."

She could scarcely have attempted a more difficult part than that of *Myrrah*, in which she achieved her first success before a Parisian audience—a part in which the actress, as the impersonation of unnatural crime, has very little of the sympathy of the audience. But RISTORI, true to the Grecian ideal, represented the guilty heroine as beautiful with a dignity and grandeur almost divine, though the victim of unalterable Fate. The situation which she represented was that one which is so common in all the great Grecian tragedies—in which is portrayed the conflict between the heart as moved by human impulses, and the will as subject to Destiny.

RISTORI was no less successful as *Mary Stuart*, where she was subject to comparison with other artists who had made the part peculiarly their own. But she created a new Mary Stuart. Her identity with the character was most complete.

The first season ended on the 19th of September. She gave thirty-six performances, the gross receipts of which amounted to half a million of francs. This



SCENE AFTER THE DISASTER ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD, SEPTEMBER 7, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. PARKER.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

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success was so gratifying that RISTORI secured the theatre for the three following years. During her residence in Paris she was the recipient of many generous testimonials of the estimation in which she was held by the most enlightened artists and literati of the country.

The character of *Medea*, in which RISTORI makes her first appearance in this city, was a part refused by RACHEL; but RISTORI was so successful in this part that the author of the play, M. Legouve, wrote in her album, "RACHEL killed me; you have restored me to life."

RISTORI has had great success in England, Spain, Germany, and Russia. Her arrival in this country has excited great expectations, and will give an opportunity to those who have seen and heard RACHEL of comparing the style and of measuring the powers of tragic impersonation as between these two celebrated *tragédiennes*. RISTORI has led an unblemished private life. Not even the breath of scandal has ever been raised against her. She is the mother of two interesting children, and is universally esteemed as a woman of piety and of generous instincts.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN OF '66.

THE President has returned from the stump. The Congressional and State nominations are generally made. The platforms are built, and the great political campaign of 1866 has fairly opened. The issue is plainly presented, and most unfortunately it is an issue between the President and the Congress, which were both elected by the Union party. But it is a difference which we must accept, for we can neither arbitrate nor avoid it.

At the ensuing elections we must choose between two parties. One, under the plea of the equality of States, asserts that a State or a combination of States may renounce its common powers in the Union, may withdraw from Congress, wage war upon the Union, and then at his own pleasure, and in absolute disregard of the fundamental changes wrought in the Constitution by the war, may, of "continuing right," resume all its national relations without any other than a technical inquiry upon the part of faithful States and citizens. This is the platform of the JOHNSON Philadelphia Convention. It is a principle which totally invalidates every step toward restoration which has been already taken, and forbids any security for the future. Upon such a theory the Emancipation Amendment may be repudiated, the Confederate debt resumed, and the Acts of Secession remain upon State statute-books as merely inoperative laws. The party of this policy is a coalition composed chiefly of the Democratic party, upon which, in September, 1864, at Auburn, Mr. SEWARD charged the calamity of attempted disunion of those whose conspiracy against the Union was defeated after a terrible war; and of a large body of office-holders under the Administration.

To this coalition stands opposed the Union party. It has vindicated popular government without vengeance. It has abolished slavery; and it demands that the change wrought in the Constitution by emancipation perpetual to the equality of the loyal States in Congress shall be acknowledged by the late insurgent States before they resume their full national relations. This party is composed of the vast body of those at the North who sincerely supported the war, and of all those at the South, of every color, voters or not voters, who stood true to the Union with ANDREW JOHNSON through fire and flood, whose hearts have not changed, and whom the late rebels at the South and the new friends of the President at the North now denounce as cowards, sneaks, and traitors.

If this party, with its record, its principles, and the character of its adherents, recites to any honest man inimical to the authority of law and the maintenance of order, he will, in seeking order and law, vote to intrust the Government to those who took up arms to avenge a constitutional defeat at the polls and to those who sympathized with them. But if he believes that the speedy, prosperous, and permanent restoration of the Union will be delayed if the lately insurgent States, in their present inflamed condition, are restored with increased power, he will vote to confide the Government of the State and the country to those who will patiently and firmly require the adoption of the Constitutional amendment.

The defeated States accepted the President's terms because of the moral weight of the united opinion of the loyal States that supported them. They will accept the honorable and legitimate completion of those terms if we remain united. The whole country has seen with how instant and sincere and universal a welcome Tennessee was restored. But they seem to us strangely to misunderstand the character or purpose of the American people who fought the war to its end, who suppose that, profound and earnest as is their desire of restoration of the Union, they will buy it at the cost of plain injustice to patriotic States and utter betrayal of faithful citizens. They stood fast under the tremendous pressure of '64; they are not less clear-sighted and stout-hearted in the angry storm of '66.

A NEW GOLD EXCHANGE.

IT is understood that a movement is on foot for the establishment of a new Gold Exchange. Various motives have prompted the enterprise. For some weeks the existing Gold-Room has been practically closed against new members. Men of unexceptionable character, adequate capital, and fair business standing have been steadily refused admission. The fact has been deplored by the most influential members of the Room, but they have been powerless to alter it. Having at the start borrowed from the Stock Exchange the most absurd of its rules, namely, the rule requiring applicants for admission to be balloted for, and excluding all parties against whom six black balls are cast, the Gold-Room appears unable to overcome this vice of its origin, and is likely to perish in consequence. It is hardly necessary to remind the general public that the secret black ball system is eminently suitable for social clubs, from which it may be desirable to exclude objectionable persons for reasons that can not conveniently be avowed, but is absurd and preposterous when applied to mercantile exchanges. It is proper that the members of the Union Club should be enabled to exclude from their society a man who is known as a seducer, or a cheat at cards, or a foul-mouthed talker, without placing themselves in a position which might entitle the party excluded to demand reparation. But it would be absurd for the lawyers or doctors or architects of New York to band themselves together in a society, and to establish the rule that no man hereafter could become a lawyer, or a doctor, or an architect without undergoing the ordeal of a secret ballot at the hands of his future competitors and securing less than six adverse balls. Such a system would not last a fortnight. Among Stock-brokers it lasted a good many years, but finally out of its absurdity grew the Open Board of Brokers—an institution which does more than twice as much business as the Stock Exchange, and which, unless the "Long Room" should hereafter become the great mart for Stock dealings, and the two Boards should in effect cease to exist, will continue to do so. Untaught by the experience of the Stock Exchange, the members of the Gold-Room appear to have made up their minds that they can afford to claim a monopoly of the business in gold, and to exclude all newcomers. The natural result is an effort on the part of new houses to establish a new Gold Exchange. And if the trade in gold continues to exist, and the new scheme be managed discreetly, there is no reason why it should not be as successful as the Open Board of Brokers.

Another motive impels many persons to institute a new Gold-Room. While there are very many loyal and honorable men there, it is generally understood that the existing Room is a secessionist corners. Its officers are said to have been generally if not always men of rebel sympathies. No loyal men, it is said, can command the votes of its members. It is accused of having hesitated to adjourn on the news of Mr LINCOLN'S assassination, and to the horror and disgust of all decent men, not a few of its prominent members are reported to have made the street hideous on that sad day with their dealings. The money represented there has been mostly made by speculations based on the probable ruin of the credit of the United States, and it is but natural that the men who made it should continue to sympathize with the cause which enriched them. So decided has been the temper of the Room that the representatives of the two leading loyal papers, the *Tribune* and *Times*, have never been willing to enter it. It is felt by bankers and merchants that the gold business of this great city, which forms so large a part of the foreign trade of the United States, ought to be in loyal hands. There is no good reason for the antagonism which has existed so long between the United States Government and the Gold-Room. No such antagonism would have existed, it is believed, had the Gold Room been in political harmony with the city and State. Had the Gold-Room been controlled by as loyal men as govern the New York Stock Exchange or the Open Board of Brokers, we should have seen no wholesale combinations to depreciate the currency, and to defeat the Government in its well-meant but ill-judged attempts to put down the premium on specie. Speculators might have made such combinations; but the temper of the Room would have been against them—not in their favor, as has generally been the case.

Another source of dissatisfaction with the existing Gold-Room is the insecurity of dealings there. At the outset every body was admitted who was prepared to pay $1000. Large numbers of persons became members who had neither commission business nor capital to speculate with. They are members still. Hence bankers and merchants who buy and sell gold in connection with the sale and purchase of bills of exchange, are constantly, in periods of excitement, making losses by reason of the failure of the parties with whom they deal in the Gold-Room. There are men in the Room who could not pay $5000 if they lost it, and yet who will buy and sell $100,000 of gold on their own account each day. So long as their operations are successful all is well with them; when fortune turns against them they fail, and somehow or other the Room, which is so firmly shut against new members, hardly ever turns them out. Such transactions naturally bring the room itself into disrepute, and prompt, if they do not justify, the suspicion that in that institution rogues stand a better chance of favor than honest men. Ultra loyalists will naturally say that a man who is false to his country can hardly be expected to be true to his creditors.

As to the prospect of a new Gold Exchange, it is difficult to speak with confidence. Bankers and merchants have got into the habit of dealing in the Gold-Room, and it will take time to wean them from its sphere. A large amount of capital is engaged there, the members alone, without outside business, could do a large trade among themselves, and keep a market established. But, on the other hand, the public do not love the Gold-Room. It is very generally, though perhaps erroneously, believed that the members of that room, by their gambling speculations in specie, have inflicted grievous injury on the public interests and taken money out of the pocket of every man in the country. Hence, it is pretty certain that the collapse of the Gold-Room would not cause any general public mourning. It is a question how long the trade in gold will last. No one can tell. With good management on the part of the Treasury at Washington, gold ought to be so near par, a twelve-month hence, that it will be hardly worth while to speculate in it. With such a prospect, the field for a new Gold Exchange would not be large or promising. Still, between this and next fall, large amounts of gold must be sold by bond-holders and bought by importers; there must naturally be considerable speculation in the article as it declines; and if a new institution under honest, loyal management should undertake to supersede the present Gold-Room, nine out of ten merchants will wish it God-speed!

WAR AND INSURRECTION.

THE address of Mr. RANDALL'S Philadelphia Convention, like the minority report of the Congressional Committee upon reconstruction, reasserts Mr ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's theory of "the continuing rights of States." The argument is grounded on the theory that as, under the Constitution, there can be no such thing as the secession of a State, so the rebellion must be counted a mere insurrection such as Congress is expressly authorized (by Article 1, Section 8) to suppress, and such as the General Government did suppress in 1794, on the happening of the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania. That insurrection, of course, left the State of Pennsylvania with all its rights unimpaired. It did so, however, because it was not a war waged by the State of Pennsylvania, but an insurrection of a part only of its inhabitants. That there is a difference between an insurrection and a war is clear from Article 1, Section 10, of the Constitution, which says: "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty on tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay." It was clearly considered possible by the framers of the Constitution for a *State* to "engage in war."

But what effect such a war would have upon the rights of the State in the Union, especially when the war engaged in should be against the General Government, is not laid down; and we look in vain in the Constitution for any provision on the subject. In like manner LYCURGUS left out parricide from the list of crimes for which he provided punishments. It was a crime too monstrous to be anticipated. In our code Secession is the *crimen crimina*. Hence if the discontented States had appealed to a Convention for proposing Amendments to the Constitution (as provided in Article 5), the omission might have been supplied, and the question might have been settled peaceably. But they chose rather to appeal to the sword. They engaged in war against the United States, and then an undoubted Constitutional power of Congress came into action. By Article 1, Section 8, Congress has "power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures by land and water." Congress virtually declared war, August 5, 1861, when it passed a bill legalizing all the acts of the President respecting the army and navy "as if they had been issued and done under the previous express authority and direction of the Congress of the United States."

The Supreme Court decided in the Prize Cases (2 Black, p. 636) that "The present civil war between the United States and the so-called Confederate States has such character and magnitude as to give the United States the same rights and privileges which they might exercise in the case of a national and foreign war."

By the war thus levied it is clear that the seceding States abdicated the position they had held under the Constitution. As there is no provision for such a case in the Constitution, so there is no precedent for it in our history. To find a precedent we must go back to the Revolution made by our forefathers in 1688. Then JAMES II., after trying to break the Constitution of England, was pronounced by Parliament to have abdicated the throne. Just so the seceding States in 1861 abandoned both their duties and their rights under the Constitution. Then Parliament called in another king to take the place of the fugitive monarch; but the latter was bound by a Bill of Rights, to which he gave a solemn assent before he was allowed to take his seat on the vacant throne. Just so Congress proposes that the Southern States shall give their assent to certain Amendments to the Constitution before they resume their place in the Government. In 1688 the modifications of the English Constitution were as few in number and as moderate in character as were consistent with the safety of the Established Church, and with the maintenance of the liberty of the subject. In 1866 the proposed Amendments to the Constitution are barely sufficient to protect the liberties of loyal citizens in the South, and to provide some security against men, who, in spite of their oaths of allegiance, are not likely to have thoroughly abjured their former principles.

In one point the analogy fails. WILLIAM and MARY cheerfully accepted the Bill of Rights, and they and their successors, down to the present day, have loyally observed its stipulations. Our late Rulers, on the other hand, propose to come back to power without giving either indemnity for the past or security for the future. So far from it, they claim to take advantage of their own wrong by sending (after 1870) twenty or more additional members to the House of Representatives. The Revolution of 1688 was the last revolution in England, and it was so because its logical results were secured by embodying them in the fundamental law.

THE POPULAR VERDICT.

AT least twice a day for a fortnight, in fair weather and foul, by day and by night, the President has assured us that he rested his case with the people; that they were the final judge; that he had perfect confidence in their wisdom, and should bow obediently to their will. Did it never once occur to him that to declare such boundless faith in the wisdom and patriotism of the people, and in the next breath to denounce the representatives whom the wise and patriotic people elected as traitors, disunionists, and knaves, was a poor way of proving the regard he professed? Do the President and his friends suppose that the people who heard and who read those speeches were so dull as not to see that in fiercely denouncing the chosen and immediate representatives of the people he was denouncing the people themselves?

The tribunal to which the President appeals has begun its response. The people are authoritatively pronouncing upon the question of restoration. Vermont, by more than her usual majority for peace and justice, says that she does not mean to reward rebellion by larger representation. Maine, by the largest majority ever known in the State, declares that she is not willing that the States which have tried to destroy the Government should have gained by their rebellion in addition to their old members a representation larger than that of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont combined. And every other State will say the same thing. When they are asked, "Are you for disunion?" they will reply, "No; we are for union and equality of the States in Congress, *are you?*" When they are asked, "Well, what do you want?" they will answer, "We want restoration which shall not put a premium upon rebellion, *do you?*"

The States which sustained the war have a perfectly clear perception of what they want. It is not party supremacy, nor continued disunion, nor vengeance, nor confiscation, not hostile feeling of any kind whatever, which inspires them. It is that instinctive sagacity which will show a whole people to be as wise as a few statesmen have sometimes been. It is that wisdom which in this country will prevent the terrible spectacle so frequent in others, a second war to secure the just results of the first. The people, unless every sign and all antecedents are deceptive, desire to place the legitimate gains of the war beyond the risks of party tumults by grafting them upon the organic law. So far from weltering in confusion, the only party in this country which has a clear aim definitely pursued is the people's or Union party. He certainly is a very short-sighted observer, and a very superficial student of history and human nature, who does not see that the first Philadelphia Convention, and the Albany Democratic Convention in this State, and similar assemblies elsewhere, are merely movements of a defeated party to regain ascendency. The only principle or policy advocated by them is what is called immediate restoration of the Union. Such a platform is like that of the absurd BELL party in the election of 1860—"The Constitution, the Union, and the Enforcement of the Laws." The very question that was driving the country to war was, "What is the Constitution; what is the

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scope of the Union; how may the laws be enforced?" The BELL party might as wisely have claimed the Bible as their platform. The very point was, who shall interpret it?

The case is not different now. The Democratic party, with the President and his friends, are no more devoted to the Constitution and the Union than their opponents. The very question is, How shall the Union be most constitutionally restored? Immediately to admit the late insurgent States to Congress after such a war involving such constitutional changes, without deliberation and sagacious care, is neither constitutional nor sensible. The result in Maine and Vermont—the party lines increased and strengthened—show that the people know it. The American people, intelligent beyond any other, know that it is not enough to win a victory—it must be secured.

DEGRADATION AND HUMILIATION.

WE still read a great deal about the humiliation and degradation to which the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment subjects our fellow-citizens of the unrepresented States. We are told that they will never adopt it, and that they never ought to adopt it. This would be more important if we had not been told exactly the same thing during every week of the war. Desponding patriots said the insurgent States never would submit; the pure Copperheads said they never ought to submit. So, at present, generous men of an impulsive temperament are sure that the States in question will never adopt the amendment; and the pure Copperheads are equally sure that they never ought to adopt it.

This talk of humiliation is utterly preposterous. It can not degrade or humiliate honorable States to ratify the necessary constitutional consequences of an amendment they have already accepted as a condition of reunion; while refusal to be represented, except with a future advantage not contemplated by the Constitution, invites distrust of the sincerity of acquiescence in the result of the war. The citizens of States so refusing are not arbitrarily excluded from the Union; they are merely insisting that rebellion shall be rewarded with increased political power. If their fellow-citizens of the other States object to a claim so palpably unfair and so pregnant with dangerous agitation, they can not be justly accused of cherishing hostility and delaying reunion; while those who call an act of such obvious justice and political necessity a condition to which high-spirited citizens can not be expected to submit, merely resort to the appeals of an earlier and an evil time to excite renewed disturbance and imperil honorable reconciliation.

TRUTHS AND THREATS.

As Mr. SEWARD moved further westward in the Presidential tour he evidently recovered some sense of the respect he owed to himself and to his position. Instead of the trivial and foolish talk in which he indulged in the State of New York, he made speeches at St. Louis and Indianapolis which were addressed to the intelligence of the people, and are therefore worthy of consideration. That at Indianapolis especially contained some passages which recalled the SEWARD of better days.

In this speech he said that under our form of government revolution is always wrong. "There is never any necessity, and therefore never any right of revolution here......There can be no reform of our Government by violent and revolutionary means......Give us free speech and a free ballot, and there is no measure of social amelioration and progress which the American Government can not accomplish." These are fundamental truths, and they can not be too often nor too strongly repeated. Especially should they be pondered at this time, when political orators speak so often and so glibly of renewing the war, and of the success of this party or that as leading necessarily to bloodshed. This Mexican method of prosecuting an election campaign was introduced in this country by the Democratic party in 1860, when the chief argument against the success of Mr. LINCOLN at the polls was, that "the South" would not submit, and ought not to submit. Mr. YANCEY came to New York and spoke at the Cooper Institute, at a Democratic meeting, and declared that we ought not to expect his section to submit to a Constitutional election which was disagreeable to it. He passed through a large part of the country, saying the same thing; and we do not remember that a single Democratic paper or orator protested against so atrocious and revolutionary a position. Mr. YANCEY naturally assumed that silence meant assent. He assumed that assent all the more when he saw his declaration echoed by Northern orators and journals.

It is an unpleasant sign of the times that the same party is conducting the present canvass with the same assertion. Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR and the other Presidential orators warn us that if the people constitutionally decide against what is called the President's policy there will be more terrible war, because a war of neighborhoods. The Democratic newspapers echo this menace. The New York *Times* does not hesitate to repeat it by *calling* upon the country "to avert the danger" by supporting the President's policy. That is to say, that if the people do not constitutionally and lawfully support that policy there is danger of war. From what quarter? The party which is constitutionally successful at the polls will not, of course, take up arms to support the result unless it be resisted. Will they probably resist their own will? If not, there can be no trouble unless it be begun by those who, like Mr. YANCEY and his friends in 1860, refuse to assent to the result of a lawful election.

The Union party stands, as it has always stood, for law and order. Its position could not be more truly and forcibly stated than by General WOODFORD, Union candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, in his late speech in Brooklyn, a speech which is a model for dignity of tone and eloquent precision of statement. "At the outset of the canvass the Union party of the State of New York says, distinctly, if, in the election which is soon to take place, the policy of the President is sustained by the people, we will acquiesce in the result. We say as distinctly that if we the people pronounce our will in the thundering tone of majorities, we will compel submission and vindicate the law. This is the doctrine of republican democratic government. American freemen will vote according to their consciences, humbly asking the blessing of God upon the result; and when they have spoken, the will of the majority, within constitutional limits, shall be the law of the land."

FOUND DROWNED.

BEFORE the meeting of the first Philadelphia Convention we remarked that its only possible result could be facilitating the passage of a certain number of Union men into the Democratic party; for there could be but two parties in the coming elections, one of which would be the Union, and the other the Democratic party. We added that, of course, the Union men in the first Philadelphia Convention would either return to their old associations and vote with us, or they would vote and act with our opponents.

Certainly such a prophecy required no especial wisdom, for the result was inevitable, and the last week saw it verified. The Democratic Committee of this State called a Convention; the Philadelphia Committee approved the call. Democratic and Philadelphia or JOHNSON delegates were appointed. The Convention met. Its President was a Democrat. Its orators were Democrats. Its whole management and tone were Democratic. It nominated a Democratic State Committee. It nominated four State officers, three of whom were Democrats. Its proceedings were reported in the Democratic papers as a Democratic assembly, and its ticket will be supported as the Democratic ticket.

Nobody has a right to be surprised that the Democracy appropriate all the recruits so absolutely, and so pitilessly place them in the rear rank. The New York *World*, two months ago, sharply scolded the President for not sooner coming to the Democracy. "By his delay the Radicals have been able to consolidate the [Union] party against him, so that now, in the crisis of the difference, he will be able to carry with him but a comparatively small fragment." This was cold, but the sentences that followed were scornful. "As it is, he will be mainly dependent on the Democratic party, and the battle will be fought with advantages not materially greater than the Democratic party would have possessed acting alone." It is perfectly true. The defection from the Union ranks is wholly unimportant. A few have fallen into the Democratic stream, but they have not diverted the current, and they have swollen it very little.

AT INDIANAPOLIS.

THE disturbance at Indianapolis upon occasion of the President's reception is greatly to be regretted and condemned. Every citizen of the United States is entitled, in every part of the country, to the freest and fullest expression of his views. If any body dissents he may retire, but he has no right to interrupt. Of course none deplore and denounce the interruption at Indianapolis more sincerely than the opponents of the President, and it was one of those incidents to which every tumultuous crowd is liable.

Union men, whose cause depends upon the good sense and intelligence of the people for success, are bound to see that their opponents every where have the utmost opportunity to discuss the great question. Every party which, like the old Slavery party, known as the Democracy, strives to silence a speaker by noise or disturbance of any kind, convicts itself of inability to answer him. The sad condition of the Southern States before the war, the profound ignorance which made the war possible, was due in great measure to the enforced silence of every speaker upon the most vital question of the country. And the President's organ, the Washington *Intelligencer*, in declaring contemptuously that "a Republican Convention" would not be allowed to assemble in any Southern State, merely announces that the cardinal principle of the Government is not in the least understood there. Indeed, no former advocate of slavery, or present apologist of its continuing spirit, could or can possibly comprehend the vital spirit of our institutions.

In themselves Mr. JOHNSON'S opinions are of no importance. They are worthy attention only because he is the President of the United States. As a mere citizen he has no hold whatever of the popular heart, except that which is derived from the fact that he broke with his party at the outbreak of the war, and was a conspicuous and faithful Unionist to the end. His opportunity afterward was greater than is often given to man. If he has proved wholly unequal to it he is the more to be pitied. We are rather to be blamed who supposed he could be equal to the great ordeal. We sincerely regret that his journey was marked by an event so unfortunate in itself, and so little creditable to the patriotic city in which it occurred.

A VOICE FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

THE following remarkable article from the Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard*, edited by the President's Provisional Governor of that State, W. W. HOLDEN, shows that the Union party has efficient and unexpected friends and co-workers in the Southern part of the country. The moderation and decision of its tone are equally significant, and there can be no question that it expresses the profound conviction of the most intelligent and faithful Union men of the South. "The appeal now," says the *Standard*, "is to the people of the United States who suppressed the rebellion. It is for *them* to say on what terms the Government shall be restored." We commend the article to the careful consideration of our readers:

"We stated in our last that the issue had at length been fairly and finally joined between the President and Congress. The President stands upon and urges his policy, that the States are entitled to representation without further amendments to the Constitution; while the Congressional party, comprising the great mass of the Republicans, hold that further amendments to the Constitution are indispensable in order to place the recently insurgent States on a loyal basis, and to insure quiet in the Union by excluding leading participants in the rebellion from holding office.

"Both sides seem to hold that the present Congressional test-oath should be maintained. The Philadelphia Convention, whose proceedings the President has warmly indorsed, demands that 'loyal representatives' be admitted; and the President has repeatedly declared that the States will be entitled to representation when they shall send members who can 'comply with any existing Constitutional or legal test.'

"This, then, being the case, what remains but for those members elect who can not take this oath to resign, and let their places be filled by those who can 'comply' with the 'legal test?' This would seem to be the obviously proper course, especially after the call, by the Philadelphia Convention, for the admission of 'loyal representatives.'

"For our part, our principles are not to be changed or affected by the action of Conventions, or by any cause that will not convince us that those principles are erroneous. We feel sure that we have undergone no change since May, 1865. We thought then, and we think now, that the Union should be restored only on an 'unmistakably' loyal basis; that the President is merely a co-worker with the Congress in effecting this result; and that, when the President had finished his work, as he declares he has, it was for the Congress to investigate it, to consider it, to modify it, or to accept it or not as that body might choose. We have never understood that the action of the President in this respect concluded the Congress, or that that body was bound to accept unconditionally the work of restoration as accomplished and presented to them by him.

"We feel sure that the President and the Congress are both actuated by patriotic motives. We regret the breach between them. This breach is most probably incurable. The appeal now is to the people of the United States who suppressed the rebellion. It is for them to say on what terms the Government shall be restored. We expect to be content with those terms. Our people will be anxious and interested spectators of the struggle now going on in the Northern and Western States, but they are not in a condition to take much part in this struggle. They can only look on and hope that the result may be best for the whole country. Our sympathies are with those who are most devoted to the Union, and who are determined to restore it on a loyal basis, without the dictation of Northern Copperheads or Southern traitors."

WHICH IS WHICH?

THE friends of the President in the State of New York are invited to vote for Mr. HOFFMAN as Governor. On the day that Mr. HOFFMAN was nominated the President said at Cincinnati: "I will call upon any man here, and defy him to put his finger upon an instance in which I have swerved a hair's-breadth from the platform upon which the late lamented President and myself were elected."

Just before Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON were elected, Mr. HOFFMAN made a speech in Wall Street, in which he said: "The merchants, brokers, and capitalists of New York have met on this occasion to declare it to be their honest conviction that the only certain way of bestowing peace with the Union is by hurling from power ABRAHAM LINCOLN with his minions, and electing in his place a patriot and statesman in the person of General M'CLELLAN."

Chief among LINCOLN'S "minions," of course, was his military Governor of Tennessee, ANDREW JOHNSON. That "minion" declares he stands now exactly where he stood then, while his friends are exhorted to vote for Mr. HOFFMAN, who declared that the "minion" ought to be hurled from power. If the President stands now where he stood then, Mr. HOFFMAN and his friends can support him only because they have renounced their principles of two years ago. If they have done so, their present principles are of no importance. If they have not done so, and Mr. JOHNSON stands where he stood, then Mr. HOFFMAN and his friends support a man whom they declare to be totally unfit for office.

The Union men who propose to vote for Mr. HOFFMAN may choose which horn of the dilemma they will. But those among them who truly honored ABRAHAM LINCOLN must vote with extreme delight for a man who said by direct implication that LINCOLN was not a patriot and statesman while M'CLELLAN was!

PHOTOMICROGRAPHY.

THIS hard word means the application of photography to the representation of objects as seen with the microscope. The inestimable advantage to medical science of such an application is evident, and it is agreeable to learn from competent foreign men of science that our Army Medical Museum stands in this respect far beyond any public institution or private investigator in the world.

Dr. R. L. MADDOX writes to the London *Journal of Photography* to call attention to "the magnificent results in photomicrography obtained in America by Brevet-Captain EDWARD CURTIS, Assistant Surgeon United States Army, in the laboratory of the Army Medical Museum." Dr. MADDOX then enters into some statistical details, and adds that they "are so far in advance of any thing I have seen in this country that the greatest credit is due to Captain CURTIS."

Those who appreciate the immense service to humanity of these representations of the exact aspects of obscure and unusual disease, and of the infinite varieties and results of wounds, will duly honor the patient, accurate, incessant, and intelligent attention necessary to perfect them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

AT the New York State Democratic Convention, at Albany, on the 12th instant, Mayor John T. Hoffman was nominated for Governor, Hon. Robert H. Pruyn for Lieutenant-Governor, William W. Wright for Canal Commissioner, and Frank B. Gallagher for Inspector of Prisons. The platform, which was in general concurrence with that of the Philadelphia Convention, opposed centralization in the State as well as in the United States Government.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention met at Cleveland, September 17, and was addressed by General Wool, who strongly supported the President's policy. General Granger was chosen permanent Chairman.

A report received at the Freedmen's Bureau from North Carolina represents that the condition of the freedmen is generally favorable, and that there are at present but about 2500 dependents, notwithstanding that there is a colored population of nearly 300,000.

By the census of the city of Mobile, just completed, the population foots up 40,[illegible] souls. Of this number [illegible] are negroes.

The result of the grand Billiard Tournament in this city is that Cyrille Dion, champion of all Canada, wins the first prize—the championship; Edward J. Plunkett, champion of Pennsylvania, the second—a full-sized four-pocket Phelan & Collender billiard-table; T. M'Carthy, champion of Indiana, third prize—the silver table, goblets, and pitcher; and John Frawley, champion of Ohio—the gold watch and chain.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 10:

(LONDON.)—The Eastern question seems to be looming in the future. Russia shows signs of making once more to obtain the control of the Danubian Principalities, and, probably, eventually of Constantinople.

The Porte has determined to recognize Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern, as Hospodar of the Principalities.

(PARIS.)—General Marquez, Minister to Constantinople, has been recalled, and will go out to Mexico to organize an army for service after the French evacuation of the country.

September 11:

(VIENNA.)—A decree has been issued by the Emperor ordering the whole Austrian army to be placed upon a peace footing.

September 12:

(PARIS.)—The Emperor Napoleon has sent a special mission to Mexico to confer with Maximilian.

(LONDON.)—The *Times*, of to-day, editorially admits that the Empire of Mexico has withered away, and [illegible] the country should be left to itself.

(LIVERPOOL.)—The Cunard steamships *Europa* and *Tarifa* sailed this afternoon for Quebec direct, with a regiment of Hussars for service in Canada.

September 13:

(TRIESTE.)—Advices from Athens state that the Cretan Assembly have voted for the annexation of the Island of Candia to Greece.

September 13:

(LONDON.)—It is said that Great Britain has urged the Porte to give an autonomy to Crete, and that the Porte has refused.

(VIENNA.)—We are on the verge of another war which threatens to equal in extent that just closed. Austria shows bad faith in negotiating with Italy, and has made unreasonable demands, to which Italy will not submit. Austria has overcharged the debt of Venetia, and withholds Venetia property which she was bound to transfer.

September 14:

(BERLIN.)—Prussia has emphatically notified Austria that she will not suffer Italy, her ally, to be insulted and defrauded, and that if Austria persists in her present course war must follow.

(PRAGUE.)—The homeward march of Prussian troops has been peremptorily arrested, and the demobilization of the entire army stopped.

(DRESDEN.)—Every thing looks war. There is no reply from Austria to the notification of Prussia. It is now but a question of hours whether troops be not again put in motion for Vienna.

September 17:

(SOUTHAMPTON.)—The mail steamer from Rio de Janeiro brings the important information that the troops of the Allies have been badly defeated by the Paraguayans.

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ACCIDENT AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

ON the 12th instant two men in a boat were carried by the force of the current and a violent gale of wind over Niagara Falls. This incident, which we illustrate on this page, is thus narrated by our artist:

"FRANK LEUTZE, a ferry-man, and a Mr. COOPER, postmaster, both of Chippewa, Canada West, hoisting sail in the ferry-man's boat crossed to the American shore safely, conveying a passenger. Having accomplished this, they embarked on their return trip, rowing. The wind blowing a perfect gale, they were driven, before reaching two-thirds of their journey, back into the swiftest currents, and when near the head of Goat Island they were discovered by a few persons on that island, at which time the two men—apparently fully impressed with the fearful dilemma in which they were placed—were rowing fiercely yet regularly up stream, but all to no avail, as at this point the waters commence their terrific velocity. Surely and speedily they were drawn toward the falls, still struggling desperately, until the boat plunging over the rocks it was capsized about 100 yards above the falls. Then, after struggling amidst the dashing waters for a few brief moments, still clinging to their boat or their oars, they disappeared from view over the falls."

FRANK LEUTZE AND MR. COOPER CARRIED OVER NIAGARA FALLS, SEPTEMBER 12, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY MR. F. L. BLAKE.]

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"PALISSY THE POTTER."

"PALISSY THE POTTER."

There is no story of "self-help," or the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," more deeply interesting and pathetic than that of Bernard Palissy, the self-taught potter of Saintes. And no such narrative of heroic perseverance has been related with more graphic and dramatic power, or filled in with more picturesque and illustrative historical accessories, than Mr. Morley's "Life of Palissy the Potter."

All our readers are familiar with those plates, dishes, and other ceramic objects, glazed with a peculiar mottled enamel and ornamented in relief, for the most part with fishes, lizards, reptiles, insects, leaves, and flowers, and named, after their inventor and producer, Palissy-ware. The ornaments are modeled with a truthfulness evincing the closest and most loving study of nature, all the subjects being taken either from the fauna and flora of the neighborhood of Saintes—where he settled, after years of wandering, as a painter, particularly on glass—or of the valley of the Seine, the latter years of his life having been spent in Paris. The reliefs are also treated with a delicacy and disposed with an artistic feeling which, united to their truth to nature, give to the pieces they decorate a value apart from many of the conventional productions addressed to the luxurious. Nevertheless, to us Palissy-ware is interesting chiefly for its quaintly curious and playful originality: and it is hard to realize that works of almost childlike fancy should be the outcome of one of the longest and bravest struggles against difficulties of every description of which we have any record—should be the chief triumph of a great artistic genius, of a natural philosopher centuries in advance of his time, and of an earnest and uncompromising Huguenot, who, but for the precious secret he had won, would have been burned at the stake long before the good old age at which he died a prisoner in the Bastile. Several weary years did Palissy spend, enduring, as he himself tells us, misery and reproach of all kinds (sometimes being suspected of uttering base coin), occupied in discovering a white enamel glaze. And then his difficulties had only commenced, for he had still, unaided, to learn the potter's art in its highest form. In his experiments the slender family resources derived from his glass-painting and surveying were repeatedly exhausted, debts were incurred, and, greatest trial of all, his wife was converted by his ruinous enthusiasm into a bitter scold. He had to pay an assistant with the clothes off his own back. In one critical experiment he had to feed the fire of his furnace with the planks from the flooring and the very doors of his house.

The last and severest disappointment which Palissy underwent before that ultimate success which secured him the patronage and protection of the greatest in the land is the subject of the admirable picture, lately in the Royal Academy Exhibition, by Mrs. E. M. Ward, the accomplished wife of the distinguished Royal Academician, which we have engraved on this page. This time the potter had virtually vanquished every difficulty, and was right in all his calculations as regards the preparation of the enamels and the proper degree of heat for firing them, and yet the whole batch of works he had placed in the furnace was spoiled. "The elaborate designs," says Mr. Morley, "the play of Bernard's fancy as an artist for six months; the debt incurred for maintenance and wages of the assistant; the hands wounded with labor at the furnace; the money begged and borrowed to buy chemicals; the weeks of drudgery in grinding, the hope and self-denial of eight months—all led to 'sorrow and distresses so abundantly augmented.'" This mischance occurred "because," says Palissy, "the mortar of which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the

fire (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquefy), burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of the flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied and converted into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which, except for that, would have been beautiful." It is highly characteristic of Palissy that, although he might have had more than 8 francs for these works, damaged as they were, yet he preferred to break them to pieces in order that they should not injure the great reputation that he well knew he should now attain. "If one could sketch a scene like this," says the biographer, "with the pencil of a master, it would make a goodly picture. The dilapidated outhouse, its breaches rudely filled up with green boughs; Palissy, grand in his own grief, tattered in dress, with a litter of beautiful vases, cups, urns, and medallions, the products of his rich taste and fancy, broken at his feet; the angry creditors invited to witness the potter's expected triumph; the village gossips pouring their much talk over his bowed spirit; his thin, pale children crouching, wondering about; his lean wife—God forgave her on the instant—pouring on him maledictions, ignorant or careless how his heart would open in that hour of anguish to receive one syllable of woman's consolation." Of the way that Mrs. Ward has realized this scene in her "goodly picture" our engraving will give some idea to those who have not seen the original. The only divergence from the author's suggestion in her version is that of representing the potter's wife as betrayed, if only for a moment, into sorrowful pity for her husband at this supreme crisis of agonizing disappointment. And notwithstanding that Palissy himself tells us that he "had nothing but reproaches in the house—in place of consolation they gave me maledictions," we would fain hope there is room for the painter's assumption, proceeding as it does from a true womanly instinct of commiserating sympathy. Among the accessories of the picture will be noted various items, such as the pallet, the vials containing natural models preserved in spirits, and so forth, which help to tell the pitiful yet glorious story.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD DISASTER.

We illustrate on our first page the result of a misplaced switch on the New York Central Railroad at Canastota, Madison County, New York, on the night of the 7th instant. The night-watchman, having changed the switch to permit a freight-train going east to pass on to the main track, was called in the mean time to attend to some trifling matter, and neglected to return and place it in proper position. He did not discover his neglect till the engineer of a succeeding train going east whistled "Down brakes," and a general smash-up was then inevitable. The engine of this train plunged into the dirt, floundering among the flying timbers and torn-up track, when it was struck by the engine of a freight-train going west at a high rate of speed. The shock, the crash, the sudden escape of the pent-up steam, and the darkness of the night made the few seconds in which it occurred seem but a sudden flash, terrible and bewildering. The westward-bound engine first struck the side of the one going east, tearing its covering from its sides like bark from a tree, completely demolishing the tender, knocking the loaded freight-cars from the track, and after passing completely through two others from end to end, finally stopped in a nearly perpendicular position, its forward end resting on the top of a freight-car which it had capsized in its wild career. Five persons were killed outright, and a large number were wounded. The cost of this misplaced switch will be not far from $150,000.

Our illustration represents the scene after the collision, with the wheat, glass-ware, and merchandise generally, strewn in confusion upon the ground.

BURNING OF THE CLIPPER "HORNET."

Our engraving on page 616 illustrates an unfortunate disaster which occurred to the *Hornet*, one of the finest of the California line of clippers. What story can be more thrilling than that of a ship's crew in open boats, one thousand miles from land, compelled to witness the burning of their ship, and then to drift for days upon the Pacific, almost without hope, and subject to the exposure of sea and sky, and to the peril of starvation?

The following account is given by Mr. Thomas, the third master of the *Hornet*, and Mr. Cauthu, a seaman:

The American ship *Hornet*, of 1426 tons burden, Captain Josiah A. Mitchell, left New York on the 15th of January, bound to San Francisco, with a general cargo, consisting of coals, iron, 6000 boxes candles, 7000 cases kerosene oil, and the usual assortment of miscellaneous merchandise. Beyond speaking one or two vessels, nothing occurred on the passage not worthy of note till seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May, at which hour the mate went below with one of the hands to draw varnish, taking a lantern. While so engaged an explosion suddenly took place, which set fire to the sails in the sail-locker between decks. The seaman rushed on deck, shouting, "Fire!" while the mate remained below, trying to put out the fire with blankets, which he took off from three sick men.

The ship was at this time scudding along beautifully under a six knot southeast trade-wind. She had just crossed the equator the evening previous, in the usual track of vessels bound to California, in longitude 112° 8'. The hatches at the time were off for ventilating the ship, as is customary. Hardly had the alarm been given before fire and dense smoke came out of the after-hatch, communicating almost instantaneously to the "crossjack-sail," which was hanging clewed up. In a very few minutes the flames burst through the main hatch and set fire to the mainsail. With the first alarm Captain Mitchell was promptly on deck, and set one watch to work endeavoring to control the fire, while the other watch was ordered to lower the boats and get them ready. The quarter-boats were safely lowered without trouble, but in launching the long-boat her bottom was stove in by an eye-bolt, making a hole in the bottom about a foot square, which was stopped up with blankets and shirts during the entire cruise. The boats were provided with sails, but these being in the sail-locker it was impossible to get at them. A studding-sail, a main-royal, and some pieces of canvas lying handy on the deck were thrown into the boats, with what provisions were accessible, consisting of four hams, twelve tins of assorted meats, a box of raisins, seven pieces of pork, one hundred pounds of bread, and four buckets of raw potatoes. Four demijohns and a barrel, containing in all but twelve gallons of water, were also passed in the boats. The ship's chronometers, spy-glass, compasses, quadrants, and a few blankets were also saved, but no clothing except what the men stood in.

At this time the whole ship was in flames overhead, the fire creeping and leaping from spar to spar, and enveloping the rigging, sails, and masts in one vast sheet of flame. It was impossible to remain on board any longer, and at three-quarters past seven o'clock, or three-quarters of an hour after the first alarm, the order was given to leave the ship, and all hands took to the boats and pushed off from the vessel. Here was one of those grand sights often described but seldom witnessed—a noble ship, which an hour before was gliding cheerily along her course, now all wrapped in flames from the deck to the trucks—a grand and costly pyrotechnic display, in which the masts, spars, and rigging formed the bold outlines. The scene was enough to strike terror into the bravest heart, when he remembered that it was over one thousand miles to the nearest land, and the chances of reaching land next to none. At eight o'clock the masts of the noble ship went over her side, but the burning hull, like a huge lamp, fed by 20,000 gallons of kerosene and 6000 boxes of candles, made an awful conflagration, lighting the horizon for one hundred miles around, while the flames and smoke rolled up in black masses, reaching to the very clouds.

The boats remained by the ship during the day and night while she was burning. As the cargo gradually consumed the ship lightened, just as she would alongside the dock when discharging cargo. There were no explosions during the burning. At five o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the fire having burned through the hull to the water, the noble clipper made a plunge forward and went down bow first, leaving no trace of her but a few charred spars and pieces of wood floating about. This was in north latitude 2° 20', west longitude 112° 8', about 1000 miles due south from Cape St. Lucas, Lower California, 2500 miles east of Hawaii.

During the first night Captain Mitchell, who had throughout the disaster shown a coolness and bravery equal to the occasion, distributed the men into the three boats, according to their capacity. In the long-boat with him were the two passengers, the third mate, and eleven seamen.

This boat is the only one of the three which has been heard from. On the night of the 5th all the provisions and water were equally distributed among the three boats, of which the two smaller ones were kept in tow by the Captain's boat. The Captain kept in the track of California-bound vessels, hoping to sight some passing ship. On the 10th, 11th, and 12th six dolphins, a bonita, and turtle were caught, and divided among the three boats, giving the crews plenty of raw meat, but as they had no salt they were unable to keep it. All the boats' crews were now put on an allowance of a gill of water, half a biscuit, and half a raw potato, twice a day. But when it rained, all hands were privileged to drink all the water they could catch.

On the 22d it was found impossible, under a strong trade-wind, for the long-boat to continue towing the others, as the strain and jerking were so severe as to endanger her, and Captain Mitchell decided to cast off the mate's boat, which was done in long. 114° W., lat. 13° N. Three days afterward it was decided, for the same reason, to cast off the second mate's boat, and after coming alongside, dividing the beggarly remnant of stores, and bidding each other adieu, they cast off, all being in good spirits. Up to this time the three boats were still in sight of each other, each having a navigator in charge and heading on the same course. That night they parted company, and from this time we have no tidings of what befell the two mates' boats.

After reaching longitude 117° West, and latitude 17° North, Captain Mitchell decided to head for "American group," located, according to Bowditch, in latitude 17° North, longitude 132° 30' West. The boat spent several days cruising over the position, but found no signs of land. Thus far they had endeavored to keep in the usual track of California-bound clippers, in hope of meeting a passing sail. But failing to find land here, they headed for Hawaii, distant 1200 miles.

At this time they had no meat, and nothing to eat but the bare bones of the ham, and the canvas it was rolled in, with their regular two gills of water. Pieces of this canvas and the staves of a butter-keg, which had a saline relish to them, served as the main stand-by, while the leather of their boots was scraped off, soaked in water so as to make the leather soft. This served as their soup. For dessert they ate pieces of cotton shirts and handkerchiefs. By some accident there was a supply of tobacco in the boat, which served to allay their thirst, and may have been a principal means of preserving their lives. During the entire passage the utmost discipline prevailed, with watches off and on as regularly as on the ship. The boat leaked badly, and all hands took turns bailing to keep her afloat. With the strong trade-winds, heavy sea, and squalls blowing at times almost a gale, this was no light work.

After forty-three days of wandering, about 11 a.m. the cry of "Land-ho!" was given, and the lofty summit of Mauna Loa cheered the famished voyagers. The land was sighted a day or two sooner than they expected. On nearing it a flag was waved on a pole, which was seen by those on shore, but at first it was supposed to be a fishing-party. When approaching near the breakers, off Laupahoehoe, two natives swam off to the boat, and, on finding the destitute condition of the crew, climbed into it, shook hands with every one, saying, "How do you do!" took the oars, and brought the boat safely to the beach.

None of the party were able to stand up, and on trying to do so fell over perfectly helpless, and unable as infants to walk alone. The natives crowded around, women vying with the men, took them up in their arms, and carried them all ashore to the house of Mr. Jones Pritt, agent of J. C. King & Co., who received them with the greatest kindness. The natives brought all kinds of fruits and vegetables—such as potatoes, bananas, cocoa-nuts, etc., for the starving men; but Mr. J., deeming it not prudent for them to eat these, made some tea and broth, and served them with the zeal of a Florence Nightingale. Next morning they were allowed to eat a little more freely, but still with great caution, their host providing them more at each subsequent meal.

Word having been dispatched to Hilo, the American Consul there, Captain J. Worth, sent three boats and brought the sailors to that port—Captain Mitchell and Mr. Ferguson preferring to remain at Laupahoehoe till they gained more strength. At Hilo the Consul provided for all their necessities, and bestowed much care on them.

The whole party in the long-boat thus reached land safely after having been forty-three days at sea, on short allowance part of the time, and less allowance most of the voyage. What is more remarkable, there was no sickness, nor any of that dizziness which is so often the accompaniment of persons kept in a starving condition for so long a time.

It is considered probable that the two smaller boats were lost; indeed, it is almost a miracle that the long-boat was saved.

THE ACCIDENT AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

When the President was on his way to Harrisburg from Pittsburg, a sad accident occurred in connection with a demonstration in his honor at Johnstown. This occurrence is illustrated on page 612.

Between the bridge and railroad office and over the canal was a plank-covering or platform, on which probably 400 or 500 persons—men, women, and children—were closely gathered. The structure gave way just as the Presidential party was leaving. First one section of it fell, precipitating the occupants to the ground, a height of apparently 20 feet. The second part soon followed, and in less than 30 seconds these persons were thrown one upon another, or buried beneath the ruins.

The platform erected over the canal was 75 feet long and from 15 to 18 feet wide. It broke in the centre, and as a consequence its occupants were precipitated to the ground, a distance of about 20 feet. The timbers and human beings were mixed up promiscuously, all falling in a confused mass. Some had both arms and legs broken, and others were injured to a less extent with contused heads and severe bruises. Seven or eight persons were killed, while six or more were in a dying condition. About ninety persons were severely, and a large number were slightly, injured.

THE UNION FIRE-ENGINE OF SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

An engraving on page 620 represents the oldest fire-engine in the country, named the *Union*, which, together with the original records, were presented by a committee representing the late Union and Naumkeag Engine Company No. 5 of Salem, Massachusetts, to William Penn Steam Engine and Hose Company of Philadelphia, on their recent visit to Salem. Mr. Joseph N. Lambardk, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, furnishes the following details:

The tub or box of the engine is three feet eight inches long, twenty inches wide, and twenty inches high, and runs on wooden wheels twenty inches in diameter. The cylinders are four and one-half inches diameter with six and one-half inches stroke. The air-chamber, water-ways, and suction inlet, with a gate that water may be taken either through hose or from tub, are similar to those in engines of recent construction. It was built in London by one of two rival engine-makers—Newsham or Fowke, as it corresponds with the description of their engines. Fowke's circular, issued in 1729, recommends his engines as follows: "Constant stream engines for extinguishing fires—the large size plays two streams at once....and will feed themselves with a sucking pipe....The four large sizes run on wheels, and the other two carried by two men like a chair."

From the records of the company we gather that this engine was received March, 1749; but the company date their organization one year previous, March 16, 1748, when "Richard Derby and others, to the number of twenty," petitioned the town to be excused from serving as jurors upon condition of procuring an engine for extinguishing fires; which prayer was granted on the following terms, viz.: "That the petitioners should procure an engine to the acceptance of the selectmen; and further, that in case of the removal of any one of the petitioners, where no male heir should be left to supply, it should be supplied by the major part of the engine company, with the consent of the selectmen." The *Union* engine was accepted April 2, 1749, and the company received the name of the Union Engine Company.

In April, 1750, a second engine, which was presented to the town by Benjamin Lynde, was received and placed, by vote of the town, in the care of this company. It was continued in use until April, 1799, when the *Essex* engine was purchased as a substitute; again, in October, 1857, another was procured, named, by vote of company, *Naumkeag* (the name given by the Indians to our harbor and town), as a successor of the *Essex*. The company still retained possession of the *Union* engine. These records are fully corroborated by the town records, and clearly sustain the company's claims of owning the oldest engine in the country, and being the oldest engine company in the United States that can show an uninterrupted existence. The list of members obtained from the records numbers 887 names, all but 200 of which became members since 1830, and contains the names of many of our best citizens of the present and past century. Among others that of Nathaniel Bowditch, the world's great mathematician, who was a member in 1794–96; William Gray, familiarly known as Billy Gray, the millionaire, and others who have enjoyed the honors of the first places in town, city, and State.

In April, 1861, the company were notified that their services were no longer needed in the Fire Department in consequence of the introduction of steam fire-engines; and at a final meeting they voted to dispose of the *Union* engine and records by presenting them to the Philadelphia company.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Spite of the late unfavorable weather, the prevailing toilets, both in Paris and at the bains de mer, are still composed of delicate materials of some light shade of color. Even where less delicate materials are worn, light tints and narrow black and gray stripes hold their ground. We have, for instance, white or pale gray or striped foulards and alpacas, with trimmings of blue, mauve, or apple-green velvet; or robes of poil de chèvre trimmed with straw passementerie, or linos with insertions of taffeta. Outdoor robes are very rarely worn with trains, and almost invariably with a double skirt, the upper one being either looped up with velvet bands or bows, or rosettes of ribbon, or else made to fall no lower than the knees, in which latter case it is either scolloped or vandyked at the bottom, and trimmed with velvet and ornaments of jet. These double skirts are generally not only of a different material, but of a different shade of color; for instance, the under skirt or jupe will be either violet, mauve, or blue silk, in which case sleeves are frequently worn to match; the upper skirt and basque being perhaps pale gray, straw-color, or very light fawn, or with narrow black or gray or mauve-color stripes on a white ground. The more brilliant color stripes, such as rose, cerise, sky-blue, orange, and emerald green, are no longer to be seen in outdoor costumes. If the jupe is of some bright color, such as those commonly worn at the bains de mer, the trimming of the robe and the chapeau is invariably in harmony with it. With these colored jupes black silk robes are likely to be much worn as the autumn advances, in which case the robe, if caught up, will be looped with velvet bands or bows of the same tint as the jupe, which will be trimmed with black guipure.

Indoor robes are generally made with trains, the skirt being extremely scanty at the waist, and of course very much gored. Occasionally there are a few plaits at the back. The bottom of the robe is sloped so as just to fall over the feet in front and trail for nearly a yard on the ground behind. When made without trains these robes have invariably two skirts, the under one being at times ornamented with a rather deep flounce, composed of alternate puffings of the material of the robe and insertions of guipure.

There is nothing new in the way of chapeaux, hats being almost invariably worn, both in the country and at the sea-side. The light, glazed sailor-hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet or light blue ribbon, is most in favor.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of linon, bordered with a cord of moderate thickness and trimmed with taffeta. From the waist hangs a short upper skirt, of the same material as the dress, forming, with the corsage, a kind of jacket. At the sides are pointed swallow-tails, with silk tassels at the extremities. Chapeau Neapolitan, trimmed with velvet and bell-shaped ornaments in straw passementerie, and fastened under the chignon and beneath the chin with a loop à la chaîne Benoîton, formed of ribbon and bordered with lace.

Fig. 2.—Robe of poil de chèvre, ornamented with large vandykes, trimmed with a delicate straw passementerie. A similar trimming runs down every seam of the dress. The jacket has a tassel at every point, and square buttons, also in straw passementerie, up the front. Chapeau Lamballe in straw, trimmed with violets.

Fig. 3.—Robe of foulard trimmed with taffeta ribbon tied into knots, with a jacket to correspond. The jupe and sleeves are of thick silk, the trimming of which harmonizes with that of the robe. Chapeau fanchon of puffed crape, with star-shaped ornaments and tassels in straw passementerie.

Fig. 4.—Short robe of black taffeta, cut at the bottom into large vandykes, which are bordered with blue ribbon studded with bright steel ornaments, the cuffs of the sleeves being trimmed to correspond. The jupe, of blue taffeta, is bordered with a double ruche of black ribbon. The jacket, which is notched round the bottom into vandykes, is of the same material as the jupe, and is made to fit tight at the waist with a belt. The chapeau, of white crape, has the crown spotted over with small jet stars; it is bordered at the edges with blue velvet, and has jet ornaments hanging round the rim.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

It does happen, little readers, that misfortunes as well as mistakes are sometimes found in flower-gardens. The best seed, the best catalogue of directions, the best care, the utmost patience, will not always bring perfect success; and it is just as well to know this beforehand, and not expect too much. Part of the seeds will not come up, perhaps some of the little plants will hang their heads and die when they are transplanted. Then your little dog scratches up one young plant to bury his dinner bone, and pussy breaks down another in some leap after a flying grasshopper. All these things will be now and then; and so, without indulging in melancholy expectations, it is yet well to have those little herbs of patience and perseverance growing in the corner of every garden, and to pluck one or two of their small, sweet leaves whenever some more favorite plant is missing.

Lily said she thought every thing happened in her garden that could happen any where; and yet that was not true, for Primrose and Clover had each a special variety or two of gardening sorrows. The first trial—which, indeed, came to all pretty much alike—was a succession of cold, biting, rough-edged winds. The little seedlings, newly set out, could make no resistance; the wind swept over them with a kind of blasting effect, beating them down, and almost cutting them off at the root. That part of the stem withered and turned white, and the little seedling never held up its head again. Lily declared the wind gave her pinks a bite every time he came along, and that was very often in those days. Close following on the heels of the wind came the rain—pouring, driving, flooding the garden beds to half-drowning those plants that had survived the wind. It was a great pity, Clover said, that the very first of her flower work should be in such a very uncommon season, for she could hardly tell now whether she had done the work well or ill. Between whiles, when the rain held up or the wind ceased for a little, the children would run out to see what could be done—carefully covering pinks and petunias with all the little flower-pots they could find, scraping up the earth which the rain had washed away from their roots, and giving the weary little seedlings a world of pity and tender encouragement. And thus nursed and cared for, and with the help of a sunshiny day now and then, some of the little plants looked up again, and began to grow and thrive. Small fresh green leaves appeared at the top of some of the tiny stems, and every thing seemed hopeful. A few of the most tender plants were not yet set out; a few of the half-hardy kinds

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were not yet planted; and several of the other seed-bags were not quite empty: for Sam had advised the children not to sow all of each sort at once, but to keep back a few for a second planting, lest the first should not do well. Many councils had been held about the weather, and whether it was time yet to venture the last of the precious seed treasure in the ground.

"I think I'll plant all mine to-day," said Lily, kneeling with one knee on the low window-seat and looking out at the sky, where the wind was struggling with rain-clouds. "It's getting all blue off there in the west, and papa said if it did we should have a fine day."

"But the ground will be so wet," said the prudent Clover. "It's so hard to sow the seeds nicely when the ground's wet."

"Well—to-morrow, then," said Lily. "Look, Clover, isn't that the Jarvis carriage driving along the road? And it's turning down here,—I do declare!—and Maria's inside!"

The carriage came on, and stopped at the little gate, and Miss Maria got out and picked her way delicately up to the house over the smooth, damp gravel-walk.

"Well!" she said to her three friends, who were gathered at the door to meet her, "I've come to stay all day. Aren't you glad? My father said he didn't think it would rain; and if it did, you know, it couldn't touch me in the coach. How do you do?"

"Oh, we're well," said Lily.

"Well, so am I," said Maria. "My mother thought it was too early to come, because you wouldn't be dressed, but that don't matter, you know; you can dress while I'm here, and then I can see all your frocks."

"Don't you want to come and look at our gardens," said Clover, "before you take your hat off? We always go just as soon as it stops raining, to see if the plants have grown."

"Why, don't plants always grow?" said Maria, as she followed them out. "Our garden's always full, I'm sure."

"Look! look!" cried little Primrose, running on before—"look, Clover! look, Lily! they're coming up!"

"Who's coming?" said Maria Jarvis. "Company? You'd better run in then and dress as fast as you can; but it's very early for visitors. *Our* company never comes till quite late."

"We never dress in the morning, no matter who comes," said Clover.

"Oh *do* just look how pretty!—Prim's sweet-peas are coming up!" And pretty indeed the soft, green shoots were, breaking their way through the brown mould.

"I thought they would never come," said Primrose, bending over them in her delight. "I'd planted 'em so very deep: and now here they are! Do you have a great many sweet-peas, Maria?"

"We don't have any," said Maria; "they're old-fashioned! And our gardener thinks old-fashioned flowers are dreadful. He likes all the new things. My aunt—she's ever so funny herself, and she's been staying with us a while—she asked Andrews where the sweet-peas were planted, and Andrews looked real angry, and he said, 'We haven't such a thing on the whole place, ma'am, I am happy to say!'"

"Sam says they are not common," remarked little Primrose, innocently; "but I got a whole paperful from Mr. Vick for five cents, and now they've come up. I'm so glad!"

"Dear me! what little bits of places!" said Maria, walking on to the next garden. "I suppose you don't have more than two or three sorts of flowers?"

"Indeed we do!" said Clover, flushing a little. "I have a dozen sorts, and the others have almost as many. I shall plant out hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine along the fence. They're growing in pots now."

"Hyacinth beans!" said Maria; "I never heard of such things. It sounds just like vegetables. Are they good to eat?"

"I don't think any body 'll ever eat my hyacinth beans," said Clover, a little indignantly.

"Well, you needn't be angry," said Maria; "it sounds so funny, you know, to have a flower-garden all full of beans and peas. *We* don't have any thing but fuchsias, and geraniums, and Japan lilies, and such things."

The children were silent; glowing visions of what "such things" might mean flashed before their eyes; and for a minute the small flower-bed, with its one rose-bush, its little patches of hardy seedlings, lost color and promise together. Then Clover glanced toward the corner where mentally she kept her "sweet herbs," and the gentle fragrance of patience and brotherly kindness seemed to set things right in a moment.

"Oh, you have a grand garden," she said, cheerfully, "and ours will never be that, I suppose. But I guess they'll be beautiful by-and-by, when the things grow. Just look how strong my zinnias are!"

"Oh, you've got zinnias!" said Maria; "are they double ones? Andrews says double zinnias are very good for some places."

"Well, I hope this is one of the places," said Clover, laughing. "Now come down and see Lily's garden."

"The sun's so hot," pleaded Maria, "and I dropped my veil in the house. And I don't know what my mother would do if I should get freckled. I always do freckle in the sun."

To avoid such a dire misfortune they all turned back into the house, and Lily was comforted for the slight to her garden by the thought that she should not hear any of her flowers called vegetables.

It was an easy matter to entertain their little guest—that was one thing. Just give her a comfortable chair, where she could spread out her flounces; place her in a good light, where her boot tassels and embroidered petticoat were likely to be seen now and then, and let her talk; and the small cup which Maria Jarvis kept for her happiness would be quite full. But the other children grew very weary as the day went on; rare flowers were not the pleasantest things to hear of, on the whole, and the novelty of dresses and trimmings soon wore off; so that when dinner was over, and the coach came and Maria got in, Clover saw her drive away with a deep sigh of relief; and even Lily threw her arms over her head and exclaimed:

"Oh dear! I'm so tired!"

"Tired of your best friend!" said Jack; "or is it that you can't wait till the time comes for you to go and spend Thursday with her? Poor Lily!"

"I'm in no hurry at all for Thursday to come," said Lily, rather sharply.

"I'm glad she's not coming *here* Thursday," said little Primrose. "Maria said my sweet-peas were old-fashioned. I should like to know what she is!"

"Why, she is—new-fashioned, if you really want to know," said Sam, laughing. "I guess she's right about the sweet-peas, Prim. I have little doubt that sweet-peas grew and blossomed in Eden, and that's being quite old-fashioned."

Prim's face unbent into a smile.

"Sam, you're so nice!" she said.

"Now that's what I call a compliment," said her brother, making a low bow. "What is Clover thinking of so busily?"

Clover flushed and hesitated. "Nothing—only I want some more herbs in my garden, Sam. I do believe Maria Jarvis made me a little bit discontented with my dear garden. It is such a shame!" said Clover, her voice choking a little. Sam put his arms round her and patted the hot cheeks softly.

"Let's go out and have a good walk," he said, on a sudden; "let us see what the wayside will show us, and hear what the wind will say to us. Come!"

THE WILD FLOWER.

A LITTLE wild flower by a spring
  Looked beautiful to me:
Like some secluded heavenly thing
  That I alone could see:
And as my young heart felt its power
I wept and loved that tiny flower.

I wondered how so weak a thing
  Should seem to me so strong:
While others passed it heedless by
  Unworthy of a song,
I ventured in its praise to sing
And woo'd it as a lovely thing.

I touched the chord with trembling hand;
  And startled at the sound,
I never thought to gain command
  Of music so profound;
Yet still I felt the hidden fire
That slumbered in that speaking wire.

Since then I oft have touched the strings
  And felt the soothing power,
The anodyne which music brings
  In sorrow's darksome hour,
I found that there was joy in grief,
And in the lyre I sought relief.

And now on wings of love I soared,
  And there were halcyon days!—
And still within my heart are stored
  Their golden memories.
And many warp and woof I wrought
In love's creative loom of thought.

From Nature's page of light and shade
  Full many a sketch I took,
Now gathering berries in the glade,
  Now pebbles in the brook.
More charmed to hear the skylark sing
Than list the sound of Orpheus' string.

I never felt myself alone—
  Though in the living crowd
I loved far more to be unknown
  Than known but by the proud—
The bird's clear song, the humming-bee
Were sweet companionship to me.

But still that modest purple flower
  That first awoke my lay
Remained in sunshine and in shower
  A fragrant memory.
Flower of my lyre, I owe to thee
The heart's first throb of poesy.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"'*No appetite for breakfast!*' Then in pity to yourself look around a while, and see if you can't find one before you attempt to force any thing into the unwilling stomach. '*But you are never hungry for breakfast?*' Then you should not take any breakfast: or at least you should postpone it until you can relish it."

So said Professor Prosy to his languid daughter, as she sat at breakfast-table toying with her tea-spoon.

"Something is wrong," he continued. "Either you get up too early and overfatigue yourself before the morning meal; or, more likely, you do not rise early enough to get your digestive organs fully awake; or perhaps you sit up too late at night, or eat too hea[vy] dinners and suppers. Something is wrong in your habits: or else you are sick, and should consult the doctor."

The Professor went on, quite unmindful that he was ostensibly addressing his own daughter—lecturing was his business.

"There is nothing so bad for dyspepsia as eating when one is not hungry. 'Hunger,' remarks some sensible writer, 'will better help digestion than Worcestershire Sauce, French Mustard, and earth-proof Cognac. Never, then, go to dinner till this trusty kitchen-maid rings the bell lustily, even if you wait forty-eight hours. *Never eat till you get hungry,* is a maxim which, if half obeyed, would rout nine-tenths of the distempers of mankind.'

"Living on a bit of dry toast and a cup of weak tea is all well enough for a genuine invalid. But for workers, physical or mental, a nutritious diet is needful. And yet when a man has exhausted himself with brain work, and then feels no appetite, or, having an appetite, finds that he has also dyspepsia if he eats what he reasonably wants, he blames his unfortunate constitution. He forgets that he has made extortionate demands upon the brain-power, and that little strength is left for digestion.

"As to habits before breakfast, each one should study what is wisest for himself. Some, like children, are in a hurry for something to eat as soon as they are up—not a few would be glad of a comfortable repast *before* they rise! But many, especially in warm weather, regard the breakfast-table with listless indifference. Let such try experiments. Rise early—there is an amazing amount of time, at this season of the year, between daybreak and seven o'clock, of which many people are quite unconscious! If you have household duties, my dear," the Professor's attention was recalled to his daughter by the impatient movements of her spoon, "very well, that is good exercise; or you will find your brain very clear for a couple of hours' reading or writing. But better still, if you want to hunt up an appetite, go out into the fresh air, take a trip up to the Central Park (you may eat a cracker before you start if you feel 'faint'), stroll through the Ramble, and luxuriate in its quiet beauty at that early hour. Take a ride on horseback if you prefer; but do something moderately, and try to *enjoy doing it*; and I venture to affirm that on your return you will look with uncommon favor upon coffee, rolls, omelet, and the *et ceteras* of a good breakfast."

So, ending his homily, the good man attacked his own coffee and rolls with a relish, apparently conscious that he had taken just enough mental exercise to fit *him* for eating a hearty breakfast!

A pretty good story was related to us the other day. Some years ago there lived in the city of Boston an author of distinction who was not without certain eccentricities of word and way. One day a friend asked him:

"Professor A., what physician do you employ?"

"Not any," replied the Professor.

"Not any?" echoed his friend, in surprise, knowing that he had a family of some half a dozen children. "What do you do when your children are sick?"

"Well, I don't do any thing for a few days, and then, if they don't begin to get better, I give them calomel."

"Calomel! What, *for every disease?*"

"Well, *yes*, for every thing," returned the Professor in his moderate way. "Years ago I always used to call a doctor when the children were sick; and I found his invariable method was to look at the child's tongue, feel the pulse, shake his head, look very wise, and prescribe calomel—it always ended in that. So I thought I might as well give the calomel myself."

"Well—but"—persisted his friend, hesitatingly, "how do you know how much calomel to give?"

"Well—I give a dose: and then, if that is not enough, I give a larger one—and, if it is too much, nature generally disposes of it!"

Some writer thus sympathizes with one class in the community:

"An overworked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail which killed Sisera into her temple—sometimes tightening around the brow as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and backaches, and her fits of depression, and many more trials, linked to her fine and noble structure, entitle her to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies."

A popular preacher having asserted his belief that woman was capable of high aspirations, and ought to interest herself in the mental and moral advancement of herself and others, made this remark:

"A woman that is content to wash stockings, and make Johnny-cake, and to look after and bring up her boys faultless to a button, and that never thinks beyond the meal-tub, and whose morality is so small as to be confined to a single house, is an undergrown woman, and will spend the first thousand years after death in coming to that state in which she ought to have been before she died."

It has been the custom in France for a great number of years to train young ladies to the habit of holding back the shoulders, and thus expanding the chest. From the observation of anatomists, lately made, it appears that the clavicle, or collar-bone, is actually longer in females of the French nation than in those of the English. As the two nations are of the Caucasian race, as there is no other remarkable difference in their bones, and this is peculiar to the sex, it may be attributed to the habit above-mentioned, which has gradually produced a national elongation of this bone. By this means the French have increased both health and beauty among ladies.

It was a very pretty compliment that Scott, the Commentator, once paid his wife. She is said to have possessed an unusually meek and gentle spirit; but on one occasion, something occurred to ruffle the smoothness of her temper, and her husband said, "My dear, a frown on your brow is like a dark cloud across a bright summer sky."

An Enoch Arden has turned up in Indiana. A soldier named Liston, who went to war leaving a wife and child, and three years ago was reported dead, has just returned to find his child buried and his wife married.

At this season, when housekeepers are so much annoyed with house-flies, it may be worth while to try the following recipe, which is said effectually to destroy them:

Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, and one tea-spoonful of cream, mix them well together, and place them in the room where the flies are troublesome, and they will very soon disappear.

The following bull was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common friend, who had expressed her entire readiness (as most ladies would, under similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of "daisy-picker" to the young couple:

"But," said the poor fellow, anxiously, "there is nothing in the world so embarrassing, you know, as to meet a girl by appointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, *I wouldn't myself—neither would she!* Suppose, my dear madam, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your house some evening *without either of us being aware that the other was present!*"

A wonderful cashmere shawl, now in Calcutta, will be among the sights of the Great Exhibition at Paris next year. It is worked in arabesques of unheard-of fineness on red ground, and was ten years in the workman's frame. It was originally ordered for the Queen of Oude, not long before the Sepoy revolt.

The animal creation in general seem to be aping the fashions and manners of the "upper classes." We had always supposed the horse to be one of the most intelligent of the quadrupeds; but the following incidents would indicate that the cow has the most highly cultivated taste. A Massachusetts paper gives the following:

"A couple of 'solitary horsemen' might have been seen one day last week wending their way along Main Street behind a sprightly animal. Suddenly the animal took occasion to exhibit his activity and his heels at one and the same time, much to the injury of the vehicle and the consternation of the driver, who was endeavoring to sell the animal to his companion. The horse, in his manœuvres, broke the thills of the wagon, and came to a position of repose, with his face to the wagon. A merchant near by rushed out to assist the wrecked individuals, and caught hold of the harness to pull it off, and lo! the horse's tail came off! The merchant gave one glance at the work of his hands and vanished; while the would-be purchaser, astonished at the animal's agility, was astounded at his artificial 'water-fall.'"

In contrast to this is an account given in a California paper of a cow that evidently has an ear for music. She will permit no one to milk her who will not sing while performing that operation. The moment the music ceases she becomes restless, and will break away unless it is resumed at once, but while the singing progresses she will remain perfectly docile. She does not seem to care so much about the quality of the music, provided the quantity is sufficient.

The following anecdote is related of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, of Manchester, England, who is said to have had an irritable temper:

"The church-yard was surrounded by a low parapet wall, with sharp-edged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body, and was one of the favorite feats of the neighboring boys. The practice greatly annoyed Joshua; and one day, while reading the burial-service at the grave-side, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain, by abruptly giving an order to the beadle, to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral-service: 'And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying—knock that black rascal off the wall!'"

A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:

"I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly be an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? 'She is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature—an 'old maid.'"

A London paper announces that Commodore Nutt is about to follow the example of General Tom Thumb, and take to himself a wife. The lady is the Miss Minnie Warren, the diminutive sister of Mrs. Stratton. Nature has been happy in the opportunities she has afforded to these little people for carrying out the doctrine of "natural selection," and they were no doubt made for each other, as the homely phrase runs.

Some patient investigator, who has become vexed at the extravagant prices now demanded for tea, has looked up the matter; and from the Report of the Revenue Commissioners has ascertained that the original price of the fragrant herb, good quality, is about eighteen cents per pound! This is the "ship off" price. The Chinese producer does not get this. There is the export duty, tolls levied at the various stations on the way to port, expenses of packing, and the two or three profits accruing before the tea reaches the hands of the exporting merchant. Adding his profit, the price at a Chinese port of shipment is, as stated, about eighteen cents per pound for good tea. The following fact needs no comment: A pound of Oolong tea was purchased of two different and respectable grocers in New York, on the same day, at one dollar and a half per pound. This tea was immediately taken to one of the leading "tea-brokers," and valued by him at a market price of ninety cents for one of the samples, and ninety-three cents for the other, which was the price at which the tea would have been sold by the importer: while the balance of the cost of the consumer, amounting to some fifty-eight cents, was cribbed by the jobber and the retailer.

THE HARBOR.

A SEAWARD wind blew out of the south
  That dashed the foam against the rocks;
The white-caps danced at the harbor's mouth,
  The gulls flew by in screaming flocks;
But never a storm-cloud darkened the sky,
  The waves flashed bright in the sinking sun;
And the wind that roared to the sea-bird's cry
  Was as gay as youth with its race to run.

White sails were glancing near and far,
  And some their journey had just begun;
And some came home to the harbor-bar
  From the coral islands of the sun;
Some from the spicy Indian gales—
  Some from the icy Arctic breeze;
These tell of battles with mighty whales
  In the desolate waste of the Polar seas.

What strange, rare things bring you home to show,
  Oh sailor lad! from the palm-crowned heights?
What from the swart little Esquimaux
  Under the arch of the Northern Lights?
What gems do you bring, my sailor man?
  From the elephant-trodden Indian shore?
What quaint devices from far Japan?
  What radiant shells from Singapore?

Her hammock, swung from the bread-fruit tree,
  The dusky island-maiden swings:
Forever over that charmed sea
  The gales that blow are always Spring's!
All through the radiant afternoon
  The palm-trees drowse and the wind breathes low;
And up to the rising of the moon
  The rollers boom on the shore below.

Up to the mountains regular, deep,
  They boom on the rocks in spray and showers,
The long, slow clocks of that land of sleep,
  They sound the flight of Time and his hours;
But after the rising of the moon,
  When cooler airs blow over the sea,
The breakers sink to a lullaby tune
  Like the night-birds in the tamarind-tree.

And you have been to those shining shores
  Of endless Spring, oh gallant bark!
And you, where the Arctic tempest roars,
  From out the dread half-year of Dark!
And to one who sailed from this harbor-bar
  'Twas given to reach that mythic goal,
The sea that is under the Northern Star
  And rolls in mystery round the Pole.

Many and strange are the thoughts you bring,
  Oh beautiful, mysterious ships!
My heart goes out on the sea-bird's wing,
  But even its utterance dies on the lips.
The sea of thought is a boundless sea—
  Its brightest gems are not thrown on the beach;
The waves that would tell of the mystery
  Die and fail on the shore of speech.

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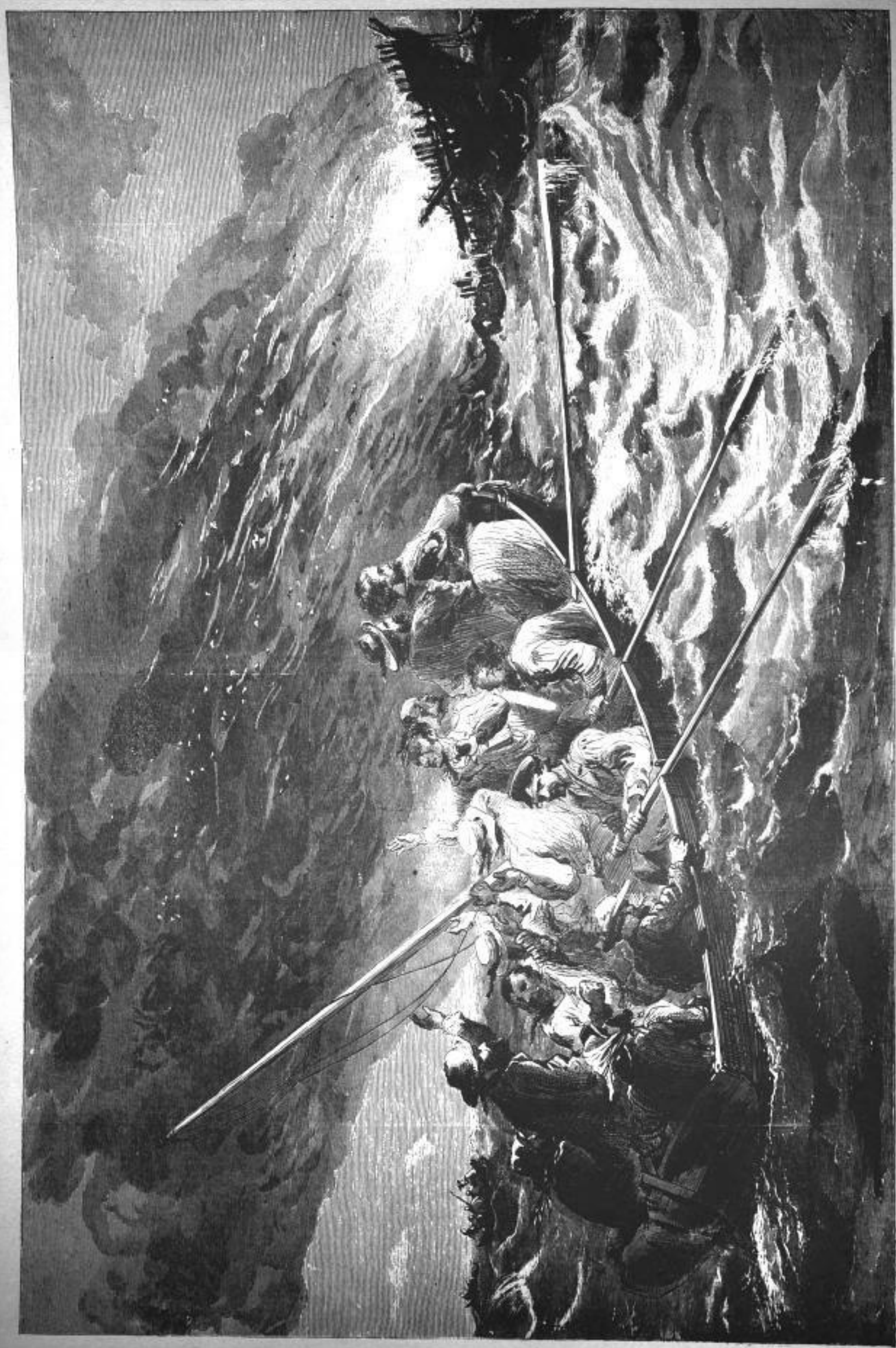

BURNING OF THE CALIFORNIA CLIPPER "HORNET," ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND.—SKETCHED BY MR. WEBB.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

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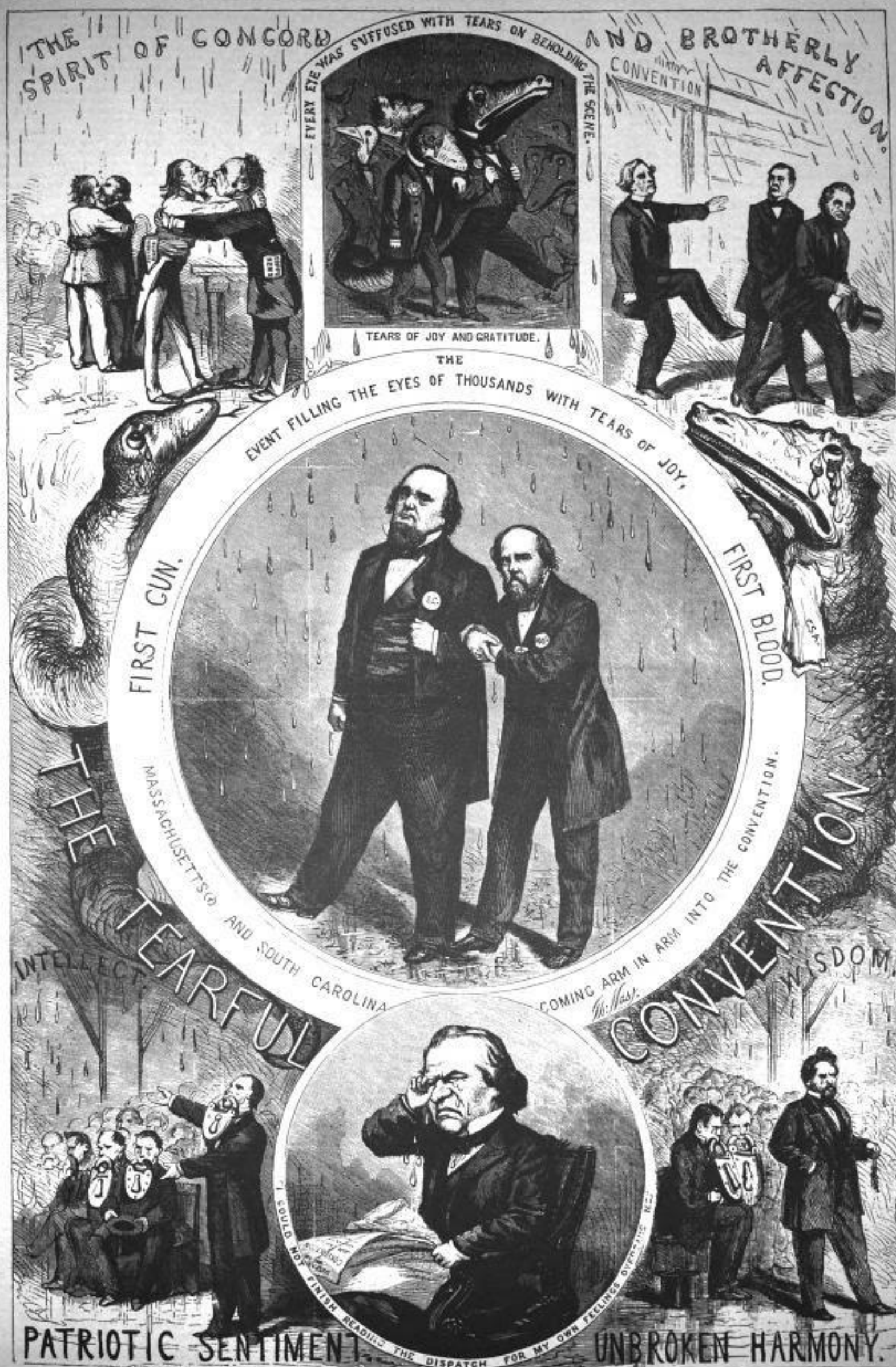

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THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Fifth Portion.

CHAPTER XI.

At nineteen, life is very vigorous within us. Let the soul be harrowed and the mind tortured as they may, the body will yet struggle to throw off its load of suffering. My youth and strength asserted themselves, and physical illness was not added to the anguish of my heart's sorrow. It was otherwise with my aunt. Her frail tenure of life was sorely weakened by the shock, and we watched at her bedside with a dumb foreboding. Anxiety for her, and the necessity of attending on her, took me out of myself. The sharp present pain sometimes dulled that other heartache for a moment. But there were hours when my wounded love awoke and cried within me with an exceeding bitter cry; and the moaning voice of the vast eternal sea seemed but the echo of my little human woe. At first I could not speak of it. I could not think of it. I could only feel it. But by degrees I lost the overpowering sensation of terror that possessed me at the first agonizing aspect of my grief, and slowly dared to look it in the face. For three days after my uncle's arrival I was as one in a dream. Mechanically I went about my daily duties, and said no word, and asked no question. Mr. Norcliffe was constantly in the house, fulfilling the duties of a physician and friend with unobtrusive kindness; I think it was by his advice that they left me to myself, and forbore to speak until I should be prepared to hear. At last, as I have said, I took courage to look my trouble in the face, and I resolved to know all they could tell me. "I will hear it at once," I said, "and then—"

And then?—

I could see nothing beyond. The long vista of my future years had held one figure journeying by my side. No matter through what trials we still should walk together. That had been my dream of life.

"Uncle," I said one night when the household were preparing to go to rest, and my aunt had fallen into a heavy slumber after a restless day, "will you come out with me on the beach for a little while? Aunt is asleep, and the servant shall stay in her room till I come back. I want to speak to you, and I feel as if I should be stifled in the house. Will you come?" He pressed my hand in his, took up his hat, and silently we went down stairs. A short flight of rough stone steps led down from the terrace on which the house stood to the shore, and, anon upon the wide beach, we were in absolute solitude. It was a warm dark night, with phosphorescent gleams upon the water. The soft wind, blowing seaward from the land, brought with it sweet waftsof country odors. Slowly, slowly, and in silence, we paced onward, until a turn in the shore showed us a distant light-house blinking with its red eyes far into the night.

"Dear uncle, I want you to tell me—"

"To tell you, my dear bairn?" For I had stopped and stood silent with my hand upon his arm.

"To tell me all about—Horace and my sister. I will only ask you this once, and then it will be over."

"I am glad you have spoken, Madge. It would have been my feeling to have had it all out before now. But others thought differently, and perhaps they were right."

"Yes, uncle; quite right. And—and—I want to beg one thing of you." He took my trembling hand and held it in a firm though gentle clasp. "I want you to try not to say things like—like—"

"What things, my darling?"

"Such as you said that night of Horace. I know what you must feel; but oh, dear uncle, I beseech of you not to say hard things of Horace to me." I was sobbing with my head upon his breast.

"How shall I speak the truth and not say hard things of him?" returned my uncle, bitterly. "But there, there, my beloved child. Heaven knows I would not willingly add to your burden. I will do my best, Madge."

Then, brokenly and with difficulty, he told me what he knew about my sister's flight. "I suspected nothing," he said, "nothing in the world. It must have begun when they were so much together at Meadow Leas. He seemed moody, and did not spend so much time as formerly at the Gable House. At least, not with my knowledge. God knows what went on behind my back. Anna had full liberty, and, as for him, he was like a son of the house." By degrees, I heard all that he could tell me. They had not left Willborough together. Horace had started by the night-coach for his northern destination, and Anna must have met him at some preconcerted point upon the road. She was not missed for some time, having given out to the servants that she was going to spend a few days with the Gibsons at Meadow Leas. Neither my uncle nor I had the heart to follow all the windings of the scheme. A few hours after he had missed her, and had begun to feel uneasy at her absence, he received a hurried letter in Anna's hand, saying that any attempt at pursuit would be worse than useless, as before these lines could reach Willborough she and he would have crossed the Scottish Border, and got married. "I was half-crazed," said my uncle. "As to sitting still at home, I could no more have done it than I could have down to Scotland, and seized the throat of you—; well, well, I won't say it, my lassie. But that's what I longed to do at first. When it fairly came home to me that it was too late, I just flung myself into a post-chaise to come to you and your aunt. Talk of a man's strength! Yes, if fighting be the cue. But for endurance: why, the bravest of us is fain to lean on you frail creatures when Sorrow comes and sits herself down in the ingle-nook."

In all that my uncle said and left unsaid I could trace the deep wound that Anna had given to his proud affection. He had loved her so. He had so gloried in her beauty and her high spirit, and even in her untamed vehement temper. He loved me fondly, and felt for me. No sympathy could have been deeper, more tender, more unfailing than his. But, for himself, the bitter smart was this: that her hand should have dealt the blow. That she should be false, treacherous, ungrateful! His pet, his bonny bairn, his darling! Strive as he would to throw the blame on Horace, there was a rankling sense of her unworthiness that wrung his kind heart cruelly, cruelly. Never again, on the rare occasions when my sister's name was mentioned between us, did I hear him speak of her by the familiar appellation of her childhood. It was "your sister," or "Mrs. Lee," or "Anna." Never Nan, or Nanny. Never, never again.

When Uncle Gough had ceased speaking there was a long silence between us. At last I rose (we had been sitting on a heap of loose stones) and took his arm. "Thank you, uncle," I said. "You are very good to me."

"Good to thee, my precious bairn!" All his full heart gushed out in a burst of tears and inarticulate ejaculations. He took me in his arms, as if I had been indeed the bairn he called me, and wailed over me as a mother over her sick child. We wept together until the passion had spent itself, and something like peace came down upon our souls. And, as we walked slowly homeward, the first glimpse of that, "and then," began to dawn upon me.

What if, though the bright glory of my morning were quenched forever, there still remained long twilight hours to turn to account ere the night cometh when no man can work! I was still very weak, very heart-sick, very miserable; but there was already a faint ray of comfort in the thought that I might yet be dear and useful to others.

When we reached home the servant of the house was standing at the door looking for us, and she ran forward to say that her mistress was with my aunt, and that some one had been dispatched for the doctor, as Mrs. Gough was awake, and seemed "mortal bad." We were with her immediately, and Mr. Norcliffe arrived soon after; but the first glimpse of her face told me, inexperienced though I was, that human skill was powerless to prolong her life. She died peacefully in my uncle's arms that night.

CHAPTER XII.

We went back to the old house, Uncle Gough and I, to the quaint old house at Willborough, taking the shadow of our sorrow and our loss with us. I pass by the first pain of looking on the familiar scenes and faces with our changed eyes; I pass by the grief of the servants, the condolences of friends, the sympathy of humble neighbors. As my uncle had said, now that Sorrow had sat herself down in our ingle-nook, it was to me that he looked for consolation. He was a man peculiarly sensitive to a woman's influence, and peculiarly needing a woman's sympathy. Soft and unassuming as his wife's character had been, he had leaned on her for support in the everyday affairs of life, and had turned, in any trouble, to the never-failing solace of her wifely love. Now she was dead, and Anna was gone, and Horace, whom he had loved so well, was cast out forever from his home and from his heart, and there was no one but I left to fill the vacant places. What a sad autumn was that which followed our return to the Gable House! The summer had waned before we left Beschington, and my uncle and I used to wander arm in arm along the garden paths and through the shrubbery, ankle-deep in fallen leaves. He seldom cared to pass the iron gates into Willborough, and few strangers crossed our threshold. But, once, old Mr. Lee came. He came one sunny afternoon, soon after our return home. I, sitting sewing by the window in the morning-room, heard the gate bell ring, and looked out to see who the unwonted visitor might be. I stood up trembling, and my work dropped upon the floor.

"Margaret, what is it?" asked my uncle, looking at my scared face; then, following the direction of my glance, he too saw Mr. Lee, who was now almost at the porch.

"I can't bear to see him, uncle. What shall I do? Let me go away."

"Yes, child," said my uncle, with his brow knitted into the stern, troubled look it often wore now. "Go, dear. He shall not disturb you. Why does he come here at all? It was a bitter hour when any of his name first darkened these doors."

I hurried away up stairs, my knees shaking under me, and shut myself into my own room. There I staid for above an hour, sitting motionless and dry-eyed on the bed, with a dull sick feeling at my heart. At last Hester came up stairs and knocked at my door.

"Your uncle's love, Miss, and do you feel well enough to come and give him his tea?"

Then I knew that Mr. Lee was gone, and I arose and went down to my uncle. He said not a word at the time about his visitor; but I learned afterward that the interview had been a stormy one. Mr. Lee, while deprecating the conduct of his son, had tried to act as mediator between Horace and my uncle, endeavoring to show that continued resentment on the part of the latter could only hurt himself, and was really uncalled for. That the thing was done and could not be undone—"which," said my uncle, "was the sting of the whole matter"—and so forth. But it finally appeared that his chief object in coming had been to ascertain whether Anna's marriage would make any difference in the amount of her prospective inheritance. My uncle had always announced that my sister and I were to be the joint inheritors of what property he had to leave, and that it would be divided equally between us.

"I told him," said my uncle, speaking of this to me afterward; "I told him that neither your sister nor her husband would ever be the richer by one penny of my money. She and he have chosen their way, and must pursue it together. But never, with my consent, shall any help go from me to them, either during my life or after my death. I have one niece, one child, one heiress. He wanted to see you, feeling sure, he said, that you would not wish this. But I told him that if you were an angel I was none, and that in this matter I would have my own way. So he left me."

I tried, of course, to alter my uncle's resolution. What was the money to me? But whenever I reverted, even distantly, to the subject, he grew so fierce and terrible in his anger against her, that I was fain to cease my pleadings, and leave it to time to soften him more effectually than any poor words of mine could. So the autumn and the winter and the spring were away, and the summer came round again in its appointed course. Twice during the year Mr. Norcliffe had come to see us, and on his last visit had pained me by asking me to be his wife. Pained me, because my own trouble made me tender to the genuine feeling of an honest heart. And it could never, never be.

"I don't ask for love, Miss Sedley," he said. "I know and respect your feelings. But if you could ever bring yourself to think of me—if you could give me any hope that time might change your resolution—you would make me a very happy man."

I think I did not fully know what my love for Horace had been, nor fully realize how that part of my life was lost to me, until I received this proposal. My uncle would have encouraged it; and Mr. Norcliffe was a man every way my superior, and I was very sensible of the great honor he did me when he placed this high confidence and trust in me. But all that was over. I assured him that my marrying was impossible, then and thereafter. He took it like the fine-natured gentleman he was. And the last words he said to me on that occasion were these:

"Miss Sedley, if you ever need a friend's advice, or a brother's protection, will you believe that I should esteem it my dearest privilege to afford you both? Will you tell me that you trust me enough to ask me for them?"

This I could most heartily and gratefully assure him. There had been several letters from Anna to my uncle, and there had been one directed in Horace's hand. But Uncle Gough thrust them all unopened into the fire, holding them firmly in the blaze until the last fragment was consumed. My heart yearned sometimes for news of my sister. I had been thinking, dreaming, musing on her, and on Horace, all the year; and as my first anguish softened I began to ask myself if this estrangement were to go on all through our lives. He had loved her best. Was she not more beautiful, more attractive than I? I thought sometimes that if they had only come to me, and had only confessed that they loved each other, and had asked that I should release Horace from his promise, I could have done it.

One bright day I had persuaded my uncle to drive some miles out of town to a small property he had in a neighboring village, consisting of a few cottages and some pasture-land. One of his tenants had desired to see him on, I know not what, business connected with some trifling repairs. It would be a change, an occupation, an excuse for a short absence from home. I dreaded to see him entirely lose his once active habits, and sit dreaming in the house day after day. I urged him to drive over to the village, and, having seen him set off in his high gig with the old mare, fat and frolicsome after her long rest, I took advantage of his absence to go into Willborough and make some housekeeping purchases. I had almost completed my task, and was nearing the Gable House on my way back, when I remembered that cook had asked for some sweet herbs, and I went into a shop to get them. We all know how subtle and potent is a familiar odor to awaken sleeping memories in the brain, and the smell of that shop invariably took me back to the market-day when Anna had gayly thrust a fragrant bunch of herbs over my uncle's shoulder, and we had first seen Horace Lee. Oh me! How long, how long ago, it seemed!

The good woman who served me put up what I wanted; and then, as I took the little parcel in my hand, she said:

"So we've got your sister back among us, Miss Sedley."

"My sister!"

I suppose my face turned very white, for I felt the blood rush back to my heart, and the woman looked at me with a startled expression.

"Dear life, miss! I hope I haven't done wrong to mention it. I never thought but what you knew. Will you sit down a moment, miss?"

"No, no, thank you. But tell me—when did they—I mean how long—"

"How long they've been here?" said the woman, helping out my unfinished sentence. "Well, I'm not rightly sure, but it must be going on nigh a week. My master, he seen young Mr. Lee at Rotherwood's door last Thursday. They're staying there, I take it."

I thanked her and hurried out of the shop. As soon as I reached home I shut myself into my room, and, without removing my hat and cloak, sat down to think. I should run the risk of meeting them, unprepared, at any moment. I knew too well that any idea of my uncle's admitting them beneath his roof was hopeless as yet. But I did not think he would forbid me to see my sister. Did he know of her being there? I scarcely thought he could; he had so resolutely set his face against all mention of her name by any one whomsoever. It behooved me to consider how I should act. Could I bear it? Could I see him as my sister's husband? How would they receive me if I went? I revolved all the aspects of the question without coming to any decision, when, on a sudden, my heart cried out: "She is your sister, she is the motherless companion of your infancy, she is the only living being of your blood you have to cling to. Go to her!" I listened to my heart's voice, and arose, and went forth upon the urging of that strong impulse. I hastened out at the iron gates, and took my way along the street to the house the woman had mentioned. Mr. Rotherwood's offices were on the ground-floor, and (his dwelling-house being in another part of the town) the upper stories had been hitherto disused. But now, as I glanced at the windows, I saw white curtains there and signs of habitation. I would not stop for a moment, nor slacken in my pace, lest I should turn onward and go back without fulfilling my purpose. I reached the private door, almost breathless with my speed, and, having knocked, was admitted by a little country servant, who stared at me with all her round eyes.

"Is—your mistress—within?"

Only at the moment of asking the question did I remember that I must now speak of Anna as Mrs. Horace Lee. With strange unaccountable inconsistency, I, who was coming there to heal the past, and offer reconciliation, could not make that smaller effort of calling my sister by his name!

"Yes," said the girl, with her wondering eyes still fixed upon my face: "she is at home."

"I know her. I am a friend. Let me go up."

I pushed her aside, and ran up the staircase, and into the sitting-room which faced it, and there—nursing a tiny infant at her breast, and singing softly to it, in the old sweet voice—sat my sister Anna.

"Margaret!"

She rose and faced me. The deep red blood rushed over her face and neck, and then, receding, left her deadly pale.

"Oh, Anna! I did not know this. You are a mother, Anna! Oh, Anna, Anna! let me kiss your child."

With sobs, and half-uttered words, and passionate embraces, we clung together, holding the little baby between us. And so we wept, and wept, until, thank God! the flowing tears washed from my innermost soul the last lingering bitterness of anger.

When we grew calmer and could speak to each other—that was not for a long time—Anna asked me if Uncle Gough were coming, and if he knew of my visit? But, in her quick way, she read the answer in my face before I could utter it, and drew back with the curved haughty lip I knew so well.

"Ah, no. I see. He is still hard, and implacable, and vindictive. Well, we must endure it. That is all."

"Hush, hush, Anna! Do not speak so; I can not bear it. Tell me about yourself. How old is your baby? What is its name?"

"Poor little thing! She is very wee and frail, isn't she? Only two months old. We came away from the north as soon as I was able to travel. She is called Lily."

I remembered Horace having once told me that his mother's name had been Lilias. As I looked more closely at my sister, and as her face recovered itself after the strong emotion of our meeting, I saw that she was thin and worn. She was very lovely, with the rich dark curls clustering round her forehead, and her lustrous brown eyes that looked larger than ever, from the thinness of her face; but her cheek was very pale, and there were lines of care and suffering about her mouth, and the mark on her forehead, which told of the frequent contraction of her handsome brows, had deepened.

"Little lily, poor small lily, little fair white lily, you don't know me; do you? I am Aunt Margaret, and you must be very good to me, and love me very much."

I had taken the infant in my arms, and I hushed it until it fell into a slumber, when Anna told me to place it on a couch in the room that was prepared for it with pillows and a light warm shawl.

"Hark!" cried Anna, as I laid the sleeping baby down; "that is his step. Here is Horace."

I have a confused remembrance of breathing a hurried prayer for strength while that footstep mounted the stair; and then his hand was on the lock and he stood before us. Anna advanced to meet him, and put her hands upon his shoulders; but his eye had lighted upon me, where I stood trembling like some guilty creature. Dashing down the papers he carried in his hand, he put his wife aside, and with a cry which I shall never forget sprang across the room and clasped me in his arms. It was so sudden that for a second I was powerless to move. But almost instantly I released myself from his embrace, and, retreating a step or two, held out my hand. I was astonished at my own strength, now that the test had come.

"Forgive me," said Horace, passing his hand over his forehead, "it was so unexpected. I—I did not know what I was doing when I caught sight of your face. Forgive me."

"Forgive you!" cried a voice, so hard and strained, that I started, scarcely knowing it for my sister's. She stood looking at us, and her dark brows were knit, and her eyes flashed menacingly, and I saw what the change was that the year had made in Anna's face. All the youth had gone out of it.

"Forgive you!" she exclaimed. "Do you remember that your wife is present? Has the sight of Margaret so overwhelmed you as to blot out from your memory the past twelve months?"

Horace dropped my hand and turned toward her.

"No, no, no," he answered, "I have not forgotten, Anna, that you are my wife."

Something in his tone jarred upon her irritable nerves and set her in a flame. The old furious temper took possession of her, and shook her slender figure. She heaped reproaches on us both until I stood aghast to hear her.

"You had best be silent, Margaret," said Horace, turning to me. "She is a mad woman while the fit is on her."

He then sat motionless, with his head bowed upon his hands. Anna's loud angry tones awoke the child, who set up a piteous wail. I stooped to take it in my arms and soothe it; but she snatched it from me, and pressed it to her breast with a fierce clasp.

"She is mine, my child! You shall not touch her! Her love, at least, I can claim." Then, turning to her husband: "You are a weak fool. Do you think I can not see what old infatuation has come back at the sight of Margaret? You are a weak fool. What was her love to mine? She never loved you. Why, at this moment, see how calm she stands! What did she ever do to prove her love? Would she have planned, schemed, defrauded, lied, to win you?"

"Stop, Anna, in Heaven's name!" cried Horace,

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rising. "Say no more while this mad temper possesses you. Spare us, and spare yourself."

"No; I will not spare myself. I did plan, I did scheme, I did defraud, I did lie. I was false to my sister, to my uncle, to every one. There was nothing I would not have done or risked for you, because I loved you so, and because it seemed as if my great love must win yours in the end."

"If neither for my sake nor your own, then for our child's, I beseech you to command yourself," said Horace.

The vehemence of her passion had so exhausted her that she burst into a storm of hysterical sobs, and fell back upon the couch with the baby wailing and moaning in her arms. Horace went to her, and motioned me away as I advanced:

"Go now, Margaret. You can do no good," he said, softly. And indeed Anna's sobs redoubled at my approach, and she shrank away from me. "Go, and try to forget this miserable scene. God ever bless you for coming, Margaret! Don't—" he hesitated, and then went on in a lower voice—"don't quite desert us. We deserve nothing at your hands, but you are not one to balance that bitter truth against our need of you. And—and, for the sake of this innocent little one, don't desert us, Margaret. Don't quite desert us."

I went away from the room and from the house; and, out of the dark sea of sorrow around me, only one thought rose clearly into my mind. That he had loved me until she turned his heart against me. That he had been deceived. That he had not been coldly false.

For some days after I hesitated whether or not I should tell my uncle that I had been to see Anna. Had my visit ended peacefully, or given me any hope of happier relations arising between us, I would have risked his short-lived anger, and confessed the truth at once. But I shrank from the idea of a recurrence of such harrowing scenes. I could not tell whether he knew of Horace's return to Willborough; but I thought it almost impossible that he should still be ignorant of it. So the week went by, and I was still undecided. At last I resolved to let Uncle Gough know by indirect means. So I requested Stock to gather some choice wall-fruit, for which the gardens of the Gable House were famous, as I wished to send a present to a friend. The old man brought the fruit wrapped in vine-leaves to the morning-room, where I was sitting, and where Uncle Gough was deep in the perusal of the weekly *Gazette* from London. Poor Stock was very feeble now, and bent by rheumatism. My aunt's death had been a real grief to the old man, whose few attachments were very strong and lasting.

"I've been an' got what's left on 'em, Miss Margit. They bain't like they used to be, but the Lord's will be done!"

"Thank you, Stock. They look very fine, I think."

"Ah, look? If looks was all, some on us 'ud stand but a poor chance. Them nectarines—why, I can remember the season afore ever Bill Green set foot in the place, they was one mash o' juiciness. Bustin' they was with ripeness. Seems to me as tha' summat had clean took the flavor out of every-think." Uncle Gough glanced over the newspaper:

"Ay, ay, Stock. I begin to find that out myself. I'm afraid you and I are both suffering from a complaint that is apt to take the flavor out of every thing. Old age, Stock, old age. But," he added, gently, "it will cure itself, it will cure itself."

"Yes, sure, Sir," answered Stock, conveying something like softness into his hard immovable face and monotonous voice in an indescribable way. "Yes, sure; an' the cure 'll be a lastin' an' a blessed un. Once we gits through the valley o' the shadow, there'll be joyful meetin's t'other side. An' no more partin's. That's the blessedest, Sir, bain't it? No more partin's."

"Margaret," said my uncle, suddenly, when the old man had withdrawn, and I was packing the fruit in an open basket, "who are those nectarines for?" I trembled, but I had made this opportunity, and would not let it slip. So I took courage to answer in as steady a voice as I could command: "Dear uncle, I hope you will not be angry. I thought I might have them. They are to send to my sister Anna."

He still held the *Gazette* before him, so that I could not see his face; but I heard the paper rustle and shake in the dead silence that ensued. I was very much frightened. At length my uncle rose from his chair and walked slowly toward the door; but before he reached it, he held out his hand, and I ran into his arms. "God bless thee, my bairn!" he said very softly, and I felt a tear drop on my forehead. His hand was on the lock, but he paused in the act of opening the door, and said, without turning or looking at me: "I'm going into the garden, my lass. There's a vast of fruit and flowers almost spoiling there. Take whatever you want, and do as you like with them. You—you need never tell me any thing about it."

In this way I obtained an indirect permission to send many little gifts from the Gable House to my sister, and they were accepted. It was a long time before I could bring myself to visit her again, but I did so at last, having heard from one of the servants that the child was ailing sadly. After that, I constantly went to see her. I always chose those hours for going when Horace would probably be absent; and during several months I did not see him half a dozen times. Anna's manner to me fluctuated; but though she was often fretful, irritable, and unreasonable, there was no repetition of the outburst to which she gave way on the occasion of our first meeting. Little Lily was fading and pining, and our anxiety and love for the dear child was a common ground of sympathy between us.

I had had several letters from Madame de Beaugost, giving pleasant accounts of herself and her husband. I had kept her informed, as well as I could, of all that had befallen at the Gable House; of my aunt's death, and of Anna's marriage. My letters, as you may suppose, were but dreary exchanges for her bright, cheerful epistles. But she wished for them, and was glad to hear all about myself that I could make up my mind to tell her. I know she was glad to get my letters, because she said so. Anna would often ask to have news of the De Beaugosts. Their life in Canada, and the kind of people who surrounded them, seemed to have an inexhaustible interest for her. Gradually I discovered that she was eagerly endeavoring to persuade Horace to leave England altogether, and try his fortunes abroad. He was restless and unhappy here, she said. Things were not going well with him. There, in America, he would have a wide field for his talents, and would work with energy. But I believe there was a secret unacknowledged feeling at the bottom of her heart that he would belong to her, more entirely and exclusively, when once he should be divided from the familiar scenes and friends that still claimed any regard from him at home. Be that as it might, Anna had set her heart upon this scheme, and pursued it with headlong vehemence. How Horace thought of it I could not tell; he never spoke to me on the subject. And, besides, as I have said, we very, very seldom met. But an unforeseen and painful circumstance unexpectedly occurred to make him think seriously of the project. Old Mr. Lee was in the habit of receiving large sums of money for the baronet, his employer, and, Sir Robert being seldom at the Hall, had very nearly absolute control of the property. There was no appeal from Mr. Lee's decision for any tenant on the estate. Notwithstanding an arrogant pomposity of manner, and an implicit belief in the infallibility of his own wisdom, he was considered, on the whole, to deal fairly between landlord and tenant. Even those who most disliked him—I am sorry to say they were rather numerous—had to restrict their animadversions to the offensive "stuck-up-ishness of his manner." "Our old gander 'minds me always of Mr. Lee," said Farmer Gibson once. "When he swims under the stone arch of the bridge on the river, he ducks his head down every time, just as though he was high enough and strong enough to carry away bridge and all, if he wasn't precious careful. Now, the arch is a good six foot over him, let him crane his neck up as he will; but the silly bird can't see that. It's just the same with the steward. Why, when he comes into our place, he stoops down, so condescending, for fear he should do us a mischief like. Lord, we're a mile above his head all the time! Only, ye see, he don't know it, no more 'n the gander."

Unfortunately this blind pride was destined to have a fall which crushed other people in its ruins. I dare say my uncle had heard rumors of the impending crash, in Willborough, before it came. Disaster seldom comes unheralded by a warning atmosphere of its own. But I lived so entirely out of even our little world, that the evil tidings took me quite unprepared. It seems that Mr. Lee, relying solely on his own judgment, and taking no counsel of those whose experience might have guided him, had embarked all he possessed in a ruinous speculation, which burst, leaving him and many others nearly penniless. But this was not the worst. The worst was overwhelmingly bad. It was hinted that Mr. Lee had not risked and lost his own merely. For the error in judgment of losing his own perhaps more pity than indignation might have been bestowed on him; though, in truth, the world is generally very angry with people who lose their money, and finds it dreadfully hard to forgive that offense. But it was asserted that a very large sum which Mr. Lee had received for Sir Robert, and which he should have deposited in the county bank, had been appropriated by him to this other purpose—no doubt with the full intention of replacing it—and was lost with his own property in the general ruin. I first heard the news from Anna, who was half distracted about it. "He has disgraced us—disgraced Horace. That is the misery. The loss of his own money would have been a serious misfortune, of course. But this is shame and ruin." I cautioned my sister not to speak in that unguarded way until the truth of the matter should be positively ascertained. But she took this in ill part, asking me if I supposed the good name of her husband's father were not as dear to her as to me? Briefly, she was in no mood to be argued with, and I could only hope that, in her excitement, she had exaggerated the extent of the evil. But on venturing to speak to my uncle of the matter, I learned, to my dismay, that the worst had been confirmed, and that Mr. Lee would not only be a ruined man, but one with a slur upon his name henceforward. "Uncle, what will they do with Mr. Lee? Can Sir Robert punish him? How will it be?" In my anxiety I forgot the tacit understanding between us that the name of Lee was never more to be mentioned at the Gable House. Uncle Gough forgot it too, perhaps; for he answered with a troubled face, "My lassie, it is a bad business. I am told his son is making every effort to repay the money belonging to Sir Robert; if he can do so, they say it will be hushed up. As to old Lee's own savings, they are blown to the four winds of heaven, like the dust of last summer." This was the calamity which made Horace finally resolve to leave England. He sold his share in Rotherwood's business to young Clinch; and the sum thus raised, together with his savings during the past year, sufficed to replace Sir Robert's money. I believe the baronet behaved considerately, and forebore to take legal proceedings, on the assurance from Horace that his property should be restored. But of course Mr. Lee lost the situation he had filled so many years, and in his old age was cast destitute on the world. When all was done, there remained but a slender store wherewith to take Horace and his wife and child to Canada. He resolved on going first to Quebec, in the hope that De Beaugost—now a prosperous man—might be able to assist him to find employment. It was a sad, sad time. I was with them very much, rendering what assistance I could. Soon after it was settled that they should go, my uncle announced to me one day that he would be absent from Willborough for a week or so.

"I'm going to bide with Norcliffe, Madge," he said. "He has often asked me to go and see him, but I have never had the heart to do it yet. You'll be more at liberty when I am out of the way for a season. I'll be back with you, my darling, on the twentieth."

Horace and my sister were to leave Willborough on the nineteenth. Before my uncle started for Beachington, almost at the last moment, he gave me a little packet.

"This," said he, nervously, "is for you, Madge. It is your own, to do as you will with. I put no restriction whatever on the use you are to make of it, but don't let me hear of it any more."

When he was gone I opened it. It contained a bank-note for fifty pounds. The few days preceding my sister's departure were very busy days, and seemed to fly past us.

On the last evening I was left alone with Horace. Anna had quitted us to put her infant to rest, and we sat in the bare dismantled room, surrounded by the discomfort and desolation which attend the preparations for a long journey, while the evening shadows were deepening rapidly into darkness. Then, for the first time, I learned that old Mr. Lee was to accompany them. "I could not leave my father here to starve, Margaret," said Horace. "I have no means of providing for him. He must cast in his lot with us. Besides, Willborough scenes and Willborough people are painful to him now. It is best that we should all go and hide our shame and misery together."

"I hope," said I, faltering, "I hope and trust your going may be for the best. There are some here who think that this—this—"

"This disgrace," suggested Horace, bitterly.

"—this misfortune—need not have driven *you* from England. You, at least, are blameless."

"Am I?" he returned, in a tone that sent a sharp pang to my heart. "Yes, oh yes! I am blameless. Margaret, do you think I could have gone on living this life much longer? It was killing me."

"Horace!"

"Yes, it was killing me and killing her. We can never know happiness again."

"Oh, Horace, do not say so!"

"Never, never again. But at least the daily and hourly torture we both endure in this place may be lessened. I am a wretch to distress you, Margaret," he said, rising and going to the window; "a selfish wretch. But the truth is, I am worn out, mind and body, by these last few weeks. I scarcely know what I am doing sometimes."

I saw his hand go wearily up to his head against the dim window-pane.

"I know you are not well," I answered, struggling to regain composure; "I have seen it for some time. The voyage and the change may be of service to you, and to my poor pale Lily. Horace, I have but one other word to say, and I say it with my whole heart—be good to Anna. She loves you; be patient with her; remember she will have but you in all the world now."

"God help her, poor girl!" he answered. "Yes, Margaret, you may trust me to be patient with her. Who should be patient with her, if not I? We must help each other."

When Anna rejoined us we sat and talked a while with some poor assumption of cheerfulness. We spoke of our old governess, and of her wedding-day, and I sent many messages to her and to her husband. Before I left I went to look at baby sleeping in her cot, and slipped into her little tender hand a paper containing my uncle's gift. I had written on it, "To Lily, from Aunt Margaret." But the following day the little servant brought me a letter, left with her for me by my sister. It contained the bank-note and these words: "If my uncle chooses to recognize me as his niece and adopted daughter I will cheerfully accept his assistance, but I will take nothing in the shape of alms from you. A. L."

Stubborn, self-tormenting spirit! Poor misguided girl!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IMPORTANT TO NAUTICAL MEN.—The best light for the binnacle. Stearine candles.

BEAT THAT.—We know a man so clever with his lathe that he can even turn a deaf ear.

During a visit to England an Irish lady was one day defending her country with characteristic warmth against charges made concerning its bull-making propensities by a witty Englishman. "Well," he at length exclaimed, "if you won't allow you commit bulls, you must, at all events, confess you commit an outrageous number of murders!" "Granted," cried the Irish girl; "yet even our murders are not at all so atrocious in their character as your English ones." "Oh, now, now!" broke in the gentleman, mischievously, "only listen to this girl defending her murders!" "No," she replied; "not defending, but comparing them. [illegible] hear of an Irishman staining his own hearth-stone with blood, if his wife offend him: a few hot words, or at most a few hard blows, are her punishment; but if the English boor's wife offend him, very likely *she will go to bed to-night to rise in the morning and find her throat cut.*"

Why is a noisy tomcat like a boatman rowing against the current?—Because it is an uproar (up-rower).

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog?—One wears a shirt, the other pants.

Somebody, evidently an old bachelor used to such things, thus describes how they do in Maine: "Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law State, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young temperance woman, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, 'Mr. ——, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing?' You nod acquiescence. She gently steps closer to you, lays her white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylphlike form upon tip-toe, her snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sugar, molasses, lily, rose-bud, cream-tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, gingerbread, nectar lips against yours, and (Gubernatorial, hold us!) kisses you. Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

"Pray," inquired one minister of another, seeing so many ladies attend his church, "why do you invariably address your congregation as 'dear brethren'?" "Oh, the answer is easily given," he replied; "the brethren embrace the sisters."

EXCELLENT HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Buttered Crust.—Stick a crust of bread on your fork and raise it in the air.

Jugged Hare.—Get up very early in the morning and dip your head in the water-jug; you will thus have jugged hair to perfection.

Apple Turnover.—Throw your apple down stairs. This is a simple but excellent way of making apple turnover.

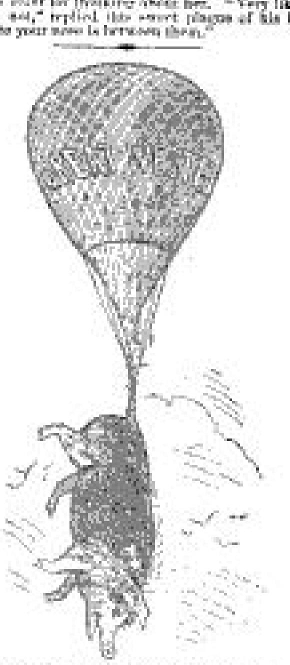
To take out Ink-stains in Linen.—Throw the soiled garment over your shoulder and walk down the High Street with it.

An Ice Cream.—Pick out the prettiest girl you can see, slip gently into the corner, and ask her to give you a kiss; you will soon have a nice scream.

A man much addicted to snoring remarked to his bed-fellow in the morning that he had slept like a top. "I know it," said the other; "like a humming-top."

CONUNDRUMS FOR CONNOISSEURS.—A reverend gentleman, the Canon of a Cathedral, had his pocket picked. Why was this Canon like an Armstrong Gun?—Of course, because he was rifled.

Most of our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the gallant young Irishman who declared to his sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he couldn't sleep at night for dreaming of her. A parallel instance to this occurred when a poor fellow protested to "his girl" in the hay-field that his two eyes hadn't [illegible] for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied the sweet plague of his life, "for I see your nose is between them."



"PORK IS GOING UP."—Cincinnati P[illegible]

WILLIE.

Willie came to me a wooing,
Fie! Willie, fie!
To no purpose all your suing,
I'll not wed—not I.

Willie only came more often,
Fie! Willie, fie!
All your talking ne'er can soften
Such a maid as I.

Still he came and still he pleaded,
Fie! Willie, fie!
Sure such rash vows ne'er were needed,
I'll not wed—not I.

That is, simply! not at present—
Go, Willie, go;
Such rude questions are unpleasant—
Can't you take a No!

Begging, supplicating, pleading:
No, Willie, no!
All at once—'twas quite distressing—
Willie turned to go.

When I found I couldn't get him
Aught more sweet to say—
Go—of course I couldn't let him—
Willie, darling!—stay!

A HOUSE TO LET.

PARTY WITH HOUSE TO RENT. "Can you tell me why the last tenant left?"

PARTY IN CHARGE. "Left? Lor, poor dear man, he didn't leave. Lived here till the very last, and hanged himself in that there very room."

A man who is advertising lodgings "to let for early risers," at Danbury, Connecticut, adds: "Cochin China fowls of unusual vocal powers are kept on the adjoining premises."

"Mr. White, will you have the kindness to lend me ten dollars?" "Certainly, upon one condition." "Name it." "That you tell me why your request is like the back of my neck." "I must give it up." "Well, it is because I can't see it."

—[illegible] riches are those that certainly make themselves wings and fly away?—Ost-riches.

LURED.

Said the wind to the lamp in the light-house tower,
"Come out and play with me;
Thou shalt light my path in the midnight hour,
Afloat o'er the stormy sea."

He whistled in vain o'er the raging foam,
And wooed—but no answer came;
While safe and bright in its lofty home
Burnt the coy and steadfast flame.

"Come away, come away, thou art prisoner
While others may revel free:
My soft caresses come merrily there,
Come out and play with me."

"I may not be lured from my eyrie above
To light thee o'er billow or foam;
Much peril I see in thy boisterous love,
Much safety for me in my home."

He toyed with the lattice so softly—as sweet
As the zephyr of evening his breath—
Till he laid the full warmth of his love at her feet,
And she yielded to freedom—and death!

O maidens! the lamp in that light-house tower
Has ne'er [illegible] of darkness arisen;
Beware of the perilous love of an hour,
Or the feeling that home is a prison.

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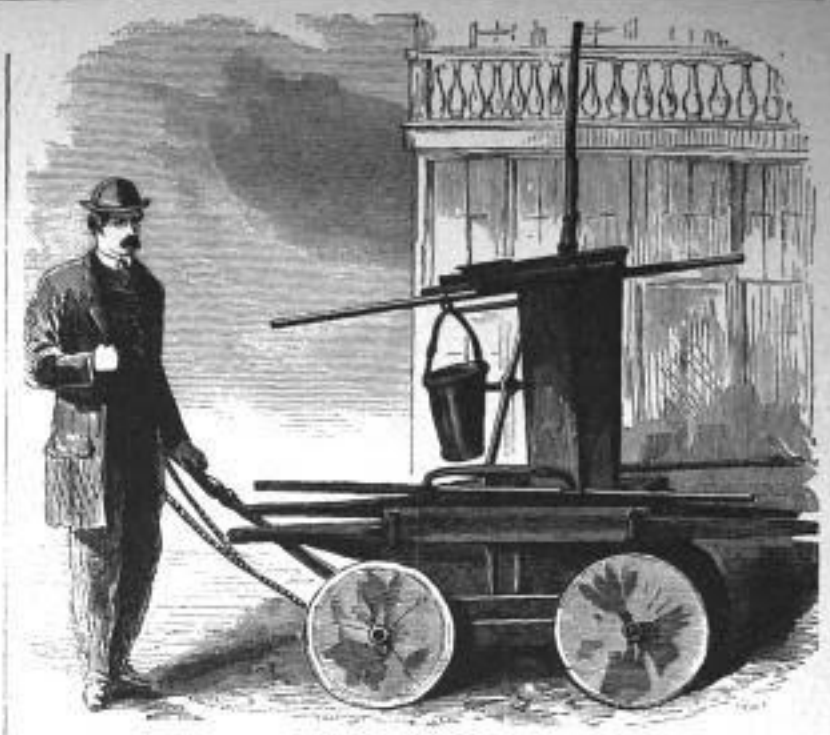
GOVERNOR PAUL DILLINGHAM, OF VERMONT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK & CASE, BOSTON.]



THE OLDEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE UNITED STATES.—[SEE PAGE 624.]

GOVERNOR DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT.

WE give on this page a portrait of Honorable PAUL DILLINGHAM, who has just been elected Governor of Vermont.

PAUL DILLINGHAM was the son of PAUL and HANNAH (SMITH) DILLINGHAM, and was born in Stoughton, Massachusetts, August 10, 1799. His father served the country in the Revolutionary War, first in the Massachusetts Militia for six months, then in the Continental Army three years, from June 1777 to 1780, his regiment being connected with that part of the army which was under the more immediate command of General WASHINGTON. His grandfather, JOHN DILLINGHAM, served in the "Old French War," and was killed in June, 1759, in the battle preceding the surrender of Quebec to WOLFE.

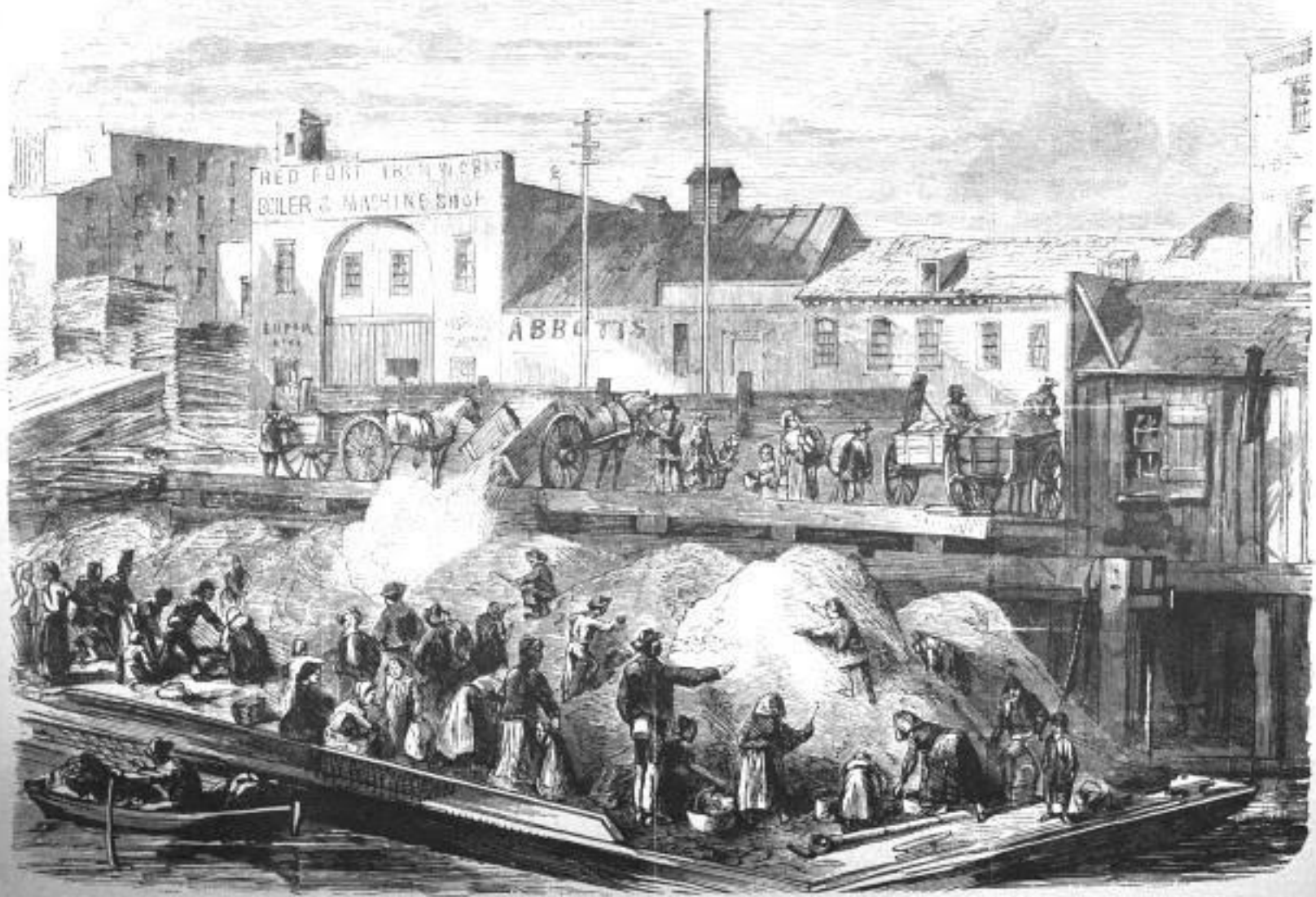
When about six years old he removed with his parents to Waterbury, Vermont, which has ever since been his home. In 1818 and 1819 he attended Washington County Grammar school at Montpelier, then under the tuition of SENECA WHITE, a recent graduate at Dartmouth; and in 1820 he commenced the study of law with Honorable DAN CARPENTER of Waterbury. He was admitted to the Washington County Bar at the September term of 1824, and from that date has been in the active service of his profession. As a jury lawyer he has long stood among the first, if not the very first of all, in Vermont.

He was Town-Clerk of Waterbury from 1829 to 1844. In 1833 he was elected the representative of Waterbury in the Legislature, and was re-elected the next year. In 1835 he was elected State Attorney for Washington County, and held the office for three years. In 1836 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. From 1843 to 1847 he was a member of the United States Congress. In 1861 he was a member of the State Senate; in 1862, 1863, and 1864 he was Lieutenant-Governor, and having acquitted himself nobly in all the places he has held, he well deserves the highest honor which the State of Vermont ever bestows upon one of its citizens.

MR. DILLINGHAM was a Democrat by birth and education, and always acted with the Democratic party; not, however, without many inward and some outward protests against its subserviency to slavery. During the last Presidential campaign he was a frequent speaker at popular meetings, not only in Vermont, but in New Hampshire and New York. His devotion to the Union has not been made manifest by words alone. He gave two sons to fight, one of them to die, for the country.

DUMPING GROUND, FOOT OF BEACH STREET.

OUR engraving below furnishes a faithful picture representing an everyday scene at any of the great dumping grounds of the city. These scoundrels whom our artist has portrayed digging so busily and eagerly at this heap of rubbish live upon the refuse of respectable folk. The bones and coals and rags gathered together by these people are taken to the various receptacles of such articles, and the meagre pittance obtained in return is spent for a little bread and as much bad whisky as can be bought. And so these miserables live until life can no longer be sustained; but even at death, it may be said that they only come into a little closer contact with the corruption which has tainted the atmosphere of their poor lives.



DUMPING GROUND AT THE FOOT OF BEACH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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POOR CHRISTINE.

"I REMEMBER it fifty years ago, Fred," an old man said to his boy companion, as they both stood looking up through the June sunshine at the great front of the Cathedral of Rouen. "Yes, fifty years ago I stood before it as we are standing now, and I think the very same birds were building their nests then up over the porch there. Look how they fly in and out! How many generations of them have lived there, do you think, my boy?"

They stood in the open square, with their backs to the *cafés* and the gay shops, the sunlight falling tenderly on the great gray sculptured walls before them, lighting up shaft and capital and niche with all their "kingly crowning," with all their wondrous workmanship of living form and clustered pinnacle.

"Fifty years ago," he said again, softly. "Poor Christine!"

Fifty years ago Frank Liston had spent a summer holiday in Rouen; he was about nineteen then, a high-minded, enthusiastic youth. His father was dead, and he was educating himself to be an artist, and was looking forward with all the eagerness of a generous nature to the time when he should be able to remove his mother, who was poor now, above all want. Young as he was, he had worked so hard already that he had more than once earned something for her, and with a flushing cheek had poured his golden guineas into her lap; and she, by hard pinching, had saved some of those guineas, and this summer, because, in striving after such early wages, he had begun to outrun his strength, she made him take a few of them again, and sent him across the Channel to visit (what in his heart she knew he longed to see) some one or two of the old picturesque French towns.

It was bright June weather when he reached the first of them at which he meant to halt, Rouen, and saw from far away the dark old city, toward which for years his artist's heart had tended, stretched out amidst the windings of the Seine. He had been laughed at by one or two before he started on his journey, and had been told that this old Rouen was nothing but a miserable town of grimy, tottering houses and blackened churches, but the youth had gayly returned laugh for laugh. He knew well what he had crossed the sea to seek, and he knew that he should not fail to find it. Nor did he. He found it, even in the midst of those decaying houses and those mouldering churches, he found it in narrow streets and in neglected corners; and whenso-ever he discovered it, whether in open square or hidden alley, he hailed it as men hail the sight of long sought, long unseen friends' faces. He had brought his sketching board and all his materials for drawing with him, and holiday though it was, he meant to work throughout it; but the novelty and the loveliness of every thing about him distracted him so at first that a few days had passed before he could do any thing but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before at length he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two attracted by

"POOR CHRISTINE."

curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked, and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away—a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was over, and he came forward before he turned homeward to enter for a few minutes into the church, he stopped when he came to where she sat in the cool shadow by the porch, and looking into her basket took up in his hand a little rosary of coral beads.

"How much?" he asked.

"A franc, monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money to her, and he took his beads and passed on. He thought for a moment, "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the next morning, when he came back to resume his work, and found her in her place again.

That day he took note of how picturesque the quaint old Normandy dress looked on her, the great high cap so scrupulously starched and white, the short petticoat so bright in hue. A trim, neat figure too, rounded, and light, and firm; a young, bright face, not beautiful, but pleasant as sunlight to look upon. He should like to make a sketch some morning of her, he thought, and that day when his work was done he went up to where she sat, and entered into talk with her. He had a frank, fearless, boyish habit of talking to every kind of person who came across him, man or woman, gentle or simple. For years already, ever since he had thought of becoming a painter, he had been accustomed to roam about the country, attaching himself sometimes in all simple faith to strange enough companions, falling into odd adventures, running occasionally some risks, and yet always, by some good guidance or instinct, escaping scathless from all; bringing his fresh, honest, trusting nature, that, thinking no harm itself, suspected no harm in others, undimmed and unsuddened out of every trial. He went up to the girl and asked:

"Do you come here with your basket every day?"

They had already exchanged a little nod of recognition.

"Yes, monsieur, every day," she answered.

"Well—and don't you get very tired of it?" he said.

"Tired of it?" she repeated, with a smile that showed two rows of even, snowy teeth. "Oh no, monsieur; I know every body who passes here, and I amuse myself with watching for them. There are hundreds who come every day, winter and summer, as regular as the clock there. Then I see all the strangers," she exclaimed, in a tone of gentle exultation; "there is not a creature ever comes to Rouen, they say, but he comes here."

"Well, if you look out for strangers you will soon see plenty of me," Frank said, good-humoredly; "for I shall be here every day, I dare say, for the next two or three weeks."

"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then colored a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church—making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes looked up into his face, not awe-struck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 624.]

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have got on a little farther with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur!" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half pitying smile, and said,

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them though they are dead? You know they were alive once. Now one of them must have cut these little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammers striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all was so; why can't you think of it?"

"It may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply; "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; while as for those others—" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

He had nearly burst into an answer about the saints that was more impetuous than reverent; but happily he checked himself in time, and instead of speaking stood looking for a minute in silence up over the great dark, glorious church-front, and wondering at what she had said. Out from the gray, solemn stones there seemed a thousand voices that spoke to him: how could it be, he thought, that this girl had passed her life under the shelter of its shadow, and yet that to *her* every stone of it was dumb.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said, abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer I sit here in the cool shade; when winter comes I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but it never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there too, and say my prayers. No, monsieur is wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she passed, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what he loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear, honest eyes, and—

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came. Frank lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said "good-by," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the day that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its contented, honest smile, and sent a kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other lips than those of hers had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of gratitude for her cheery little token of welcome, and, like a thorough Englishman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing. "I have been here for hours. Look there—it is 10 o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at 10 o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work too. By-the-way, I wonder—oh, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of me?" and the girl blushed with sudden, half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it. If you wouldn't mind sitting to me. I don't catch like anyone always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls—"

"Oh, I don't want prettier girls; I would rather have you," he interrupted her, bluntly. "You will let me do it, then, won't you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow—say at eight o'clock—would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

"Any hour that suited monsieur."

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half-way, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur; but I have a good mother. She makes up all my rosaries for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them—so. She makes these crosses too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know I have a mother too, and I work for her. We are not very rich, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur!" she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by her genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do any thing else in the world," he said, and the color rose up to his cheek.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence, she said, simply and earnestly:

"It is sometimes hard to me to earn a living—harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a poor girl as I am, and have my mother with me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen without her." And then she glanced up with a sunny look that cleared away the tears which had risen for a moment to her eyes, and—"But even me—the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a little hard to me now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long the sunshine comes back again. It never stays long away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower and softer than Frenchwomen's voices often are. The face, too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, pleasant honesty before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said, smilingly, after a moment's silence.

That was true; so with a few more words he turned away, and stationing himself in his place began to work. It was a calm, gray summer day, windless and sunless, yet with a softened brightness in it that shone through the thin clouds. He sat and worked, and as his sketch went on, and bit by bit he seized and made a possession for himself of the loveliness before him, in the very joy and boyish lightness of his heart he could have sung aloud. He had worked so well yet upon no other day; he had been so happy upon no other; all life seemed full of gladness to him, and *his* life especially—his glorious painter's life—so great and noble! He had no genius probably, this boy Frank Liston; but his cheek could burn and his heart could beat with the love of all noble things. He never made the world ring with his name, but in his bright youth there were days—and this was one of them—when it almost seemed as if the power was given him to cut his way through the diamond gates.

He worked till it was growing late. All day among the many things that had made him happy, one thing had been the presence of Christine. A bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and the simple, untaught, poor French girl—real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look up now and then and catch her smile; it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, noble and sweet and sad; but while he listened to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. He knew it was: he knew, as he sat at work, that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. From this time forward she became his one friend and one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and pure companionship ever existed than that between these two stray wanderers—the girl whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church-porch, and the boy whose beckoning beacon-light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to her, and true enough to fill them both with pleasure and pride. She sat to him morning after morning till he had finished it. He drew her just as she was, in her common dress, with her basket by her side, and the gray sculptured wall beside her, and he made her talk to him all the time he worked. She had tried to begin at first by sitting stiff and prim, with her eyes immovable and her lips closed, but he had soon laughed her out of that.

"I shall never make any thing of you unless you begin to talk," he told her.

"But how can monsieur draw my mouth if I talk?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind that; I'll tell you when I come to your mouth," he said, and by degrees he got her to talk, and presently she talked so cheerily and heartily—for by nature she was no lover of silence, but could chatter and chirp like any bird—that she often altogether forgot that she was sitting for her picture, which was exactly what he wanted her to do.

And so at last the little sketch was finished, and they looked at it, holding it between them, with proud, bright, happy eyes.

"Ah, if my mother could see it!" she said, with a sigh of simple delight.

"Well, why shouldn't she see it?" he asked. "Let us take it to her together, Christine."

"Would monsieur wish it?" she said, half-timidly.

"I should like to see your mother, and she would like to see this, I am sure; and then—" he paused and looked at the little picture tenderly: "Well, you see, I don't think I could exactly give it to her, Christine," he said, "because I want so much to keep it myself, but I will tell you what I will do if she likes it, I will make a copy of it for her."

"Oh, monsieur is too good!" But the color flushed up into her face with pleasure.

"I shall like to make a copy, and you know it would be unfair not to give you one; so that's settled. And now will you take me home with you to see your mother?"

They had before this had more than one walk together. She knew the old town well, and on several evenings, after the cathedral doors were closed, they had rambled side by side for a little while about the streets, searching out the old houses that he loved, or had lingered, young and hopeful as they were, to look in at bright shop windows. But he never yet had gone home with her. She had talked about her mother to him often, but with intuitive delicacy she had never even hinted at a wish that he should go and see her in the poor home where they lived.

Yet she had no false shame, and when they set out on their walk together this evening she merely said to him once, simply and quietly, "It is but a poor place, monsieur," and then without further apology she took him to it.

It was an upper room in a small house in a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked to the sunset. A clean and pure room, too, bare enough of furniture, but with sweet fresh air entering it through the open panes, and a scent of flowers coming in from pots of mignonette upon the sill. A small, shrunk, sickly-looking woman was sitting in an old arm-chair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"*Ma mère*, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face, "Not like Christine's," he thought—until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile.

Long afterward, when many years had passed, Frank Liston sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed within this room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made these three—so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were—draw to each other? He could never tell—could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterward could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women—women who could not read or write, who neither knew nor dreamed of the height or depth of any thing in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt—could he have passed hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grew knitted to them? He could not. But he did it once in the old, dead days of his early faith and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked on, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of its own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he left home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Bretagne towns; but he had let his heart get wedded to this one old city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unsuspected loveliness; it gave him its old gray walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter; and it gave him Christine. Perhaps she kept him more than all besides; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he, at least, if it was so, was scarcely conscious of it. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away heavily at those sketches of his—those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for every thing around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration gave to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was his best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and then they would wander far out of the town together, southward across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children, gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her merry French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learned both air and words. And then he would talk to her. He was full of dreams and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard of, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her. He would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her—he forgot that; she listened and sympathized with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk southward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there sat down on the hill-top, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"Oh, Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps!" he said, when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together, and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the dark cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boy's eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to me," she answered, softly. "You will have other things to do; you will be at home then with the people that you love about you; but *I* shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "Monsieur," even still. He had asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said, presently; he had thrown himself down on the grass, and laid his head upon her knees; he was looking at the old town, not at her. "If I lived for a hundred years I never should forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you came back," she said.

She was bending down a little, not touching him as he lay, but only looking at him with the lashes low over her eyes.

"If I came back next summer—I don't think I could, but supposing that I did—should we have all our old walks over again? Do you know, Christine, they say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that. If I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget me, Christine; but I shall remember you to the last hour I live."

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do when you are gone but to remember? When I come here can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think you will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us—you said it truly—as if we were parts of a dream; while we—" with a passionate gesture that he did not see she clasped her hands and uttered her last words with a broken sob; "monsieur, when we lose you we lose our daily bread!"

He turned his face round, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half awed and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hand and clasped hers in it, and drew her arm down round his neck:

"Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times!" he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he had parted from Christine he was still wandering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kingly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which—all colored by the glorious illusions of his youth—remained with him through after-years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing together in the court-yard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the throats of both of them that almost choked their words.

"Christine, I will come back again," he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face and said, "Don't forget me!" And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterward forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said, half-audibly,

"Christine!"

"Monsieur!" she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man had told this story standing in the shadow of the church.

"And did you never see her again, grandfather?"

"Never, my boy. It was a dozen years before I came here again, and she was gone then; I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away."

"But she may be alive and here yet; she may be here now."

"Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not

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fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment among the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half-sadly. "We can not put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we should rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music toward them through the door.

"We are losing the mass, my boy; let us go in."

And so they went in, and listened to the gorgeous music that was rolling and swelling along transept and aisle.

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In order of the Council of the town of Homburg there has been constituted a CUR-COMMISSION. The same has to give answers in all occurring questions from abroad, as well as to give advice in the place itself to all strangers who should be in want of same. The Commission is formed out of independent residents of the place. With regard to the many questions made lately by letter and telegraph, the undersigned recommends strongly to the present, as well as the arrived strangers, to address themselves to this commission, which is placed under public authority.

Letters and telegrams will be answered forthwith.

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THE EXTRA TRIBUNE FOR THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A political struggle, rarely surpassed in importance or intensity, has been precipitated on the country by the treachery of Andrew Johnson and some of his official or personal adherents to the great and patriotic party by which they were intrusted with power.

The aim of this treachery is to put the steadfast Loyalists of the South under the feet of the "whipped but not subdued" Rebels, and to enable the latter to glut their vengeance on the former, whom they hate and curse as responsible for the most unexpected overthrow of their darling "Confederacy."

The recent wholesale massacres at Memphis and New Orleans were but conspicuous manifestations of the spirit now rampant in the South, whereof the Pro-Rebel triumph in Kentucky is a more recent example. The soldiers of Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, and Hood are now the dominant power from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; they elect each other to office in preference even to stay-at-home Rebels; they have supplanted nearly all others as policemen of Southern cities; they are organized and officered as State militia; and they ruthlessly crush every demonstration of loyal Whites or loyal Blacks in assertion of the EQUAL RIGHTS of AMERICAN FREEMEN. The school-houses of the Blacks are burned, and their white teachers subjected to violence and outrage by unchanged Rebels, who relieve the work of murder and arson by cheers for Andy Johnson and execrations of Congress.

The purpose of forcing Representatives of the Rebel States into Congress, in defiance of the loyal oath, by Presidential fiat and Military power, is openly avowed, with threats that those who resist it shall be treated as rebels, and a civil war thus kindled throughout the North and West.

It has thus become imperative that those who stand for LIBERTY and LOYALTY—for the right of the UNION to exist and of MAN to be FREE—should organize and work to strengthen the hands of CONGRESS for the inevitable contest before us.

We must convince the SOUTH and the COPPERHEADS that revolutions go not backward—that Emancipation is an unchangeable fact—that the glorious CIVIL RIGHTS ACT can never be repealed—that the rights of the humblest AMERICAN are henceforth guaranteed and shielded by the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, and must be maintained against all gainsayers—that the days wherein BLACKS had no rights which WHITES were bound to respect have passed away forever.

We hold today the power in all the Free States of 1860, in West Virginia, and in Missouri beside. We must hold these in our ensuing elections, and add to them Maryland and Delaware—the former lost to us through treachery, otherwise Johnsonism. We must elect to the Fortieth Congress an overwhelming majority devoted to Loyalty, Nationality, and the Inalienable Rights of Man.

To this end let Light and Truth be systematically diffused in every neighborhood, every fireside, throughout our broad country.

To this end we propose an extra issue of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE (identical in size and contents with the regular edition), which we will supply to all Subscriptions received prior to September 15, on the following terms, the paper to be sent and subscriptions to commence on receipt of the money:

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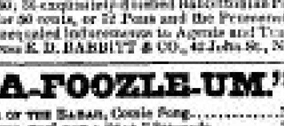

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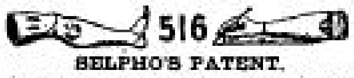

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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
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Manufactured by the
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These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequaled for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlets and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

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This now celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Its light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with large metallic water-proof cartridge (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 78 Beekman Street, New York.

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Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Sent by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of $5.
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And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 60 Broadway.

THE
Campaign Tribune.
Read Prospectus and Terms to Clubs on Page 623.

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Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

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SHIRT MAKER,
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Pain in the Stomach or Bowels.
Constipation, Sick Headache, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Distress after Eating, are surely cured by the use of COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. It is certainly the greatest remedy in existence. For sale by Druggists every where.

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Have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.
YOUNG HYSON, 80 cts., 90 cts., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ⅌ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ⅌ lb.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ lb.
IMPERIAL and HYSON, best $1 25 ⅌ lb.
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[For further particulars see former editions of this paper.]

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to
Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

Evidence after Eight Months' Trial.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, July 23, 1866.
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GENTLEMEN,—Accompanying this I send you our regular monthly Club List, which, you will perceive, is still increasing in proportions. We have now tried your Teas and Coffees for upward of eight months, and have come to the conclusion that we get as good an article from your house and at about half the price that we would be forced to pay our merchants here.
I congratulate your Company on the great success that has crowned its efforts in its endeavors to lighten the burden of high prices borne by our laboring people: and also congratulate our Club upon its good fortune in procuring these luxuries of life at prices so fair and reasonable. Hoping you will continue to receive a liberal share of public patronage, I am, Sirs, very respectfully yours,
L. CASS CARPENTER.

2 lbs. Japan	H. H. Knight	at $1 25	$2 50	
1 lb. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	35	
1 lb. Japan	Miss Duffy	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. do.	Miss Allen	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. do.	M. Afse	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Oolong	W. S. Waller	at 1 00	1 00	
2 lbs. Imperial	L. D. Roberts	at 1 25	2 50	
1 lb. Japan	C. Becker	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	35	
5 lbs. Rio Coffee	W. Mirty	at 28	1 40	
4 lbs. Green Coffee	W. Stinchass	at 35	1 40	
2 lbs. Oolong	S. K. Brown	at 1 00	2 00	
2 lbs. Young Hyson	do.	at 1 10	2 20	
1 lb. Gunpowder	D. S. Holland	at 1 25	1 25	
8 lbs. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	2 80	
2 lbs. Oolong	Mrs. Dooley	at 1 00	2 00	
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Japan	— Trewult	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. do.	— Sesend	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Mixed	J. A. Donal	at 1 00	2 00	
3 lbs. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	1 05	
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. J. M. Gill	at 40	1 20	
2 lbs. do.	R. J. Gass	at 40	80	
1 lb. Japan	do.	at 1 25	1 25	
2 lbs. do.	E. Goodhart	at 1 25	2 50	
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25	
2 lbs. Young Hyson	do.	at 1 25	2 50	
1 lb. do.	do.	at 1 25	1 25	
10 lbs. Rio Coffee	— De Mowbray	at 28	2 80	
5 lbs. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	5 00	
1 lb. do.	H. Pitts	at 1 00	1 00	
1 lb. Souchong	do.	at 1 20	1 20	
1 lb. Japan	B. Messer	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. do.	J. G. Sotden	at 1 25	1 25	
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. B. Parkman	at 40	80	
10 lbs. Green Coffee	D. M. Lawrence	at 25	2 50	
1 lb. Gunpowder	A. Watts	at 1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at 40	40	
2 lbs. Green Coffee	J. Cox	at 35	70	
5 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Kenney	at 1 00	5 00	
4 lbs. Imperial	— Finney	at 1 25	5 00	
2 lbs. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	2 00	
2 lbs. do.	A. Tiernan	at 1 00	2 00	
1 lb. do.	T. H. Brooks	at 1 00	1 00	
Carried up			$77 15	

Brought up			$77 15
1½ lbs. Young Hyson	do.	at 1 25	1 88
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at 40	40
1 lb. do.	F. Dutton	at 40	40
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. do.	A. S. Stilwant	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Souchong	J. F. Barr	at 1 20	2 40
1 lb. Japan	J. M. Adams	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder	do.	at 1 25	1 25
6 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. Colmes	at 40	2 40
1 lb. Japan	E. Kenny	at 1 75	1 75
1 lb. Oolong	J. Cook	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	do.	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	S. A. Thomason	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	do.	at 40	1 20
5 lbs. do.	F. H. Campbell	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	do.	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	C. S. Tissett	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at 40	40
2 lbs. do.	M. Cross	at 40	80
1 lb. Souchong	do.	at 1 20	1 20
1 lb. Oolong	S. M. Wesley	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at 40	40
2 lbs. do.	W. H. Tartell	at 40	80
2 lbs. do.	M. Burnett	at 40	80
1 lb. Oolong	J. E. Brady	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	E. Goodrich	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	do.	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	70
5 lbs. Ground Coffee	I. Carpenter	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. do.	M. St. Clair	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Gunpowder	F. Armstrong	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	1 00
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	do.	at 40	2 00
2 lbs. do.	M. Burnett	at 40	80
6 lbs. do.	R. Doyle	at 40	2 40
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Souchong	— Edson	at 1 20	1 20
2 lbs. Oolong	R. Calf	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	D. Gross	at 40	80
1 lb. Souchong	J. H. Robinson	at 1 20	1 20
			$131 35

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ONE PRIZE. Farm of 640 acres in Atchison Co., valued at	$10,000
THREE PRIZES. Farms each 320 acres—aggregate value	15,000
TEN PRIZES. Farms each 160 acres—aggregate value	25,000
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1157 PRIZES OF BUSINESS LOTS, and one-half and one-quarter acre lots, in the town of Sedgwick, in Atchison Co., directly on the St. Joseph and Council Bluffs Railroad, and within five miles of the Missouri River	121,720

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Which, together with Pianos, Melodeons, Sewing Machines, Wagons, Agricultural Implements, &c., comprising many ornamental, useful, and substantial articles of manufacture, will form a grand total of
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Will be distributed among the subscribers (drawn for by allotments) on Dec. 24 next, under direction of the Board of Trustees, and a clear deed given to the real estate, by and under authority of an Act of the Legislature. *Certificate of Shares*, $5 each! For sale throughout the United States by authorized Agents, who will give the precise location of each parcel of land or building lot. ☞ Certificates may also be had by addressing the Trustees of the SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' AND WIDOWS' HOME, Lock Box 1126, St. Joseph, Mo. Office under State Bank of Missouri, on Felix Street, where the community are most respectfully invited, at their convenience, to call and examine the liberal and varied contributions from the East.
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B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this "Yeast Powder" in 15 minutes. No shortening is required when sweet milk is used. Nos. 64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

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THE REISSUE OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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A CENTENNIAL SONG.

By REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, M.A.

THOU, O all-inspiring Spirit! all-illuming, unconfined,
Deep from out the inmost ardors of the calm, eternal Mind
Breathe on us thy fiery effluence, those who hear, and him who sings,
Flash through every soul thy fervors! Waft us all on rapture's wings!

Ere from godlike bliss Edenic lured and hurled by hosts of hell,
Man, the favorite of Jehovah, like a new-born planet fell,
In the counsels of creation, ere the endless silence heard;
"LET THERE BE!"—and worlds from nothing rolled harmonious at the word;—
There, ere eldest archangelic orders hymned the wondrous plan,
Yearned the undiscovered Godhead with the love that died for man:
Yearned, and when he fell proclaimed it in that promise faint and far,
Glimmering down Earth's twilight distance like a dim and misty star.
Down long prehistoric ages, down the patriarchal years,
Dawned its beams on saints and sages, rose on raptured bards and seers,
Till, with one wild burst of anthems warbling through a thousand spheres,
Lo, Immanuel, Everlasting Saviour, Prince of Peace, appears!

Day immortal! Day uncelebrated still, though Earth so long
Beats and pants with pulse seraphic, soaring up the heights of song!
Not by mortal lays, and not by all the ecstatic choirs above,
Ever has been, ever shall be told Redemption's depth of love.
As the broad, bright tides of morning stream o'er Ocean's boundless breast,
As from out the East the lightning shineth even to the West,
So, through every land and language to the known world's farthest bound,
Flew the glad news of salvation and the long-lost Eden found!

Wondrous then the change transforming hearts and nations in a day!
Men, to moles and bats their idols casting, owned Messiah's sway;
Art, philosophy and learning, song and science, power and fame,
Thrones and kingdoms, mightiest empires, all adored Immanuel's name.

Then, alas! a wave of midnight o'er the troubled nations spread;
Manhood failed and Freedom perished; learning, science, song were dead;
And the great salvation, bought for men with agony divine,
Bound, blasphemed, was sold for lucre, bartered at an impious shrine!

Lo, once more celestial sunrise wide o'er Earth in splendor plays!
Gloom and error flee before it, smit with Truth's resistless rays!
Rack and dungeon, axe and fagot, all in vain its light withstand;
God's almighty love must conquer,—who can bind Jehovah's hand?
Wickliffe, Huss, Savanarola, Calvin, Luther, Cranmer rose,
Wrapped in zeal like Israel's prophets when they pled with Israel's foes;
Rending off the soul's base bondage, long in blood and vileness trod,
Pointing faith alone to Jesus, conscience only to its God.

Then, with vast and wondrous quickening, lo! the mind of man awoke!
Nations started from their slumbers as at midnight thunder-stroke!
Seas were crossed, new worlds discovered, stars unknown from darkness sprang!
'Round the globe the shout of progress rang through every land and tongue!

Then, ah! then a cloud of evil, scoffing, doubt, dispute, and sin
Veiled the brightness of the dawning, shut the heavenly sunrise in;
Wrapped in shade Immanuel's standard, late o'er longing lands unfurled;
Damped the fire on Zion's altars, dimmed her light that lights the world!
But not thus could fail God's promise, purposed ere the world began,
Breathing, burning down the ages unextinguished love for man:
Not one jot or tittle written ever from his law shall fail;
'Gainst the Church, by Jesus planted, gates of hell shall ne'er prevail.

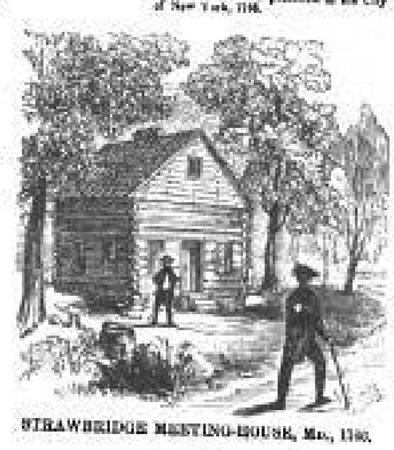
Lo! immortal WESLEY, scorning ease and pleasure, honor, fame,
All his mind on fire from heaven, all his heart with love a-flame,
All his ardent soul illumed, anointed with the Holy Ghost,
Sanctified and sealed, arises, called to lead the blood-washed host!
Called to preach the great salvation, boundless, endless, full and free,
Grace that saves man's utmost being, saves through all eternity!

Thousands caught the rapturous tidings; heard, believed with shouts of praise;
Spread from isle to isle the story, set Britannia in a blaze!
O'er three thousand miles of ocean winds and waves the message bore,
Like a spark from heaven falling, kindling on this New World's shore!
Here a while, repressed, it smouldered, till, by God's own Spirit fanned,
Glimmering, rising, spreading, mounting, soon it swept o'er all the land!

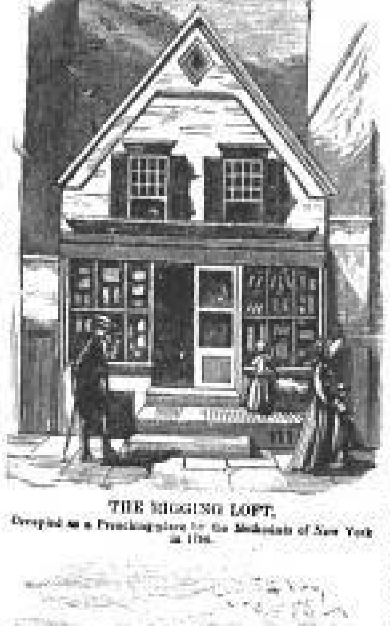
First in *Barbara Heck's* pure spirit leapt to life the long-pent gleam;
Swift from soul to soul it lightened, darting wide its dazzling beam,
Till, as flames o'er autumn prairies fling their banners fierce and high,
Mingling in a fiery ocean flashing earth and glowing sky,
So the chariot of Jehovah, wrapped in brightness, as of yore,
In a pentecostal whirlwind swept the wondering nations o'er!

Embury and *Webb* and *Strawbridge* first the lambent tongues confessed;
Owen, *Williams*, *King*, and *Watters*, *Boardman*, *Pilmoor*, heroes blessed;—

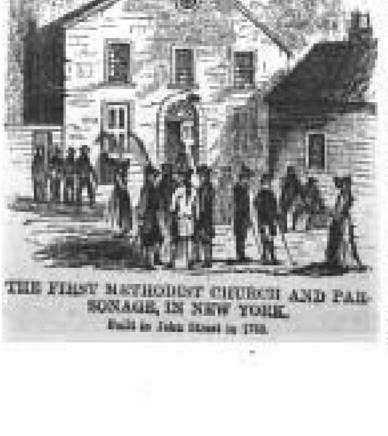
PHILIP EMBURY'S HOUSE.
In which the first Methodist Sermon was preached in the City of New York, 1766.



STRAWBRIDGE MEETING-HOUSE, MD., 1760.



THE RIGGING LOFT.
Occupied as a Preaching-place by the Methodists of New York in 1766.



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, IN NEW YORK.
Built in John Street in 1768.

ASBURY, the great Apostle; *Whatcoat*, *Rankin*, *Shadford*, *Lee*;
Abbott, *Garrettson*, and *Coughlan*, *Neal*, *M'Geary*, *Black*, *Losee*;
Wooster, *Pogthress*, *Cooper*, *Dickens*, *George*, *M'Kendree*, *Roberts*, *Cook*;
Emory, *Hedding*, *Fisk*, and *Olin*, *Bangs*, all graved in God's great book;—
Names illustrious as their labors;—deathless as the march of time;—
Bright with undecaying glory—sainted, high, serene, sublime!

Then rose venerable "JOHN STREET," and "SAINT GEORGE'S" ample shrine,
Altars where God's own Shekinah burned with ceaseless light divine;
Where the living word, like lightning, fell from fire-touched lips of old,
And the shouts of new-born thousands heavenward like an anthem rolled!
Not alone the blissful baptism Wesley's favored followers knew,
O'er the land, inspired and radiant, matchless, wondrous WHITEFIELD flew;
Every priesthood, creed, and order owned the impulse, proved the power;
Far and widening spread the influence, deepening, heightening every hour.

Next came war and revolution. Strife and uproar shook the land;
Leagued oppression toiled to conquer Freedom's young heroic band;
But *Jehovah*, God of battles, saved the weak but smote the strong;
And a NATION rose victorious, hailed around the world with song!

Then, with her, a CHURCH as mighty called her heralds from afar,
Chose her chiefs, and rose organic, marshaled for a heavenlier war:
"FREE GRACE," "FREEDOM," "FULL SALVATION," on her blood-stained banner flew;
And around the cross she wrapped the starry flag—red, white, and blue!
True to man, and true to *Jesus*, panoplied in light she stood;
Heaven to her one hope for all men, man one blood-bought brotherhood.
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD" and "PERFECT LOVE" illumed her van;—
Thus complete her march triumphant down the centuries began.

Then what future lay before her, save Jehovah who could tell?
What her agonies and conquests, how her gathering hosts should swell
Till, to-day, the shouts of millions shake the earth and cleave the sky,
Echoed back by millions ransomed, marching through eternity!
On, through storms that rocked the nations, held she held her glorious track,
Grandly stood for God and justice, cast no glance of trembling back;
And when hell-born, foul rebellion rose in fierce infernal ire,
Up she sprang a harnessed seraph, bright with keen celestial fire!
Where the foremost ranks of Freedom, winged with wrath, to victory rode,
There the cross above the eagle like a meteor gleamed and glowed!
And among the faint and dying walked sweet Mercy's angel bands,
On their lips the love of Jesus, life and healing in their hands.

Lo, the ... conflict ended! Slavery's shackles rent in twain!
Righteousness and Peace, embracing, soon o'er all shall smile and reign!
Millions kneel on fetters broken, bathe with tears the blood-dyed sod,
Shout their anthems throbbing up the sunlight of the throne of God!
Stretch their anxious arms imploring for man's rights withheld so long,
Asking only light and justice, fearing only hate and wrong.

With the nation's joy exultant, lo! anew the Church upsprings,
Fired with peace, loftier rapture, while a holier joy she sings!
Wesley's children, myriads, millions, bless with trumpet and with tears
Him whose grace has brought them victors through a hundred deathless years!
Thronging now in thousand temples glad they bend the adoring knee,
Pealing high their great CENTENNIAL, thundering forth their JUBILEE!
On their century's latest confines peering backward in amaze!
Forward on a future grander than e'er greeted prophet's gaze!

Church of God, what wonders wait thee in that future hastening near,
In this New World's vast arena, noblest empire on the sphere!
What thy myriads who can number? How thy greatness yet shall mount?
What thy work, thy trust stupendous? Who can sum the dread account?
Deep in utmost, sweet abasement mourn thy sins, forsake, abhor;
Claim thy spotless robe, and wear it pure, already conqueror!
Pile thy gifts like golden mountains! Heap thy talents untold!
Bid the spires of countless temples tower toward heaven while time grows old!
Build thy schools for unborn prophets! Rear the halls of hallowed lore!
Let long-distant generations bless their sires who wrought before!
Aid thy struggling sons whose souls, on fire with Heaven's resistless call,
Grope through cureless want and heart-ache toward that sun which shines for all!
Send thy light to those in darkness! Save thy children! Save the poor!
Broadly sow beside all waters;—God shall make the harvest sure!

Living temple of Jehovah, precious in thy light most clear,
Framed to mock hell's hate, upsoaring till thy dome shall roof the sphere,
Not in mortal might nor wisdom lay thy deep foundations low;
Not in earthly pomp and grandeur let the wondrous fabric grow.
On the Rock of endless ages bid thy crystal turrets climb,
Gold and jasper, emerald, diamond—stones of truth to last through time!

Israel's God, we bow before thee;—all our inmost souls we bow;—
Take our prostrate hearts and treasures;—seal our consecration now!—
Let the rushing, fiery whirlwind, as of old thy Spirit came,
Fill thy temples—fill thy children—crown thy Church with tongues of flame!
Up, O Zion!—Tell the story!—shout the tale to millions dumb!
God is risen in glory on thee!—Rise and shine, thy light is come!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1866.

PARTY LEADERS.

MR. SEWARD, in his speech at Niagara, or at some other point in Western New York, said that the party to which he lately belonged was sure to be defeated because it had no leader. He predicted its defeat by sixty days—we mean, by forty thousand majority—and asked to be considered no prophet if the event showed him to be mistaken. The New York *Times* reasons differently from Mr. SEWARD. It thinks we are to be beaten, not because we have no leader, but because we have such bad ones. The *Evening Post* also utterly repudiates certain persons as leaders of the Union party, and loudly calls upon the *Tribune* to declare whether it acknowledges Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS as a leader. Now if what is called leadership were an essential element of success in this canvass we should like to ask all these authorities what they think of the prospects of a party of which Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON is leader? Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, Mr. SUMNER, General BUTLER, and Governor BROWNLOW may be very unwise men and advocate a very impracticable policy; but has there been in the history of our politics a more utterly unwise and desperate gentleman than the President?

As a matter of fact there is no leader of the great popular Union party which sustains the Amendment, and there is need of none. The policy which is supported by the sound, humane, patriotic judgment of the country, which has triumphed in Maine and Vermont by overwhelming majorities, and will go on triumphing in every State, and will secure the just and reasonable restoration of the Union, is not the policy of Mr. STEVENS, or of Mr. SUMNER, or of Mr. GREELEY, or of Governor HAMILTON, or of Parson BROWNLOW, or of General BUTLER; it is the policy of the intelligent common-sense of the American people. The gentlemen we have named follow that policy, they do not direct it. They all belong to the Union party because their purpose is the same—namely, equal rights among American citizens. They all plainly and strongly express their views as to the best methods of obtaining that result. But they speak with no other authority or influence than lies in the more or less good sense of their suggestions. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, for instance, is a high protectionist, and he advocates general confiscation. But the Union party is not a tariff party, and does not see the wisdom of confiscation. Mr. GREELEY, again, favors protection, but is opposed to confiscation. Mr. SUMNER is silent upon protection, and urges impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration. General HAMILTON agrees with Mr. SUMNER in his condition, but is probably a strong free-trader. All these gentlemen undoubtedly favor impartial suffrage in some form as the chief condition of restoration; but the party with which they act has nowhere authoritatively declared for that specific measure, and they have yielded their judgment to that of the party.

Those who complain of the gentlemen we have named as leaders—the *Evening Post* in protesting against them, the *Times* in deploring the hold which they have on the party—seem to forget the facts. Mr. STEVENS was called the leader of Congress at its late session. But if by leader be meant the author of a policy, he was plainly no leader at all. The policy of Congress was declared in the Report of the Reconstruction Committee. But not only was that not the work of Mr. STEVENS, but he bitterly and openly regretted it. Not a single important measure, except the appointment of the Committee, proposed by Mr. STEVENS was adopted by the House. It honored his profound conviction, his Roman firmness, his noble fidelity to equal rights, but it did not follow him. So with Mr. SUMNER in the Senate. His proposition to require impartial suffrage as a precedent condition of restoration received three votes besides his own.

The tendency of the great Union party is toward the peace and prosperity which spring from justice and equality of rights; that of their opponents to the dominance of that spirit of caste and hatred of race and class which will forever embroil the country. Of the first tendency the men of whom we have spoken are representatives; of the second, VALLANDIGHAM, FERNANDO WOOD, JOHN T. HOFFMAN, HORATIA SEYMOUR, and HEISTER CLYMER are equally representatives. These last opposed the war, perplexed the administration, urged at Chicago surrender to the rebellion, and supported General M'CLELLAN upon that platform. The others sustained the war to the glorious end, in full reliance upon the heroism and intelligence of the people. Mr. HOFFMAN and Mr. CLYMER, with their friends and supporters, who were the Peace Copperheads of the war, now insist that the States which rebelled shall immediately return to Congress with increased power, based upon a loyal population to which they refuse all share in representation. Mr. STEVENS and Mr. SUMNER and their friends act heartily with the party which demands that loyal States shall not have lost their equality in representation because they were loyal. They are high privates in the Union ranks, which support the Constitutional Amendment as the condition of restoration, but they are not the directors of the policy of the party.

CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

WE devote some attention this week to the Centenary of American Methodism. For good or ill, this form of Protestantism has become the predominant ecclesiastical fact of the nation. The official Census places it, numerically, far in advance of any other American religious body, and the general religious statistics of the country show that it comprises nearly one-half of all our Protestant communicants. Its progress and attitude can not, therefore, fail to be, in this its hundredth year, a matter of much interest, not merely to religionists, but to statesmen and citizens generally.

It celebrates its epoch not only with religious observances, but with gigantic financial projects. Its last General Conference, in enacting the programme of the Jubilee, intimated that two millions of dollars might be raised. Its journals announced, in July, that one million was already subscribed, though the formal efforts of the scheme had not yet been begun, and would not be till October. It is now generally supposed that about five millions will be raised. Some of its authorities are proposing ten millions. The one million actually pledged guarantees the success of the year. It is, we suppose, the largest amount ever contributed by an American denomination, in one year, for a special occasion. Nearly all these funds are to be consecrated to the educational interests of the Church—a very significant fact.

The success of Methodism is one of the most interesting problems of ecclesiastical history. But one hundred years old in this country, and a hundred and twenty-seven years in Europe, it is, more or less, planted to-day on all the outlines of the globe, and its congregations include about one-seventh of the Protestant population of the world.

In this country it has been incomparably more vigorous than in the Old World; and as early as 1820 (only thirty years after the death of WESLEY) it advanced to the front of the whole Wesleyan movement, with a majority of 17,000 over English Methodism with all its foreign dependencies. Its practical system, and perhaps also its theology, were specially congenial to the new hemisphere. Its several bodies are singularly homogeneous—are indeed identical in theology and internal discipline, and differ only in some general features of ecclesiastical polity, such as episcopacy and lay-representation. About half of the Methodism of the United States is embodied in "the Methodist Episcopal Church." The other half consists of several bodies, all of which differ from the parent body by admitting lay-representation in their supreme councils. Their combined population, including communicants and congregational adherents, amounts to between one-fifth and one-fourth of the whole national population. They comprise about 2,000,000 communicants, 15,000 local and 14,000 traveling preachers; 200 colleges and academies with 22,000 students; publishing institutions with an aggregate capital of about $1,000,000—the one in New York city having on its catalogue more than 200 books and 900 tracts, besides 2300 Sunday-school volumes, and scattering more than 1,000,000 copies of the latter annually, and 300,000 copies of Sunday-school periodicals monthly. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, alone, has more than 1000 "circuits" and "stations," foreign and domestic, nearly 1200 laborers, more than 105,000 communicants, including 30,000 Germans and Scandinavians, with 250 preachers using their own languages. It is to raise $1,000,000 this year, besides the "Centenary contributions" of the Church. This one Church has also more than 1,500,000 Sunday scholars, and an army of 200,000 Sunday-school teachers. These are certainly surprising facts for a religious body which may still be said to be historically in its infancy.

Theologically, Methodism claims to be nearly if not quite identical with the Church of England. Its only standard, or symbol of doctrines (in America, at least) is an abridgment of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, made by WESLEY, who, it is well known, was a tenacious Churchman. It entirely eliminates, however, all distinctively Calvinistic tenets. It is peculiar in having no obligatory creed; its historians boasting that it was one of the practical maxims of WESLEY's policy "not to maintain its spiritual life by its doctrinal orthodoxy, but to maintain its orthodoxy by its spiritual life." They affirm that it has never had a serious outbreak of heresy. WESLEY threw out of his abridgment all "creeds" except the "Apostles' Creed," and this he retained only in the Formula of Baptism, which has not been applicable to most of his people, as most were baptized before they became Methodists, and most of their children are baptized before they become members. He published some "General Rules" as the "only" terms of membership; these are entirely practical, and do not include a single dogmatic condition. His "Articles of Religion" are not recognized by these "rules," but are placed apart in the Book of Discipline more as an "indicatory" than "obligatory" standard of doctrine—showing what an inquirer may expect to find taught in the preaching of the Church, but not what he shall be required to subscribe in order to become a communicant. Consent to the "Articles," however, is required as a *functional* qualification for the ministry; and there is, we believe, singular uniformity of teaching in Methodism.

The denomination has a good record for loyalty. Made up in an eminent sense of the people, it has thoroughly identified itself with the popular cause. WESLEY was at first opposed to the Colonial Revolution, having indiscreetly republished an abridgment of his friend, Dr. JOHNSON's, pamphlet against it. But immediately on receiving news of the battles of Concord and Lexington he changed his position, took sides with the Colonies, and so wrote to the Earl of DARTMOUTH. The letter has been published, and Mr. BANCROFT has taken special pains to vindicate WESLEY by using this document in his seventh volume. Most of the Methodist preachers in America at the outbreak of the war were Englishmen, and, like the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, hastened back to England. This fact prejudiced much the public mind against the new denomination, but it was as loyal as any other religious body. Some of its preachers suffered for not subscribing the loyal test-oaths of the times in the middle Colonies; but these oaths were prescribed by the respective Colonies, and required the preachers to be ready to take up arms and enter the military service when called upon to do so. This they could not do consistently with their ministerial character, and their refusal brought no little trouble upon some of them in Maryland and Virginia. This Church, however, was the first to formally recognize the new Government under WASHINGTON, who was on cordial terms with their first bishops. When also the States' sovereignty doctrine (the germ of the late rebellion) began to infect the public mind, and found expression in the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, and those of Virginia in 1799, at a time when the whole country was in agitation, and both parties were appealing to the Church and its energetic preachers, the "General Conference," which, before the Constitution was adopted, had acknowledged (in their Articles of Religion) the Government as a "Confederation," struck out this word, and boldly declared in its stead that "these States are a *sovereign* and independent *nation!*" Trained in this view of their country the Methodists were fully prepared for the late war. They sent a hundred thousand white, and seventy-five thousand black troops into the field under the loyal flag. Every one of the journals of the Methodist Episcopal Church (some fifteen or twenty) has been intensely loyal, and, so far as we are able to observe, are now intensely "Radical," demanding the fullest, squarest, most uncompromised Republican reconstruction of the country—the repression of the last remnant of slavery and the rebellion, and the entire recognition of the humanity and rights of the entire population of the Republic.

What is to be the future of this curious "religious development" called Methodism? It has been supposed that it must pass out of its heroic period—its life of enthusiasm—into a period of repose and declension; but there is yet little or no evidence of such a tendency. Wesleyan Methodism, as a distinct body, in England has had reverses. It lost 100,000 members by a single secession; but it declares itself yet progressive, and it has the grandest force in mission operations of any Protestant church—a fact that would seem to guarantee continued life in any church. If even the Wesleyan body could be shown to be declining, yet Methodism itself can not be, for the English seceders are genuinely Methodistic; and, aggregately, the Methodism of England is as energetic and progressive to-day as ever.

In this country it seems at present in its most robust vigor. It has got clear of some of its early peculiarities, but, we think, much to its advantage and the popular good. Its leading men have apparently wisely discerned the needs of its successive stages; they have led it to provide an extraordinary system of educational institutions—one that drew from the late EDWARD EVERETT the compliment that the Methodist Episcopal Church is the most active religious body in the country in the education of the people. It has provided for ministerial education, and for the diffusion of literature on a national scale. It is dotting the whole geography of the nation with its church edifices, and is aspiring to the best architectural style. It has the most powerful religious press in the world. Its ministry has always been, and is increasingly, supplied with men of singular force of mind and character: its ASBURYS, M'KENDREES, LEES, ABBOTTS, EMORYS, BANGS, SUMMERFIELDS, OLINS, etc. It has its missionary representatives stationed pretty much around the whole globe, and has laid out work enough, we conjecture, to keep it well alive till at least another hundred years shall pass over it.

GEN. GRANT AND MR. BEECHER.

THE Copperheads certainly can not very loudly exult over what they call General GRANT's support of the President's policy, nor upon the accession of Mr. BEECHER. General GRANT says plainly that he is a soldier, and has nothing to do or to say about politics; and Mr. BEECHER, as we never for a moment doubted, is as true a friend of equal rights as ever.

The desperate efforts of the Copperhead press to make it appear that General GRANT supports the President's policy, because he stood at the President's side when he received the Committee of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention, and because he accompanied him on his late journey, are brought to sudden grief by the General's letter, saying that he sees with regret any officer of the army taking a conspicuous part in politics, and by his very plain declaration that "to ask men whose sons had shed their blood for the Union to vote for men who had been disloyal to it was the greatest insult that could be offered." Speaking as a man and a soldier, he added that HEISTER CLYMER, the Copperhead candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, was such a man as he meant, and that it was a gross insult to ask a loyal citizen to vote for him against a true and tried soldier of the Union army. Indeed the General shares the instinctive antipathy of all patriotic men toward Copperheads, and as they are the great bulk of the supporters of the President's policy, it is not very probable that the General is very anxious for their success. As his Commander-in-Chief the President invited him to the White House when the Philadelphia Committee came, and also asked him to accompany him upon his journey, and the General obeyed. His position is purely military. He has taken no part, and means to take no part, in the present political discussion; and his sympathies in any particular case are, so far as he has expressed himself, based upon the simplest patriotic and not political considerations.

Mr. BEECHER's position is different. He is a civilian, and, in a general sense, a party man. But he exercised his plain right of counsel as to the policy of his party in a particular emergency. Undoubtedly the form in which he cast his counsel was extremely agreeable to the opponents of those with whose spirit and general aims he sympathizes, and was consequently very painful to his friends. When he perceived this, and that his action was entirely misunderstood, he did not hesitate to declare, what no true friend had doubted, that his heart and convictions were wholly unchanged, while he repeated his honest difference upon the point of expediency. But of course Mr. BEECHER prefers to act with the party of equal rights, even with a policy which he does not altogether approve, than with those who are the traditional enemies of justice and liberty. The *Tribune's* accusation of treachery was simply absurd.

If General GRANT and Mr. BEECHER are specimens of the bulwarks of the Copperhead fortress, we fear it will not stand very long against the coming earthquake.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTMENTS.

WHILE Southern gentlemen of one kind are assuring us, in Conventions and at public meetings, that the South asks nothing of the North but its "rights," which are denied to it by the blood-thirsty radicals of Congress, Southern gentlemen of another kind, who tell a very different story, are becoming pretty plentiful in Wall, Pine, and South streets. These latter gentlemen have all come here on a very simple mission: they all want money. They have for sale houses, lands, wharves, railways, canals, bridges, factories, mines, plantations, baronial estates, islands, promontories, rivers, and creeks. Properties which have never been in the market before—which have been transmitted from father to son for generations, like the ancestral domains of the British nobility, and upon which money has been lavished by each successive proprietor according to his means and to his taste—are now seeking a purchaser at prices which would have been deemed moderate a generation since. Noble estates in Virginia, with lordly parks, extensive farming lands, and ample capacity for self-support if managed with proper skill, can be bought for very much less money than a second-class house in Fifth Avenue. Railroads, which before the war were held exclusively by their original proprietors, and paid large dividends on their stock, can be acquired for less than half their cost. Mines, which have yielded from 15 @ 25 per cent. annually, are offered for sale at prices which will give the purchaser even more than this exorbitant income. In a word, every thing at the South is for sale. The people have every thing but money. And as they can do without every thing but money, they must sell, and will be forced to sell, that which they have

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at such prices as they can obtain. At home they can neither sell nor borrow. The proprietor of an unincumbered estate worth before the war $40,000, recently went to Richmond, Virginia, and vainly endeavored to borrow $1000 on mortgage. No one had the money to lend. Further South it is still worse. The new National Banks are using all their means in the cotton trade. Landed proprietors and owners of railways and other industrial enterprises can get no aid at home. Even for such trifling sums as $500 and $1000 they are compelled to send North.

The opportunity should not be neglected by Northern capitalists. Slavery removed, there is no reason why the South should lag behind the West in material development, progressive population, or wealth. No part of this country has been so blessed by nature as Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The soil will grow any thing, from cotton to the finest wheat in the world; the climate is unsurpassed. A judicious traveler paid a compliment to the finest parts of France in saying that they reminded him of Virginia. And indeed there are but few Departments of France which can compare with that noble State. Kentucky and Tennessee are equally blessed. But for slavery each of these three States would at this time have supported a population larger than that of New York. With the abolition of slavery there is every reason to believe that the tide of European immigration will be diverted to these fertile States from Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. It would not be surprising if the next ten years witnessed a development of what used to be called the Border Slave States as marked and as thorough as was the development of the Northwestern States between 1850 and 1860. Neither Wisconsin, Minnesota, nor Iowa can for a moment compare with Virginia or Kentucky in natural gifts. And as men have become millionaires by simply buying farms in judiciously-selected spots in the Northwestern States, or by judicious investments in the railways and other industrial enterprises of that section, it is not at all impossible but that similar investments in the now impoverished States of the South, especially the more northerly of the Southern States, may hereafter, under the impulse of European immigration, improved systems of agriculture, and, above all, a new and better public spirit, prove equally remunerative.

It is, of course, to the interest of the nation at large that the South should recover as soon as possible from the distress into which the war plunged her. All Northern men possessing common sense will aid her recovery by every means in their power. It is to be hoped that their efforts, which will naturally take the shape of pecuniary investments in the Southern States, will not be thwarted by exhibitions of the old intolerant spirit which was characteristic of the pro-slavery leaders. It may be hoped, for instance, that the purchaser of any one of the fine estates in Virginia which are now offered at low prices in our market will be permitted to select his own reading, to subscribe to the papers he likes, and will not be coerced by a Vigilance Committee into abandoning a newspaper which suits him because his neighbors know too little to appreciate it. These points might as well be understood at once. We have seen a letter from a bookseller and news-dealer of a small town in South Carolina, written within three months, declaring that his neighbors forbade his selling any more copies of a certain popular Northern periodical. At the same time we have been solicited to negotiate the sale of certain property belonging to impoverished Southerners in that same locality. There is a slight inconsistency here. How can a Northern real estate agent or banker recommend his friends to buy or advance money on property which can only be tenanted subject to such conditions as the mob of the adjacent bar-rooms may dictate? We Northern men can not endure interference with our political creed. Some of us read the *Tribune*, some the *Herald*, some the *Times*, and some the *World*. But none of us will live where the enjoyment of our favorite paper is likely to be interfered with by outsiders. Before Northern capital flows South to relieve the necessities of that region the Northern "notion" of free speech and free thought must precede it. The state of society so graphically depicted in that admirable work, "Inside," must undergo a radical change before the most energetic Northern broker can succeed in procuring much Northern money to help the South to its legs.

We entreat our Southern friends to understand—if their agents have not already made them acquainted with the fact—that they can derive no help at present from Northern Copperhead leaders or newspapers. Our Northern Copperheads have generally lost their money, and have all lost their credit. The Copperhead newspapers have no more influence than the letters of STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

The South wants money. It must have money. It will pay to lend it money. But it will be impossible for any Southerner to borrow money, even at the most usurious rate, on the most undeniable security, if the lender is to be subjected at the South to disabilities or limitations of his social and personal rights.

A CLEAR ISSUE.

THE Address of the National Union Committee states briefly, precisely, and forcibly the exact issue. It is sharply defined, and there can be no misapprehension. It is the issue set forth at Syracuse, at the Loyal Southern Convention in Philadelphia, and by every Union orator and journal in the country. The foolish cry that nobody but the President and the Democrats know what they want has already died away. Vermont and Maine know distinctly what they wish. Illinois and Pennsylvania and Ohio and New York are not in the least doubt. The present issue is that the Constitutional Amendment, which the President himself formerly warmly favored, shall be adopted by any late insurgent State before it resumes its place in Congress.

This Amendment simply fixes in the organic law the legitimate results of the war.

First, It defines and defends citizenship in the United States and its rights.

Second, It bases representation upon the voting population; so that if any State chooses to keep a portion of its population uneducated, debased, and powerless, it shall not use that population to balance the intelligent and thrifty of other States; and also, that the change produced by emancipation in the original constitutional adjustment of representation may be rectified.

Third, Whoever has held office by the tenure of an oath to the Constitution of the United States, which oath he has violated in order to plot and act treason against the Government, shall be disabled from office until Congress relieves the disability.

Fourth, The national debt shall never be repudiated, and the rebel debt shall never be paid by any State, nor any payment be made for emancipated slaves.

Fifth, Congress shall have power to enforce these guarantees by appropriate legislation.

This is the question before the people. Shall it be the country and mankind and equal liberty and steady loyalty which have gained by our victory, or shall it be the rebellion which, defeated in the field, outwits us in the surrender? And this is the question which the people understand, and have fully resolved to settle once for all.

THE HISTORICAL LESSON OF THE HOUR.

IN the decision of the great question now before the country we need not only sagacity but knowledge. It is not to be wisely settled by an emotion, however generous, nor by a theory, however ingenious. The proper statesmen for such a crisis are honest and shrewd and humane men who are also familiar with the great lessons of experience. Indeed, a radical defect of our national legislation is want of thorough education. Good men and true men may often adopt a false and dangerous political policy, simply because they are not familiar with the conduct of men in other countries and at other times. In other words, a general and accurate knowledge of history is essential to a successful statesman.

We wish, therefore, that the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College at its late anniversary, by Honorable ANDREW D. WHITE, might be printed and universally circulated as a political tract of the highest order. Mr. WHITE, of Syracuse lately, and we believe still honorary Professor of History in the University of Michigan, is Senator in the New York Legislature from the Onondaga district. His historical studies are extensive and profound, and in the present instance he brings them to bear like a Drummond light upon what seems to many minds the obscurity of the situation; and this is done without a word of allusion, except incidentally, to this country. Mr. WHITE maintains in his address that history shows the most energetic foe of liberty, the most dangerous to moral sentiment, the most destructive of nationality, to have been always an aristocracy based upon habits or traditions of oppression; and from the proofs of this fact he draws a corollary of the only means by which the dangers springing from such an aristocracy can ever be permanently removed. Other battles may be longer, but this is the sharpest; "and as a nation uses its strength during the contest, and as it uses its wits after the contest," its national life is a success or a failure.

To the proof he summons Spain. He shows how the aristocracy was the disturbing element by erecting a substitute for patriotism, a substitute for political morality, and a theory of easy treason and perpetual anarchy; the latter involving three fatal ideas; the right of peaceable secession, the right of judging in their own cause, and the right of committing treason with impunity. Instead of grappling with this inexorable enemy Spain tampered and compromised. This naturally produced an aristocratic inability to appreciate concessions. At length came the overwhelming force which suppressed the tyranny of the aristocracy by substituting one tyrant for many. Then the spirit of caste stimulated the evil tendencies of the monarch and demoralized the people. The result in Spain, says the orator, "was the growth of an oppressive caste, who, by their spirit of disunion, made despotism possible, and by their spirit of turbulence made it necessary.

Mr. WHITE then cites, in illustration of his position, Italy, Poland, France, and, finally, England; and advances with vast and irresistible proof to his conclusion that the oppressive caste must first be forcibly subdued at all hazards, and then must be barred from resuming its power by guaranteeing full civil rights and political rights in germ to the subject class. "The work of saving a nation from an oligarchy then is twofold. It is not finished until both parts are completed. Nations forget this at their peril. Nearly every great modern revolution wherein has been gain to liberty has had to be fought over a second time. So it was with the English Revolution in 1642. So it was with the French Revolutions of 1789 and 1830. What has been gained by bravery has been lost by treachery. Nations have forgotten that vigorous fighting to gain liberty must be followed by sound planning to secure it."

This address is by far the most valuable application of the lessons of history to our situation that we have had, and they are presented with acute insight and trenchant force. The substance of an admirable politico-historical work is compressed into a few pages; and it would be fortunate for the country if every scholar brought his contribution to the altar in kind as Senator WHITE has done. It is a pamphlet of but thirty-six pages, published by THOMAS H. PEASE, New Haven.

THE SIBYLLINE OFFER.

WE have stated elsewhere the precise terms upon which the loyal American people—and we use the word loyal not offensively, but for distinction—are willing to allow the return of the late insurgent States. These are the terms which they are now willing to offer. Their offer will doubtless be universally and emphatically ratified at the rest of the autumn elections. It will then be for the unrepresented States to determine whether they will accept these terms. The intelligent men in those States know perfectly well, whatever the Democratic Copperhead papers and orators among us may say, that there is no vindictive feeling whatever upon the part of the Union party, no desire of personal revenge, no disposition to disregard the peculiar structure of our political system. But they also know quite as well that it is the very general conviction of that party that there will necessarily be serious agitation until the country can see that equality of rights among the people is in the way of being every where established.

The Boston *Advertiser*, in recently speaking of this subject, truly remarked that the progressive settlement of such questions was like the offer of the Sibylline books. To-day you may have all for a price. To-morrow you can have less for the same price. The day after still less. Six years ago all that was asked was, that slavery should not go into the Territories. The offer was rejected, and the Slave States made war. In the first months of the war some of our Generals returned fugitive slaves, and offered to suppress insurrections. In a few months afterward there was a general demand for colored troops and emancipation. In the second year slavery was generally abolished by proclamation. At the end of the war the defeated States were required by President JOHNSON to adopt the Emancipation Amendment. They are now asked to guarantee civil rights. It is for those States to consider. What have they gained by refusing to allow that slavery should not go into the Territories, or by making war? What would they have gained by rejecting the Emancipation Amendment? What will they gain by rejecting the amendment now offered?

Had the popular leaders in those States been wise they would have been early convinced that the people who had suppressed the rebellion would not suffer those who had opposed them in the field or at the polls to settle the terms upon which the Union should be restored. That indeed was doubtless at first the conviction of the Southern leaders, which the President's course, however, relaxed. But they should have known the loyal American people well enough to understand that they would not hesitate to repudiate a President even of their own election if he assumed to settle the great questions of the war without heeding them in the persons of their representatives. At least they should learn by the elections of the autumn, of which we have already seen the beginning, that the terms offered by Congress can not be set aside by the President nor by any lawful power. Do the States in question imagine that the terms will be made easier? Do they suppose that the people are likely after the canvass of this year to reduce their demands? Let them remember the Sibylline books. It was not the price that was diminished.

THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE American Association for the promotion of Social Science is a society of eminent scholars and persons of every pursuit, whose object is inquiry into the wisest practicable methods of effecting the most desirable reforms in every department of social interest. At the last annual meeting papers of great value were read by HENRY C. CAREY, of Philadelphia, upon National Resources; Dr. ISAAC RAY, of the Butler Insane Asylum, Providence, Rhode Island, upon the Isolation of the Insane; President HILL, of Harvard University, upon the Problems of Education; Dr. PALMER, of the University of Michigan, upon Sanitary Science; Mr. SANBORN, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Charities, upon the Reformatories of that State, and the Present Condition of Legislation in regard to them; and other papers upon a wholesome variety of subjects by other gentlemen. It is a thoroughly earnest and intelligent association to which the practical legislation of the country will be greatly indebted. The next annual meeting will take place at New Haven, on Tuesday, the 9th of October, at 10 A. M.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

WE draw attention to the advertisement of the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, given on page 638. The Road is progressing with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of railway enterprise, and the bonds for sale by Messrs. FISK & HATCH are secured by a mortgage which is declared by Congress to constitute a lien prior and superior to that of the United States Government. The earnings of the Road for the three months of May, June, and July amounted to $217,545 61.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN Italian artist, residing in New York, named Pietro Fanari, had engaged another Italian, named Alessandro Urania, to execute a bust of Ristori; some dispute arose between them on the 22d of September, growing out of delay in the execution of the work. Urania shot his employer, killing him almost instantly, and being pursued, shot himself through the head, causing death on the spot. Madame Ristori sent a considerable gift to the family of the murdered man, and announced her purpose of giving a representation for their benefit.

A. G. Cattell has been elected United States Senator by the New Jersey Legislature.

A curious case of sudden death occurred on September 18 at Chicago. A tailor, from Germany, named Lebenheimer, residing on the north side, was accused of having stolen some money, which he positively denied, calling upon God to strike him dead if he was not speaking the truth. The fearful imprecation had hardly been uttered before he fell to the floor a dead man. Upon medical examination it was found that the man had the heart disease, and that death was brought on by the excitement of the moment.

The Bangor *Whig* of September 17 gives nearly full returns of the recent Maine election, carefully prepared from official lists so far as published, and other towns from reliable sources. The list comprises 464 towns and plantations, and shows a total vote of 67,366 votes for General Chamberlain, and 46,147 for Mr. Pillsbury; being a majority of 21,219. In 1864 Governor Cony had in the same towns 62,694; Mr. Howard, 44,[illegible]; majority, 18,[illegible]. Net Republican gain, [illegible]. The remaining places threw 3348 votes last year, and if the ratio of gain is the same as in the rest of the State the majority for General Chamberlain will be nearly 28,000.

It is estimated that 20,000,000 bushels of corn have been destroyed by the freshet in the Miami bottoms. The reports from the Northwest represent the flood as general, and causing an immense destruction of property.

General D. N. Couch has been appointed to the vacant Collectorship of Boston, as successor of Mr. Hamlin, and George H. Kingsbury, Postmaster, in place of Mr. Palfrey.

Madame Ristori made her first appearance in this city on the evening of September 20. Her acting in the character of Medea fulfilled the high expectations which had been excited. On the 24th she appeared in the rôle of Maria Stuarda (Mary Queen of Scots), her presentation of which fully justified the anticipations which had been raised by her Medea.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 17:

(PARIS.)—The French circular says that the recent changes in Europe are favorable to France. Prussia and Italy are drawn nearer in ideas and interest. Austria now has no hostile intent. The Convention of Rome will be loyally carried out. Navies of second-class Powers assure the liberty of the Baltic and the Mediterranean. The note justifies the offer of the Emperor's mediation between Prussia and Austria and Italy, and hints at the annexation of people of the same language and interests to any of the Powers of Europe. It shows the necessity of perfect defense and military organization, not, however, as a threat, and expresses a belief in lasting peace in Europe.

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon has refused to allow officers of the French army to hold office in Mexico, owing to the protest of the United States Government.

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The man who attempted to assassinate the Czar, several months ago, has been executed.

September 18:

(HAMBURG.)—The Prussian fleet in the harbor of Kiel has been put out of commission, and there are evidences on all sides of a general disarming.

September 19:

(TRIESTE.)—A great battle has been fought in the Island of Candia between the Turks and the insurrectionists. The Turks were the victors.

September 20:

(PARIS.)—The Finance Committee sent here from Mexico to negotiate for a loan are disheartened, and have announced that the Empire of Mexico is without funds.

September 21:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian army, returning from the wars, made a grand triumphal entry of the National Capital to-day amidst the greatest rejoicings and enthusiasm.

(DRESDEN.)—Peace has been concluded between Prussia and Saxony.

September 22:

(PARIS.)—It is said that the Empress Eugenie will shortly repair to Rome to condole with the Pope.

(VIENNA.)—Duke Albrecht has been made Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army.

Advices from Brazil to August 25 are received. Fighting of a most stubborn and sanguinary nature took place on the 16th and 18th of July, causing a loss of 4000 killed and wounded in the Allied armies, and an approximate number in the Paraguayan army.

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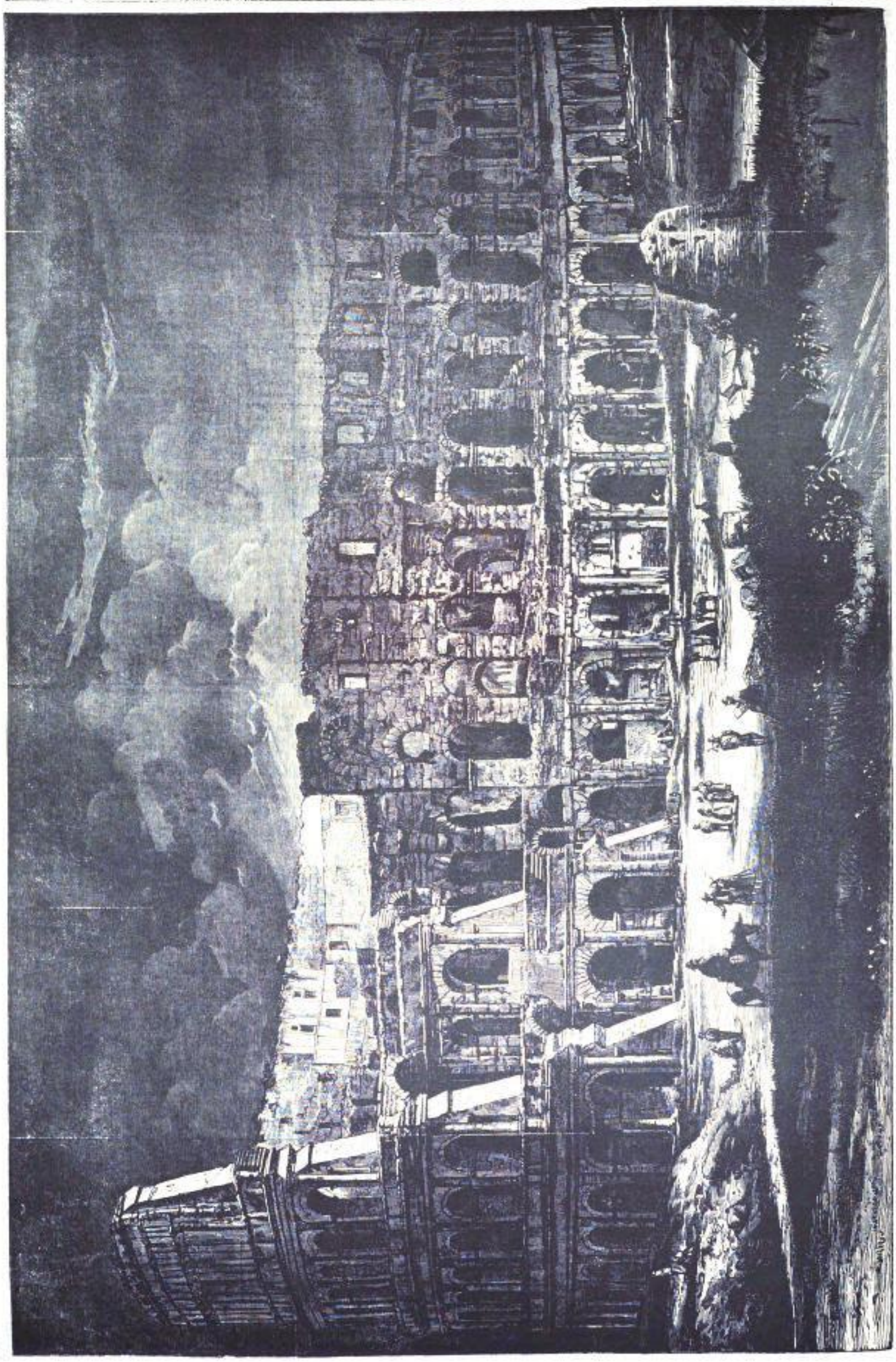

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.—From a recent Photograph.—[See Page 635.]

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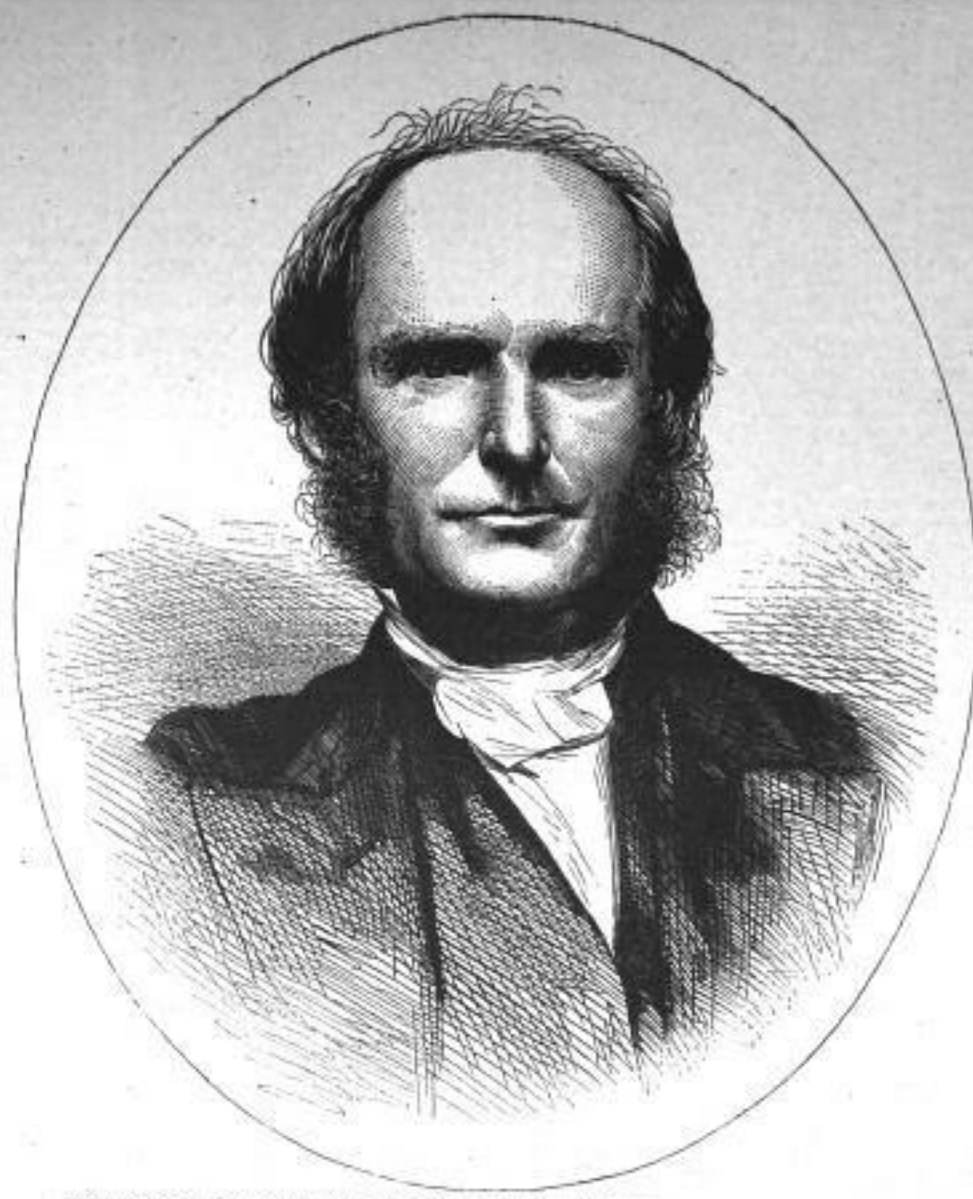
REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

THE annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, held at Leeds, in England, according to their custom, in the last week of July, elected the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M., to be the President of the Conference next year. He is a popular and useful minister, who was educated at one of the Wesleyan theological colleges, and employed some time as a missionary in the East Indies, but has lately taken his turn at several of the most important home stations, where the earnest and impressive eloquence of his preaching has been highly appreciated by multitudes of listening people. He is also favorably known as an author beyond the limits of his religious connection, having produced, in addition to the "Tracts on Revivals," and "The Tongue of Fire," which relate more particularly to the work of Evangelical ministration, an interesting biography entitled "The Successful Merchant," and a well-timed book on the political revolution of 1859 in Italy, presenting concisely and emphatically the results of his observations and inquiries during a tour through Piedmont, Tuscany, and the Roman States, a few months after the peace of Villafranca. The cause of Italian freedom had in Mr. ARTHUR one of its earliest and ablest literary defenders; and his remarks on the Pope's temporal power in Rome were dictated by no spirit of narrow sectarian hostility, but by the broadest and most liberal considerations of justice and human right. He visited this country a few years since, and not a few of us have a vivid recollection of his eloquence and geniality. He was a firm friend of the United States during the late rebellion. His two important works, that on Italy and "The Tongue of Fire," were republished by HARPER & BROTHERS.

The present state of the Wesleyan Connection in Great Britain was reported at the late Conference to be satisfactory. There are 331,195 church-members and 20,819 persons on trial for membership. Several new circuits have been formed in the London district, and a Wesleyan chaplain has been appointed for the Guards in Wellington Barracks. There were sixty-seven candidates for ordination to the ministry examined at the late Conference. In educational efforts a remarkable advance has been made, twenty-seven new day-schools having been established last year, with an addition of 6929 scholars. The total number of day-schools connected with the Connection is 606, and scholars 86,194. There has been an increase of seventy-one Sunday-schools during the past year, and of 5756 scholars. A very large outlay has been made in chapel building. The committee intrusted with this department has authorized an estimated expenditure since the last Conference of one million of dollars, the total outlay of the year having been about one and one-third millions, and during the last eleven years $2,000,000 of chapel debts have been paid off. At the meeting of the Theological Institution Committee, it was stated that the estimated annual outlay in future, including that on behalf of the proposed new institution near Leeds, is about $42,500, but the income now only reaches $30,500. The feeling of some leading men seemed to be that it was much better to have several smaller institutions in different parts of the country than only two or three large ones. A resolution has been passed by Conference expressing the hope that the denomination will shortly be in a position to erect another college at Birmingham in addition to the one shortly to be built at Headingley. It is also decided that the expenditure shall not exceed $60,000.



THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

SUPPRESSION OF NUISANCES.

WE give on this page a sketch illustrating an instance—fortunately a common one—of the suppression of nuisances in our large tenement houses by the Metropolitan Board of Health.

Much has been said and published tending to throw discredit upon the Board of Health and ignoring the important work which it has accomplished. But there can be no question but that we should have had in this city a repetition of the disastrous cholera seasons from which we have on former occasions suffered so severely, but for the energetic and unceasing labors of the Board of Health. To them it is due that the cholera has been stamped out of this city, and that while from some of the cities in the West we hear of hundreds of cases daily, we are ourselves almost entirely free from this terrible scourge.

New York City is cleaner than it has been for years; and if the Board of Health had not been subject to interruptions from our courts the result would have been still more satisfactory.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF HEALTH SUPPRESSING NUISANCES IN A TENEMENT HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

THE illustration which we give on page 628 of the Coliseum at Rome is from a recent photograph, and gives an accurate view of the present condition of the most stupendous amphitheatre of ancient times. It was commenced by the Emperor VESPASIAN and finished by TITUS. Hitherto amphitheatres had been constructed of wood, for the most part; but these structures were too frail for their purpose. The fall of one of these wooden buildings at Fidenæ killed or injured 50,000 persons. Accidents of this sort led to the construction of the famous Coliseum. It is said that the expense of this structure would have erected a metropolis.

Nine thousand wild beasts were destroyed at the dedication of the amphitheatre. These were hunted to death in the presence of the blood-thirsty audience of Romans, and then the arena was suddenly filled with water, and sea animals were made to contend, and a sea-fight exhibited. It was here that the most celebrated of the gladiatorial contests were exhibited; and here it was that, during the era of the persecution of Christians, the martyrs of the new faith were made to contend with wild beasts for the amusement of a heathen audience. In 1750 the building was consecrated by Pope BENEDICT XIV. to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished in the arena.

The Coliseum was of an elliptical form, whose longest diameter was 615 feet, and the shortest 510 feet. The length of the arena was 281 feet, its breadth 176. The height of the structure was 164 feet. It inclosed over 5 acres, and accommodated 100,000 spectators. After the downfall of imperial Rome depredations began to be made upon the building. Besides former removals, MICHAEL ANGELO took away nearly one-half of the external wall to build the Palazzo-Farnese.

When this amphitheatre was in its glory and filled with Romans, with the Emperor seated in a conspicuous and highly adorned seat, with the aristocracy of the great city in the first tier, the people above, and in the galleries the servants and dependants, with the women seated in their front, the sight must have been magnificent and imposing. But the motive which led this vast audience together to gloat over the violent death of human beings gives us an insight into the character of the Romans, and the degradation of the ante-Christian era.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE motto of that afternoon might have been:

"Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unstarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed—
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache."

For every thing was in a glory of freshness and sweetness: the sky was brilliantly blue; and the thirsty leaves had either drunk up all the rain-drops, or worn them now as jewels in the sunshine.

The children fairly danced along the road; darting hither and thither after dandelions and buttercups and chickweed; laughing at the bull-frogs in the wayside ditches, and studying themselves in the little pools of water that spotted the muddy road.

"What have you got in that little basket, Sam?" said Primrose, coming to his side with both hands full of spring beauties. "Is it to hold flowers?"

"Not now; you may put them in by-and-by."

"But what's in it now?"

"Some jelly from mamma, for an ailing child."

"'Ailing!'" said Lily. "What's ailing?"

"He is not always very sick, but will probably never be well."

"Poor child!" said Lily, taking a jump over a little bright pool in her way. "It's nice of mamma to send him jelly. Sam, we're going to plant all the rest of our seeds to-morrow."

"Another time," said Sam, "try and plant just before rather than just after a rain. The ground is harder to work."

"Harder, because it's softer," said Lily.

"I did think of sowing mine yesterday," said Clover; "but it was so cold—and I didn't want to run any risks. Sam, when these are planted—sowed, I mean—and all the rest of my little seedlings are set out, my garden will be quite full. I've just left a place for each kind, all marked out and ready."

"And that's all the spare room you have?"

"Every bit. Except—there's one other little place," said Clover, hesitating.

"What is that for?"

"For—the geranium, you know," said Clover.

"Oh, to be sure, the geranium! I've not forgotten my promise; but the weather has been too cold for such tender things."

"I think our gardens will be splendid," said Primrose, "if Maria Jarvis does call 'em queer little places."

"Yes, mine is making quite a show already," said Lily; "it's getting all green. I saw it this morning from the window."

Sam uttered one of his provoking "Ah's!" and inquired whether it was green with flowers or weeds.

"Why, it can't be weeds, of course," said Lily; "I've just planted my flowers there, and there weren't any weeds even in sight."

"I pulled up two out of my garden," said Clover, shaking her head. "Sam, where do weeds come from?"

"They come from seeds; and the earth is full of the seeds, just as our hearts are full of seed thoughts and tempers, all ready to spring and grow the moment they have a chance. Then other seeds come sailing along on the wings of the wind, and drop down and lodge here and there; as some bad thought or impulse drops into our hearts from a poor book or a silly conversation. And as if that was not enough, we ourselves go and walk in weedy places—into foolish company, and bring home weed seeds or sin seeds, or folly seeds, in plenty."

As Sam spoke he lifted the corner of Lily's short cloak, and behold it was stuck full of burs!

"Well, what now?" said Lily. "Tiresome things! they would get on."

"You are taking them home to plant," said Sam.

"To plant?" cried Clover, in terror. "Oh, stop, Lily; let me pick them off!"

"If you throw them by the road-side they will grow there, and molest future travelers," said Sam. "Never help spread a bad thing."

"But what shall I do, then?" said Lily.

"Wear them patiently till we get to a fire, and then pick them off and burn them."

Lily grumbled a little at that; but she had not long to wait. A few steps more brought them to a little bit of a red house by the way-side, with only an old fence between it and the road. Sam pushed open the little gate and went in, and there, in the morsel of a court-yard before the house-door, was a child at work, earnestly, patiently, with great toil and effort, digging up the ground with an old fire-shovel. He stood up at the sound of the gate-latch, showing a pale little face, to which not even his work had brought a flush; but it came now, a flush of great gladness, as he looked at Sam.

"Well, Dick, how does your garden grow?" Sam asked, taking the little thin hand in his own.

"I've got it most dug, Sir; and my morning-glory seeds is up. They'll cover the fence, mother says. There's a blue seed and a white seed."

Two morning-glory seeds! It was a thing to see Clover's face when she heard that, and remembered her little paper bags full of precious hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine.

"Is that all you have to plant?" inquired Sam.

"Jane Lefferts gave me some marygold seeds," said the child. "There was six o' them: all red and brown and yellow they'll be." And stimulated by the thought of the marigold flowers, little Dick plied his old shovel with great zeal; then stopped for breath.

"How do you do to-day, Dick?" said Sam, kindly.

"Better, sometimes, and sometimes worse," said Dick, with a smile.

"Dick, do you love flowers very much?" said little Primrose, rolling up to him with her wistful look.

"Oh, better'n any thing!" said Dick. "Just think, when the morning-glories runs all over the fence!"

Primrose drew a long breath of wonder and pity and sympathy, mingled with two or three other things that she herself did not know, looking up with an appealing face to Clover.

"It's a grand day for your garden to-day," said Sam.

"Yes," said Dick, with a happy look. "And just think: my mother says the sun's just as bright and the rain's just as sweet here on my seeds as in Mr. Jarvis's big garden."

"Ay!" said Sam, musingly; "the Lord maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

"Mother says that's why it's all good, because God sends it," said Dick. "And she thinks he'll make my flowers grow, because I love him and she loves him."

It was such a new idea, you should have seen the three children stand in silent wonder!

"Will that make 'em grow?" said Primrose, thinking of a patch in her own little garden where the seeds had not come up. But Dick gave her no help out of the difficulty.

"It must be that with mine," he said, "'cause there's nothing else. Mother says we never get any thing any other way."

"Happy people you and your mother are," said Sam. "Well, Dick, God has sent you something else to-day—he told my mother to make you some jelly, and to put a loaf of nice white bread in the basket too. So you can thank Him and nobody else. And whatever you want just tell Him, and He'll know just the best person to send with it." And Sam set down the little basket on the door-step and strode off into the road again, followed by his wondering little sisters.

"Why, Sam," said Primrose, "how did God tell mamma?"

"In her heart," said Sam, promptly.

"Oh dear!" said Lily; "if he should tell me that Dick wants some of my flower-seeds, what should I do?"

Clover walked silently on, the pink flush on her cheeks deepening and deepening.

"You say such queer things, Sam," said Lily. "What made you say I was carrying those burs home to plant? I wasn't at all."

"Nobody can carry weed seeds or habit seeds about with him and not sow them, even when he least intends it," said Sam. "But now, chicks, see here—I'm going to give you a lesson in the art of making geranium cuttings. Come and sit down on these stones, and we'll rest and learn together."

"Where are the geraniums to come from?" said Lily, as the young ones grouped themselves round him.

"Out of my pocket," said Sam, taking out a parcel, from which he unfolded a long stem of geranium.

"Why, that's a cutting itself," said Lily. "That won't grow."

"Will you give your share of it to Dick?" said her brother, opening his knife.

"No, I won't," said Lily; "so you needn't ask me."

"I'll prepare Prim's cutting for her," said Sam, "because her hands are hardly strong enough to manage the knife; and you two older ones can look on and learn to do it for yourselves."

So Sam first cut the geranium shoot in three pieces, and giving one to Lily and Clover, he began to prepare the other for planting.

"First of all, and most important of all," said Sam, "you must make a perfectly clean cut at the bottom of the shoot."

"What's a clean cut?" said Lily.

"A perfectly smooth cut, with no rough edges. Cut straight across, and just below a joint. A joint is that part of the stem where a leaf springs out. Make this cut quite smooth and close, and then trim off the lower leaves—so. Don't cut them close to the stem, but leave a bit of the foot-stalk an inch long; and leave three or four full leaves untouched at the top. Then set the lower end of the cuttings in soft, nicely-prepared earth, in the open ground or round the sides of a flower-pot; put it down deep as the second joint, and press the earth very firmly round it. And then never let it be jarred or moved from its firmness. Then keep the earth a little damp—not wet; and if the sun is very hot shade the cutting for a few days, and your geranium will be almost certain to grow."

With earnest eyes the children watched him; with eager fingers Clover and Lily took the knife, and trimmed and prepared the two little cuttings; and then they all rose up and walked toward home.

SYMBOLS.

I WATCHED a rose-bud very long
Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
Waiting to see the perfect flower:
Then, when I thought it should be strong,
It opened at the matin hour
And fell at even-song.

I watched a nest from day to day,
A green nest full of pleasant shade,
Wherein three speckled eggs were laid:
But when they should have hatched in May,
The two old birds had grown afraid
Or tired, and flew away.

Then in my wrath I broke the bough
That I had tended so with care,
Hoping its scent should fill the air;
I crushed the eggs, not heeding how
Their ancient promise had been fair:
I would have vengeance now.

But the dead branch spoke from the sod,
And the eggs answered me again:
Because we failed dost thou complain?
Is thy wrath just? And what if God,
Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,
Should also take the rod?

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Sixth Portion.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEEKS and months had gathered into years since my sister and her husband went away from England. Anna's life was as varied and adventurous as mine was monotonous and calm. She wrote to me occasionally, but her letters were brief and far from frequent. I heard more clear and detailed accounts of her life from Madame de Beauguet than from herself, as long as they remained near Quebec. But soon commenced a series of wanderings and changes which took my sister and her husband further and further out of our old friend's ken. Things did not prosper with them. That much I could discover to my sorrow. Horace had a heavy burden on his shoulders now, and his health was far from good. Poor little Lily did not outlive her first Canadian winter, and Anna gave birth to three more children, who all, save the youngest, died in early infancy. The surviving little one, a boy, was cherished and watched over by his parents with great anxiety. Madame de Beauguet wrote me that it was piteous to see Anna's trembling apprehension lest he too should be taken from them. Old Mr. Lee had sunk into partial imbecility, and needed tending like a child. All these helpless beings had but Horace to lean on for support. My heart bled for them. Sometimes it seemed intolerable to me that I should be surrounded by all the comforts of my home at the Gable House, while they were facing poverty in a foreign land. But I was not allowed the solace of affording them any help. My uncle from time to time gave me sums of money "to do as I liked with:" and as these sums were invariably forthcoming whenever there was news of difficulty and struggle from Canada, I did not hesitate to send them to my sister. But poverty and misfortune, far from subduing, seemed but to heighten her haughty spirit. She sent back my offerings with a cold assurance that they were not needed. I could only forward the money to Madame de Beauguet, and beg her, if she saw them in any sore strait, to offer them assistance as though coming from herself.

Time had been very good to me. I believe I was, in some respects, older than my years. Never very sprightly or vivacious, the great sorrow of my life had sobered what youthful gayety I once possessed. But though outwardly, perhaps, too staid and quiet for my age, I was not without an inner peace and cheerfulness which seldom deserted me. I suppose the secret of it was the knowledge that I was dear and useful to my uncle, and, perhaps, to others. Ah, Lucy, you can never be quite unhappy so long as there is left to you one human being to whom your affection is precious! Prize well this inestimable privilege of loving. Love, love, my child, abundantly, ungrudgingly; it shall be given to you again ten thousand-fold.

Mr. Norcliffe was a frequent and welcome guest at the Gable House. My uncle found great pleasure and comfort in his society; and to me he was what he had promised to be—a friend, a brother. Once, since his first offer, he had renewed his proposal; but my earnestness on that occasion convinced him that his suit was hopeless, and he made me a voluntary promise never to address me on the subject again. This promise he kept with the most loyal good faith. "I can not afford to lose your friendship, Margaret," he said. "I may call you Margaret, may I not? I am so many, many years older than you, my child. I could not bear that there should be any constraint or pain to you in our intercourse, and yet to lose your kind companionship and good-will would be very hard to me. Trust me that henceforward you shall never more be pained by a word or look of mine. I will put all that away—bury it in the Red Sea, if you like. That is the place for laying unquiet spirits, is it not? Mine, at all events, shall disturb you no more." As I have said, he was most loyal to his word. By this time he had come to be intimately acquainted with our family history, and my uncle had acquired the habit of appealing to his judgment on many points. Although his home was still at Beachington he was much with us. As my uncle said, the Gable House was large enough for three, and it was a charity to come and cheer us as often as he could.

The story of one day's life was, as nearly as possible, the story of all the others in its outward details. The circling seasons melted into one another, and made us change, from time to time, the fireside for the garden. But there was no stirring event, no exciting incident, to startle us from the calm round of daily life.

One bright June day we were sitting out in the hayfield, my uncle, Mr. Norcliffe, and I. A wide elm spread its fresh canopy above our heads, there was a sleepy sweetness in the air, and silence had come down on us softly, with the peaceful shadow of the elm-tree. My uncle, leaning back in his garden-chair, had fallen asleep. Mr. Norcliffe lay on the grass, gazing up into the depths of the foliage above us. All at once he looked at me and said, in a low voice: "What did you tell me was the date of your last letter from Canada?"

"The third of April. It is time I should hear again."

"Your letter was from Madame de Beauguet?"

"Yes. It is long since I have had one from Anna. But they are moving about, and at the last accounts were in a wild, half-settled district. It seems very strange to me that Horace should have to be driven so from place to place."

"Ay. A rolling stone, you know—"

"But why should it be? It seems to me very hard."

"Margaret," returned Mr. Norcliffe, after a pause, "it is hard; but it does not surprise me. With all your brother-in-law's talent and good-will to work he lacks the mental and physical energy necessary to attain success in such a country as that to which he has gone. He will fight, but hopelessly; and that is not the way to win. When I saw him last, in the streets of Willborough, he looked broken. The heart had gone out of him. I saw it in his gait, in the carriage of his head, in the look of his eyes. Forgive me if I pain you, but you trust me, and I must speak the truth to you."

"I know you will say nothing but what is true and good," I answered; "but I can not help weeping to think of—of—Anna and the child. It seems too terrible that I can not help them. Oh, if uncle would but hold out a forgiving hand! From him Anna would take assistance. Could you not speak to him, Mr. Norcliffe?"

"Heaven knows my readiness to do what I can for your sister, Margaret. But do you not see how much more difficult it is now than it was before to appeal to Mr. Gough on her behalf? The sums he has given you he naturally believes to have been applied to her use. If we confess to him that she has obstinately and implacably refused to receive them, as coming through your hands, will that, think you, soften his heart toward her?"

I was silent.

"However, I will try what I can do. I understand well enough why—though your influence with your uncle is strong on all other points—your pleadings for your sister do not avail to induce him to forgive her."

"Do you? Why?"

He looked at me curiously for a moment.

"Because it was you whom she most wronged, Margaret."

My uncle awoke from his short sleep, and no more was said between Mr. Norcliffe and me at that time. But this was the first of many similar conversations between us. He used his influence with my uncle on Anna's behalf, though without inducing him to take any active step toward reconciliation. At length, however, he prevailed so far as to gain from my uncle a half promise that he would reconsider his will. In the first force of his stern anger against Anna and her husband he had entirely altered the original distribution of his property, and had left every thing absolutely to me, as he had told Mr. Lee. Now he promised Mr. Norcliffe that he would think of making some provision for Anna's child. To her or to her husband he steadily refused to bequeath a farthing.

Thus the summer and autumn of that year passed away, and I received no letter from Anna. Our old schoolmistress still wrote with the affectionate fidelity that belonged to her. But she could give only meagre tidings of Anna. Two sad facts were plain to her, she said—that they were struggling with poverty, and that Horace's health was fading beneath the sharp breath of that inclement land. Meanwhile my uncle spoke to Mr. Norcliffe, from time to time, of altering his will. He would do it. He would think it out clearly. He would set his house in order before he should be summoned away. He grew quieter and more silent as the year went on, but you could not say more sad. His manner—always kindly—became softer than I had ever known it. Also he would sit for hours neither reading nor speaking, but gazing out before him with a look that seemed to contemplate something far, far away. On Christmas-day we had been to church together. It was bitter cold, and he was chilled and numbed when we came home. I mixed him some hot spiced wine after dinner, as my aunt had used to do, and we sat listening to the evening bells in the old fire-lighted room.

"Peace—and—good-will," he murmured, softly. "Peace—and—good-will. How plainly the bells say it, Madge!"

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As if the words had been put into my mouth, and were not my own, I rose and embraced him:

"Oh, dearest uncle, forgive her, forgive her!"

He put me gently away from him after a while, and made me no answer. But when we parted for the night he kissed and blessed me solemnly, and the last words he spoke to me were:

"Blessed are the peace-makers. I will try, Madge; I will try."

The sickly flare of a candle in the faint gray wintry daybreak was the first thing that met my eyes when I awoke next morning. The face of the woman who held it in her trembling hand startled me into complete wakefulness at once.

"Hester, what is the matter?"

"Miss Margaret! Master!"

"Is my uncle ill?"

"Oh, Miss Margaret! I'm afraid—"

I can not remember how I reached his room. I have a confused idea of her buddling a great cloak over my shoulders, and of the chilly feeling of the oaken boards to my bare feet. I had hardly made a step across the threshold of my uncle's chamber when a strong gentle grasp was laid on my arm, and I heard Dr. Dixon's voice, saying:

"One moment, my dear Miss Sedley. Stay one instant to collect your strength!"

"Dr. Dixon, let me go to him. He is ill; he wants me. You must not keep me from him!"

"My dear Miss Sedley, believe me, I would not do so if your presence could be of use and comfort to him. But—be composed, I beseech of you—he—"

I broke from him and advanced to the bed. Oh, my beloved guardian and benefactor! No passionate tone of the voice he had listened to so often, no loving touch of the hand he had held in his generous protecting clasp, could stir him now. Dead, dead!

I was not unsupported in this heavy hour. Our old doctor was kind and friendly, and Mr. Norcliffe responded with instant promptitude to the hasty summons I sent him. They agreed that some affection of the heart had been the immediate cause of my uncle's death, and that it must have been peaceful and painless. He had passed away in sleep, they believed, for he was lying quite placidly on his undisturbed pillow when they found him in the morning, lifeless and cold. There had been no change made in his will. With the exception of some legacies to the servants I was left absolute mistress of the property.

"I know," said I to Mr. Norcliffe, "that he meant to make some provision for Anna and her boy. I am thankful to remember now that his last words to me were words of softening toward Anna."

"I believe as you do, Margaret," said Mr. Norcliffe, "that he so intended. But the alteration has not been made. Whatever portion of your uncle's money goes to Mrs. Lee now she must receive from your hand."

"I will hold it in trust for her," I answered. And we said no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

"SOME one wants you, please, Miss Margaret."

Hester's thin straight form stood in the doorway, and Hester's thin high voice spoke to me. I was sitting, very dreary and forlorn, in the old morning-room. The fire had died down to a dull red; the sky was leaden and lowering; winter was without the house and grief within. Only yesterday they had carried away its master never to return. The last journey across the home threshold had been made; that journey which we must all make some day, and which leaves those who remain behind so desolate. Mr. Norcliffe was staying with Dr. Dixon, and they had both gone home, and left me for the evening. I was sitting solitary and sad, as I have said, by the low fire, with a sensation of utter loneliness and a yearning void in my heart when I was roused by Hester's, "Some one wants you, please, Miss Margaret."

"Wants me, Hester? "Who is it?"

"They asked for master first, please, miss," said Hester, putting her apron to her eyes, "and I said as there was—as there was—was no one here but you."

A tremor in her usually measured tones roused my attention, deadened and dead though all my senses seemed to be, with much crying.

"Who is it, Hester?"

"Oh, Miss Margaret, would you step into the dining-room, please? I couldn't bring myself to tell her. Will you, please, step into the dining-room?"

I got up and followed her with a confused dizzy feeling, and a strange doubt of my own identity, if I may so express the sensation which I have experienced once or twice on occasions of strong emotion. The dining-parlor was without even the dull fire which burned in the morning-room. Its air struck cold and damp. Some leafless boughs in the garden, bedropped with sleet, tapped like elfin fingers on the window-pane. A woman, dressed in the deepest mourning, was sitting in the arm-chair—my uncle's chair—at the end of the room. She rose up on my entrance. "I want to see my uncle," she said.

"Anna!"

She put out one hand to hold me off as I rushed toward her, and then I saw that she held a little sleeping child, wrapped in her shawl. "I want to see my uncle. Do you mean to keep me from him?"

"Oh, Anna, Anna, for your own sake do not speak so harshly. My poor girl, my poor love—too late, too late!"

She staggered, and Hester, who had come with me into the room, made a step forward, as if to relieve her of the child. But she clasped him tighter, and leaned on the chair behind her for support.

"Too late! What do you mean?" I could barely hear the words, her voice was so low and faint.

"Anna, he is dead. He was buried yesterday!"

She sank down into the great chair, and the little child rolled from her arm, as its grasp relaxed, on to her knee; but Hester took him and laid him, still half asleep, upon the sofa, while I busied myself with my sister. She had swooned. I called the other women-servants, and by degrees we revived her, and half carried, half supported, her to my own chamber, where we undressed her and laid her on the bed. She resigned herself to our hands, but uttered no word, and her wan face was motionless and rigid. After a time I sent the others away and sat by her side, silently watching. A dim light from the shaded lamp fell on her face, and as I looked at it it seemed as if the years had been rolled back like a curtain, and I lived over again that moonlight night, when in that very room I had told Anna of my love. Poor, changed, pale face! Drawn, and haggard, and aged, how altered from the lovely girlish countenance which had lain on the pillow blooming out of its nest of soft dark curls!

I glanced at the black dress that lay beside the bed, and I read in it all the history of her return.

As I sat gazing on my sister's face the large dark eyes opened and looked at me.

"I have been very ill, Margaret; at death's door. That is why I am so weak. Oh, I have suffered much in mind and body!"

She followed my glance to the black gown which lay by the bed. "Yes," she said, slowly, in a faint hoarse voice, "I have lost him. I have come home desolate, with my fatherless boy. If it were not for the child I would pray that this hour might be my last. You think I speak calmly while you are weeping. How I envy you those tears! Mine are all spent, I think."

She closed her eyes again, and lay silent for a long time. Then her lips moved, and I heard her whisper:

"Margaret, bend down your face to me."

I leaned over her and touched her cheek with mine. I believe the same recollection rushed into her mind that had been in my own, for suddenly she threw her arms around my neck, burying her face upon my breast, and burst into a flood of hysterical tears. I let her weep, holding her in my arms, and speaking no word until the fit had exhausted itself. The tears eased her heart, and at last she lay, weak but tranquil, holding my hand in hers. Far, far into the night I sat beside her bed, and listened to the broken story she told at intervals.

"No! Let me speak," she said, when, in consideration of her bodily weakness, I would have urged her to try to sleep; "I can not rest until I have told you all my misery. You know that we were poor, but you can not imagine how poor we were. Failure met us at every turn. Horace struggled and suffered bravely, but I know now, and I knew then, that he felt it was all in vain. As long as we remained near Madame de Beauguet and her good husband things were not so bad. They helped us in a hundred nameless ways. When my poor little Lily lay sick, Margaret, I could not have procured the necessary help for her if it had not been for our old governess. I know," she added, hastily, "I know what your face says. But I could not take the money from you then. My heart was hardened against you, Margaret, because I knew how much better you were than I, and because I knew that it must be so with him. Every kind act of affection coming from you stung me; for I thought, in my jealous heart, Horace will love her the better for this."

"Oh, my sister!"

"Yes, I did. It is the truth. I was poor, ailing, worn. I rose early, and went to rest late, laboring feverishly to help in the daily struggle, with all my feeble strength. I tended the old man—my husband's father—till his death. I saw my little children, born in sorrow and poverty, fade and languish and die. But my wicked, proud spirit was not softened yet."

A spark of the old fire blazed in her eyes as she spoke.

"I could have endured it all and more, without flinching, if he had only been spared to me. But I would not bend, so I was broken—ground into dust by the only blow that could utterly overcome me. Horace, weak in body and weary in spirit, fell into a fever. We were in a wild, almost barbarous place, helpless—penniless. Then, Margaret, when he was struck down in his youth, and lay on a sick bed, then I was humbled and afraid. I would have gone on my knees before you to get him the least one of the comforts he needed. We were hundreds of miles away from the only friends who cared for us on all that vast continent. I wrote to Madame de Beauguet distractedly, imploring her to send me help. The good creature came to me herself."

"God bless her!"

"Amen! God bless her! Yes; she made that long dreadful journey alone, traveling day and night to reach us. Horace brightened when he saw her; but it was the last flicker of life. He would have our boy, our only surviving child, lifted on to his bed, and he would lie holding the tiny hand in his, and gazing on the wistful face. The little fellow, barely two years old, would sit mute and still, nestling by his father for hours. If we attempted to take him away he struggled and sobbed until none of us had the heart to remove him. Many times we have waited until he dropped asleep to carry him to his own little crib. One night I had fallen into an uneasy slumber from exhaustion, and I lay stretched on the floor at the foot of my husband's bed, when, in the dead silence of the night, I was awakened by hearing your name uttered in a loud, clear voice. I started to my feet, and saw Horace gazing intently in the direction of the door. 'You are come,' he said, with a smile; 'I knew you would come!' Margaret, before the avenging God, I believe that the anguish I endured at that moment might expiate even the great wrong I did you. 'My own love, my Horace!' I cried, frantically, clasping his poor, thin hand, 'don't you know me? Speak to me, my husband, or my heart will break.' His gaze never wavered from the door, but he pressed my hand with a feeble clasp, and whispered, 'Look at Margaret!' and so he died.

"Well! Grief does not kill, for I am here. I lay for six weeks, raving in brain-fever, and insensible to every thing around me. Our good friend nursed me, and took care of my boy, and fed us and clothed us, and, when I could be moved, carried us both to her own home near Quebec. And then she urged me to return, and cast myself at uncle's feet, and supplicate for pardon and reconciliation. She spoke firmly and openly to me. She probed my heart, and fearlessly showed me what a wretch I had been, even when I had most gloried in my strength. She told me that it was a duty I owed to my dead Horace to confide his boy to the loving care of those who could provide for him. Her counsel prevailed over the last remnant of perverse pride in my broken heart, and I came. If I could but have seen my uncle—if he could but have known how I longed for his pardon and his love, even when I was hardest and worst—but that consolation was not for me. It is just."

"Anna, he loved and forgave you at the last. I know that he dearly loved and fully forgave you. Had he not been taken away so suddenly he would have shown you by his will that—"

She laid her hand upon my lips.

"It is better so. I know that my boy and I must owe every thing to your generous hand, and I will take your gift from you as though it came from Heaven. I am not what I was. I have been taught in a hard, hard school. It is better so, Margaret, better so."

I have little to add, Lucy. By slow degrees Anna recovered some measure of strength; but she was never more the bright blooming creature she had been once. While she lived she shared my home, and daily, hourly, made some new return toward the old fondness which had united us as children. The haughty spirit sometimes rose, the wayward temper occasionally broke forth, but never again was there any serious breach between us. Her boy, little Sedley—your father, Lucy—grew and thrived, and was the joy and sunshine of our quiet home. Stock, bedridden and very near the close of his long life, permitted Anna's boy to climb up on a chair to the tall, old-fashioned chimney-piece in his room, and to reach down and fill for him his cherished pipe. Such a concession Stock never made before. Many and many a long church-warden was smashed by falling from the inexpert little fingers; but Stock resented any attempt to interfere with him.

"Let us be," he would growl out to Hester, who had constituted herself chief nurse-maid, and was a little jealous of her authority. "Women-folks knows naught about boys."

"Children should be obedient, Mr. Stock," Hester would retort, sharply.

"Ah! and so should women. Let us be. He'll be all right, I tell ye. He's got more sense in his little curly poll nor some as is more'n twenty times his age. Lord, it's a marvel to see the wisdom o' that child!"

Nor did any number of mishaps, in the filling of a long series of pipes, shake Stock one jot in his conviction that if the "women-folks" would only leave Master Sedley alone, he would infallibly come out triumphant from any possible trial of his skill and wisdom. The child took greatly to me. Sometimes, when he came frolicking up to me in his gleeful way, his merry laughter and bright arch glance would make me sad for a season. For it was as if his father's spirit were looking out of his blue-gray eyes. But little Sedley, though he inherited Horace's sweet temper and buoyant disposition, was made of sterner stuff than his father. He had what poor Uncle Gough used to say Horace wanted—ballast.

You have heard of Mr. Norcliffe from your father. He took my nephew as his pupil and helped to make him the clever doctor he is now; and the pretty house where you and your brothers and sisters were born once belonged to him. After my sister's death I gave up the Gable House and came to be near Sedley Lee and his young wife. When children gathered round them, and their pleasant house was filled with the sound of fresh young voices, I begged to have you, my godchild, to be as a daughter to me. Your good parents trusted me with their treasure, and their treasure is very dear and precious to my heart.

Anna died with her head upon my breast, and my hand in hers. My name was the last word upon her lips, as it had been on the lips of him whom we both loved so well.

From my chamber window that looks on the sea I sit and watch the restless striving waves, that rise and fall, and fall and rise again. With very different eyes do I look upon them now, from those of that poor love-lorn girl who saw them through her tears near fifty years ago. The waves toss and leap wildly, but the heart that once beat more wildly than they is at peace. I look out at the sunset, and think with a thankful spirit that my life is setting, serene and bright, even as the daylight dies brightly in the west. I await the summons to depart, not impatiently—for life has many sweet moments for me—but with hope. The remembrances of my early life, its scenes, persons, and incidents, become, not less but more clear to me as I grow old. And sometimes it is with me, as the German poet has said: "The present and near seem far off, and that which has disappeared becomes the only reality."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CHARITY TOWARD AN ENEMY.—A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the barony church of Glasgow during the war which England and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinna let him fa' in." This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterward gave as a toast "The good Scotch parson."

A NOTABLE DIFFERENCE.—The difference between a bank-note and a bird-note is, that the latter is "cheap" and the former isn't.

A distinguished Frenchman don't like American ladyhood, because the dear creatures eat with their hats on. Not now—a lamp-mat is no hat.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

An Insolvent Dairyman complained that his only persecuting creditor was his Dun Cow.

An Asylum for Lunatic Creditors would find an appropriate site at Dunn-Insane.

A gentleman was complaining that it cost him ten dollars every time he went to church, as he only attended five times a year and his pew tax was fifty dollars per annum. "Why don't you go oftener," asked a religious broker, "and reduce the average?" That was a poser.

The Koran has the following passage: "Mohammed, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven so large that his eyes were seventy days' journey apart." What an awful "bridge" he must have had to his nose!

The Telegraph Cable makes a bed of the Atlantic Ocean and pillows of the two continents.

A worthy man, when told that he was about to die, said he was glad of it: he was tired of putting his shoes and stockings on and off. And this is about what life gets reduced to at about seventy.

FOREM.—The individual who was lost in thought has since been discovered in a brown study.

An author-friend of ours says that all the elegant Cookery-books talk about the Still Room. He only wishes that his adored family would allow him such a room.

Why might carpenters really believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

SAPPY. "Brown's a regular wag, isn't he? He's fond of cracking his jokes."

ROBINSON. "Yes, he cracks his jokes—that's the reason they're so bad."

MOVABLE FEASTS.—"Baked Tatars all hot!"

"My dear Horatio, I had a very mysterious dream about you." "What was it, dear?" "I dreamed I saw you carried up to heaven in a golden chariot, surrounded by angels clothed in white and purple. What is that a sign of, dear?" "It is a sign of a foul stomach, my dear."

"Sambo, whose de hoe?" "Wid de rake." "Whose de rake?" "Wid de hoe." "Whose dey both?" "Dey both together."

JAMMING.—A seller of cement described it as peculiarly useful in mending jars.—"Would it mend the jar of a door?" "There is no occasion for it in that case," said the peddler, "for that is sound enough." "Would it mend family jars?" "In that case, again, there is more sound than sense," replied the peddler, and vanished.

A NICE HOUSE.—"Mamma," said a little fellow whose mother had forbidden him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany side-board with a sharp nail—"mamma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Hackett's we can cut the sofa and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any fun at all."

A Western Paradise is thus described: "No income tax; no internal revenue; no spies to see if you treat a friend on Sunday; no special police; no dog-tax, school-tax, or bounty fund. And, to end with, the Indians and half-breeds can't tell one greenback from another, so all our ones are tens."

DRY-GOODS DRUMMERS AT THE SOUTH.

IT would be singular if our Southern brethren did not despise us, if they judge us from some of the men who go among them, and who, in order to secure their custom, outdo rebels themselves in their expression of rebel sentiments. In fact, it must be admitted that now, as before the war, the class of Northern men who go Southward, seeking custom, or designing to make a permanent stay, are the most despicable representatives of the North, and form the most dangerous class of Southern citizens. We give on page 637 an illustration which represents a scene of too common occurrence upon our Southern railroads and in the hotels of Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans. The picture tells its own story, and it is to us a very painful and disgusting one.

We shall hail the day with joy when citizens from Northern States going Southward shall fairly represent the people of those States. Then, and not till then, will frankness of speech and an honest, unflinching purpose become habitual, and do much to secure that freedom in the expression of opinion which is now in the South almost impossible.

SHERIDAN'S TEN-PINS.

OUR soldiers could not very well carry bowling-alleys along with them, but General SHERIDAN supplied this deficiency by the invention of a game of ten-pins, which we illustrate on page 637. A ball, usually a 12-pound shell, was suspended from the limb of a tree, or from some convenient arrangement. The board on which the pins are set up was placed either beyond or in front of the spot over which the ball hangs when at rest. This is necessary, as it would be almost impossible to strike the pins otherwise. The game is played by throwing the ball so that it shall miss the pins on its forward swing and strike them on its return. In order to do this it is necessary to "english" or twist the ball as it leaves the hand. Some very nice calculation is necessary to do this with certainty. Three shots are given to each player; but he loses these if he strikes the pins on the forward swing.

"SHERIDAN," says our artist, "is by far the best player that I have seen, although some of his staff, among them Colonel SARTELLE, are quite successful players."

Following his freely-expressed idea, "that a man is foolish who can not unbend, but makes an effort to be a great man all the time," General SHERIDAN has arranged a game among the trees about his present home in New Orleans. Here the General with his staff and friends amuse themselves occasionally during the afternoon.

The game was always a favorite in the Army of the Cumberland, but never, we believe, introduced into the Army of the Potomac. General SHERIDAN invented it for the amusement of the convalescents which camped near Murfreesborough.

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JOHN WESLEY.

DR. CURRY.

DR. WILEY.

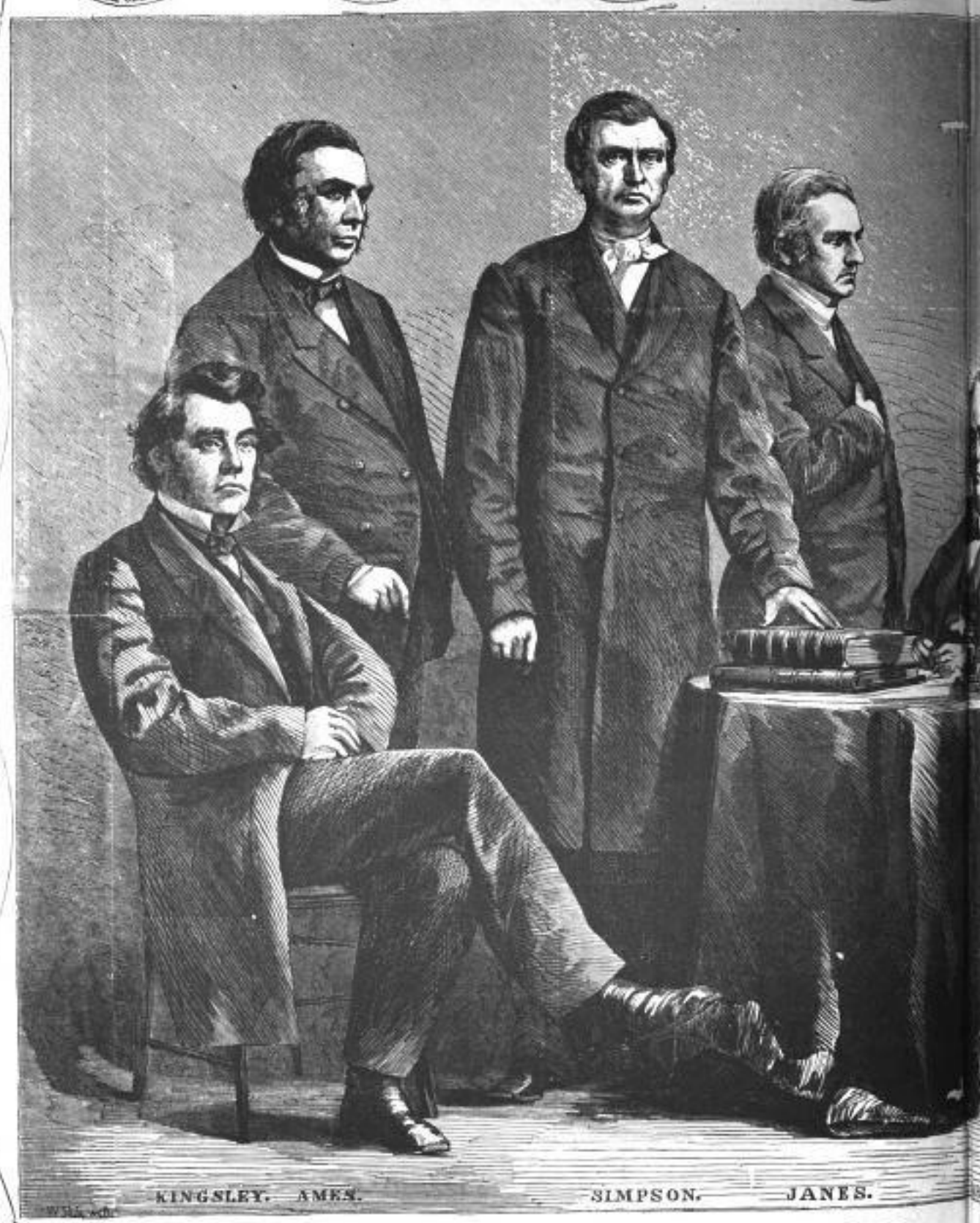
DR. WISE.

DR. EDDY.

DR. DURBIN.

DR. HARRIS.

DR. TRIMBLE.


KINGSLEY. AMES. SIMPSON. JANES.

DR. HAVEN.

DR. NEWMAN.

DR. CROOKS.

BISHOP ASBURY.

DISTINGUISHED MEN OF METHODISM.—From Pho

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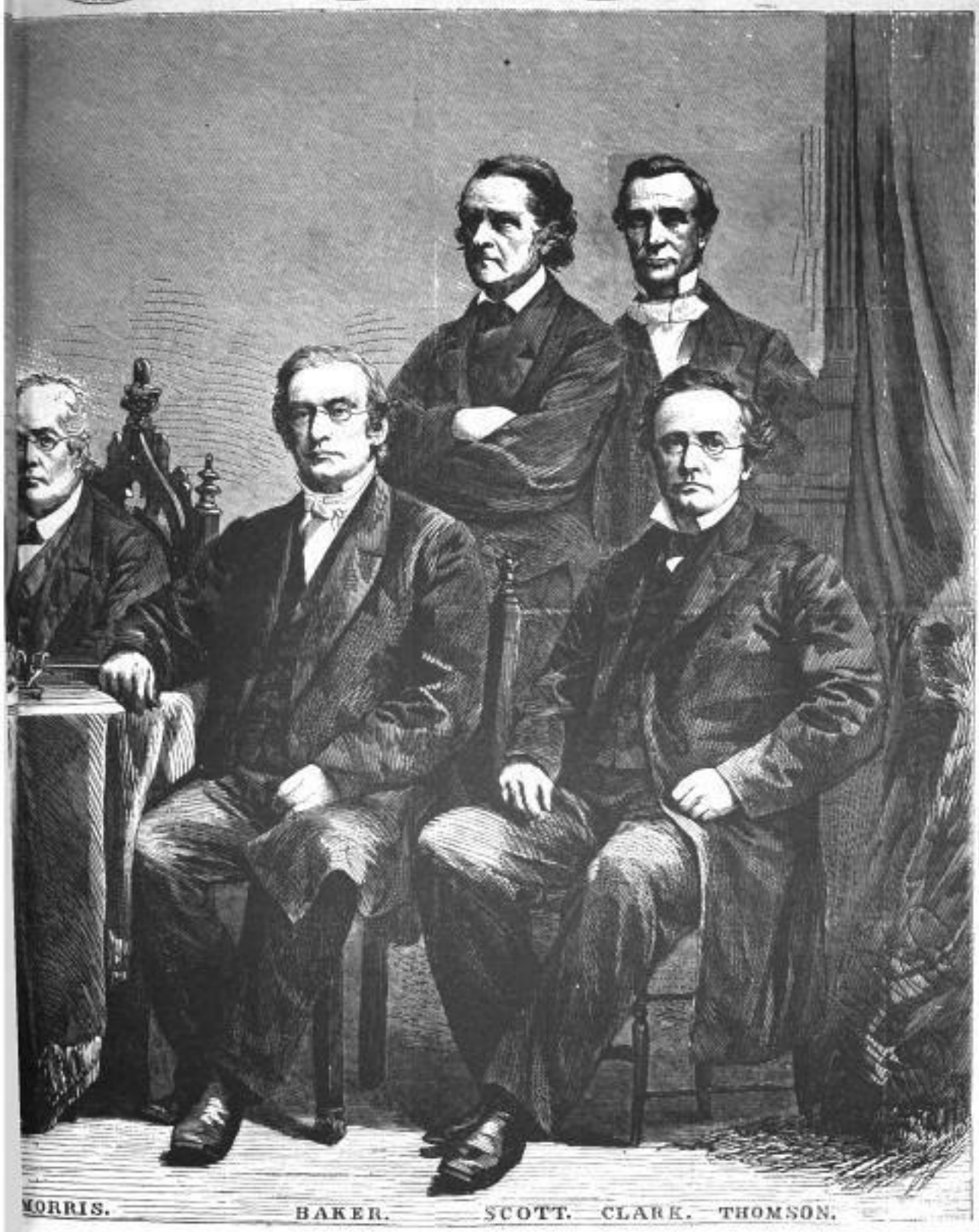

ES BY BRADY, HALLETT, AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

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NOTHING TO SPARE.

What! hast thou naught to spare? Alas! thy lot
Indeed is hapless; thou art very poor.
Poorer than thy poor brethren who have not
The hoarded much, that crieth still for more!
Where are thy baubles? Where thy glittering toys?
Where thy rich trappings? Thy amusements, where?
The daily luxury, that only cloys?
Oh! look, and see if thou hast "naught to spare."

Where is thy wasted time? Thy unbreathed word
Of gentleness? Thy hidden talent, where?
The look of pity which thou mightest accord?
Oh! do not tell me thou hast "naught to spare."
Bethink thee ere thou speakest so again,
And for thy needy brethren have some care;
Oh! be more grateful to thy Father, when
So much He giveth thee—so much "to spare."

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

The Methodists celebrate in October their first Centenary in the New World. Philip Embury, Thomas Webb, and Robert Strawbridge, were the earliest pioneers of American Methodism; they were "local preachers," or volunteers, not receiving salaries as do "traveling preachers" whose time is exclusively devoted to the ministry. From the formation of the *first* Methodist Society in America in 1766 its march has been triumphant. In our Centennial picture we present the heads of many representative men in the Church, with all of the living bishops. John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the sect, are also there, but they are so generally known that we need only refer to them.

No man did more for Christianity in the Western hemisphere than Bishop Asbury. When only eighteen years old he entered the itinerant ministry in England, and soon afterward emigrated to America. At the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the year 1784, he was appointed Bishop. The Church had then less than 15,000 members, with 80 preachers; and when he died (1816), in his 71st year, the spiritual army which he led numbered over 211,000 Methodists, with 700 traveling preachers!

Robert Williams, a Wesleyan preacher, had arrived as early as 1769, then came John King, and during the same year Richard Boardman, with Joseph Pilmoor, who were the first regular Methodist or Wesleyan Missionaries. Bishop Coke ordained Bishop Asbury, and these were the first Protestant Bishops of the Western World, unless we should except the episcopal officers of some of the Colonial Moravian settlements. From this small beginning Methodism in America has achieved a greater religious work than any since the days of the Apostles. About two millions of church-members, exclusive of some six millions of congregational adherents, are now embodied in its churches in America.

Elijah Hedding, D.D., was born in Dutchess County, New York, June 7, 1780, and died April 9, 1852. He was elected to the episcopal office in 1824. He established the earliest Methodist paper, *Zion's Herald*, and labored earnestly for the advancement of literary and theological education. He was a man of imposing personal appearance, of singular dignity and simplicity, of rare wisdom in counsel, and high authority in theological science.

Bishop Thomas A. Morris, D.D., is a Virginian, born 1794. After serving as editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, etc., he was elected to the Episcopal office in 1836. Able, prudent, and exemplary, he still lives to bless the Church with his wise counsels—a man of extremely laconic speech, brief but always pertinent in his preaching, in conversation given to anecdote and pithy sayings and no little humor.

Levi Scott, D.D., is a Marylander. He entered the ministry in 1826; in 1840 he became Principal of the Carlisle Grammar School, and subsequently one of the Book Agents at New York. In 1852 he was consecrated Bishop. In the performance of his episcopal duties he has visited the distant missions in Western Africa, and has recently ordained Bishop Roberts, a colored man, to that work. He commands the highest estimation of his Church for his piety, talents, and memorable services.

Bishop Edmund S. Janes is a native of Sheffield, Massachusetts. He was born April 27, 1807, commenced preaching in 1830, was elected Secretary of the American Bible Society in 1840, and Bishop in 1844. He is a most efficient and laborious minister, and has visited officially the California churches and the Methodist Missions in Europe.

Osman C. Baker, D.D., was born at Marlow, New Hampshire, in 1812. He studied under Fisk at Middletown, Connecticut, became a teacher in Newbury, and at a later period Professor in the Biblical Institute at Concord. In 1852 he was elected Bishop. He is a man of sound learning, of singular prudence, and an authority in Methodist jurisprudence.

Edward R. Ames, D.D., is a Western man, a native of Ohio, born in 1806, and educated at the Ohio University. He became a Professor in an Illinois College, Missionary Secretary for the West, and, in 1852, Bishop. His personal appearance commands respect, and he is noted for his devotion and sagacity in the affairs of his denomination.

Matthew Simpson, D.D., was born in Ohio, June 21, 1810, and descended from Methodist stock. At first he studied medicine, then became the Professor of Natural Science in Allegheny College, and afterward President of the Indiana Asbury University. Next we find him editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and, finally, a Bishop. As a pulpit orator he is inferior to none in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He abounds in happy and brilliant illustrations; his voice is peculiar and monotonous, but his vigorous intellect and vivid sensibility give his sermons irresistible power.

Davis W. Clark, D.D., was born on Mount Desert Island, Maine. He graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1836, and has been a practical teacher, and for several years editor of the well-known *Ladies' Repository*. A writer of eminence, he has published several valuable works. In the year 1864 he was elected Bishop, and is universally respected.

Bishop Edward Thomson, D.D., was born at Portsea, England, 1810, emigrated to the United States in 1819, and studied and practiced medicine. For some years he was either President or Professor in Western colleges. He also edited the *Ladies' Repository*, and in 1860 became editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He was made a Bishop in 1864. He is a polished writer and speaker, and is greatly esteemed.

Bishop Calvin Kingsley was one of the last elected to the Episcopal office. He is a Western man, and a zealous and able fellow-laborer with his brethren who preside in the councils of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* for several years, and also a Professor in the Alleghany College at Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Our picture is so arranged as to represent on one side of the Bishops the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The portrait of John P. Durbin, D.D., is a most striking likeness. He is a Kentuckian, and was born in 1800. After his graduation at college, in 1825, he became Professor of Languages in Augusta College; in 1831 he was elected Chaplain to Congress; in 1833 he became editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*; and in 1834 was appointed President of Dickinson College. He afterward published his Travels in Europe, and in 1850 was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, for the responsible duties of which office he possesses admirable qualities. He is among our most eloquent and popular pulpit orators. William L. Harris, his effective assistant, is also a Western man. He was born in Ohio, November 4, 1817. In 1847 he was appointed Principal of the Baldwin Institute, then a Professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1860 Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. He is a ready debater, laborious, social, and a general favorite.

J. M. Trimble, D.D., is the Second Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, a Western man, and resident of Ohio. He entered the ministry as early as the year 1828, and has occupied the most important appointments in the Church. He is greatly esteemed, and is a man of effective talent. He was elected to his present important post in 1864, and now devotes his whole time to its duties.

On the right of the main picture are the heads of three clergymen—Drs. Nast, M'Clintock, and Strykes—all eminent as scholars, writers, and pulpit orators. At the top and bottom are the likenesses of the present editors of the Methodist periodicals, and other representative men. Drs. Curry (editor of the *Christian Advocate*), Coulson (editor of *Zion's Herald*), and Haven (an ex-editor, and now President of Michigan University) are distinguished sons of the Wesleyan University. Dr. Crooks, the learned editor of *The Methodist*, graduated at Carlisle, and Dr. Whedon, the metaphysician of the Church, and editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, is from Hamilton. Dr. Reid graduated at the New York University; was formerly President of Genesee College, and is now the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Dr. Wise is at the head of the Sunday-school department of the Church, and is eminent, especially as a writer and editor for children. The Rev. Dr. B. F. Crary, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, is a good type of the Hoosier gentleman, ardent and plain-spoken. The Rev. Dr. Eddy, editor of the *North Western Christian Advocate*, published at Chicago, is "a live man," and makes a lively paper. Ardently loyal (as indeed are all the editors of the Methodist papers), he rendered good service to the country during its late conflict. The Rev. Dr. Nesbit, editor of the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*, is a writer of distinguished ability. His editorials are neat, sharp, and judicious. Dr. Wiley has studied medicine, been a missionary to China, and is now the polished editor of the well-known *Ladies' Repository*. Dr. Newman has become one of the most eloquent and useful men of the Church. His Travels in the Holy Land have been published, and he now discharges the duties of an editor, etc., in New Orleans, and is Professor of a Theological Seminary there. Dr. Loxe is a gentleman of learning, and fills well the editorial chair; and Dr. Monroe, a minister of great influence, and a successful preacher, now devotes his whole time and talents to the agency of the Church Extension Society, in which cause he has been most energetic and successful. The Church, from its organization, has shown great wisdom in the selection of its bishops, editors, etc. All those whose likenesses are given in our engraving are "men of mark," and, with two or three exceptions, have at various times been elected to office by the General Conference. Most of the bishops, it will be seen, have been selected from those who have been connected with the press of the Church.

How rapid and astonishing has been the progress of Methodism! On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundations of the *first* Methodist chapel in the world were laid at Bristol, England; and in November following the "Foundry," in London, was consecrated. The former bore the humble name of "The Preaching House;" and the latter took its former title of the "Old Foundry," having been once used for casting iron. At that moment John Wesley had no thought of founding a new sect. He was a firm Churchman, and opened these edifices for the temporary accommodation of his followers, and for a still better reason—the clergy of the Establishment had excluded him from its pulpits and his people from their sacramental altars.

The year when these earliest chapels were opened is considered the epoch of Methodism, for it was in the year 1739, also, that Mr. Wesley organized his *first* society; and this, he says, "was the rise of the United Society," which has continued in unbroken succession down to the present day. Wesley, the great founder of the sect, lived to see Methodism established in the United States with an Episcopal organization. He also saw it planted in the British North American Provinces and the West India Islands, and died in 1791, with his religious system universally effective, and sustained by five hundred and fifty itinerant, with thousands of local and traveling preachers, and over one hundred and forty thousand members.

In the year 1839 was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of English Wesleyan Methodism, a festive day of religious observance by Methodists throughout their churches in all parts of the world. Pecuniary contributions were called for and answered by a liberality never equaled in their history, if in that of any other Christian body. The "Wesleyans" gave *one million and eighty thousand dollars*; and the American Methodists *six hundred thousand*. Signal indeed had been the blessings of Heaven upon their past history, and at that Centenary the denomination had increased to more than one million one hundred and seventy thousand communicants in the United Kingdom, British Provinces, West Indies, the United States, etc., including five thousand two hundred traveling preachers. Its missionaries were about three hundred and fifty, with some three thousand unpaid assistants, occupying about three hundred stations in Sweden, Germany, France, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, Africa, Ceylon, Continental India, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Hawaii Islands, Vavan, Feejee, and West India Islands. In their mission-schools they enrolled fifty thousand pupils. More than seventy thousand communicants, and two hundred thousand hearers, attended their mission chapels.

Such was the *first* century of Wesleyan Methodism, clearly demonstrating its Providential mission and the revival of apostolic, spiritual life. Introduced into America one hundred years ago, it has retained the spirit of its original mission, as a revival of evangelical religion; and here its growth has been rapid beyond a parallel. Its first religious society was formed in this city in the year 1766. Before the end of the last century, in thirty-four years, its standards had been planted from Nova Scotia to Georgia, and westward to the farthest limits of civilized society. By this time there were eight annual Conferences, three bishops—Coke, Asbury, and Whatcoat—287 traveling, with several thousand local preachers, and about 65,000 members, of whom 13,000 were Africans. By the year 1825 its communicants had increased to 350,000, and its preachers to over 1300.

American Methodism, like the parent Wesleyan body, has ever taken an interest in education. As early as the year 1754 Bishops Coke and Asbury commenced Cokesbury College, near Baltimore, and from this impulse numerous others have rapidly followed in the denomination. The Methodist Episcopal Church now reports not less than 25 colleges, including theological schools, with 158 professors and teachers, 5345 students, 105,531 library volumes, and property and endowments $3,055,861. To these must be added 77 academies, 556 instructors, 17,761 scholars, 10,462 of whom are females. Before the late war the Southern Methodist Church had 12 colleges, 77 academies, with 8000 students, making an aggregate in the two bodies of 191 literary institutions, with 31,106 scholars. Who can estimate the moral, social, and religious influences which these educational movements of Methodism have exerted in our land?

Methodism is diffusing literature among the people. Wesley himself incessantly employed his pen. The Methodist "Book Concern," as it is called, is now one of the largest religious publishing establishments in the world, its capital having increased since the year 1789 from $800 to nearly $1,000,000. It circulates more than a million copies monthly of periodicals, one Quarterly Review, four Monthlies, one Semi-Monthly, with eight Weeklies. These probably have a larger circulation than any other works of the same class in the world. No one can affirm that Methodism does not greatly contribute to the progress of useful knowledge.

A most prominent place does Methodism occupy in the vital work of Sunday-school teaching. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone has now 13,400 schools, 918,000 scholars, 150,000 teachers, and during the past year claimed 19,000 converts to Christianity in these institutions. In the school libraries are more than 2,529,000 volumes, and nearly 260,000 Sunday-school papers are printed and circulated semi-monthly. We believe that no institutions in our land dispense a mightier power for private and public good than these Sabbath-schools.

Methodism continues essentially, as it ever has been, a missionary movement. From 1806 to the present time the Wesleyans have contributed more than twenty millions of dollars for foreign missions. Last year the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church reached almost $560,000, and it has now from this country missionaries in China, India, Africa, Bulgaria, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and South America. From its commencement to 1865 its funds have amounted to nearly *six* million dollars. It is to raise a million the present year.

According to the last United States Census Report the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a whole, is the richest in the land. Her property in churches and parsonages is there valued at $27,000,000; in colleges and theological schools, $3,055,000—making, exclusive of the Book Concern and other property, $30,055,000. Such statistics are by some thought dull and uninteresting, but they are the ledgers of history, and in Church and State contain the balance-sheet of social and religious improvement, and, as such, we leave these on Methodism without further comment.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in any thing; I think about him, and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the stick out of his hand, "can I not teach you either manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the overexcited feelings of the mother; she sprang toward him, and, seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about every thing that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, Sir!" she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you can not walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without any thing to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that clean table-cloth! I declare I am out of all patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the

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table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mrs. Barton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat, "Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behavior the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr. Barton rarely said any thing to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Barton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. Barton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Barton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit, and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good." Mr. Barton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Barton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied, "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say any thing that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings, in a little while, quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words, "speak gently," were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him, angrily, to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words, "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son," she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I can not find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Barton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh yes, so they are!" cheerfully replied Harry: "I could not see them any where."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Barton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want any thing else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully, "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first-fruits, and the gathering, even of so small a harvest, was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast-table was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for any thing it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Barton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Barton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months, and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word, gently spoken, was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Barton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "Command yourself, and 'speak gently.'"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE fall season has fairly come, though sultry summer days have been sprinkled all through September. But the gay world, for the most part, lingers no longer in the green fields and beside the blue waters: Fashion, with beckoning hand, invites return, and the streets of New York are thronged with an animated crowd of "fair women and brave men," each intent on business or pleasure. Madame Fashion has not been rusticating in the country during the summer, but, with closed doors, has been ingeniously devising new laws to be promulgated this fall; and now, of course, ladies especially are turning their attention to autumn toilets. The eager gazers who threaded their way through Broadway on the Milliners' Opening Day last week, regardless of the drizzling rain, showed a degree of interest in the great exhibition of little bonnets worthy of a larger cause.

Although in some instances there seems to have been an attempt to "enlarge," the result appears to be that the new styles of those little ornaments denominated "bonnets" are rather smaller than ever. The two great classes of head ornaments, hats and bonnets, are divided into numerous orders—*Fanchon, Empire, Lamballe, Lulelia, Metternich, Suisesse, Chignon, Catalane, Ristori, etc., etc.*—and these orders into genera and species too numerous to mention. Each lady must examine for herself—with a microscope—and decide which species is the rarest, and the most becoming for her to adopt. The *Lamballe*, in all its unique varieties, still blossoms, fresh and fair; while the *Catalane* is a pretty novelty.

In Paris, simultaneously with the recent announcement that the Empress was about to start for Biarritz, some novel hats, christened "toquets Biarritz," made their appearance. These toquets are made of black, white, and light gray felt, and are bordered with a band of well-curled feathers. In order to give a feminine appearance to this rather masculine head-gear, either a beautiful, half-opened rose, a china aster, a tuft of pansies, or a bouquet of service berries, is added at the side. A Parisian journal, after describing a Lamballe bonnet made of black lace and jet beads, and ornamented at each side (on the ears as it were) with two bunches of violet velvet pansies, adds: "These tufts of flowers on the ears lead us to hope that we are not doomed to walk out with uncovered ears during the approaching winter weather, for although larger bonnets have been made in preparation for the colder weather, nobody will purchase them."

Among the various dress materials which are popular this fall striped and plaid goods of the brightest and gayest colors abound. Irish poplins are as fashionable as ever; and a new shade of blue, called *azure*, and of green distinguished as *petroleum*, are likely to be in special favor. For street dresses a gray mixed poplin, silk and wool, is new and stylish. Plain black alpacas continue to be much worn, and are always genteel. Black silk striped with satin is very fashionable. For dress occasions satin will be in favor. There is a new material, imported by Stewart & Co., called "satin cashmere," a rich twilled silk with a satin finish. It is to be obtained in all shades, and it is said will be a favorite fabric for bridal dresses.

Gored skirts are still in the ascendant, especially for house wear. Skirts are now frequently made slashed up at each side as far as the waist, and edged with deep fringe; they have the effect of a double apron, and are called *Sevillane* skirts. The fringe, which may be either silk or chenille, is never the same color as the skirt. The following description will serve as a model for this novel style: A blue silk petticoat, or rather underskirt, with a blue ruche round the edge; over this a *Sevillane* skirt of striped blue and white silk, with a deep blue chenille fringe round the edge. With this skirt a white Figaro jacket ornamented with blue fringe and blue gimp would be worn.

Opera cloaks are made of thick warm material, either white or striped in colors. The circular will be the favorite style. Sometimes a hood is added, trimmed with jet fringe, and when drawn over the head it is very becoming.

The mixture of muslin and silk is at present very popular. The newest white muslin bodices are called "*Loyens*," and are made in puffings and trimmed with three cross-cut bands of silk, the two at the sides describing braces, both at the front and back. The waist is encircled with a silk band and sash, which fasten at the left side; the collar is pointed. The sleeves are formed with these puffings of muslin, which alternate with three cross-cut bands of silk. Velvet is also used for trimming these puffed white muslin bodices, and the velvet is embroidered either with jet or straw.

Among the various novelties of the season are chains which are extensively used for dress trimmings. They vary in size "from the delicate watch chain to the heavy ox-cable."

Portraits of favorite dogs and horses are used to insert in lockets and breast-pins.

A new kind of net is formed with gold and silver braid crossing at wide intervals, and united at every point with a tuft of colored chenille.

Boots are being made with colored heels. Among some recently exhibited in a London shop was a pair of white kid, intended for a bridesmaid; they had blue toe caps and heels, piped with blue kid, and were fastened by a double row of fancy buttons up the front.

Buttons form an important feature in the way of dress trimmings. They vary from the size of a "pea to that of a small butter plate."

Ear-rings continue to be immensely long. Five or six interlaced rings, falling nearly to the shoulder, are a fashionable model.

There really is no end to the unique and pretty changes introduced by fashion; yet for the present we will make a period here and turn to other matters.

No one can fail to find in this great city such amusement as is suited to his individual taste. And if his taste happens to need cultivation, there is ample opportunity for training it here. Libraries are to some extent open to the public; and we believe ere long increased facilities in the way of public circulating libraries, reading-rooms, etc., will give to every one ample opportunity for indulging a taste for reading. Concerts of various kinds, sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, are more than ever demanded by the public. The drama, the comedy, and the tragedy, in various grades of excellence according to the popular standard, are sources of entertainment to multitudes. Ristori's recent appearance has awakened a great enthusiasm in her behalf; and her wonderful power as a tragedienne has seldom been surpassed. The lovers of pictures will be able to gratify their taste at numerous places. Messrs. Goupil and Schaus have fine collections of engravings, to which they have lately added some very fine ones after eminent English artists, which are well worthy a careful examination. It has been projected by Mr. T. W. Dufrene of this city to establish a "Garden of Art." A site has been secured in the vicinity of the Central Park. The ground embraces two entire blocks, bounded on the north by Sixty-second Street, on the south by Sixtieth Street, on the east by Tenth, and on the west by Eleventh Avenue, an area of 42,000 square yards. Here it is proposed to erect a large building fronting on Tenth Avenue, covering the entire line of frontage—400 feet—from Sixtieth to Sixty-second Street. The great object claimed by the projector is to provide New York with a place of popular resort, refining in character—a place which will have the best artistic features if not the real greatness of the palace and gardens at Sydenham, Versailles, or other places world-famous for their scenic beauty: and while he administers to the pleasure of his visitors, he hopes to cultivate a taste for the truly beautiful in art by bringing them in communion with the embodied thoughts of the great Masters of the Past and of the Present.

We have received a communication with a request to insert, which we do with great willingness, regarding it as a very good item for our column:

"*Ed. Harper's Weekly:*

"In your issue of September 8 I notice under the head of Home and Foreign Gossip the following: 'A Western paper contains the following announcement: Engaged.—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas,' etc. Now, as our 'Western' city of Leavenworth contains some 25,000 inhabitants, it is at least possible that a Miss 'Anna Gould' resides here; but as to having a 'John Candal' for City Marshal, I, as a resident of Leavenworth, deny the 'soft impeachment.' Our City Marshal is Joseph Mackle, a worthy soldier, who, I hope for the morals of our city, is not engaged to any young lady whatever, for he has already a charming wife; also, a 'sweet pledge' or two. Do you not think your announcement was a (s)candalous joke on our portly Marshal? E. J. M."

In regard to the above we would simply remark that we have never given our affidavit that nothing but the *truth* should enter the columns of "Home and Foreign Gossip." The name is sufficiently indicative of the general character of the items inserted. "Gossip" would scarcely be "gossip" if it were always true. And while we give our readers a variety of matter, both truthful and useful, a good story or amusing announcement is not withheld even if we can not prove its truth. However, we are now happy to notify the public that Miss Anna Gould and John Candal have broken off their engagement, or have never been engaged, or have never been at all, just as the case may be!

We have heard of sugar from saw-dust before, but now it is said that a chemist has extracted from coal a substance chemically undistinguishable from sugar. He has named it "phenose."

Some people cover their eyes with green or other shades when any thing is the matter with them. It is now ascertained by the best oculists that shades injure the sight instead of strengthening it, from their creating heat and inflammation in the parts affected. If the eye be injured and light insupportable, the best way is to tie a cool linen handkerchief over it. We have heard it stated as a curious fact, that, when the English army returned from Egypt, those soldiers were least affected with ophthalmy who had worn no fronts to their hats.

Various accounts come to us of the immense opera-house which Louis Napoleon is building in Paris. It is estimated that it will cost $8,000,000. It will be constructed entirely of stone, brick, and metal, nothing combustible being allowed to enter into its composition. It will cover seven and a half acres, and be two hundred feet in external height, according to report. Every box will have a separate saloon attached, fitted up like a drawing-room, and a carriage way will be constructed from the street to the second story. This will be a little ahead of any thing built in modern times.

A French paper states that arrangements have been made to send some seventy female convicts to Cayenne, the Government having determined to take measures in earnest for the population of that colony. These girls, several of whom are remarkably handsome, are destined to become the wives of convicts in Cayenne who have distinguished themselves by industry and good conduct. Each couple will be endowed with a grant of land and a sufficient loan to pay for an agricultural plant. A hypercritical French journal inquires whether the consent of these prospective brides has been asked, and objects that marriage, and, above all, marriage with convicts, is not within the purview of their sentence.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

EVERY body in Harmouth knew little Johnny, with his crooked back and tiny crutch, with which he could get over the ground a good deal fa[ster than] most other people who had free use of their le[gs]. A great favorite was he with the bluff, w[eather-]beaten boatmen, who often used to take him out with them in their shore-boats to the luggers when they were bringing their night's catching ashore. Then they used to make him sing, for he had a capital voice, and had learned to give out the "Death of Nelson" and "Tom Bowling" with nautical emphasis and spirit not to be expected in a child of ten. Standing on the shore you could hear his notes sounding over the water, and presently the shouts and hurrahs of his audience when he came to a conclusion. Johnny had no mother; she had long been dead, having only lived to bring her child into the world, and then pass quietly away as if in a peaceful sleep. The only vestige that remained to him of her was a green mound under the great yew-tree in the corner of Harmouth Church-yard, and there every Sunday after the morning service he and his father would be found hand in hand, silent and sad. For though he had lost his wife close on half a score years, Joe Barton, rough and iron-hearted as he was, had not forgotten her who for one brief twelve months made life sunshine to him. "Poor little woman!" he would say, turning away; and as he passed through the gate that led out of the resting-place of the dead a great salt tear as big as a pebble would force its way out and slowly creep down his brown cheek. He and Johnny lived in a comfortable cottage outside the town, for Joe had been a successful man; from a fisherman he had gradually become part-owner of a lugger, then sole proprietor, and then at last had no less than three boats of his own. So in course of time he secured a very nice little nest-egg which he invested in the shares of the county bank, and then having labored long and well, retired to rest him for the remainder of his days. The bank had a local branch at Harmouth, and most of the fishermen and inhabitants deposited their money there. Joe always had an intense love of the sea. He was wont to say "that it did his heart good to hear the waves, and that they used to talk to him for all the world like human beings." When he gave up fishing he had built a small pleasure-boat, which was christened with great ceremony *The Saucy Jack*, and a smart, trim little craft she was, with sailing powers something perfectly miraculous. All through the summer she was kept fully occupied, and heart-rending were the appeals Joe had to listen to from the juvenile frequenters of the beach to take them out for a sail with him. But he always had plenty of company, and what with his sea stories and biscuits and ginger-beer Joe Barton was at last worshiped as a hero. Johnny ever went with him on these marine excursions, and despite his deformity and ever-attendant crutch, without which he could not move, he had learned to handle and manœuvre *The Saucy Jack* with the greatest ease, and was as expert at taking in a reef or "putting about" as the oldest salt in Harmouth.

It was a glorious summer's day, the sea so smooth that it rippled on to the beach without noise, and seemed to be coyly kissing the pebbles. So hot, too, that the rowers in the many boats floating about were leaning listlessly on their oars, allowing themselves to drift lazily along with the tide. All Harmouth seemed to be on the water, every thing in the shape of a boat was engaged. *The Saucy Jack* alone remained idle. There she lay, about a hundred yards from the shore, securely anchored, and every thing as neatly fastened up as when she had been left the night before. Many and anxious were the inquiries for Joe Barton, and general were the expressions of regret that he should not be in the way on such a lovely day. No one knew where he had gone, not even Johnny. All he could say was that his father had received a letter the night before, after reading which he had sat silent and gloomy all the rest of the evening, and gone out before six o'clock in the morning, when he was abed, without saying a word. So *The Saucy Jack* remained idle all through that livelong summer's day.

Evening came on, and Johnny, who had been lounging about uneasily, for he could not bear his father to be away from him, began to feel very tired and sleepy, and thinking that a nap on board would be cool and comfortable, hailed one of the passing boats, and was duly transported to *The Saucy Jack*. Creeping into the little cabin at her bow, in which spare sails, empty ginger-beer bottles, and such like were kept, he soon fell into a sound and heavy slumber. How long it lasted he knew not, but when he woke he was startled by hearing a rippling sound above his head; it was quite dark, too, and the boat felt as if she were moving smartly along. What could have happened? Had she broke away from her anchor? For a moment he lay still, frightened in spite of himself. Then slowly he raised himself on his elbow, and rubbing his eyes, peered through the narrow aperture through which he had entered. He could see the mainsail bellied out with the fresh breeze, and that was all. But was it not enough? He knew he was out on the sea, but how had he come there? Could any body out of spite have sent him adrift? No; he knew of no one who had a grudge against him; suddenly he was startled by a groan as if of pain. His heart thumped against his side, the perspiration broke out in great beads on his forehead, he neither moved hand nor foot. Then ensued an agonizing silence, and then a voice, hoarse and broken with emotion, burst into a passionate prayer. Johnny was braver now, and dragging himself along on his hands and knees as quickly as his infirmities would allow, he made for the entrance and thrust his head out. There was no moon, but the stars shone out bravely, and in their light he could see the figure of a man with his back toward him, rocking backward and forward, his face buried in his hands and murmuring to himself. Who could it be? Johnny essayed to speak, but his lips were parched, soundless, and glued together, his tongue rough and dry. He stared at the black shadow as if it were a spirit. Between it and him there was a seat r[unn]ing across the boat; he tried to reach it in o[rder] to pull himself along, but could not. Th[e figure] moved its head, and in [a] momentary [flash of] summer lightning Johnny saw that it was his father. He sought to speak again, but he could not, while his eyes eagerly devoured his every movement. He saw him move his hand down to the seat beside him, he saw him raise his arm with something that glittered in the silver light, he heard a click, and then, as if by inspiration, the truth burst upon him. Hurling himself forward with the energy of despair he caught his father by the arm. There was a flash, a report, and then he felt something graze his fingers. But he heeded it not; seizing the pistol from his hand he threw it with all his strength into the sea, [and] then sank fainting into the bottom of the boa[t].

Black grow the clouds, higher rose the w[ind, lash]ing up the waves into angry contention. [Th]ere was every appearance of the advent of a severe storm. *The Saucy Jack*, left to herself, was hurling over into the trough of the sea in a perilous manner, but still Joe Barton, for it was he, sat with his face in his hands; still Johnny lay silent and motionless in the bottom of the boat. Presently a great, green wave came curling along, and dashing against the boat's side, wetted both to the skin. It roused Joe from his stupor. It roused Johnny from his insensibility; in another moment they were in one another's arms. Still the wind freshened, still the waves rose higher and higher, those two clasped in that firm embrace heeded them not, for the mercy of God was in their hearts, and the storm and tempest had no fear for them.

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It blew a gale that night and morning, and a large vessel went ashore on Harmouth sands, but no lives were lost. The wives of the fishermen lay sleepless and uneasy in their beds, for their good men were out on the angry sea earning bread for them and the children. The hoarse voice of the wind and the angry roar of the waves sent a thrill to their hearts as they heard them, and many a prayer stole up through the black sky and gained the ear of the Unseen. When the morning sun broke bravely through the drifting clouds there was a heart-felt shout of thanksgiving to see the toilers of the night come *safely* into harbor. Huge were the breakfasts eaten, sound was the sleep that followed, for it had been a hard battle between man and the elements.

Later in the day a knot of men were lounging on the shore. "Where's *The Saucy Jack?*" asked one. "Ain't Joe Barton turned up yet?" said another. While old Murtoch, the patriarch of the group, mumbled out "She ain't drawed up, she ain't at ancher; I'm blessed if I don't think she's gone down head first." This inaugurated a conversation about Joe, and various and singular were the reasons given for his continued absence. While they were engaged in this discussion, a man, bareheaded and breathless, rushed frantically down over the pebbles, his face pale as death, his eyes almost starting out of his head. When he reached the group, he stopped and remained speechless. "Hollo, Silas, what's wrong, lad?" inquired one. "You look dazed, man," said another.

"The Bank," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Well, what of the Bank?" asked old Murtoch, impatiently.

"It's broke," he gasped, and then, without vouchsafing any further information, rushed away as quickly as he had come. The news he brought fell like a thunder-bolt in the midst of those to whom he told it; they seemed stunned for a moment, and then hastened up to the town to find if he had spoken the truth.

Alas! it was but too true, the County Bank, being unable to meet a run upon its resources on the previous day at the chief market town, where its head office was, had been compelled to stop payment, and close all its branch establishments. Considerable assets, however, were expected, the number of shareholders being amply sufficient to cover all liabilities. It was some time before the Harmouth fishermen could be made to understand that, if they were only patient, they would have nearly all their money back. They stood in a body outside the Bank door till the darkness took them home worn out and sad at heart to bed. There went out no boats that night from Harmouth to fish!

The morning following the day on which the Harmouth [illegible] had stopped, a boat was seen some distance out making its way for the shore as well as it could with a broken mast and a ragged sail. All eyes were strained toward it. Whom could it be? Where was it coming from? Old Murtoch, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed silently out over the watery space. Then in a moment he dropped his arm exclaiming, "Well, bless my heart, if it ain't *The Saucy Jack*, with *Joe* and the kid aboard." Immense was the astonishment; some said "it couldn't be," but by-and-by, sure enough, she glided in past the pier-head, Joe at the tiller, and Johnny making himself useful in hauling in the sails. They both looked pale and weary, but the shout of welcome with which they were received lit up both their faces pleasantly. When *The Saucy Jack* had been made fast, Joe and his boy came ashore. All were eager to tell him the news, but none liked to, for it was well known that he was a large shareholder in the bank. But he seemed to understand their whispering, and taking Johnny's hand, he merely said quietly, "I know all about it. It's been and ruined me, but that's neither here nor there," and then moved off toward home. But ere he had gone many steps he took Johnny up in his arms, crutch and all, and carried him home and up to his bed in his own tiny room. He would not undress him, for already was the poor little man in a heavy slumber, but laying him down tenderly on the outside of the counterpane, that great, strong man fell on his knees, and with his face resting on the hands of his sleeping child, thus remained for a long, long time. What he thought, what he prayed, what thanksgivings burst from his very soul only the Book wherein his life is written can reveal. It was one of those times in the existence of a man when the days that are gone are lived over again, and the lessons they have taught are appreciated. Then the clouds roll back, the dawn breaks with promise of fine weather, and he nerves himself anew to face the future, bring it sunshine or storm. Thus taking courage, Joe Barton raised himself from his knees, no longer the craven and coward, afraid to meet the ills of life, but ready to grin and bear them. He was an altered man. And who had been the mysterious agent in the hand of Providence that had wrought his reformation? His poor, little deformed child, who through the night of storm and danger had been near him with lion heart and dauntless courage, who had taught him that mercy is extended even unto him who would take his own life.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

A few words more. Years passed on; the expected call had been made by the bank, and Joe's goods and chattels were all sold, but he neither groaned nor grumbled: he set himself manfully to work once again, and though his hair grew gray, and he was not quite so hearty and strong as of yore, yet all were willing to lend him a hand, and he soon began to find his circumstances improving. But for one circumstance he would have been happy. Johnny had never been thoroughly well since that dreadful night of storm and disaster; his back had grown rounder, and he complained of a pain in his leg frequently. Joe grew very anxious; every spare moment was dedicated to his child. One day he took him to London to see a great doctor, and when he came back he looked ten years older, for there was a gloomy prophecy gnawing at his heart. From that day Johnny took to his bed. He was a good, patient little fellow, but he would have no nurse but his dear old daddy; and his thin, pale face, used to light up the moment Joe entered the room; and when his father sat down by him he would put his hand into his horny palms and smile as if supremely happy. One morning Joe came in to breakfast, and, as usual, bounded up stairs to see his boy. Johnny was lying on his back, his eyes turned expectantly toward the door. The window was wide open, and a delicious soft breeze from the sea came playing through it. The sick child was going to his rest, there could be little doubt about that; his eyes were unnaturally bright, his cheek strangely flushed; in a few moments the ebb of the tide must set in. Joe sat down beside him, and then, as he was wont, Johnny put his hand in his, and then slowly and quietly spoke thus:

"Dear daddy, I'm going home. The docter was right when he told you I weren't good for long. I feel as if I hadn't got no blood in my body, and my legs feel so strange. Hold me up in your arms, daddy, I want to whisper to you."

Joe felt inclined to resist for a moment, for he would have gone for the doctor, but the child's manner chained him to his seat. Putting his arm round him, he brought his head close to his shoulder. Johnny nestled himself close, pressed his lips against the big bushy whiskers, and then continued:

"Daddy, don't lose heart again. Promise me that, won't you? Remember, daddy darling, the secret. I—I've kept it, you keep it too, won't you?"

Pressing his hands to his father's face, he looked eagerly into his eyes, passed his fingers over his cheek, and murmuring, "The secret, remember," in a moment was dead.

They laid him in the corner of the church-yard, under the yew-tree, by his mother, and on Sunday mornings, after service, Joe has now to stand alone and gaze on the spot where rest the two beings he loved so well. But his secret is buried there too. What secret? That having received a letter to acquaint him of impending ruin, and found its information correct, he had sought to escape meeting his disaster by himself destroying the life that a merciful Creator had given him. How he was saved from this crime has been told, and the secret that was is a secret no longer.

A STORM ON THE PRAIRIES—A SCENE IN WESTERN LOUISIANA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

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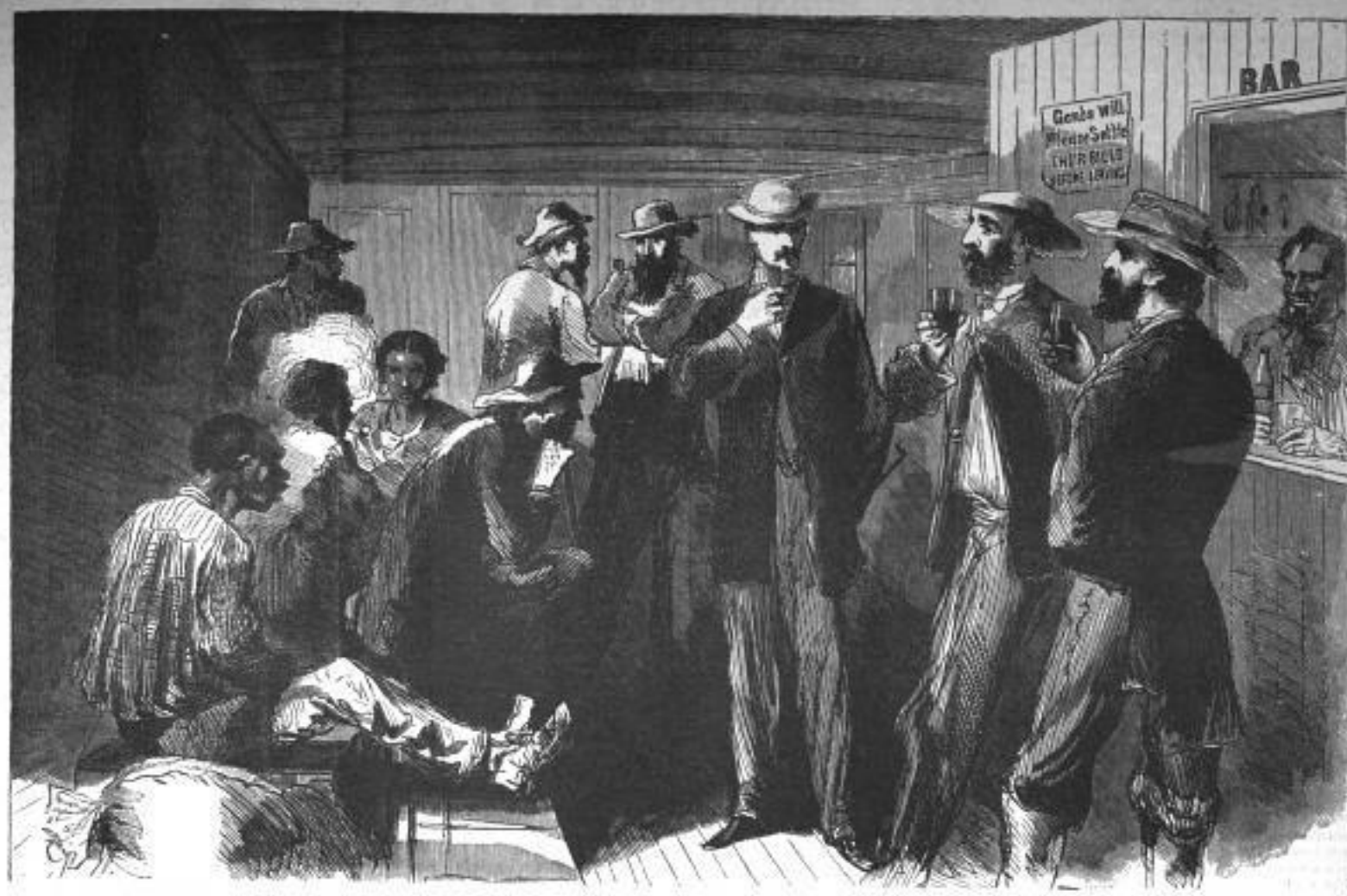
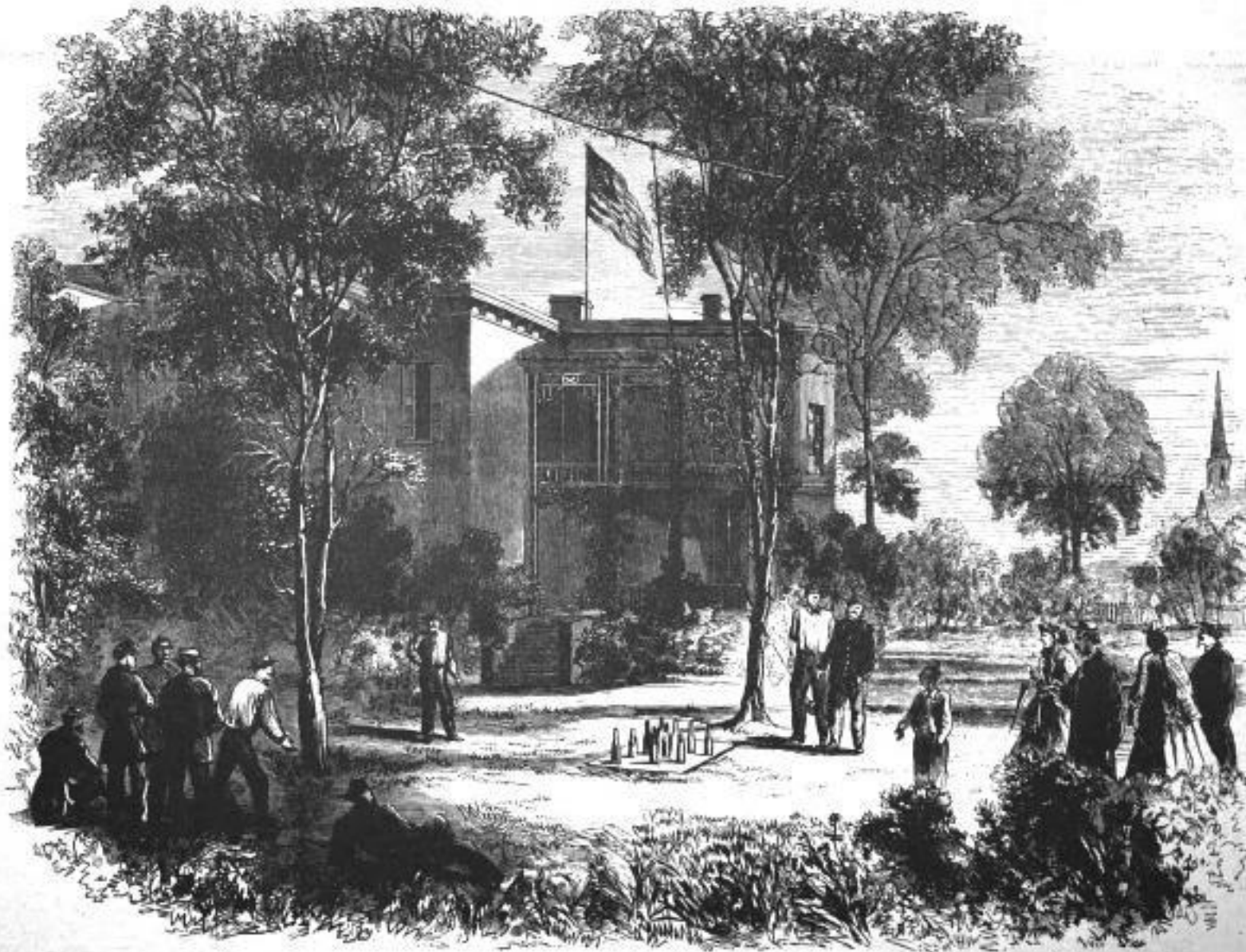


PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—THE DRY-GOODS DRUMMER ON HIS TRAVELS.—SCENE ON THE GALVESTON AND HOUSTON RAILROAD.—"HERE'S JEFF, FELLOWS!"

Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 631.]



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—SHERIDAN'S TEN-PINS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.

[See Page 631.]

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LAST WORDS.

From the time that human beings began to reflect, they have treasured up the words of the dying as peculiarly weighty and sacred. They often become heir-looms in a family, are handed on by tradition from generation to generation, and from being emblazoned on the shield of the iron baron, descend at last to the seals and coaches of his silken descendants. The last utterance of a falling chieftain has often been made the war-cry of his followers, urged them on to deeds of unwonted valor, to recovery of lost ground, and conquest of new.

In Italy the sayings of the departed on their death-beds are sometimes written on scrolls, and hung in their parish church. We have seen a church in Florence, the walls of which were hung in this manner with the devout reflections of a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Crowds visited the spot before and after the day of the funeral, and were edified, no doubt, by the many good and wise things the young princess had uttered. All the schools of philosophy that have been ever founded, have failed to inspire men at the close of life with sentiments one half so beautiful, so thrilling to the ears of by-standers, so precious to the memories of mourners as those which the Christian religion has put into the lips of her expiring children. They are as flowers that blossom from the bier, and diffuse an immortal fragrance. They are golden texts, which cheer us and fade not away while the night of bereavement closes round our path.

This is rather a serious subject, nor would it be decorous to treat it lightly. There is no sound in the wide world so dreadful as the accents of remorse on a dying bed, nor any instance of it more striking than that of Julian the Apostate. The Persian army had attacked his rear, and he rode to resist them. The imperial standard bore the letters S. P. Q. R., "The Roman Senate and People," emblazoned on it, instead of the Labarum, under which, since the time of Constantine, the legions of the empire had so often rushed on to victory. The Persians were repulsed, but Julian was wounded. His physicians could not stop the blood, and he called for a horse. He tried to mount, fell back into the arms of his followers, filled his hand with blood, cast it into the air, and cried "Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" Not half so sad was the voice of Kosciusko when he fell, though not to die, pierced by Russian lances, and exclaimed, "An end of Poland!" The hero whose breast is clean, who has confidence in the goodness of his cause, meets his fate with dignity, and brightens the horrors of death with a smile. He may die on the scaffold as a traitor and rebel, and yet, like Lord Lovat, in the rising of 1745, exclaim with his latest breath, *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori!* Not that the noble sentiment came well from him. It was, in his case, a bitter mockery; for his life had been spent in the violation of every duty, and its sole object was self. "'Tis sweet to die for our dear country's sake" would have come better from General Wolfe; and is in fact, in other words, just what he did say when, having gained the heights of Abraham, and fallen on the French at Quebec, he received a shot in the wrist, which he wrapped in a handkerchief, pressed on, received a second shot in the groin, and then, being pierced by a fatal bullet in the breast, allowed himself unwillingly to be carried behind the ranks. When told that the French army was totally routed, he exclaimed, "Then I am happy," and instantly expired.

The composure and fortitude which mark the last moments of some heinous offenders is very baffling to moralists. The usual chain of moral causes and effects seem in them to be broken; and it is sometimes, particularly in Eastern countries, difficult to restore the links even in imagination, and to render a plausible account of the miscreant's inner life. Thus Nuncomar, the chief of the Bramins of Bengal, who practiced more than the usual amount of deceit which belongs to the timid and effeminate Bengalee, and who had been detected repeatedly in the most criminal intrigues, was at last brought to trial as a felon, and condemned to be hanged, during the Governorship of Warren Hastings, met his ignominious fate with the utmost calmness. His caste was pure, and the crimes he had committed were common to his race, and often accounted virtues. He conversed with the sheriff about his execution without a sigh or the motion of one muscle of his face. He looked round him from his palanquin on the scaffold and his frantic fellow-countrymen with unaltered serenity, mounted the steps with a firm foot, desired his best remembrances to his friends in the council, and gave the signal to the executioner amidst the wailing and howling of countless Hindoos. Yet all this was the dignity of a deceiver. It was but stage effect, or the stoicism of one whose leading idea is Fate. Very different was the resignation of the great peace-loving general and statesman, Washington, when dying at Mount Vernon. To him craft was unknown. No murmur of complaint or impatience passed his lips, though he suffered severely. His weeping family, his friends, his sorrowing servants stood round him, and a nation, to which he had given birth, was mourning without. "Let me be buried privately," he said, "and let no funeral oration be pronounced over my remains.........I am dying hard, but it will soon be over." Such were his simple words. He had never been an orator, nor would the arts of rhetoric, perhaps, have been consistent with the extreme simplicity of his character.

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CENTRAL

Pacific R. R. Company,

OF CALIFORNIA.

Interest at the Rate of Six per Cent. per Annum, payable Semi-Annually, on the First Days of January and July.

Principal and Interest Payable in U. S. Gold Coin in the City of New York.

Amount of Issue . . . . $7,336,000.

In Coupon Bonds of $1000 Each.

The Bonds have Thirty Years to run, and are secured by a First Mortgage, constituting an absolute prior lien on that portion of the Road, Equipments, Franchises, and entire Property of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, located in the State of California, and extending from Sacramento City to the California State Line, forming a part of the Great Pacific Railroad Route, *adopted and aided by the* United States Government.

The amount of these First Mortgage Bonds to be issued per mile is limited by law to the amount of United States Bonds allowed and issued to aid the construction of the Road, and the Mortgage by which they are secured is **declared by Act of Congress to constitute a lien prior and superior to that of the United States Government.**

The aid received from the Government (in amount equal to this First Mortgage) is economically and judiciously applied to the construction and equipment of the Road, together with nearly $7,000,000, received from Stock Subscriptions and other sources. The First Mortgage, therefore, amounts to but about 25 per cent. of the actual cost and value of the property which it covers.

The road is now completed, equipped, and running from Sacramento City to Alta, a distance of 73 miles, and the earnings for the three months ending August 1st were as follows, viz.:

May, 1866	**. . . .**	**$65,115 83**
June, "	**. . . .**	**67,429 78**
July, "	**. . . .**	**85,000 00**

IN GOLD.

The earnings are steadily increasing, and are estimated at over $100,000 in gold for the month of August—the official report for that month not having been received at this date.

The construction of the road is going vigorously forward—34 miles additional being nearly ready for the cars, and it will probably be in full operation to the California State Line, 156 miles from Sacramento City, during the summer of 1867, when its earnings must be very large, as the entire trade of Nevada, and a large proportion of that of Utah, Idaho, and Montana must pass over its line. It has been shown by reliable statistics that in 1863 over $13,000,000 in gold was paid for freighting goods from California to Nevada alone.

This part of the Great Pacific Railroad Route is destined to be one of the most profitable lines of railroad in the world, and its First Mortgage Bonds are among the best secured and most desirable investments ever offered.

Over $1,000,000 has already been expended in grading beyond the point to which the road is now running, and the iron is bought and paid for sufficient to lay the track the entire distance to the State Line.

The Road has been completed and equipped thus far without the sale of a single dollar of its First Mortgage Bonds, and they are now offered to the public for the first time, after the earnings of the Road have reached the sum of $200,000 per month in gold, only about 25 per cent. of which is required for operating expenses.

The Bonds are offered at 95 per cent. and accrued interest from July 1st, in Currency. Orders may be forwarded to us direct, or through the principal Banks and Bankers in all parts of the country.

Remittances may be made in drafts on New York, or in Legal Tender Notes, National Bank Notes, or other funds current in this city, and the Bonds will be forwarded to any address by express, free of charge. Inquiries for further particulars, by mail or otherwise, will receive punctual attention.

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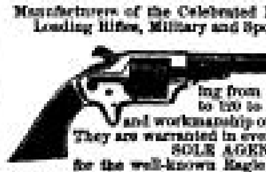

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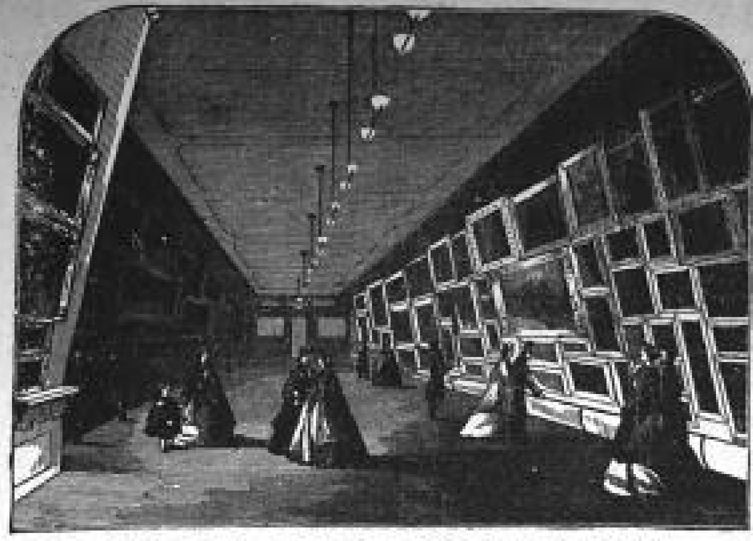

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Monday, Sept. 10	Daily	45,250 copies.
Tuesday, Sept. 11	Daily	47,625 copies.
Tuesday, Sept. 11	Semi-Weekly	17,000 copies.
Wednesday, Sept. 12	Daily	45,675 copies.
Wednesday, Sept. 12	Weekly	157,750 copies.
Thursday, Sept. 13	Daily	46,345 copies.
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These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequaled for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlets and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
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WAREROOMS, 652 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

(CARD.)

It is with feelings of pride, as American Manufacturers, that we publish the following testimonials, which have been received by us recently.

EUROPEAN TESTIMONIALS,
Received during the Month of August, 1866.

"LONDON, *July 30th*, 1866.
"MESSRS. CHICKERING & SONS: GENTS.—I have much pleasure in inclosing a document signed by the first composers, musicians, and professors in Europe. I held your pianos in such high estimation (vide my certificate) that I felt it my duty to take one of them with me to Europe to ascertain the opinion of my professional brethren. The inclosed certificate will prove how unanimous they have been on the subject. I beg to forward at the same time a letter I received from my friend Mr. Collard, which, I am sure, must be gratifying to you. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, yours very truly,
JAMES M. WEHLI."

"LONDON, *January 16th*, 1866.
"JAMES M. WEHLI, ESQ.: MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in asking you to convey to Messrs. Chickering the expression of my highest approval of their instrument. It is, I consider, not merely the best instrument of American manufacture that I have tried, but one of the finest Grand Piano-Fortes that has ever come under my observation; and the Messrs. Chickering may well be proud of having turned out from their manufactory an instrument which, for touch, quality, power, and workmanship, it would be very difficult to surpass in any part of the wide world.
"Dear Sir, very sincerely yours,
CHAS. D. COLLARD,"
(*Firm of Collard & Collard, Piano-Forte Manufacturers, London.*)

"LONDON, *July 20th*, 1866.
"MESSRS. CHICKERING & SONS: GENTS.—I have just been invited by Messrs. Collard to try a Grand Piano-Forte manufactured by you, and I have no hesitation in indorsing the opinion of my old friend Mr. C. D. Collard, viz., that it is the finest instrument that I ever played on.
"Believe me, gentlemen, most faithfully yours,
J. L. HATTON."

Testimonial from the most Distinguished Artists in Europe to Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

"LONDON, *July 25th*, 1866.
"Having played upon a Piano-Forte made by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, Boston and New York, I have much pleasure in testifying to its general excellence.
"For sweetness and brilliancy of tone, delicacy of touch, and magnificent power for concert purposes, I consider it a really *Grand Piano-Forte, and decidedly the best I have seen of American Manufacture.*

"ARABELLA GODDARD,	BRINLEY RICHARDS,	J. MOSCHELES,
"G. A. OSBORNE,	HENRI FAVARGER,	(*Professor au Conservatoire de Leipsic.*)
"W. KUHE,	SYDNEY SMITH,	
"JULIUS BENEDICT,	GUIDO ROSSONI,	S. ARTHUR CHAPPEL,
"M. W. BALFE,	ALFRED JAELL,	(*Director of Monday Concerts, London.*)"
"CHAS. HALLE,	LINDSAY SLOPER,	

"I recently had occasion to play on one of Chickering's Concert Grand Pianos. The high reputation of these instruments had already reached me, and the instrument under notice fully sustained the reputation of the celebrated makers. It is distinguished by the fullness, beauty, and roundness of its tone; by the perfect exactness of the entire scale, and by its action, which is of so remarkable a kind that it gives to the player the most complete mastery of every shade of tone—*p p* to medium and *f f*. In short, this Piano unites all the advantages of the best productions of the kind, and stands side by side with the most celebrated European instruments.
LOUIS PLAIDY.
"LEIPSIC, *August 20th*, 1866."

Certificate from HERR CARL REINECKE, *Successor to the Positions of* MENDELSSOHN, *both to the Conservatorio and as Conductor of the Celebrated "Gewandhaus Concerts" in Leipsic.*

"I hereby assert and affirm that the Grand Piano-Forte of Chickering & Sons, of Boston and New York, which I have tried and examined, is one of the finest instruments of the class that ever came to my notice.
"LEIPSIC, *July*, 1866. CARL REINECKE."

Certificate from Y. VAN ARNOLD, *the Celebrated Russian Pianist and Composer.*

"At Mr. Levitt's, in Leipsic, I have this day (July 24th, 1866) examined a Grand Piano-Forte from the manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, of Boston. It is a concert instrument of seven and one-third octaves, with regard to which I would make the following remarks:
"*First.* The action is so finely balanced that any gradation of power can be obtained, from the most delicate lightness to the greatest force.
"*Second.* Between the two extremes of the key-board the vibrations are perfectly equal in graduated power. The 'singing' quality of the instrument (prolongation of sound), especially in the middle octaves, is greatly developed, and is exceedingly beautiful. The bass is full, uniform, powerful, without harshness, and the ensemble very beautiful.
"*Third.* Nothing finer than this instrument could be desired with regard to power and fullness of tone. In conclusion, it must be acknowledged that this instrument is one of the most perfect Piano-Fortes of our time, namely, as regards tone in general and in the perfection of its mechanical parts.
"LEIPSIC, *July*, 1866. (Signed,) Y. VAN ARNOLD."

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, New York.

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GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
Have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

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JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.	Gunpowder, $1 75, best $1 50 ℔ lb.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.	

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20 lbs. best Oolong	at $1 00	....	$20 00
10 " best Imperial	at 1 25	....	12 50
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5 " best Young Hyson	at 1 25	....	6 25
5 " best Japan	at 1 25	....	6 25
Total			$65 00

I received by express this morning the last lot ordered. It gives very general satisfaction. I will have to order more frequently than I have been doing, to keep up a supply. I shall not wait for club names, but order in advance.
Send by express, and collect on delivery.
JAMES BONNELLE.

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Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.
For further particulars, getting up clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, Sept. 29, 1866—page 624.

"KA-FOOZLE-UM."
DAUGHTER OF THE BANDAL, Comic Song.....35c.
"SHE SLEEPS, THO' NOT A STAR," Serenade.....35c.
THE CUCKOO'S NOTES, Ballad, for violin, 15c.; piano, 35c.
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"OSSIAN GRINDER POLKA," for violin, 15c.; piano, 35c.
Mailed postpaid. FREDERICK BLUME, 206 Bowery, New York, Publisher.

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B. T. BABBITT'S BEST MEDICINAL SALERATUS, "made from common salt." Bread made with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour. Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

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Dealers in all kinds of ARMS and AMMUNITION.
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PAPER COLLARS
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FRIENDS!
For a Fortune of FIVE to $50,000, and aid to a charitable institution, address for details,
HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

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AND
MAGIC LANTERNS
For Public Exhibitions. A Priced and Illustrated Catalogue of Stereopticons, Oxy-Calcium Lanterns, Dissolving Lanterns, Magic Lanterns, &c., with views for the same, will be sent free by mail on application.
WILLIAM Y. McALLISTER,
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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. X.—No. 511.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG.

THE Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at Cleveland has met the same fate as the Philadelphia Convention of August 14. Neither of these Conventions were successful in their aims. They were, indeed, an expression of sentiments which responded to those of a large portion of our people. But, as the event proves, they did not touch the practical and immediate question before the people. They had their influence, but they did not create a new party. The Democratic party, condemned in every successive election since that of 1860, during the war insisted upon its claims to popular support, in a manner extremely offensive to all patriots; and now it has determined to reiterate these claims and calculates upon the prestige of Presidential support as a certain condition to its triumph. But the people have spoken in Maine and Vermont, and their verdict is clearly against trusting to the Democratic party the restoration of the country to peace. The case stands simply thus: the people are compelled to choose between a party which has carried them triumphantly through the most troublous and critical period of our history, and a party whose immediate antecedents excite their most hearty indignation.

It is at such a political turning-point that a Convention of soldiers and sailors has been held at Pittsburg, the assembling of which we illustrate on our first page.

The Convention met September 26. The evening previous there had been a torch-light procession. It was an occasion of popular excitement and enthusiasm scarcely paralleled in even the processions of our great metropolis. At an early hour on the morning of the 26th the City Hall of Pittsburg was thronged with an enthusiastic audience, of whom a good proportion were ladies.

GEN. J. D. COX, PRESIDENT OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG.
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.)

An eloquent speech was made by General MOODY.

At twelve o'clock General NICOLAY called the Convention to order, and General FRANCIS F. BARLOW, after the delivery of a prayer by Rev. GRANVILLE MOODY, read the call of the Convention.

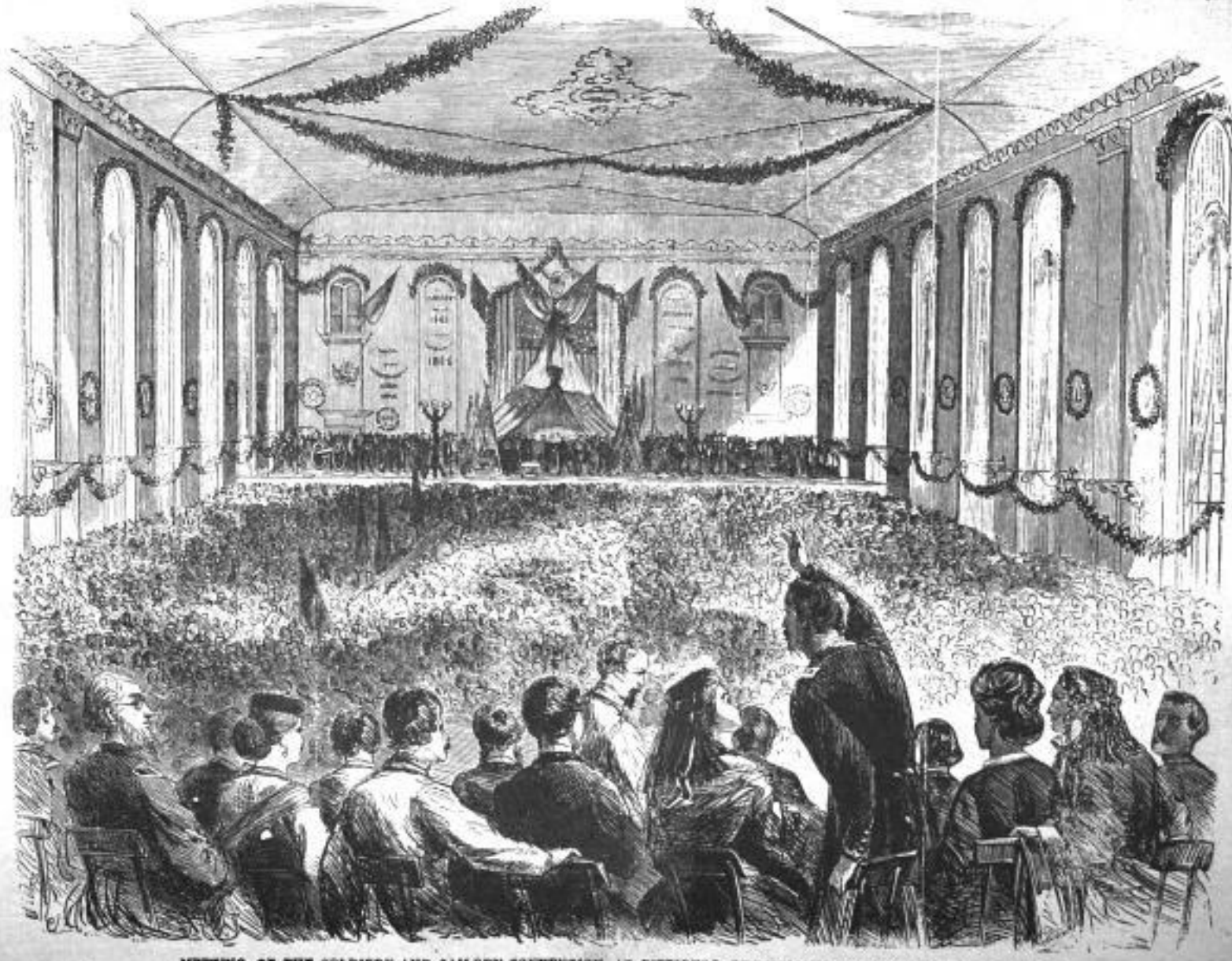
In the afternoon General JACOB D. COX, of Ohio, whose portrait we give herewith, and whose military record has been one of great and deserved distinction, was chosen President of the Convention. He took the chair, which had been temporarily occupied by L. EDWIN DUNLEY, a private of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, and made a brief speech, in which he insisted that Congress had the sole right to determine upon the conditions of restoration.

General BUTLER, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following platform, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the action of the present Congress in passing the pending Constitutional Amendment is wise, prudent, and just. It clearly defines American citizenship, and guarantees all its rights to every citizen. It places on a just and equal basis the right of representation, making the vote of a man in one State equally potent with the vote of another man in any State. It righteously excludes from places of honor and trust the chief conspirators, traitors in arms, whose perjured crimes have drenched the land in fraternal blood. It puts into the very frame of our Government the invulnerability of the National debt, and the nullity forever of all obligations contracted in support of the rebellion.

Resolved, That it is unfortunate for the country that these propositions have not been received in the spirit of conciliation, clemency, and fraternal feeling in which they were offered, as they are the mildest terms ever granted to the subdued rebels.

Resolved, That the President, as an executive officer, has no right to a policy in opposition to the Legislative Department of the Government, that the attempt to fasten his scheme of reconstruction upon the country was dangerous as it is unwise; his acts in sustaining it have retarded the restoration of peace and unity; they



MEETING OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY C. S. REINHART.]

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have converted conquered rebels into impudent claimants to rights which they have forfeited and places which they have desecrated. If consummated it would render the sacrifices of the nation useless, the loss of the lives of our buried comrades vain, and the war in which we have so gloriously triumphed what his present friends at Chicago in 1864 declared to be a failure.

Resolved, That the right of the conqueror to legislate for the conquered has been recognized by the public law of all civilized nations, by the operation of that law for the conservation of the good of the whole country. Congress has the undoubted right to establish measures for the conduct of the revolted States, and to pass all acts of legislation that are necessary for the complete restoration of the Union.

Resolved, That when the President claims that by the aid of the army and navy he might have made himself dictator he insulted every soldier and sailor of the republic. He ought distinctly to understand that the tried patriots of this nation can never be used to overthrow civil liberty or popular government.

Resolved, That the neutrality laws should be so amended as to give the fullest liberty to the citizen, consistent with the national faith that the great Union Republican party is pledged to sustain liberty and equality of rights every where; and therefore we tender to all people struggling for freedom our sympathy and cordial co-operation.

Resolved, That the Union men of the South, without distinction of race or color, are entitled to the gratitude of every loyal soldier and sailor who served his country in suppressing the rebellion, and that in their present dark hours of trial, when they are persecuted by thousands solely because they are now and have been true to their Government, we will not prove recreant to our obligations, but will stand by and protect with our lives, if necessary, those brave men who remain true to us when all around are false and faithless.

Resolved, That, in reorganizing the army, justice to the volunteer officers and soldiers demands that faithful and efficient service in the field ought ever to have place in the army and navy of the Union.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A THUG.

Not long ago a party of six gentlemen were assembled at a private table in one of the pleasantest hotels in Manchester. Of this number I happened to be one, and the guest of the giver of the dinner. A pleasanter and more social gathering I never witnessed, and although we sat down to the table at a little after six o'clock it was near midnight before we rose from it.

When the cloth was removed and the wines were set on the real enjoyment of the evening began. Toasts, speeches, and stories followed each other in quick succession, and with a brilliancy that I have rarely seen equaled.

Among those present was General L——, a veteran, who had seen service in India until his face was as bronzed as his hair was bleached white by the suns of that burning sky. I was especially charmed with him. He was a frank, outspoken, genial man, and at once gained both your respect and friendship.

It was late in the evening, when some of the company called on him for a story.

"A story?" he said, with a smile. "I am but a poor hand, gentlemen, at story-telling."

"Surely, General," remarked our host, "you have seen too much active service in the East not to have passed through some remarkable adventure."

"Oh, if that is what you want, I can oblige you. I have had some strange adventures in my life," said the General, thoughtfully. "Let me see. What shall it be? Suppose I tell you of my adventure with a Thug?"

"By all means!" we exclaimed.

"Well, then," began General L——, leaning back in his chair, "you must know that I went out to India in the service of 'the Company' nearly forty years ago. I was a mere lad at that time, being barely eighteen. I left England with a determination to make something of myself in the land to which I was going, and when I reached my destination I began immediately to apply myself to the duties of my profession. I labored hard and soon made progress. I studied closely the manners, customs, and language of the natives, and spared no effort to make myself as thorough an Indian as possible. I wanted to fit myself for any station in the Company's service; for I meant to rise, and I knew that as I had no political influence to sustain me, I would have to depend on my own merits for promotion. It was slow work at first, but I persevered; and when I was forty-three, just fifteen years ago, I was a Colonel of cavalry, and I flatter myself that I was the best-informed officer in the service with regard to the country in which I was serving. I do not say this through vanity, but simply to let you understand better what follows.

"About that time the authorities at Calcutta were making strong efforts to suppress the sect of Thugs, who, you well know, are a band of fanatics who make murder a part of their religion. They rarely molest a European, on account of the great danger in which it would have placed them, but they carried on a regular system of operations against the natives, and especially against those who were friendly to us. Certain sections of the country were kept in a state of the most complete terror by them, and their atrocities had increased to so great an extent that the authorities thought it necessary to at once inaugurate the most prompt and decisive measures for their suppression.

"In the district of Benares the trouble was very great, and the Thugs managed their affairs with so much dexterity that for a time they completely baffled the authorities. The command of this district was now given to me, on account of my knowledge of Indian affairs, and my long experience in the country. I did not need the letter of the Governor-General to assure me that it was a delicate and difficult task which was assigned me, and that I was expected to discharge it. I accepted the appointment immediately. I was given a regiment of mounted men, picked for their long experience in the country, and at once set out for my new command, being determined to use no half-way measures when I got there.

"Upon reaching the neighborhood of Benares we halted and encamped near the Ganges, about five miles from the city. I had two reasons for doing this. One was, that I would be able by encamping there to move on the instant whenever occasion required it; the other, that I would be freer there from observation by the spies of the Thugs than I would be in the city. I said nothing, and permitted my men to say nothing of the cause of our coming, but at once set my spies to work. As I have said, I resolved to attempt no half-way measures with the assassins, but to proceed against them with the utmost vigor, and to spare none that offered any resistance to me. In short, I was determined to capture or exterminate them. Such as I captured were to be sent to Calcutta for trial, but it was my intention that these should be very few in number, as I knew that stern measures on my part would do more to strike terror to the sect than a hundred civil trials and executions.

"Through the instrumentality of my spies I learned that my district was infested with a band of Thugs, quite large in number, and under the direction of a leader named Runjheet. He was described to me as the most active of all, and as one of the most dangerous men the country had ever known. I set to work at once. I scoured my district right and left, by day and night, and with good effect, too.

"By the time I had been there six weeks I had sent ten prisoners to Calcutta with their families, had hung twenty caught in the act of strangling their victims, and had destroyed one of their towns and a temple. With my own hand I broke the image of their goddess Kali into a thousand pieces, knowing that this would be a severe blow to them. This act, together with the rest of my career there, came near being fatal to me. The Thugs began to consider me the cause as well as the means of their misfortunes, and at length made me the object of their special vengeance.

"When I had been in camp for about two months, my orderly informed me that there was a native waiting at the door of my tent to see me. I had him shown in at once. He was a small, spare man, of about thirty, and my first glance told me that he was possessed of more than ordinary strength. There was something unusually quiet and stealthy about him, and at first I loosened my pistol and regarded him with a suspicious glance. He did not seem to notice this, but saluted me humbly and respectfully. In reply to my demand to know his business, he stated that he wished to enter my service as a spy. He was well acquainted with the country, and was sure that he could make himself useful. He gave as his reason that his father and brother had recently been murdered by the Thugs and that he desired to avenge them. I looked at the fellow searchingly, but could gain nothing from his countenance, which was fixed and devoid of expression, save a strange and perplexing glitter in his eyes. He told me his name was Ali, and that he was a Mohammedan. I said to him that if he would come back at the same hour the next day I would give him my answer.

"After he left me I thought long and seriously of his request. I did not like his looks, but I thought he might be of service to me. I felt confident that, if faithful, he would make an excellent spy; and I thought myself competent to the task of watching him so closely that he would have no opportunity to play me false. So, after weighing the matter well in my own mind, I determined to engage him, but not to trust him until he should have been fully tried.

"When I gave him my answer the next day I saw his eyes flash and a smile play around his mouth. In an instant his face resumed its stolid expression. I was startled by this, and was more than ever resolved to watch the man closely. I gave him simple and easy tasks at first. He performed them with so much skill and celerity that I began to place more confidence in him, and gave him more difficult and important duties to perform. Thus ten days passed away. At the end of that time I went out one day at the head of a small party to follow up a scent which Ali had discovered. Toward mid-day I chanced to be alone, having sent the men away on various errands. The heat was intense, and I dismounted from my horse and stood for a short while under a large tree to enjoy the shade which looked so tempting to me. I had been there scarcely ten minutes when a rustling in the leaves above me caused me to look up. I saw a dark figure leap toward me from the tree, and from the handkerchief, which he held ready in his hand, I knew he was a Thug and bent upon my assassination. He was so sudden and unexpected in his movements that he might have succeeded but for a timely interposition. He had hardly sprung from the tree when I heard the sharp report of a rifle, and the next instant the Thug fell crashing at my feet. I looked around in astonishment to discover whence came this timely aid, and saw Ali running toward me at full speed, with his discharged rifle in his hand. He asked me anxiously as he came up if I were safe, and seemed gratified when I assured him that I was unhurt. He listened calmly to my expression of thanks, and said he was glad to be able to show me that my suspicions of his fidelity were unjust.

"I could not help blushing with mortification as he spoke, and I felt heartily ashamed of having suspected him at all. I told him that he should have no occasion to feel hurt at my conduct again, as he had that day given me the best proof of his loyalty that I could desire. I could not see his face as I spoke, for his eyes were bent on the ground, and his head was lowered.

"A week passed away after this and the success which had attended our efforts suddenly deserted us. I could not account for it. My movements were as secret and as energetic as formerly, and I felt sure that we had not yet damaged the Thugs to a sufficient extent to warrant our departure, but each day recorded new failures for us. Somehow I could not help connecting Ali with our want of success, though for the life of me I could not tell why I should do so, and I did my best to banish the suspicion as both ungenerous and unjust.

"Toward the close of the week I sent out a party with a better prospect of success than had been vouchsafed to us during the past seven days. That night, feeling somewhat worn down by my constant exertions, I retired early without undressing.

"I could not have been sleeping very soundly, for I was awakened by a slight rustling in my tent. I endeavored to spring up, but in an instant I was seized by a powerful hand, and a handkerchief, which is the instrument used by the Thugs in their work, was twisted around my neck. I managed to thrust my left hand between the fold of the handkerchief and my throat, and thus prevented the scoundrel from strangling me at once. By a powerful effort I succeeded in gaining my feet, but the fellow hung on to me with almost superhuman strength. I was counted then one of the most powerful men in the army, and I was much larger and heavier than my antagonist, but it was just as much as I could do to keep him from mastering me. By the dim light of the moon which struggled in through the opening of the tent I recognized in my adversary my native spy Ali. Like lightning it flashed across my mind that the whole affair was a plot. Ali had been sent to win my confidence and throw me off my guard. The shooting of the Thug a week back had been simply a part of the plot. I knew that I had a powerful and desperate man to deal with, and I nerved myself to the task before me.

"The fellow's grip on the handkerchief was like that of a vice, and it seemed that he would crush my left hand. The strain on my throat was terrible, and I felt that unless it was released very speedily I would be at his mercy.

"A novel and desperate plan presented itself to me in this emergency, and I at once proceeded to put it into execution.

"Bracing myself for a mighty effort, I sank back slowly, as if being gradually overcome, and Ali with a triumphant glance tightened his grip on my throat, and bent over me until his flashing eyes were just above my face. With a sudden bound I sprang forward, recovering myself and throwing Ali backward. At the same instant I spit, with true aim, a mouthful of tobacco-juice straight into his eyes. Thoroughly astounded and thrown off his guard he relinquished his hold on the handkerchief, and with a yell of pain clapped his hands to his eyes. This was just what I had expected, and in another instant I put him out of the way of doing more harm by sending a pistol-bullet through his head.

"The next morning the expedition I had sent out returned, bringing two prisoners with them. From these I learned that my would-be assassin was no other than the notorious chief of the Thugs, Runjheet, who had sworn to take my life in revenge for the damage I had inflicted upon his sect.

"In a month more I returned to Calcutta, having thoroughly accomplished the work assigned me."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 13, 1866.

THE UNION PARTY.

THOSE who are anxious to know the exact policy of the Union party must remember that there has been no general Convention of the party to lay down a platform since the end of the war; and that, consequently, its policy must be sought in the resolutions of State Conventions, in the action of Congress at its last session ending in July, and in the general tone of the Union press. Looking at such authorities, it is perfectly clear that the present policy of the Union party is the requirement of the pending Amendment as the indispensable preliminary condition to the restoration of the unrepresented States. There is a feeling in one part of the party that it is not altogether wise to insist upon such a condition; and there is another feeling in another part that no State should be restored except upon condition of equal suffrage. But those who hold these views in either extreme, as for instance the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, reserving their differences, act with the mass of the party which requires the adoption of the Amendment as the cardinal condition.

Congress, indeed, properly declined to commit its future action by any declaration upon the subject. But by the Report of the Reconstruction Committee it proposed the Amendment, which, in its judgment, was essential to restoration, and it promptly restored Tennessee upon the adoption of the Amendment. Virtually, therefore, Congress said that, in the present condition of public feeling, it was satisfied to admit a State which should do as Tennessee has done. The New York Union Convention, following the lead of Congress, declared that it should be glad to see any State restored which should adopt the Amendment; and, by common consent, the question to be decided at the elections is, whether such adoption shall be required as the condition of restoration?

This policy is practically opposed by the Democratic party only. Its habit of subserviency to the political interest known as "the South" is so strong that it is actually going before the States which have just subdued the rebellion of "the South" upon the proposition that they shall lose political power in consequence of their success! And this party charges revolution and treason and disunion and tyranny and want of Christian charity upon the people of Wisconsin, for instance, because they are not willing that Georgia, with a white population of less than 600,000, shall have seven representatives, while Wisconsin, with nearly 800,000 white population, will have only six! This is a more absurd and suicidal platform than the proposition of surrender to the rebellion which the same party made at Chicago in 1864. Indeed nothing more clearly proves the loss by that party of the shrewdness which marks a living and hopeful organization than this kind of stupidity. How can a party expect popular support which seriously proposes to the white people of the free States that after 1870 a thousand votes in the late rebel States shall be equal to more than two thousand in the loyal States?

It is not surprising, as the New York *Times* truly remarks, that, however desirous the loyal people of the country may be to have all the States again represented, they would much prefer a continuance of the present situation to the renewed ascendency of a party whose servile and reckless subservience to the most unjust and perilous demands of a spirit which is incompatible with the peaceful permanence of the Union produced the war; which in the midst of the war proposed surrender to rebellion; and which, now that the war is over, insists that those who rebelled shall have gained political power. Finding that this is the alternative, those who, like the *Times*, counseled another policy than that which the Union party has adopted, still prefer to intrust the Union to its tried friends rather than to its proved enemies. And this again is natural; for our late political history shows that, however unwise some conspicuous and most faithful Union men may be, the general good sense of the party dictates a reasonable, just, and humane policy—a policy which is alike mindful of human nature and of the structure of our political system.

Yet it must be remembered that in times like these convictions rapidly ripen and measures change. When President Lincoln overruled the emancipation orders of Generals Fremont and Hunter he said that, in doing so, he did not question the rightful power of the Government to do what they had done; but he was not satisfied that the time had come, and if it should come, he held that he was the proper officer to take the responsibility. The time, however, did come, and came rapidly; and the Commander-in-Chief, who opposed the partial emancipation of his Generals, issued a decree of general emancipation. The present policy of the Union party is the expression of its present conviction. In perfect good faith it proposes to restore the unrepresented States upon condition of their adoption of the Amendment. Their refusal would create an entirely new situation, to meet which there would undoubtedly arise a new policy. But they will not refuse. Two years ago Jefferson Davis passionately exclaimed that he would rather fraternize with hyenas than with Yankees. Now a Mr. Kelley reports him as declaring that not even all radicals are bad men. When the unrepresented States see that the sentiment of the victorious country is as steady as the north star, they will take a course which will bring them all safely into port.

CARLYLE AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

The reception in England of Mr. Eyre, the late Governor of Jamaica, is curiously illustrative of English character. The accounts of the massacre of the colored population in Jamaica after the troubles had been repressed, the wanton murder of George William Gordon after a mock trial, were so appalling that the outraged conscience of England compelled the Government to supersede Mr. Eyre and to send out a special commission to investigate the facts. After a prolonged and thorough examination the commission reported, and evidently as tenderly as it could. But it was unable to deny that there had been a severity amounting to cruelty. Its mild-spoken official verdict, translated into plain English, was simply that the measures of Mr. Eyre were revoltingly inhuman. Mr. John Stuart Mill proposed in Parliament that he should be brought to trial for the murder of Gordon, and he is the chairman of a Committee to secure justice in the case. The whole liberal party in England share the feeling that the honor and humanity of the British name have been indelibly disgraced by Mr. Eyre's conduct.

In the month of August Mr. Eyre returned to England, and a banquet was immediately offered him at Southampton, where he landed, by various noblemen and gentry of the vicinity. The speeches were by the Earl of Cardigan for the regular army, by the Earl of Hardwicke for the navy, and by other untitled persons for the militia and volunteers; by the Earl of Shrewsbury for the nobility, and by the Reverend Charles Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," and now Professor of History at Cambridge, for humanity in general. Mr. Kingsley's speech was the most atrocious and silly performance of the kind that has been lately known. Its atrocity was in the declaration that he took Mr. Eyre "upon trust;" which course he justified by the puerile assertion that "if they gave up taking men upon trust, especially rulers and official men, there would be nothing in the world but anarchy, which would be followed by despotism, and in due time by a big tyrant who would not take the people upon trust." Mr. Kingsley's folly was in his abject snobbishness. He declared the aristocracy of England to be "second in political value only to the most sacred of all institutions, the monarchy itself." An English

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nobleman was in his opinion the incarnate chivalry of Britain. The aristocracy "adopted into its ranks all the genius, all the talent, all the virtue, and he was afraid a great part of the beauty," which was a daring proposition for a Professor of History. Finally, he thought it possible that, "after wider and deeper services" upon the part of Mr. EYRE, the House of Lords might have the honor of welcoming him to their society as "not the least nobleman in that august and ancient assembly." So ends Mr. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

But the saddest fact of the whole is, that at a meeting of the Committee of "the Eyre Defense Fund" THOMAS CARLYLE took the chair—regretting, as he did so, that it was not filled "by some nobleman of power and influence"—his own Sir Jabesh Windbag, for instance. He added that it was the solemn duty of the Committee to attack, by all fair methods, the fallacy that the people of England did not approve the course of Mr. EYRE. Mr. S. C. HALL and HENRY KINGSLEY were of the same opinion. This is the natural consequence of CARLYLE'S deification of mere brute force, and his worship of FREDERICK THE GREAT as a hero. For the question is not whether a magistrate ought to enforce the law at all hazards; but whether, after the suppression of a riot, an exasperated soldiery should be allowed to shoot, hang, burn, and ravage at their pleasure? Honor, decency, humanity, the moral sentiment, are all rose-water and sentimental rubbish to the mind of CARLYLE. The most ferocious inhumanity and remorseless oppression are proofs of a noble and efficient manhood. How CARLYLE will rejoice over the anti-rose-water slaughter of Union men in New Orleans! How he will write dithyrambics to Mayor MONROE and President JOHNSON, and be devoutly grateful that while Thugs do their unbridled pleasure there is still hope for the world! The thanks of the meeting were appropriately moved by an army Captain, and seconded by a Captain in the navy.

The story of such proceedings is a more appalling Latter-Day pamphlet than ever CARLYLE wrote. They reveal the tendency of the British mind to confound ferocity with heroism, and the bloody frenzy of fear with the might of real force. Friendlessness and misfortune are getting to be unpardonable and contemptible crimes; and brutal force, however obtained and however employed, the sole admirable quality in human affairs. In CARLYLE'S opinion Ireland ought to be put under water for twenty-four hours. "Quashee" and "Sambo" are noxious impertinences in creation, who ought to be caught, enslaved, and scourged forever. Constitutional government is a sham and a folly. MACHIAVELLI said long ago that a government of the people was an impossibility—and I believe it, says CARLYLE. Desolate, embittered, his mind and heart awry, he strives with his last strength to lead a reaction against Christianity and Civilization, and it is the most tragical spectacle of this time. Conservatism, of course, gladly hails him as its ally; but the struggles of his age can not repair the effects of the stalwart blows of his youth. The spirit of human fraternity, which he as much as any man has infused into the better mind of England, animates that powerful party to which the future in that country belongs. He himself has educated those who most surely oppose his present influence. "I believe the working-classes of England would rather there should be no House of Lords than see a man of the Governor EYRE stamp there," said one of the speakers at a meeting to protest against the sentiments of the Southampton banquet.

Mr. EYRE may not be brought to a formal trial; but there is no more doubt that he is permanently disgraced in the estimation of generous and thoughtful and noble Englishmen than there is that Mayor MONROE is morally responsible for the most cruel murders in the minds of honorable and intelligent Americans.

A PULL ALL TOGETHER.

THERE is very general confidence of the universal success of the Union party at the coming elections; a confidence which is based upon the evident popular perception of the simple justice and rationality of the policy of the party. It is confirmed also by all public events. The elections are a most emphatic declaration of the drift of feeling. The tour of the President revealed both the peril and the folly of confidence in him as the leader of a party. Then the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention was capped and extinguished by that of the loyal Southerners, and the Cleveland Military Convention was lost in the glory of that at Pittsburg. Indeed both the JOHNSON civil and military Conventions have already an appearance of trick. The padlock, as Mr. NAST humorously put it in his picture, was the symbol of the first, and the last was utterly pointless, except in expressing gratitude at a message of approbation from FORREST, whose complicity in the massacre of Fort Pillow has certainly not yet been so fully disproved that Union soldiers should hasten to cheer him.

All these are signs of a profound popular feeling, and a feeling which might reasonably be expected of a people which had revealed its character as it did through the war. But the excitement of midsummer has palpably subsided. That was doubtless the crisis. The massacre of New Orleans settled the President and his policy. The RANDALL Philadelphia Convention was a palpable effort of the Democratic party to resuscitate itself. The Cleveland Military Convention was a political machine in which Mr. DOOLITTLE and Mr. LEWIS D. CAMPBELL were plainly visible pulling the ropes, and the nomination at Albany of Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, a Peace Democrat of the war, was the end of the alliance between the "Conservative Republicans" and the Democracy in this State. The issue is felt to be virtually decided, because it is seen to be merely a question between the old Copperheads of 1864 and the Union party.

But however great our confidence, there should be no relaxation of effort. As in 1864, we want not only a majority, but a conclusive majority. It must not be forgotten that the Executive patronage is devoted to the defeat of the Union party, and that it has wisely not been wholly given up to Copperheads. A party is not demoralized by turning all patronage away from it; and the single shrewd action of the President in his own interest has been the retention in office of such members of the party which elected him as he could hope by that means to alienate from their political friends. That all such will sustain him at the polls is very doubtful—at least they have not taken the most persuasive method to inspire confidence upon any side. Yet there may be a considerable addition from this cause to the forces of the enemy, and this must be duly calculated. In any case, the present contest is of the very highest importance. The complete success of the Union party will do more than any conceivable event for the speedy pacification of the country. The time is but short. Only a month remains; and a month of active work, of a joyful charge all together and all along the line, will secure that triumph and the peace which the soldiers won. No man has any excuse for indolence because of probable victory. The struggle must end not only in victory, but in a rout of the enemy—a rout as of '64.

GENERAL GRANT'S POLITICS.

IT is very amusing to watch the contest of General GRANT with the politicians. The General is evidently the one American who can refuse to make speeches, and who can write letters without committing himself. His reticence and brevity are equally remarkable. Of course we are of opinion that every American citizen should have an opinion upon public affairs, and be willing to say what it is; but there is more than one method of saying it. We understand also why the General of the armies and the Lieutenant of the Commander-in-Chief should decline to express himself directly upon his Commander's civil policy. And the skill with which he does not directly express himself is truly admirable; while the zeal with which the Presidential orators and journals claim his sympathies for the Presidential policy is not wisely tempered with discretion, for it compels the General to say that they do so without authority.

Thus Mr. KERR, candidate for Congress, in a speech somewhere in Indiana, announced the General as a supporter of the President's policy. Proof was demanded, and Mr. KERR produced a letter written to him by General HILLYER, of New York. General GRESHAM, Mr. KERR'S opponent, still doubtful, wrote to General GRANT. The General replied by sending him a copy of a letter which he had written to General HILLYER, of which it may be said that the meaning was perfectly clear. After saying to General HILLYER that he had heard of his letter, General GRANT says: "You nor no man living is authorized to speak for me in political matters, and I ask you to desist in the future." It will be refreshing to see the General again claimed for the President's policy.

It is a peculiarity of epistolary correspondence that those which express much often say nothing, and those which express nothing sometimes say very much.

NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE recent political action in North and South Carolina is very significant. The Union State Convention at Raleigh, in accordance with the spirit of the article from the Raleigh *Standard*, which we recently published, urged upon the Legislature the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment now pending, and recommended the people every where to demand it of their representatives. In the spirit of that Amendment it professed its desire to co-operate with any action that the wisdom of Congress and of the Executive may devise for full restoration without "obstinate adherence to any special plan or policy;" and it nominated for Governor General ALFRED DOCKERY, who had no connection with the causes of the rebellion, and who has been true to the Union. This is a very rapid and instructive advance of public sentiment; and even if the Union party are not able to carry the election these proceedings show that it is very intelligently organized, and holds an attitude of wise adaptability to events.

The action of the special session of the South Carolina Legislature is not less interesting. It has passed a bill to declare the rights of persons lately known as slaves or as free persons of color. The text of this bill defines their rights as in the Civil Rights bill passed by Congress, excepting the right of marrying at pleasure—a restriction which seems about as unnecessary as any that could be devised. The passage of this bill shows extraordinary good sense. But the fact that the State preferred to originate the law instead of adopting it in the form of the Amendment proposed by Congress, indicates a present unwillingness to conform to the situation, which, we hope, will not long endure. Certainly a Legislature which is willing to do it in one way can not wisely, under the circumstances, refuse to do it in the other; for the Legislature must see that, however wise its action may be in itself, the very object of the Constitutional Amendment is to defend the civil rights of citizens of the United States in whatever State they may reside from the whims or wickedness of the people of that State. When equal civil rights are established in the national organic law, they are safe from any interference; but when they exist merely by the pleasure of a State they may be destroyed at the same pleasure.

But the present advantage of this action of the South Carolina Legislature is that it familiarizes the people of the State with the idea of equal civil rights. It abrogates the special legislation of last autumn against the freedmen, and is the sign of a wholesome conviction that the population of the State can not be permanently divided into two hostile classes. It is plainly the beginning of that true equality both of personal and political right which is the final security of every State; and while it does not in the least make the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment by South Carolina less necessary, it certainly makes it much easier.

LUNGS.

No organ in the body is so outrageously interfered with as the lungs. The brain is goaded with unnatural excitements, and the stomach is overtasked and abused, but systematic pressure is not brought to bear upon either of these organs from without. This is done to the lungs in the female, not only preventing them from performing their full function, but repressing their growth, so that they are often of much less volume than they should be to compare with the other organs of the body. This lack of proportion in the human machine, for so it may be regarded, inevitably results in disorder, just as it would in any machine made by man, if some important part were made altogether too small for the other parts.

To appreciate the importance of the lungs as a part of the bodily machinery, let us observe their function and the arrangements for its proper performance. The function of these organs is to effect a change in the blood by means of pure air. The blood that returns to the heart from all parts of the body must be sent to the lungs to be thus aerated in order to fit it to go forth again to the organs. If this were not done it would carry death and destruction, instead of life and growth, wherever it goes. But how is the blood aerated? Not by shaking it up with air in a cavity. This would be man's way of doing it. But the Creator has an arrangement which is not thus rude and ineffectual. The lungs are a mass of minute air-cells. There are millions upon millions of them. Into these the air is fully introduced at every inspiration, and there acts upon the blood in the vessels spread out upon the walls of these cells, of course through very minute pores. You can see how delicate this organization must be. You can also see how important it is that each cell should have its full supply of air in order to perform its work.

Observe now the pains which have been taken in the construction of the chest to secure the free action of all these cell laboratories, as we may term them. There are no organs that so distinctly proclaim in their exterior arrangements that they must have plenty of room as the organs within the chest. A very elastic frame-work is furnished, composed partly of bones and partly of cartilages, so that the chest may be fully expanded for the introduction of air into the lungs. The cavity of the chest is separated from the cavity of the abdomen below by a large sheet of muscular substance, called the diaphragm, attached all around to the inside of the chest. This is arched upward, making a membranous dome, and it is chiefly by the flattening of this downward that the cavity of the chest is enlarged, causing the air to rush in through the windpipe to fill out all the little air-cells.

It is plain enough to any one that this apparatus is designed to have freedom of motion, and that arrangements of dress should surely permit this. But fashion prescribes smallness of the waist in the female, and so the chest is begirt tautly in its lower part, thus limiting its capacity, and preventing the diaphragm from having its full action. And so early is this pressure begun, and so systematically is it pursued, that the chest and the contained organs are not permitted to attain any thing like their full volume.

Observe now what are the consequences of this constraint. We will suppose that the capacity of the lungs is lessened one-third—that is, that there are one-third less cells in the lungs than there should be. If then the other organs attain their usual size, with the ordinary rate of respiration, the aeration of the blood must be defective to this amount. But this result does not come in full, but is in part prevented by another injury which the system at large sustains from the same source; for the repression of growth in the lungs, lessening the general vigor, represses growth in all the other parts. In such a state of things there is not as much blood in the body as in a vigorous condition, and therefore there is not as much sent to the lungs to be aerated. Still, this general stinting of growth (for such it is) does not so regulate the proportion between the organs as to prevent embarrassment in the lungs, and this nature seeks to remedy by increased frequency in respiration, for the tightly corseted lady always breathes more quickly than one whose chest has its natural freedom.

There is another point to be looked at. Growth repressed by pressure will not be as good and regular as natural, unrestrained growth. The air-vesicles, of which we have spoken, will not be uniformly well constructed and well arranged. They can not, therefore, do their duty perfectly, and will be liable to disease.

There is another point still. With the chest free the hurried circulation caused by occasional strong exercise is prevented from doing violence to the lungs by the means at command for the full expansion of the chest. But crippled in this respect, injury must be done to the delicate cells, and thus the germs of disease are often planted.

Compressing the chest does harm, then, in two ways—by creating a tendency to disease in the lungs themselves, and by impairing the general vigor.

We think it ridiculous and cruel in the Chinese mother to repress the growth of her daughter's feet, but is it really as much so as to repress the growth of lungs? Which organs are most important? Which by their disability most affect the general health? Let American mothers consider whether they do not go beyond the Chinese in foolish and cruel obedience to the mandates of fashion.

LITERARY.

"Spanish Papers," in two volumes, by WASHINGTON IRVING (published by HURD & HOUGHTON, New York), consist, for the most part, of miscellaneous papers left by WASHINGTON IRVING at his death, and only partially prepared for publication, which his son PIERRE IRVING has edited and presented to the public, to complete the series of IRVING'S works. Some of the papers have appeared before in periodicals, and a book containing a few of them was published some years ago, but is now out of print. The matter is semi-legendary; but is not, therefore, of any less historical value. The legends of a romantic people are valuable not merely as myths, but are a reflex of its history during that period in which legends and facts are blended together in such a way that it is hard to tell where the former end or the latter begin. And all who have read IRVING'S "Conquest of Granada" will admit that a narrative told by this most graceful of American authors gains rather than loses in interest from the legendary guise in which it is presented. We find in these papers the same fidelity to his subject, and the same graces of style, which have made all of IRVING'S works so popular.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THE Editor of *Harper's Weekly* acknowledges the receipt of excellent photographs of the Ruins of the Bridge at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, from BRADY & Co.'s National Photograph Gallery, 352 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. This favor, one of very many received from the same source, unfortunately came too late to be made available; but our thanks are none the less due to BRADY & Co. for their courtesy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President has appointed Hugh Ewing, of Kansas, to be Minister Resident at the Hague.

General Dix took formal possession of the New York Naval Office on the 1st inst., and assumed the duties attached to his new commission as Naval Officer of the port.

The Augusta (Maine) *Farmer* of September 27 says: "On Monday of the present week—just fifty-three weeks from the day of the great fire in this city in September, 1865—the workmen, in clearing out the ruins of the Stanley House, found that the bricks at the bottom of the cellar were so hot as to render it impossible to handle them. The coal that was in the cellar was also alive with heat. Pieces of the latter, and also of the bricks, were, when brought into our office, too hot to be retained in the hand."

Hon. John Minor Botts had a narrow escape from being killed at the railroad depôt in Newark, New Jersey, on the evening of September 25.

W. J. Valentine has been associated with Professor Agassiz as the United States Commissioners from Massachusetts to next year's Paris exhibition.

The proposition made to send from California a section of the "Original Big Tree" to the World's Fair at Paris is said by Dr. Merryweather to be impracticable, for want of a saw long enough to cut it. The cutting will require a saw 40 feet long.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Ocean Telegraph gives us dispatches up to Friday, September 28. Count Bismarck is seriously ill. Prussia can ill afford to spare at this time the services of this bold and sagacious statesman. The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the loan bill, the ministers having agreed to a reduction of 30,000,000 thalers. The Diet has been prorogued. It is reported that Spain has accepted the mediation of France and England between herself and the South American Republics. A Military Commission has been sent by the Italian Government to Venetia to take possession of war material. The Archduchess Carlotta is visiting the Pope at Rome. Great Britain is still dispatching troops to Canada. Advices from Paris by the *Cuba's* mails state that the Marquis de Gallifet goes as Civil Administrator with General Castelnau to Mexico. A dispatch from Madrid says the Spanish Government have been informed that the negotiations undertaken by the United States Government to bring about a peace between Chili and Spain were progressing favorably.

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LIFE ON THE PLAINS.—From Sketches by Mr. James F. Gookins.—[See Page 664.]

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LITTLE AZURE BLUE.

Once upon a time a poor bird-catcher was wandering along a stony, dangerous path up the Montagne Noire. His cloak was torn, his shoes were worn out, his knapsack was empty. He carried a number of cages tied together, but they were empty too, and he walked with the slow step of a tired man who has lost heart, and hardly cares to reach his journey's end. Otherwise he would have been afraid to linger so late on the Montagne Noire, where witches and wizards had their head-quarters, and all manner of evil spirits resided. That day, and many before it, he had not sold a bird or a cage; indeed the birds seemed to have fled out of the land, and the inhabitants would have been glad to do the same if they could, war and famine were so sore in it. He walked slower and slower, and at last he sat down, and looked from the mountain side far away across the country, where the sun was setting the color of a marigold in a pale sky; but he saw nothing, for his eyes were full of tears. The last sunbeams shone through them, and so dazzled him that a tall grave man in a flowing brown robe was close to him before he had noticed him. The bird-catcher started, thinking of sorcerers and spirits who take deceitful shapes; but he looked again, and made up his mind that this was no sorcerer but a good monk. He held out his hand, asking charity in a hasty, ashamed way.

"Thou hast an honest trade and shouldst take shame to beg," was the answer, while the new-comer looked gravely down upon him.

"Alas! holy father, who is there to buy my cages or my birds? You know yourself that the Spaniards have burned our towns and wasted our fields, and now the plague is on us."

"Alas! it is too true," said the monk, sorrowfully, "and the rich oppress the poor, and the poor have no pity upon one another. But if you, Raymond Caylon—"

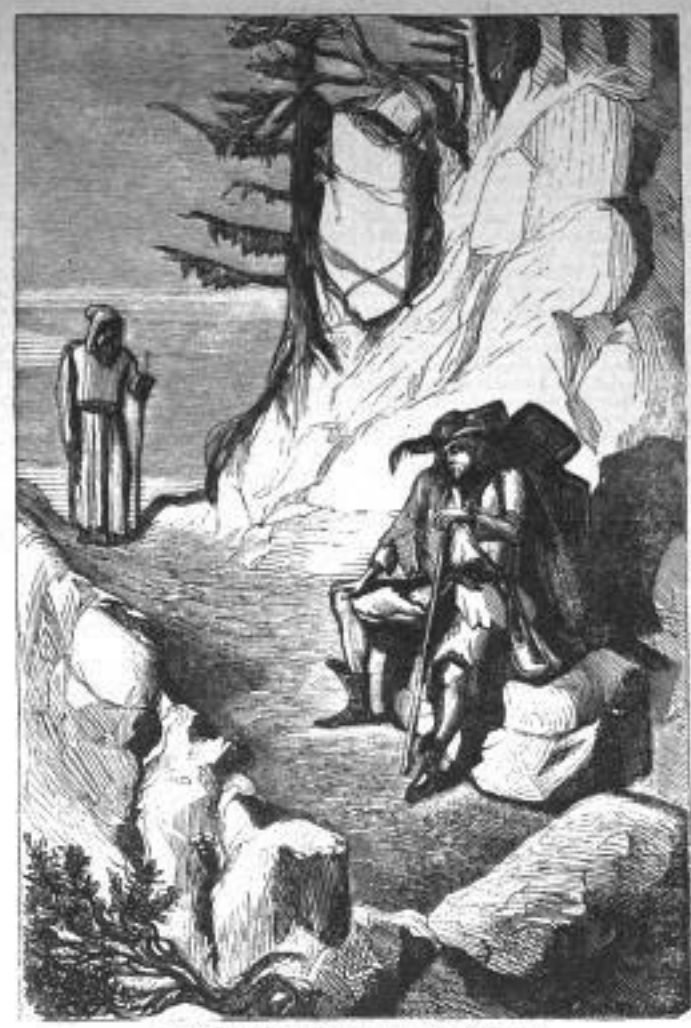
"You know my name!" exclaimed the bird-catcher, alarmed, and for a moment again suspecting sorcery; but his eyes sank ashamed as he met the grave, lofty look of the monk, who without answering his question went on: "When it is in your power to help others, remember what you felt in your own need. Show me your cages."

"This is the largest and best made."

"Return home; it is a league hence; but take courage, good news is waiting for you there. As soon as you arrive open the window, set the cage on the table, and say, 'Little Azure Blue, do your duty.' Farewell, Raymond Caylon."

Raymond would have caught at the brown floating robe to detain the monk, and ask a dozen questions, but it vanished out of his grasp, and only a few drops of dew remained in his hand. The monk was gone, and no trace of him was left; but Raymond fell on his knees among the evergreen oaks, and crossed himself in awe, for he knew now that he had seen St. Stapier.

You may be quite sure that he hastened home as fast as he could; have you never yourselves forgotten that you were tired and out of heart when some unexpected delight has proved to be awaiting you? Without stopping to rest a moment after he had reached his cottage, he put the cage on the only table in it, and said, in a trembling voice, "Little Azure Blue, do your duty." In a moment a sky-blue bird came flying in, perched in the cage, and began to sing a song so wild and sweet that there are no words to tell what it was like. And while it sang the table became covered with dainty dishes, fish and game and fowl, a roasted peacock, a bear's head—dishes which only nobles ate of, and they not every day. Raymond stood gazing, too much amazed to eat; he only repeated "St. Stapier! St. Stapier! St. Stapier!" like one out of his wits, till hunger reminded him sharply that these good things were there to be eaten; and then he was about to fall to, when the thought of all the poor starving creatures in the village, as hungry as himself, crossed his mind, and he hurried out to bid them to the feast, as the good saint had enjoined him. The cottage was soon more than full; men, women, and children came, lean and pale with long want, but their great wonder almost took away their appetite. They eat on the floor, they crowded round the table, they stood outside, and there was abundance for all. Such a day had never been known in the village, even in the good old days before the Spaniards wasted the land, and the sire de Chaufontaine became their seigneur. A murmur ran through the little crowd that nearly the lord of Chaufontaine would hear of this marvelous bird, and then—! But Raymond said that St. Stapier would surely protect his own gift. While they were yet speaking of this matter low and anxiously, like oppressed men, the sweet song of the bird suddenly ceased; it spread its blue wings and was gone in a moment. All looked on dismayed, all wondered whether it would ever return again; but Raymond's faith in St. Stapier was firm, and he assured them that the next day Azure Blue would provide another feast. And he was right. Day after day the whole village was fed; day after day Azure Blue sang his magic song, till a good harvest had brought back plenty to the country, and the Spaniards and fever had both left the land. And then, and not till then, did the seigneur of Chaufontaine hear of the gift which St. Stapier had made to Raymond Caylon.



THE TIRED BIRD-CATCHER AND THE MONK.

No one ever heard who betrayed the secret kept so long, but one day a squire came from Chaufontaine with an order that Raymond should follow him instantly, with his cage, to the presence of his master. Raymond trembled as he unwillingly set out; all the villagers stood sorrowful at their doors and watched him go by, for they were sure that, even if he came back safe, it would be without the precious cage. The sire de Chaufontaine looked grim when Raymond came before him. "Is it thou," he cried, "who hast kept this treasure to thyself all these months past? a treasure not fit for peasants, for whom black bread and chestnuts are too good. It was thy duty to have brought it to me—thy lord! Thou dost merit death for this base knavery; but none can say that I am an ill lord; fix thy price, and it shall be paid thee."

Raymond looked helplessly dismayed. Not a vassal far or near dared disobey the sire de Chaufontaine; yet he faltered out, "My lord, I may not barter away the gift of St. Stapier!"

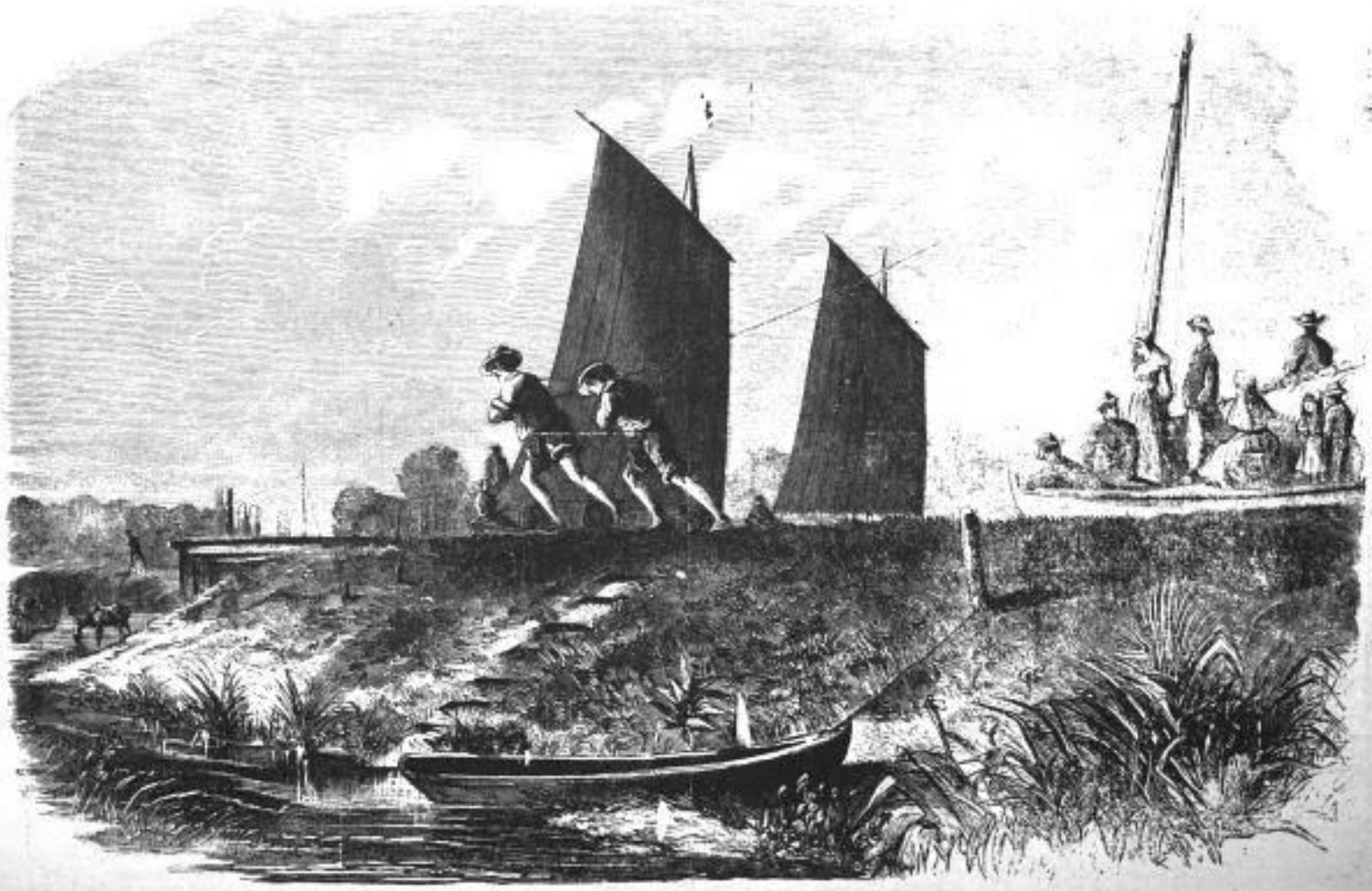
"Fool!" answered the baron. "Hast thou heard of my elamber of roses?"

Too well did all his vassals know that name; some had seen the inside of that dungeon deep down in the old gray tower of the castle, where the baron tortured poor wretches who had displeased him. He called it in cruel mockery his chamber of roses, and laughed to see the bird-catcher turn pale.

"Choose!" he repeated; and Raymond seeing there was in truth no choice, hoped that St. Stapier would forgive him—surely he would if he knew the sire de Chaufontaine—so sighed boldly for the Mill of Croisac in payment for his cage.

"No more?" laughed his lord. "That shalt thou have; and here is my notary to draw up a deed of gift. Meanwhile notary, write that the Mill of Croisac belongs to Raymond Caylon and his heirs forever, and make it sure."

The baron put his large seal at the bottom of the parchment, and Raymond went away, as the whole will played, though he had left the cage behind him. Scarcely was he gone when the sire de Chaufontaine sent messengers all over Limousin to invite his kinsfolk to a banquet where one single bird should furnish the feast. They came from far and near; the hall was decked, the tables covered with dishes, but all empty; the guests stood in wonder looking at their host. "Silence, noble lords," he said. "Listen!" and placing the cage on the table he shouted, "Little Azure Blue, do your duty." There was a deep silence of expectation. Suddenly through the open window with a great noise of wings entered a gray bird; its eyes were



ACADIANS HAULING BOATS—A SCENE ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 654.]

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yellow and large, its beak and claws sharp. It perched in the cage, uttered three loud shrieks, and went as it had come.

There was no feast at Chaufontaine that day; the guests went away hungry, leaving the baron in such a rage as no one had seen him in before, which is saying much. Doubtless he would have been revenged on Raymond Caylos, but he had not time. He fell ill of some unknown sickness that day, and died before the week's end. And the Caylous are still at the Mill of Croissac.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet—"
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet!

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
Yet warmly and softly it loved to caress,
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet,
They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly—
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they rolled your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * * * * *

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

Miles O'Reilly.

UNEASY SHAVING.

I wonder whether a man is more likely to be sleepless on the night before he is married or on the night before he is hanged? I have experience of only the more blissful of these two kinds of anticipation; but I confess that the night before I was to be joined to my beloved Julia in the bonds of wedlock was one of the most restless I ever passed in my life. I am a timid man, a nervous man, a man ever painfully conscious of all his defects and deficiencies, but never before had I felt such a poignant regret that I could not add a couple of inches to my stature; and when I reflected that I had never had the courage to reveal to Julia a carefully-concealed bald spot on my head, which she would now be sure to discover, to my shame and confusion, my remorse was terrible.

I got up in the morning at a not very early hour, and dressed myself with scrupulous care in garments which, though by no means of overpowering magnificence, were unmistakably suggestive of matrimonial intentions. But when I attempted to shave, my hand shook so as to make it likely that the operation, if persevered in, would be sanguinary. My beard grows with a strength and determination which no one acquainted with my character would suppose possible unless he saw it. My beard is also of a dirtyish yellow color. I could not proceed to church to meet my bride without having it closely removed. I therefore determined to step into some barber's shop and get it done. And so I made my breakfast with what appetite I might, put the license and the ring into my pocket, and set out for the town where Julia lived.

This town was about twenty minutes by rail from our village, and I arrived there in very good time. Julia and I had agreed that our wedding should be as quiet as possible; and it had been arranged that I should walk alone to the church, while she should proceed thither in a carriage, accompanied only by an uncle and a younger sister. My way to the church lay by Julia's door, and, so much was I engrossed by thoughts of the coming ceremony, that it was not until I had arrived at that point that the sight of a barber's pole on the opposite side of the way reminded me that I had not yet got shaved. I glanced at Julia's window, but I was so early that no one was visible, and there was as yet no sign of a carriage at the door. I looked at my watch and stepped into the barber's shop.

The window of the shop fronted the street, but the door was up a little court by the side—so that, as the barber happened to be looking out of window when I entered, I could not see the barber's face, neither did the barber see me. It seemed as if he did not hear me either; seating myself in a chair in the middle of the shop, and placing my hat on a form, I said, in a mild tone of voice: "I want a shave, if you please."

The barber did not move, and the expression of his countenance—as far as could be inferred from an inspection of the back of his head—was one of melancholy abstraction.

Again I said, in a somewhat louder tone: "I will trouble you to shave me, if you please."

Still the barber did not move.

Surprised at this, I called out in a sharper manner: "I want a shave!"

The barber, with a callous indifference to all precedent, remained unmoved.

I fancied he must be deaf, and next time concentrated all the power of my lungs—which would have otherwise been diffused over a whole sentence—into a most emphatic pronunciation of one word: "*Shave!*"

This unwonted firmness of policy produced its effect, and the barber turned toward me.

He was a tall young man, slender but well built, tolerably good-looking, with a dark mustache, but without whiskers or beard; his eyes were large and well opened, but appeared, as he first looked toward me, as if they saw nothing of me, or my beard, or any thing else. One would have supposed that he had never heard of shaving before.

I thought all this very queer; but still supposing that he must be deaf, I put my hands to my mouth, so as to form a natural speaking-trumpet, and bawled out as loudly as I could:

"I want a—shave! And please to—make haste! I have a pressing—*engagement!*"

In a moment his eyes flashed with a strange light. Advancing toward me with a bound he seized a chair, set it down with most unnecessary violence opposite to mine, threw himself into it, and, leaning forward with his hands on his thighs, eyed me over, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot and back again, and said, as if I had made a most extraordinary request: "You want to be shaved?"

I was beginning to be alarmed at all this, and only thought now of beating a retreat; so, taking out my watch, I said: "Well—a—I did think of it; but I see I have not time now. Good-morning." And I rose to go away.

But the barber rose also; and, pressing me back into the chair by main force, stood over me with one hand on each of my shoulders, while I looked up at him in utter terror and astonishment.

"You came into this shop," said he; "you came into this shop to be shaved?"

"To—yes," was all I could stammer out.

"And by me?"

"Well, I—I suppose so."

"Then haste me," cried he, "but I'll do it!"

Stepping to the door, he locked it in the most determined manner, and put the key into the pocket of his light linen jacket.

I rather take credit to myself that I did not faint away at once; but that, on the contrary, I began to consider my chances of escape. The barber was certainly mad, but perhaps I might be able to pacify him, and induce him to let me go; or perhaps some other customer might come in. Surely somebody would come! I looked through the window, but the street was quiet and still. A dog lay basking in the sun; a horse seemed to be going to sleep where he was tied to the door of a public house next to Julia's dwelling; but scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

The barber went to the little fire-place, took up a pot of soap-suds, and stirred them round with a savage earnestness which I have never seen equaled, and then stropped a razor with such ferocity that I thought my last hour was come. My knees trembled, and a feeling of blindness came over me.

When I had somewhat recovered, I saw the barber again seated in the chair opposite to me; and when our eyes met, he said: "Ah, you tremble! Say, do you doubt my skill?"

"Oh no; oh dear no; quite the contrary," I replied.

"Do you see this arm?" He rolled up his sleeve. "Does it look muscular?"

"Oh, very, very muscular," I gasped, "exceedingly muscular." And so it did.

"Do you see this razor? Is it keen?"

"Very keen indeed," I replied, with a shudder.

"Do you doubt its ability to shave you?"

"Oh no; oh dear no," I replied.

"Then is it, after all, my skill?" he cried, in a voice of thunder. "Is it my skill that you doubt?"

"My dear Sir," said I, in my most blandishing manner, "not at all, not at all. I assure you I have the utmost confidence in your skill; but time, my dear Sir, time." There was not much time to spare if I was to be married, instead of murdered, that fine morning.

"Time!" cried the barber, with a dreadful flourish of his razor, "time was made for slaves!"

There was something reassuring in this last observation, which I remembered to have heard at a convivial meeting. Fancying that the barber might not be wholly devoid of human sympathy, I determined to tell him on what errand I was bound. I said, in as wheedling and insinuating a manner as I could, and with an attempt to appear jocose, which, I think, was highly creditable to me under the circumstances: "My dear Sir, the fact is, between you and me and the post, that I am on my way to be married, and that it is time for me to be at church. Ha, ha! I am sure I need not remind a gentleman who is, no doubt, a favorite with the sex, that, when a lady's in the case— Ha, ha!" I rubbed my hands in a manner intended to be expressive of perfect ease and cheerfulness, and again rose to depart.

But my appeal did not produce the effect I had intended; for the barber started up and waved the glittering razor in my face in such close proximity to my nose that I dropped again into the chair.

And still the street remained quiet, the dog lay basking in the sun, the horse seemed going to sleep outside the public house door, scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

After the barber had ground the china ornament to powder, he again seated himself opposite to me.

"And you would really go to be married with that beard unshaved?"

"Well," said I, endeavoring to propitiate him, "well, I don't know. I think not. I think I won't be married at all, as the idea seems disagreeable to you."

"Disagreeable to me? Quite the reverse," he replied, with a wave of his razor. "It will afford me the greatest pleasure for you to be married; and I'll go to church with you, and while the ceremony is being performed I will assist the officiating clergyman by dancing a hornpipe on the top of the steeple! That is—that is," he whispered in my ear, "*if you survive the shaving.*"

"But, my good Sir," I faltered, "I can go without being shaved. Better for me to be married without being shaved, than to be shaved without being married."

"Quite a mistake," cried the barber; "quite a mistake, I assure you. Never was there a greater fallacy. Married with that beard? Perish the thought!"

Throwing a cloth over my shoulders, he at once began lathering away with prodigious rapidity—lathering not only my chin, but my cheeks, my nose, my ears, my throat, my nostrils, my teeth, my forehead, to the very roots of my hair. My eyes alone he avoided, working around them with as much care as if he were an artist painting a delicate picture.

Under this infliction I saw the carriage drive up to Julia's door, and presently drive off again in the direction of the church; while through its window I saw a fleeting vision of two white veils and a white waistcoat.

Two or three women came out of their houses to look at the carriage, but otherwise the street remained quiet, the dog still lay basking in the sun, the horse kept on going to sleep outside the public house door, scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

At that moment I saw a man walking on the other side of the street. He looked at the barber's pole; he paused; he passed his hand over his chin; he was a dirty-faced man. I could see, even from that distance, that he had not been shaved for a week; surely, surely, he would come, and I should be rescued. He crossed to our side of the street, and stood outside the window. He was coming! He paused again. He put his hand into his pocket, took out some pence, and looked at them. He shook his head. He recrossed the street, and went into the public house. I suppose he spent his money in beer. Oh, that horrid vice of intemperance!

Still the barber lathered away, as though he would never cease, using the brush now with the right hand, now with the left.

Another man stopped in the street and looked at the barber's pole; he, too, passed his hand over his chin. He was a decent, respectable-looking man; had on a cleanish shirt and an average hat. My heart bounded with hope. Surely such a respectable man would be particular about his appearance. Surely such an exemplary man would come to be shaved. He, too, put his hand to his pocket, but, instead of pence, he took out a watch. He looked at his watch and seemed startled. He shook his head and passed on.

And so the dog still lay basking in the sun, and the horse kept going to sleep outside the inn door, and few people passed by, and nobody came to be shaved.

And still the barber kept lathering away at me. I felt as if the lather must be an inch thick upon my face, and of the consistency of clay. I became sick and faint, and there was a buzzing noise in my ears, as if I had been under water.

The barber did not resume the use of the shaving-brush—both he and his soap-suds were pretty nearly exhausted—but he took the razor and passed it once or twice over the strop, and then, pulling a handful of hairs from my head, tried the edge of the blade upon one of them. The hair was split, and the barber appeared satisfied. He raised his left hand and took hold of my nose; he held my nose much more tightly than the exigencies of the occasion required; he twisted my nose about in every direction, he elongated and compressed my nose as if it had been made of gutta-percha. The pastime seemed to afford him grim satisfaction. I forced myself to grin, as though it were a capital joke. At length he ceased and advanced the razor. It was a terrible moment. The barber stared at me, and then again seated himself in the chair, and said, in a more conversational and easy tone than he had before used:

"Perhaps—perhaps you think I am mad?"

This, if any, was a time in which a little white fibbing was venial, and I replied:

"Oh dear no, my dear Sir, quite the contrary—a little eccentric, perhaps," and I forced a smile, "but nothing more."

"Oh, if you did," said he, lightly and airily, "you would not be the only one. Many have shared the delusion. Many persons, themselves insane, have formed that erroneous opinion. But woe to him," and he brandished the razor—"woe to him who does not instantly expel it from his mind! You—you do not consider me mad; eh?"

"My dear Sir," said I, "how can you suspect such a thing for a moment? On the contrary, I consider you the most perfectly sane and sensible person I ever met."

"Good. And my conversation is both instructive and agreeable to you?"

"Highly so," I replied. "I should like, above all things, to come back and spend the afternoon with you. But at present—I am very sorry, but I—I fear I must be going. In fact, that pressing engagement I spoke of—"

The comparative mildness of his manner had emboldened me to make this further attempt to escape; but it did not succeed.

He gave me a look which again made me shrink into myself, and said:

"As it is well known, and fully understood both by me and by yourself, that I must and will shave you, it is right and proper that I should, before commencing that difficult and delicate operation, explain to you the precise position in which we stand. I perceive that, unfortunately, you tremble a good deal; and, moreover, that you have a considerable mole on one cheek, and one or two dangerous-looking pimples on the other. I fear," he shook his head gravely, "I fear that those protuberances may cause most serious, if not fatal, difficulties. It appears to me, then, that, before commencing my arduous task, it will be advisable for me to relate to you a portion of my history, so that you may understand the perilous position in which we are placed."

"Know, then," said he, "that at a former period of my existence I had a shop of a similar kind to this. It was a Saturday evening; business was immense, overwhelming. As the customers stood waiting for their turns they were packed as thick as herrings in a barrel. They were mostly colliers. Coals are beneficial to the growth of beards, though detrimental to razors. Can it be wondered at that my arms grew feeble and my eyelids heavy? I had no assistants—I always scorned assistance. I was happy, for on the morrow, on that very Sunday which was so close at hand, I was to wed my Jemima. O Jemima! It was half past eleven o'clock, and it seemed as if I were to have no more customers that night. But I did not close until twelve, and my razors were all blunted; so I determined to get one of them thoroughly sharp before I shut the shop. I took one, and hened it, and stropped it and stropped it until it was in wonderful order, and fit to shave the down from the cheek of a peach. This razor that I have just prepared for you is the nearest approach to it that I have ever seen."

He passed the razor a few times over the palm of his hand, and resumed:

"It was close on the stroke of twelve. I put up the shutters, and partly closed the door. I was about to turn off the gas, believing that work was over for the night, when one more customer entered. I knew him well. I had shaved him before. He was a little old weazen man. He was the clerk of the parish church, to which I sometimes went. His throat was long and skinny, and its larynx was very prominent. The larynx of your throat," and the barber stepped back a pace and looked at me with the air of a connoisseur, "reminds me forcibly of his. He was a bachelor, and was supposed to have money. His name was Towzer!"

The barber was moved to tears. While he wept I looked at my watch; it was twenty minutes after twelve. But the barber seemed more rational than before. I hoped soon to get away.

"The old man seated himself," continued the barber, "and pointed to his chin. I lathered him, and began to shave. I got on very well with his upper lip and the upper part of his chin, but when I came to the regions of the throat, being somewhat sleepy, I made a little slip and drew blood. The old clerk was very angry. I apologized and began again. In an instant, in a moment, a sudden choking fit of coughing seized him, and before I could withdraw my hand his throat came forward with a violent jerk against the keen edge of the razor, and the blood spurted out. He fell down in a wet heap on the floor, and was dead almost directly!"

The barber paused, and pressed his hand to his head. I was horribly startled at this unlooked-for incident in the tale. I had expected something mournfully sentimental about Jemima.

He continued, and his manner again became excited:

"I fled at once; fled all night, all next day, for a week, for a month, for six months; straight on, straight on, through fire, water, wind, hail, snow, fog, mist, thunder, soda-water, and treacle. But the pursuers were on the track, they were close behind, I heard them coming. I escaped them. The means by which I escaped I shall never reveal, as I may want them again. A short time since I arrived in this town. I came, concealed in the steam of an express engine. This shop was to be let. I took it. I put a constraint upon my tongue and upon my features. No one suspected me. Last night was the Towzer anniversary. As it approached I felt that something must happen. I did not go to bed. You would not have had me go to bed, would you? Very well, then, don't look as if you would. I staid alone in the shop. From half past eleven to twelve I employed myself in stropping a razor—this one—as I had done then. At the stroke of twelve old Towzer came in through the closed door, and seated himself in the chair where you now sit. I could not help myself. I advanced to shave him. But he motioned me back, and said, in the same creaking voice in which he used to say Amen, 'To-morrow one customer will come into your shop. Only one. Shave him! Shave him! Shave him! *as you shaved me!!*' He pointed to his throat, and vanished. I have been thinking over the matter, and have arrived at the conclusion that I am not necessarily bound to cut your throat. I did not cut the old man's; he did it himself; and therefore I hope that all may yet be well. If I can shave you without drawing a drop of blood you will escape. But if I accidentally cut you, as I did Towzer, the coincidence will be so remarkable that I shall feel myself bound to go on. You see the point? Ever since that terrible night I have not been able to see a drop of blood but I must see more! more! more!"

At this time the carriage drove up to Julia's door, having returned from its fruitless journey to the church. I heard the steps let down, and the house door open and shut, and then I heard the carriage drive off. But I could see only dimly, for I felt sick and faint.

The barber also heard, and looked toward the window. As he again turned to me I thought I saw a smile flit over his features. I felt somewhat encouraged.

"Why, you are still trembling," he said. "I can not proceed, with any hope of safety, until you are more quiet."

I was glad to hear him say that; for, dreadful as was my present position, any thing was better than that he should commence the use of the razor under the terrible conditions he had mentioned. Lending a somewhat unnecessary aid to nature I shook to such an extent that the barber, mad as he was, looked positively alarmed.

As I heard his next words I could scarcely believe my ears.

"Why, you are getting worse than ever," said he, "and my hand might be more steady too. I had no rest last night. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let us take forty winks a piece—you in that chair—I in this. The one who wakes first shall call the other, and then we will proceed to business. A nap will calm our nerves. What do you say?"

"The very thing!" I cried. And oh, how my heart beat with hope! Nothing could have been more favorable to my chances of escape. The key of the door was still in his pocket. I could see the handle of it peeping out. Oh that he would sleep quickly and sleep soundly!

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The barber closed his razor, yawned, stretched out his legs, and folded his arms. I stilled my trembling limbs as well as I could, and, at the earliest moment consistent with probability, began to draw my breath regularly, as if asleep. Presently I fancied I heard the barber snore. I ventured to steal a glance at the barber. His eyes were shut, and he was decidedly nodding. He shifted his position, and leaned back in the chair to rest his head. Half a minute more and his breathing became regular, then loud, then outrageous, until he snored like an ogre.

Now was my time! I arose, and two steps brought me to his side. My boots were new boots, and creaked horribly as I stepped. But the barber did not awake. Without trouble or difficulty I drew the key from his pocket. I passed behind his chair. I was at the door. I put the key into the lock, turned it, the door opened easily. I was free! I was gone!

I rushed down the court; I fled up the street; I was without a hat, the shaving cloth was still on my shoulders, my face was thickly covered with lather, so that I must have considerably terrified the persons in the streets. I have since heard that one old lady was frightened into fits. But whither I went, what I did, or what I said, I do not of my own knowledge know at all.

One thing, incredible as it seemed to me at first, I was ultimately compelled to believe. The barber was no more mad than I was. He had come into the town some little time before as an actor at the theatre; but not finding that a very lucrative pursuit, had resumed his original trade of shaving. I believe he had managed to persuade Julia that he did so, solely for love of her; unknown to me he had been for some time her favored suitor; she had already promised to marry him when I cut him out. He was aware that it was my wedding-day, and was brooding over his wrongs when I by fatal chance entered his shop. He knew me by sight, and conceived the idea of taking revenge both on Julia and on myself by preventing me from going to church until canonical hours were past.

He attained his object more fully, perhaps, than he anticipated; for Julia would never have any thing to say to me again, and her door was always closed in my face in the most uncompromising manner possible. To a letter of explanation I sent her she returned a reply to the effect that it made no difference, for she would never marry a poltroon. Yes, that was the word; as if a person in the drapery, grocery, pin and needle, note-paper, bacon, and general line, were required to be a hero! After a little while I gave the thing up, and, unable to withstand the continual jeering of boys and others, sold my business, and retired to another part of the kingdom.

I have since been informed that Julia at last forgave the barber for having caused the mortifying predicament in which she had been placed, and became his wife. He soon after returned to the stage, where he did pretty well, and would have done better, if he had not been somewhat too fond of drink. I hear that Julia hen-pecks him horribly, and leads him by no means an angel of a life; so, perhaps, I am well out of it after all; for if she can serve him so, what would she have done by me?

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Mr. May left the breakfast-room next morning Clover softly followed him into the hall.

"Papa, did you say Mr. Jarvis sent you some young plants yesterday?"

"He did send me some, my dear—I don't remember mentioning it."

"Papa, weren't they wilted? will they grow?"

"They were quite fresh, and *ought* to grow," said Mr. May. "Jarvis has a capital gardener, and the plants were put up in first-rate style."

"How were they put up, papa? Will you tell me?" said Clover.

"Why, you curious little mouse," said her father, laughing, "what have you to do with my plants?—they were strawberry plants, not flowers."

"Yes—I know," said Clover, with a blush; "but will you please tell me, papa?"

"Well then," said Mr. May, "they were taken out of the ground very carefully, with the roots uninjured and as much earth as possible clinging to them; and then they were wrapped up, tops and all, in a large cabbage leaf. There is nothing better than cabbage leaves, my dear, for the purpose." And with a kiss and another laugh Mr. May stepped into his buggy and drove away. Clover stood still, thinking for a minute, and then went quietly back into the breakfast-room and began her lessons.

But it might have been seen that morning that Clover was unusually eager to have the lessons end, and never put in the delay of a single question, nor asked for a talk when the recitations were finished; but wore such a grave, preoccupied face all the time, that if she had made any number of mistakes you would hardly have wondered. Every thing went on with the most perfect correctness, however; except that once, in answer to some question in Natural Philosophy, Clover began:

"Take a cabbage leaf—" and then with crimson cheeks stopped short and began again, in the midst of a hearty laugh from every body else.

So the morning passed by, and dinner-time came; and after dinner Mrs. May proposed a walk.

"Do you wish me to go, mamma?" Clover said, anxiously.

"Look out at the sunlight—does not that persuade you?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma, it's lovely; but—"

"But you like books still better. I do not wish you to read away the afternoon, Clover."

"I will not read, mamma."

"Garden work, then? Oh well, do just as you like, my dear."

So the others set off without her, and Clover watched them for a minute with wistful eyes; then put on her business face again, and turned back into the house.

The first thing was to get one of her seed bags and examine it very closely; then laying that on the table for a pattern, Clover turned over all her stores of odds and ends to find some bits of smooth brown paper, greatly to the discomfort of morsels of ribbon and scraps of silk, which were suddenly turned out of house and home. The bottle of mucilage came next upon the table; then a pair of scissors, and pen and ink; and Clover sat down to her work.

Did you ever try to make little brown paper bags for flower seeds? It is an easy matter when you know how; but Clover found that it may make unwonted fingers tremble. It was so hard to cut the paper just even, and to fold it in the middle; and to cut off one edge just enough, and then to fold down over it the other edge, with mucilage between. Then sometimes she put on too much of this, and it ran out and made her fingers sticky; or one corner of paper started up, as much as to say, "There's nothing here to hold me fast!" Or the pieces of paper were too small, and she had to make the two sides of her bag separate, and so have a seam all round. The sun was far on his afternoon path when Clover looked down with a sigh and a smile, first at her smeared fingers, and then at six little paper bags, spread out on the rug to dry.

She ran off up stairs to wash her hands, and then taking the bags up one by one, wrote on them with great pains and difficulty (it was such a short way across the bag, and the names were so long!) the titles of some of her beloved flower seeds. Then carefully took from her own store three or four zinnia seeds, and as many of bellichrysum, and so on, till the six bags had each a treasure within; folded down the top of each that not one precious seed might escape; and wrapped up all the six in the largest of her bits of brown paper.

But the work was not done yet. Clover looked fondly at her little package for a minute, then put it in her pocket and ran away to the great garden to beg Roger for a cabbage leaf, and went down to her own garden with the air of one whose mind is made up.

It was a little bit of a trial to take up one after another of the young plants that were growing so finely; but if Clover heaved a sigh once or twice she never wavered; going steadily on from one patch of pinks to another, and then to stocks, and then to amaranthus; laying each little seedling carefully in the cabbage leaf, and smoothing down neatly the spot where it had been. Then back to the tool-house where a few flower-pots yet remained, and there took out balsams and other dainty things, until the leaf was quite full. Carefully folding the sides together and binding it all round with a soft string, Clover laid it by her seed package, brought out Mr. Vick's Catalogue and sat down to write. With fingers that trembled from fatigue now, going over the most needful directions for each kind of plant.

The shadows were long, the sunlight fast climbing up the hills, when at last Clover caught up her two parcels and her paper of directions, and ran out to the carriage-house. Hannibal was there, fingering his harness, singing to keep himself company.

"Oh, Hannibal!" said his breathless little mistress, "I thought I heard papa say you were going to the Corners to-night?"

"Sure, Miss Clo'! Wid de harness," explained Hannibal.

"And do you know where little Dick Nobody lives?" said Clover.

"Sartin," Hannibal replied. "Close by de road, not de common road, but de uncommon. Working dere, right in front, de chile is, most days."

"Then please take him all these," said Clover, laying her little parcels in the great black hand of the astonished Hannibal. "And this paper'll tell him what to do with them."

Hannibal looked and pondered.

"S'pose he ask, 'Where they all come from?' Then I say, 'Out o' Miss Clo's own garden, Dick,' hey?"

"Oh, maybe he won't ask," said Clover, blushing. "And I've got more, you know. You'll take them for me, Hannibal?"

"Sure?" said the old coachman, with shining eyes, "safe as little Miss Clo' could herself. What'll de young lady put where these come from now? Sort o' look empty, won't it?"

A fluttering shadow passed over the child's face for a minute, then she looked up and smiled.

"I've got some of all the kinds," she said, "and they're growing beautifully. So maybe they'll fill it all up." And away she ran to the house, and set off along the road to meet the walking party, who were just coming over the brow of the hill.

A strange thing happened that very night. A wandering squirrel, having, it is supposed, no business where he ought to be, came where he had no business to be, even into the tool-house, among the children's plants. The door was fast shut, and so was the window; but the squirrel found for himself a large knot-hole in one of the boards, and through it he went, with only one whisk of his tail. Then fell to peering about in the most impertinent manner, to see if there was any thing fit for his squirrelship to eat; and behold, in one corner, a barrel of pine cones! gathered and stored away there for kindling, or some such purpose. What a feast! the squirrel bit off the little scales of the pine cones, eating the spicy seeds that lay beneath, until he was tired and thirsty too. Something fresh was needed after so much dry provision—an apple, or a green leaf or two. Certainly there was something green in those flower-pots—and away went the squirrel, whisk and skip and hop; then paused at the pot which held Prim's albronia plants, and deliberately ate them up, every one.

No one saw the squirrel do this; only the pine cones told the tale; and when Prim came out next day for her precious albronias, meaning to plant them at once in the open ground, there was nothing but a pot of brown earth.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried little Primrose, "somebody has just come and stolen my albronias, pot and all! And he's left another pot here, to make-believe."

There was a great commotion.

"It's really an exciting thing," said Jack, beginning to take an interest in the gardens for the first time. "It's worth something to have your plants stolen. Gives 'em quite a dignity—makes something of 'em."

"It don't make much of me!" said poor little Primrose. "Oh, who could have stolen 'em!"

"Nobody stole them," said her brother Sam, who had been giving the flower-pot a close examination; "I mean no person. Look—here are the roots in the ground still."

And so they were, and the cut top of each tiny stem showed mournfully through the brown earth. Then the pine cone scales were found, and the squirrel declared to be the culprit; but to bring him to justice was, as Jack said, quite another affair. Indeed, Primrose was not sure that she wished it; though every albronia plant was gone, and it was too late in the season to plant more.

HISTORY OF A WOODEN SHOE.

TOWARD the end of September, 1832, it was announced among the artistic circles of Paris that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriously ill at the conclusion of a grand concert given by the illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimously ordered solitude, absolute repose, and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will, and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening either retiring to the solitude of his apartment, or joining in the games, music, and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room; three or four censorious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life—some love story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third; "Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organized in favor of the families who had suffered from the inundation at St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it he fears that were he to mix in our society he might be asked for similar favors."

Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders; but, like Gallio of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with any one except Nicette. This was the house-maid who attended on him—a cheerful, innocent country-girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl, and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, Sir, not precisely; but—"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises *he* has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of *him*."

"Ah! poor fellow! He has quitted me, certainly, but it was not his fault."

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again!" sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long sallow fingers as he said:

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank-leaf:

"MON.—To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him:

"My dear Sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbors of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet, and pass half an hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavored with orange flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas-eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord a custom exists in France very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties with which he fills it. It is calculated that, one year with another, the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th December four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his eau sucrée, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered, and announced that a porter had arrived with a case directed to Signor Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly a stout porter entered, bearing a good-sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile, with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and, having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished this task without difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong brown paper, and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well! be it so. We will see if we can not find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wonderfully flexible and dexterous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared that, on New-Year's-Eve, Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who during several months had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion, elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonnière, and expectation was on tip-toe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvelous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of pristine form, and, his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then his stormy life in the camp, and on the field of battle, and finally, his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jeweled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, near the door, Nicette was weeping bitterly; the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted; they amounted to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's traveling expenses."

Then, after a pause, he continued, "But you will want something wherewith to begin housekeeping. Take this shoe-violin or this violin-shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

It is now, we believe, in the possession of an English nobleman, who was formerly British Embassador at Paris.

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WEIGHING JOCKEYS.

SCENE ON THE ROAD—

INAUGURATION OF THE RACE-COURSE OF THE JOCKEY CLUB, JEROME PARK.

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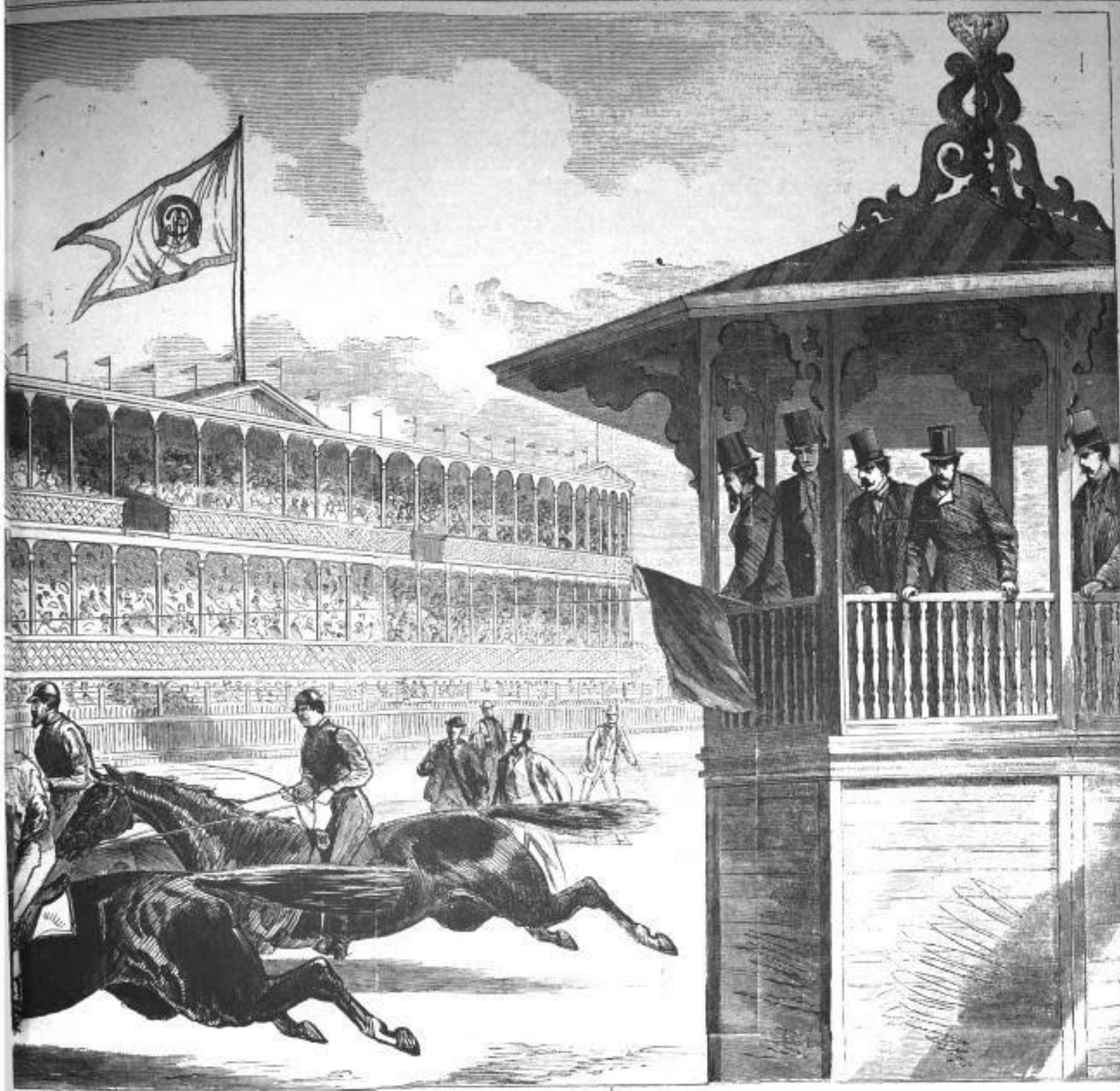

AND BELMONT'S CARRIAGES.

THE WINNING HORSE.

START FOR THE FOUR-MILE HEAT.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

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MOLLY THE TRAMP.

Very late on a dark, wet night in June two persons entered together a pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. One was a low-sized countryman, with a fox-like face, quick eyes, hanging brows, an unscrupulous mouth, a narrow forehead, and a large ear set so among his bristling hair that it had the appearance of being habitually cocked. He was clad in two large coats of gray frieze, and wore a consciousness of responsibility. He looked hard at the other customer entering with him, who shrank away and cowered into a corner by the counter. The pawnbroker, coming from a little room behind the shop, directed his attention to the countryman at once, with only a glance at the timid figure in the back-ground.

The man in frieze was a west-country drover, who had arrived from the mountains only a few hours before with a drove of sheep for market. He found himself unexpectedly in need of money until next day, when his stock would be sold. He pulled off the outer of his two coats and flung it on the counter.

The pawnbroker examined the coat, and a discussion arose as to the amount of money to be advanced upon it. It was thrown from one to the other, shaken out, folded up, and finally tossed down on the counter, while the pawnbroker, himself in a passion, almost dragged his bullying customer into his little room behind for the purpose of showing him articles of equal value for which he had advanced smaller sums than that which he now offered on the coat. The other customer, a woman, was left standing in the shop alone.

She was a woeful specimen of womanhood—a figure whose outlines were lost in miserable wrappings of rags, a dirty trailing gown, and a tattered shawl. Her bonnet, fit for a gutter, had two or three grimy red roses flaunting dismally under the brim. Her skin was dark, either by nature or from want of care and cleanliness. She was quite young, though one could hardly know it looking on her thin, sallow face, deadened eyes, and colorless lips.

She had in her hand what can only be described as a rag. A voluptuous look had fallen over her face when the two men left her unnoticed—a look which was crossed now and then by one of impatience, which burned up and went out of her sallow face again, leaving the stolid weariness to come back. Of what use was it for her to be angry who only existed in the world upon sufferance?

Presently the pawnbroker comes bustling back to the shop to fetch something, takes in her wretchedness with a keen eye, and roughly asks her business. She offers him her rag, calling it a mantle. It is perfectly worthless, and he is out of temper. He flings it back to her with an oath, and returns to his more important customer.

The tall figure shakes as if blows had come down upon it, the light of eagerness fades out of the eyes, the hands mechanically fold up the rejected garment. This is no new scene that she is passing through—no unexpected trial that has come upon her; it is part of the daily routine of her life. Harsh words, repulsion, are as familiar to her as the taste of bread and milk to a child who has never suffered hunger. She accepts the award of her patience with the meekness of habitual dejection, but behind it there is something stirring which is not habitual—something which makes the cowed spirit rise up again, which awakens persistence out of the passiveness of despair. She turns again from the shop door, toward which she had set her face, and takes her stand by the counter once more. She will wait to have another word with the pawnbroker.

Now the root of this girl's purpose was holy, and yet her next act was the drop of evil that overflowed the cup of her misery, and turned trouble into sin.

She was so weary that the earth seemed to drag her falling limbs toward it. Her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall, looking at a filmy picture present to them—a dying man, struggling with his death, alone in darkness. She heard not the shouts and curses in the street outside, nor the bargaining of the two men in the inner room, but a voice calling "Drink! drink!" She heard the horrible, greedy cry, "Whisky!" gurgling in a dying throat. Her sunken eyes started forward, her hands wrought with one another. She gazed all around the shop. No one near her, no one minding her; and the coat still lying on the counter.

For one moment she was raised to the dignity of resisting temptation. Only one moment; need was too great, habit too strong, misery too deep. The coat was snatched, and the girl vanished.

The two men returned only about a minute too late, and rushed into the street crying "Stop thief!" The cry was echoed and tossed from lip to lip in the dirty lanes and alleys. Drunken men reeled out of taverns and caught it, wretched children yelled it along the gutter. It clamored in the hunted creature's ears as she strained her weak limbs along the pavement, or huddled herself into some corner to let the pursuers go by. "It is the last time, the last time!" she muttered. So it was—the last sin of many; but not to go unpunished.

The cry had long ceased, and the chase had been abandoned, when the dark figure crept in at a miserable doorway, and up a dirty, crazy flight of stairs. She had no coat in her hands now, but some money, and a small bottle. She looked from right to left with scared eyes, and then entered a squalid room where the dawn was stealing wanly through a broken skylight in the roof. The walls were perfectly bare; there was no sign of food, furniture, nor clothing. The girl looked eagerly toward a corner where the figure of a man lay stretched upon straw. She went forward, listening and gazing intently, and dropped on her knees beside the figure.

"Here it is," she said, in a voice of fright that matched her face; "here is the whisky. I could not get it any sooner."

There was no answer by sound or movement.

"Father!" she shrieked, with a wild sob. She lifted an awful-looking hand from the straw, and dropped it again. The figure on the pallet was a corpse. The cries that had rung through the room when she left it were still forever.

She drew a covering over the body, looked round the bare walls of the den, and sat down on the floor with a passive despair in her white face. Her foot touched the bottle of spirits. She snatched it up and half emptied it at a draught, stretched herself on the straw at the feet of the corpse, and soon fell into a state of unconsciousness that answered with her for peace.

This is the history of Molly's crime. It is quite useless for the purposes of this story to go back any further into her past. It is not easy to get at the true antecedents of such creatures. One would have told you that Molly Cashel was a charwoman; another, that she was a ballad-singer; another, that she was a street-vagrant; another, that she was a thief. Each account would have been true, for she had been all of these things in turns. She had been dragged through every kind of misery from her wretched, motherless childhood until now, her nineteenth year. She had been ill-treated and made a slave of by a brutal step-father—the man whose last desire she had sinned to strive to satisfy. A worn-out, battered creature, who had never had any youth, who had never been taught, who had been driven on all her life by the instincts and necessities of the present moment.

It was only six o'clock, but the June sun was shining hotly down into the filthy alleys, glistening on the mud made by the rain of the night before, and burning on the broken window-panes crusted with dirt and stuffed with rags; and the Rooneys were up already, and fighting as usual. The Rooneys were a family of wandering mountebanks, who lodged at present in the room under that in which Molly Cashel and her father's corpse were lying. This den was a singular contrast to the one above it; not that there was a whit more comfort to be seen within it; but whereas the one was bare, and full of the silence of death, the other was overflowing with all kinds of litter, and echoing with the quarrelsome shouting of noisy voices. The remains of a coarse breakfast lay about a dirty bench at one side of the room, and heaps of frippery rags mingled with tinsel gewgaws were scattered about in all directions on the floor. The Rooney mother, a stout, broad-faced, vixenish-looking woman, was engaged in pasting dabs of gold paper all over a very dirty white muslin short frock—part of the costume usually worn by Miss Matilda Rooney when dancing the sailor's hornpipe. The Rooney father, who, when he was not in a passion, had a general air of humorous rowdiness, was adorned by nature with a squint, and by accident with a broken nose, which last was fiery in color. He was now occupying himself (with one arm in one sleeve of a ragged coat) by knocking the ashes out of his pipe and his knuckles on the heads of his two sons, who were unwillingly practicing somersaults in one corner, and responding to the paternal correction by loud growls of remonstrance. Miss Matilda Rooney, a dwarf of sixteen years who looked about ten, was busied in twisting battered artificial flowers together for the adornment of her own elf-locks of rusty red and the enhancement of the beauty of the paternal squint, which she inherited in full perfection. As she worked she beguiled her task by stray words of impudence flung at her father and mother, and frowns and shakings of her fist at a squalling baby who was lying kicking on his back, neglected, on the floor.

The Rooney family was about to divide itself and go upon two separate pedestrian excursions into different parts of the country, to startle simple villagers and inhabitants of road-side cottages with the display of its wonderful accomplishments. The Rooney sons were going to tumble southward in their tights and spangles; the Rooney father, mother, daughter, and baby were going to dance, scrape, and jingle their way westward with pipe, fiddle, and tambourine.

The Rooney family was making so much noise with its preparations that a timid knock was repeated thrice outside, and no one in the room heard it. At last the door was driven open and a white face was pushed in.

"Molly!" cried the Rooney mother; and there was a general hush, so scaring for the moment was the wild white face at the door.

"Arrah, thin, it's you that looks fresh and rosy after yer mornin' walk!" cried the Rooney father, with a laugh at his own wit.

"Father's dead!" said Molly, her dark, hopeless eyes wandering away from the people in the room up the blank walls in a vacant search for sympathy.

"Dead!" came from all in a chorus; and then from one:

"Rest his sowl!"

From another:

"He'll give ye no more black eyes."

And again:

"Ye'll be breakin' yer heart afther him!"

"He's made a lucky flittin'!" said Tim Rooney, the father. "He'd ha' been thrown out for rint to-morrow. Have ye any money?"

"I have money," said Molly, unclosing her hand and showing silver.

"Where did ye get it?" cried Mother Rooney, eying it greedily. "Ah, ye jail-bird! Ye've been thievin' again, have ye? Ye'll be goin' abroad some o' these days, my darlin'. Why don't ye take afther poor honest folks like us, and get yer livin' decent, ye divil ye?"

"I want to do it," cried Molly, imploringly, "but they won't let me. None of them will let me. The days keep coming one after another, and force me into badness. Oh, if you would take me out of the town with you, Mrs. Rooney, I'll give you this money, and I'll tramp the country like the best! Couldn't I carry the baby for ye, Mrs. Rooney?" cried Molly, wringing her hands.

Mother Rooney told her to get out of that for a slut, and sent her away to bury her father; but before daylight next morning the Rooney family had decided that Molly would be an acquisition to the tramping expedition. The neglected baby that kicked on the floor had grown since the last excursion, and Mother Rooney had found difficulty even then in managing both it and her fiddle. Molly could sing ballads and carry the baby. So, the pauper's funeral being over, Molly was bidden to enter on her new profession of tramp.

She locked up the door and surrendered the key to the landlord. The girl's leaden heart was a little less leaden when she had done this. In that room she had starved, sinned, mourned, and despaired. She fetched the neglected baby out of the Rooney Bedlam below, and sat with it in a high corner landing of the rickety staircase. It would be hard to analyze the chaos of poor Molly's brain. Doubtless there was a heavy retrospection going on behind those black eyes wide open in the darkness, listening to a "death-watch" ticking at her ear; for Molly in her wanderings had got stray glimpses of religion—just enough to let her know that her life was all wrong, and that there was a better life to be attained somewhere, but never by her. There was expectation, too, in those wide-open eyes, but it was very vague and dull. That a change, no matter what, was at hand was Molly's chief idea. She would get away out of the filthy streets and lanes, to which she was not dainty enough to object because of their filthiness, but because within their boundaries every man's hand was against her. To what manner of region she was going she did not know nor care. She had never been out of the town in her life, and the open country was a sealed book to her. Probably she should get enough to eat of some kind; she should not have to steal—perhaps not even to beg, where there would be so many more nimble-tongued to do it. Hard usage and fatigue she was inured to; any change must be for the better. She got a crust of bread from the Rooneys that night, and leave to stretch herself behind their door till morning.

By dawn they were off on the tramp, Molly carrying the baby, her pocket stuffed with dirty ballads; Mother Rooney with her fiddle; Father Rooney with his pipes and some baggage; Matilda with her tambourine, and her dancing-dress covered with a shawl, the point of which draggled in the mud and dabbled on the young lady's heels as she went along. The drizzling rain kept on, and for the first two or three days things were wretched. The country was shrouded in mist, and cottagers kept their doors shut. The towns they passed through were uninteresting and inhospitable. A magnificent show on wheels and a German band were traveling the same route, arriving in every place of note just in time to occupy all the public attention and leave hardly a stray gape of curiosity for the miserable Rooneys. So they left the route they had intended to follow, and struck out on the bog and mountain country.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Through the drizzling summer day, and far into the drizzling summer night, four weary, dreary figures plodding on, and never the sign of a dwelling in sight since the last unfriendly village had been left miles behind. Hitherto they had always found a lodging in the shelter of some town, but to-night there was nothing for it but to creep into the shadow of an old ruined chapel and make their beds among the stones and grass.

All were soon fast asleep; but at midnight the last of the rain fell, the mists mustered in long troops, and filed away over the hills. The moon rose, marching grandly up a sky such as city chimneys never see; mountains that had been curtained out with rain-clouds lifted their gloomy heads against the horizon, or bowed their brawny shoulders down to the plains to catch the silver benediction of the hour. Streams struggling here and there through hollows, with their swollen burden of waters, flung up glances of delight to the sky, as they had new light to go on their stumbling way. A plover in his nest felt the silver touch upon his wing, stirred among the rushes, gave a cry of welcome, and was at rest again.

The cry awakened Molly, who was sleeping with her head against the opening of a broken arch, and her face to the moonlight. She had been dreaming of a tavern row, of police, of a jail, of hunger, brawling, curses, and jury. She opened her eyes to the white purity of the moon, her ears to the dreamy echo of the plover's note, and her soul to its first knowledge of peace. She laid the sleeping child out of her arms upon a corner of his mother's gown, covered him with her own old rag of a mantle, stole out from the shadow of the walls, and stood dazzled and bewildered in the mellow glory of the night. The land on which she looked was as new to her as if she had been led to the spot blindfold. What strange place was this where heaven bent toward her like a mother, where the very air seemed full of kindness, and the earth looked soothed, as if cruelty and wickedness had been charmed away from it for evermore? She had seen the moon many a time, looking with a ghastly glance of disgust on dismal scenes to which she, Molly, had belonged. She had never been gazed at all alone by a tender eye like this. A strain of sublime enthusiasm was wrung from her ignorant soul. A wild regret for being what she was sprang out of the passiveness of her degradation. She put her poor face between her hands and fell to weeping.

She sat down on a stone by the road-side, and with her head upon her arms dropped asleep. The sun was high when a sound of whooping and shouting—drover's cries—roused her. A troop of kyloes were showing along the road toward her, a man mounted on a horse bringing up the rear. Molly's instinct to hide from every face as an enemy's rose up within her, and carried her back trembling to the ruin. But she peeped out from the shelter of the old window and saw a pleasant picture framed there; a long winding sunny road, sunny mountains, the wild little troop of rugged cattle tossing their horned heads and plunging along, and the figure on horseback behind. As the figure came nearer, Molly drew back into her hiding-place with a start of dismay. The man was the owner of that stolen frieze coat. "Whoop, whoop!" shouted the drover's rough voice, and "click, click!" went his smacking whip; but Molly heard nothing but "Thief! thief!" The flock went past, and Molly, shaking with terror, gathered the baby in her arms and buried her face in its chubby shoulder. Had they tracked her out to this beautiful land to drag her back to the town and fling her into a jail? They had passed her by, but would they not come back and find her?

Tramp! tramp! again; but to-day over a burning road, with a dazzling sun above their heads. They had a grand performance before a road-side cottage, the pipes and fiddle clamored which should be loudest. Miss Matilda danced her hornpipe, Molly sang her ballads with a wild ringing fear of the drover in her voice, but a scrupulous perseverance that told of her determination to earn her living honestly. She had a fine true voice, with a strain of sweetness and pathos in it that startled people, coming from so dingy a figure. The woman of the cottage was touched by it more than by the dancing and singing of the Rooneys. The baby had solicited an accompaniment to Molly's song, and the baby got some new goat's milk and bread. And for the singer's sake the rest of the hungry band had a meal of new potatoes.

"Yer come from the town?" said the motherly woman, who had taken the baby in her arms while Molly ate. "Ay! the town's a bad place. There's a poor drhover body gone past a bit ago, only's been four days away, an' has come home without his fine coat that he counted to do him the rest o' his life. Stole from before his eyes by a vagabond thief o' a girl before he'd been an hour in Dublin."

The blood ran into Molly's face for shame, and out of it again for fear.

"No, but I didn't mean that all the townsfolks is bad!" said the woman, kindly.

By evening they arrived at a way-side inn, where a number of men were drinking. There had been a fair not far off the day before, and some were only now on their way home from it. They were smoking and drinking in a little earthen-floored room, and had just been talking of the luckless drover and his coat, he having passed there about half an hour before. It seemed he was scattering his story behind him, over the country as he went, like the crumbs cast by the boy in the tale.

The Rooneys saw their chance and pushed their way up to the door of the tavern. Molly's black eyes, full of an agonizing question, peered in at the door of the close, noisy room, and scanned the faces present. The one she dreaded was not there.

The tramps were welcome here with their music and dancing. Father and mother Rooney were king and queen of the hour, and were treated to steaming glasses of punch. Matilda's hornpipe was applauded to the echo. When it came to Molly's turn she made two or three pitiful attempts to sing, and failed wretchedly. She was over-tired. None of them had such a wearisome burden to carry as she had had, the heavy baby clinging forever round her neck. The fear, too, was in her throat yet, and she could not sing.

Father Rooney came over to the corner where she sat, and threatened her with his fist in her face. She broke down, turned her face to the wall, and wept. A young man sitting on a table at some distance had been watching her attentively, and took note of this scene. He was a strong-built, frieze-clad, well-to-do-looking young farmer with a brave brown face, and very kindly and sweet-tempered blue eyes. He was not drinking like the rest nor making a noise. What he saw in Molly to fix his attention people might have wondered if any one there had been temperate enough for observation. But wonders are not rare. That he saw she had sorrow in her heart may not be thought a sufficient reason. Perhaps he divined her youth through the aging disguises that hung about her. Perhaps he had a mother who prayed for him at home, or a sister whom he petted, and it irked him to see a girl with traces of beauty and feeling in her unwashed face subject to the threats of one like Tim Rooney forced to take a prominent place in a gathering like this, and turning with her grief to the wall in her voidness of expectation of sympathy or succor. He saw at all events that she was choking with thirst, and that her lips were baked. He fetched and offered her a glass of lemonade.

"Toss it off, my girl!" said he, "it'll keep the skin from crackin' on them dhry lips o' yours. Ye'll give us a snatch o' a song by-and-by."

Molly seized and drank, wondered, rejoiced, looked at his frieze coat and shuddered; looked at his kind strong face, and worshiped.

"I can sing now. Is there any song you would like to have?" said Molly, tingling with her gratitude.

"Give us the '*Collees dhas crothees a sa*' (Pretty girl milking her cow)," said John Haverty.

Molly lifted her voice and sang as she had never sang before. The young farmer looked at her kindling eyes, and felt a curious desire to know what she would look like were her face washed, and were she dressed in clean garments like a fresh country lass, accustomed to keep company with the larks in the morning.

The song being over, Tim Rooney came up and struck the songstress on the mouth. He had become brutalized by drink, and cursed her for whining an old drimendru instead of one of the racy new-fashioned ballads he had furnished her with. His stray blows fell on the child.

"Not the child! oh, not the child!" cried Molly, with the blood dropping from her lips; for by dint of moaning and crying to the little thing, and being worried by it, she had grown to love it strangely. She wrapped it in her arms and went out of the cabin with it, just in time to escape from the bub-bub that was raised, when John Haverty stretched Tim Rooney on the floor.

She sat down on the edge of a well at some distance from the house, and washed the blood from her mouth, and soothed the baby's cries. It was so wonderfully new to Molly to have a protector that it wakened in her a happy amazement which dulled the sense of physical pain. She bathed her wound mechanically, but she did not feel it.

Presently Haverty came out to look for her; the only one who missed or thought of her.

"My poor girl!" said he, "yer badly hurt. But

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I settled you ruffian in a way that'll make him think twice before he lifts his hand to strike a woman again. Here, houlo this to yer mouth, asthore, it'll keep the blood away," and he gave her a fine snow-white nappikeen (head-kerchief), which he had bought at the fair as a present for his mother.

"Now I tell you what it is, my girl," said he, "you must lave the bad company yer in. Yer not o' their sort, it's plain to see, an' you ought to get quit o' them."

"Not of their sort." Molly exalted above any body! Above those whose honesty she had emulated! Oh, if the drover were to appear now and denounce her to this friend. She looked fearfully over her shoulder, but there was no cause for fear. Peace and security were all around her.

"I'd be glad to do any thing you bid me," said Molly, out of her heart, "for no man ever spoke so kind to me before. But I wouldn't know what to do, nor where to go, an' besides, I'm sure they'd kill the baby among them if I left it with them. It'll not be betther o' them blows this good bit. Whisht! whisht! my darlin'!"

"Yer heart's in the right place," said Haverty, admiringly. "Yer ought to look to yersel', though. Ye could do rightly. The counthry's a good place to make a shift in, not like the town. Can ye sew?"

"No."

"Can ye read?"

"No."

"Well, ye could work in the fields like many a heartsome lass, an' people would be fightin' for lave to give ye a lodgin' for a stave o' one o' them darlin' songs of yours. See here! There'll be a match-makin', to-morrow night, over at Widow Conneely's in the bog. Lave this clan, an' make a start o' 't for yersel' at wanst. I'll be lookin' out for ye, an' I'll put in a good word for ye, I'll tell ye the songs that'll stale their hearts. Ye'll come?"

If he had asked Molly to make an effort to walk across the sea to America she would have promised to try. She gave him her word she would be at the Widow Conneely's. He had been throwing pebbles down the well, emphasizing his words by an occasional splash; now he bade her good-night, and walked away across the moor, strong and sturdy in the moonlight with his black-thorn stick in his hand. And Molly, with the baby, crept away to the barn where they were to pass the night. There was not much sleep for Molly, however. All the time she lay there she was thinking and dreaming of the kind compassion of John Haverty, who had at once become the idol of her hungry heart, which had been so starved of love all its life. She thought if he would only give her a corner of his field to work in, and come and speak to her like that for a minute or two every day, she would reach the very summit of earthly happiness. By daylight she was up again walking about, having left the child wrapped in the straw by its mother's side. She wandered about in the crimson dawn, meeting in her own wild untutored way wonderful revelations of a new life, drinking in with the pure air exhilarating draughts of refreshed vitality which brought rushes of health into her languid veins.

She went down to a lonely river among the hills and bathed. She wrung out her long, matted hair; she had not even a comb to comb it with. She washed the blood-stains from the white kerchief Haverty had given her, and folded it across her shoulders. Then she cried more passionately than she had ever cried for pain or hunger, because she could not cast away her dirty ragged gown, having no other. She bethought her of the motherly woman whom they had left two miles behind them on the road, who had taken the tramps into her tidy cottage, and held the baby while Molly ate of her bounty. So curiously had trust in humanity been roused in the girl that she set off at once, running along the high-road to throw herself on the mercy of this person almost unknown, believing that she would help her in her dilemma. The motherly woman was feeding her hens before her door, when Molly appeared to her coming along in the sunrise, with her half-dried hair hanging over her shoulders, her eyes lighted with an eager hope, and her face clear and bright with the new flush of health and vigor that possessed her.

"I don't know but I may be a fool," said the motherly woman, as she sorted through the garments in her household chest, "but I took a likin' to ye at the first when I seen ye so down an' unheartsome among them screechin', jumpin', bould-faced crew. An' I like ye betther this mornin', for ye've got more o' the clane counthry look about ye, an' a purty face o' yer own ye have. God be with you, then, and take the loand o' this turkey red; your nappikeen 'll cover the misfit o' the body. An' if ye don't turn out honest, it's God 'll settle accounts with you, an' not me."

The "turkey red" was an ample calico gown of that warm hue, and when Molly was arrayed in it, and the white kerchief on her shoulders, the motherly woman was so delighted with her appearance that she insisted on dressing her hair to make her complete.

"I can plat beautiful," said she, "an' I'll plat it up to the crown of yer head, the way I used to do my own little girl's, before the Lord took her from me, Heaven be her bed! But let that stan' till we get the cup o' tea. My good man's from home, an' there's nobody here but our two sels."

Thus treated, Molly's heart overflowed with delight. While breakfast was preparing she sought for a smooth pool outside, and surveyed the alteration in herself, coming back on tip-toe. The words, "an' a purty face o' yer own ye have!" were racing through her head; but the idea they conveyed was too sudden and wildly original to be accepted at once as the truth. And yet, when the rest of the world was changing so fast, why should not she change too? When her head was covered with shining braids she was still more a wonder to herself. Where had this beauty come from? Could mere soap and water, colored calico, and the motherly woman's nimble fingers, work such a miracle?

She staid all day at the tidy cottage, being afraid to go back to the Rooneys. After sundown she set out, asking her way to the Widow Conneely's. It was a long walk, and she arrived with her cheeks in a glow. John Haverty was smoking his pipe as she came up, and he did not know her.

"I've come," said she.

"Why," said he, "you're never the singin' girl that was with the thramps last night?"

"I am," said Molly, enchanted, but alarmed at his not knowing her. "You promised to tell me what to sing."

He beamed on her with his blue eyes, taking in her new appearance slowly, by a long look.

"I'll tell ye," said he, putting his pipe in his pocket.

He took her in to the Widow Conneely. He placed her in a seat apart, a little brown stool, set up in a deep window-seat, with a strip of dark-green curtain by her shoulder, and the remains of the sunset barring the little window-pane with gold beyond her. It was by accident, of course, that these things arranged themselves so as to make of her a pretty picture for the unconscious pleasing of uncultivated eyes. But there she sat, entitled to respect by the deference that Haverty paid her.

The people had not gathered in for the dance; only a few old men and women were there; the piper had not yet come. Haverty sat with one leg across the end of a table, talking to Molly, getting her to sing over verses of songs for him, and deciding which she was to sing for the company. Molly's eyes and cheeks grew brighter and brighter, and her voice richer and sweeter; as the dusk deepened the golden bars paled away behind the pane, and the red light from the turf fire drove the shadows into the corners of the cabin, and fell full across John Haverty's eyes, which were watering as only an Irishman's eyes can water at music.

"Yer made o' the right thrue stuff," said he, "or yer singin' tells lies on ye. A man might be happy that had you chirpin' like a cricket by his fireside, avourneen! Look at me, astharoen, an' they could ye like me. It's not long since we saw each other first, but I'm not a bad fellow if you can take the soft side o' me, an' I never seen a girl that could take the heart out o' my body before."

Enter the piper, followed by a troop of noisy young men and women.

If Molly's answer had been forthcoming it would have been lost in the storm of greetings that followed. As it was she sat silent and red-cheeked, and Haverty was dragged away by a band of companions. Now the piper began to play, and the dancing commenced, while a small table was placed to one side of the fire, with some pipes, tobacco, and whisky; for what purpose did not appear. When Molly looked up Haverty was dancing gayly with a pretty girl in a light print dress and blue ribbon, with smooth fair hair, and saucy eyes, and a coquettish air about her. People watched the pair with interest and admiration. Both were young, good-looking, and capital dancers. They seemed made for each other and for the jig they were footing. The girl seemed fully aware of the admiration she excited, and coquetted openly with her partner.

"Then they're the handsome pair!" cried one near Molly.

"Ay, throth!" said another; "it's a wondher the ould men isn't come to make up the match."

"Ould blood is slow; but it'll not take them long in the doin' when they do go at it. Both o' them's rich enough to make the young people happy."

"What is it?" said Molly, touching her neighbor's elbow.

"Oh! it's John Haverty and Katty Nee that's to have their match made to-night. You don't know, bein' a shtranger. That's them dancin' to others. They'll be married at wanst, I believe, as soon as the bargain's made."

Molly stared at the dancers, and then at the speaker, and took it all in. This was his match-making—that was what he had called it—only he had not said it was his own. It had all been arranged long ago, and he had been laughing at the poor tramp. Molly's head fell back behind her little strip of curtain.

"I do think that shtrange girl's sick in the corner there," said some one by-and-by.

"No," said Molly, wiping the cold drops from her face with the corner of her nappikeen; "but it's very warm. Will you give me a dhrink?" Habit is second nature; and Molly's habit of patience was strong.

Two men came in just then, who were received with marks of great respect. One was a white-haired old man, the uncle of John Haverty, the richest farmer in the country; the other was the drover who had lost his coat in Dublin, and the father of the pretty bride in prospect, Katty Nee. Ah, Molly! "The fox may run, but he's caught at last."

The men sat down at the table which had been prepared for them, and smoked their pipes, and laid their heads together. A lively discussion soon began between them, and the pipes were often taken out of their mouths, and the table was often thumped; neighbors looked on with admiration, and listened in awe. By this time the piper, who had been sipping out of a glass by his side, began to doze over his pipes, which grew inarticulate in their utterance, then silent. The dancers were still, and there was an outcry for music: a general demand for Molly, the singing-girl, to lilt up a jig from the corner. So Molly sang many a mad, merry jig and whirling reel, only now and again breaking down with a gasp for breath, while Katty and Haverty danced wilder and faster, and the lookers-on laughed and applauded, and the piper woke up and grumbled, and the people said Molly had a jewel of a voice. God bless her!

But at last John Haverty's uncle got up with an oath and dragged his nephew out of the dance and over to the table by the arm. The dancing stopped in a moment. Molly's tune fell from her lips; the young men smiled to each other and shrugged their shoulders; the girls opened their eyes wide, and plucked each other's skirts; the old women groaned and flung up their eyes to the cabin rafters; the old men cocked their ears and shifted their feet on the floor, as they were used to do on Sundays when preparing to listen to the sermon. Every one expected that something important was going to be said regarding the business of the night.

"It's time ye stopped yer jiggin' foolery," said the old man, angrily, "an' took a thought o' yer own business. Here we've settled all—land, sheep, house, an' every thing, an' there he's stuck fast in the black cattle, an' sorra an inch 'll he budge for me. Sit down there an' make yer own match, for divil a finger more I'll meddle in't."

"I want you to make no match for me," said the young man, gravely, "an' I tould ye that last week. I tould it to Darby Nee, too, but nothin' would do you an' him but ye'd have a match-makin' here to-night. It's all yer own affair, an' if ye've fought over it ye can settle it between ye. I've no hand in it. Katty Nee's a purty girl, an' a good dancer, an' many's the jig I danced with her; but I never axed her to be my wife, an' I never will. She doesn't want me, an' I don't want her. She has a sweet-heart here to-night, lookin' as sour as butter-milk because his farm isn't as big as mine, an' she'd rather have his little finger than my whole body an' sowl, wouldn't ye, Katty? An' for my share," said Haverty, looking back at the window, "seein' that this was to be my match-makin', I thried a little business for mysel', an' I think my match is made: at least, it only wants wan little bit o' a word to finish the bargain. Come out here, avourneen!" said he, stepping up to the window and drawing Molly into the light, "an' tell out forenent the people if you can take me for a husband."

The people looked surprised, but not so much so as might be expected. Such sudden "matches" are more common among them than longer courtships.

Molly felt that it was like certain death to cross that floor and face Darby Nee, yet, to save her life, she could not have resisted that hand drawing her on.

"A common thramp from Dublin!" stuttered the old uncle, furiously.

"A beggar, instead of my girl with her fortune!" shouted the bullying drover.

Molly, pale and cowering, clinging to Haverty's arm, lifted her eyes with the old fearful look that was common to them in Dublin, and the drover, fixing his fox-like eyes on her, recognized her in a moment.

"Oho!" he cried, "oho! A Dublin thramp, did ye say? Faix, an' we didn't know what fine company we were in! I think you an' me has met before this, young woman. A thief, neighbors!" he went on, his voice rising with his anger as the remembrance of his wrong came fully back upon him; "the very thief that stole the coat I was tellin' ye of, in the pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. Then I wish ye good luck o' the wife ye have picked, Misther Haverty. Dacent girls isn't good enough for ye, so ye have one that'll do ye credit!"

Molly never heard Haverty's answer nor the murmurs of the people, for at the first word of accusation she shot through the crowd and disappeared from the door.

When the motherly woman got up next morning and began to bustle about her tidy cottage she found her "turkey red" hanging on a pin behind the kitchen door, and Molly's old ragged gown that had hung in its place gone. Trembling with agitation, she counted her half-dozen tea-spoons, and felt that her "stocking" was safe in its nook up the chimney. Then "Thank God!" said the motherly woman. "I knowed she was dacent; but she might ha' said good-by to a body, an' not come slippin' in an' out in the night, like a sperrit."

That was the last that was heard of Molly. John Haverty refused to believe what the drover asserted, and swore before all the people that it was a calumny. The Rooneys having passed on from the place there was no one to bear witness against Molly's character, and nothing to prove her guilty but her own sudden flight. Haverty had the river dragged, rode to the neighboring villages, and inquired at the cottages on the road-sides, but not a trace of Molly was found.

Two years passed, and the facts of Molly's appearance and disappearance in the district were told as a romantic story, and Haverty was pointed to as the young man who had been so "quarely crossed in love." Nevertheless, his farm was thriving, and his uncle, who had long since forgiven him for falling in love with the tramp who had so considerately taken herself off, did not despair of making a capital match for him yet, though Katty Nee was married.

Meantime the earth had not swallowed up Molly. She had rushed to the river first, but wh[illegible] on the brink of the water and saw th[illegible] above her head she felt that after all [illegible] was worse than any thing that had happened to her yet. She wandered at random, with much fatigue and suffering, through deserted paths in the hills, till she made her way at last to the dwelling of a herd who lived at the other side the brow of the tallest mountain that looked on the valley where so many strange haps had befallen her in so little a space of time. Here she arrived opportunely and was hired as a servant, and here she remained.

Molly worked well and learned many things; her employers were friendly and found her work. They were perched up so high on the mountain that they seemed to live beside the sun; the air they breathed was so sweet, and the active life they led so healthful, that Molly grew strong in body and cheerful in mind, and could romp with her master's children and mock the larks with her singing, for the children's delight. By winter-time she had spun herself a peasant's dress of crimson flannel, with knitted blue worsted stockings for her feet.

The third year had begun, when on an autumn day John Haverty walked the hills with his black-thorn in hand, seeking this herd, who had charge of many cattle, wanting to put a flock under his care. Coming round a heathery rock very high in the blue air he met Molly face to face, coming along the narrow path with a bundle of purple heath on her shoulder. Molly herself, but bright, sunburnt, and buxom; hardly a trace of the old Molly left to know her by.

"Molly!" cried Haverty.

"Yes," said Molly.

He caught her hand in delight.

"No," said Molly, drawing it away, and with a proud lip. "Ye mustn't shake hands with a thief."

"Look here!" said John. "Do ye think I ever believed you lyin' ruffian?"

"It was no lie, though," said Molly, hanging her head. "It was thrue."

"Whisht! avourneen," said Haverty. "An' what if ye did? Is it for the stalin' o' a rag o' a coat you'd make such a murther, an' you hungry, or—or somethin', I'll be bound?" he added, hesitatingly, with a pathetic look of appeal to her for a justification of herself.

"I was starved!" sobbed Molly, "an' my father was dyin' an' callin' for what I hadn't to give him. I never was taught any betther; but I've saved up the price o' the coat—all my wages these years—an' you'll give it to him, plase, when ye see him again. An' when you talk to yer wife about me don't call me Molly the thief, nor Molly the thramp, but just a friend o' yours that ye were kind to when she was in throuble."

"I have no wife," said Haverty, "an' I'll never have wan but you."

John Haverty had his will, for they were married the next morning on their way home to the snug farm-house in a nest of trees where Haverty lived with his mother. Darby, the drover, was paid to hold his tongue, and no one else dared believe a word against Haverty's wife; and Haverty's wife and the motherly woman are bosom friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel?

PRINTERS' COMMANDMENTS.

Thou (especially the ladies) shalt love the printer, for he loveth you mostly.

Thou shalt subscribe to his paper, for he seeketh much to obtain the news, of which you remain ignorant.

If a business man, thou shalt advertise, that thus thy profits may enable thee not only to pay for thy paper, but put money in thy purse.

Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his office rules, that he may not hold thee guilty.

Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the compositor, for he will not hold thee blameless.

Thou shalt not read the news before it is printed, for he will give it to thee in due time.

Thou shalt not at any time send abusive or threatening letters to the editor, nor cowhide him more than five times a year.

Thou shalt not write communications on both sides of the paper, for the editor needeth the other side to write his editorials upon.

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?" "Thin," replied the other; "botheration, I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

NINE HOURS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

By Day.

Four of smoking, two of drinking,
Three of loafing—none of thinking.

By Night.

Two of sleeping, four of scratching,
Three of searching—none of catching.

Justice to Scotland.—We have heard that there has been difficulty in settling the question how to arrange a Scottish Valhalla. Scotch theology stops the way. But could not something be done by giving eminent Scotchmen an ode in the Temple of Fame?

Keeping her Word.—A young lady having promised her grandma that she would never marry a certain fellow "on the face of the earth," repaired with him, after the old lady's death, to the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and was married underground.

"Black Stockings of *all colors*," were lately advertised in a country newspaper.

A Tax No One Likes.—Attacks on one's purse.

Put the strongest-minded woman in a bonnet shop and it will instantly turn her head.

"You a dentist, Bob? I did not know you were in that trade." "Yes," said Bob, "I follow no other business but setting teeth—in beef, potatoes, bread, and such like."

How like is this picture; you'd think that it breathes;
What life! what expression! what spirit!
It wants but a tongue. "Alas!" said the spouse,
"That want is its principal merit."

"I've buried my best [illegible]d," as the undertaker said when he interred the [illegible]k doctor.

"Of what [illegible]ses?" exclaimed a petulant [illegible] to Dr. [illegible], "you can not deny that they are mere empty things." "Well, my friend, and so are barrels, but, nevertheless, they have their uses," quietly replied the doctor.

If any one wishes to know
The best way to worry a foe,
Don't go to impeaching his aims;
Don't call him opprobrious names;
Don't say that he tipples or games;
Don't twit him with dyeing his hair;
Don't sneer at his "2:40 mare;"
Don't threaten his limbs or his life;
Don't laugh at his daughter or wife;
Don't tell him to "look in the glass;"
Don't call him a fool or an ass;
Don't tell him he rides very ill;
Don't dun him with that "little bill;"
Don't snub him, or slap him, or k[illegible];
Don't stab him, or stick him, or lick him;
There's a crueler trick to employ:
Give a drum to his favorite boy.

Sporting Extraordinary.—The following story is told of a gentleman well known in sporting circles. Being mounted on his thorough-bred hunter, on which he had backed himself to take any thing, he rode up to an *unfurnished five-storied house* and *took it*. Both horse and rider returned home in perfect safety.

A cooper who was in need of hoop-poles hired a man to furnish him with some. "Where can I get 'em?" questioned the man. "Any where; steal 'em if you can't do better." The hoop-poles were furnished and paid for, when the cooper happened to inquire of the seller where he got them. "Stole 'em, as you told me to," was the answer. "Where did you steal 'em?" "Oh, up in your woods," returned the man, jingling his profits.

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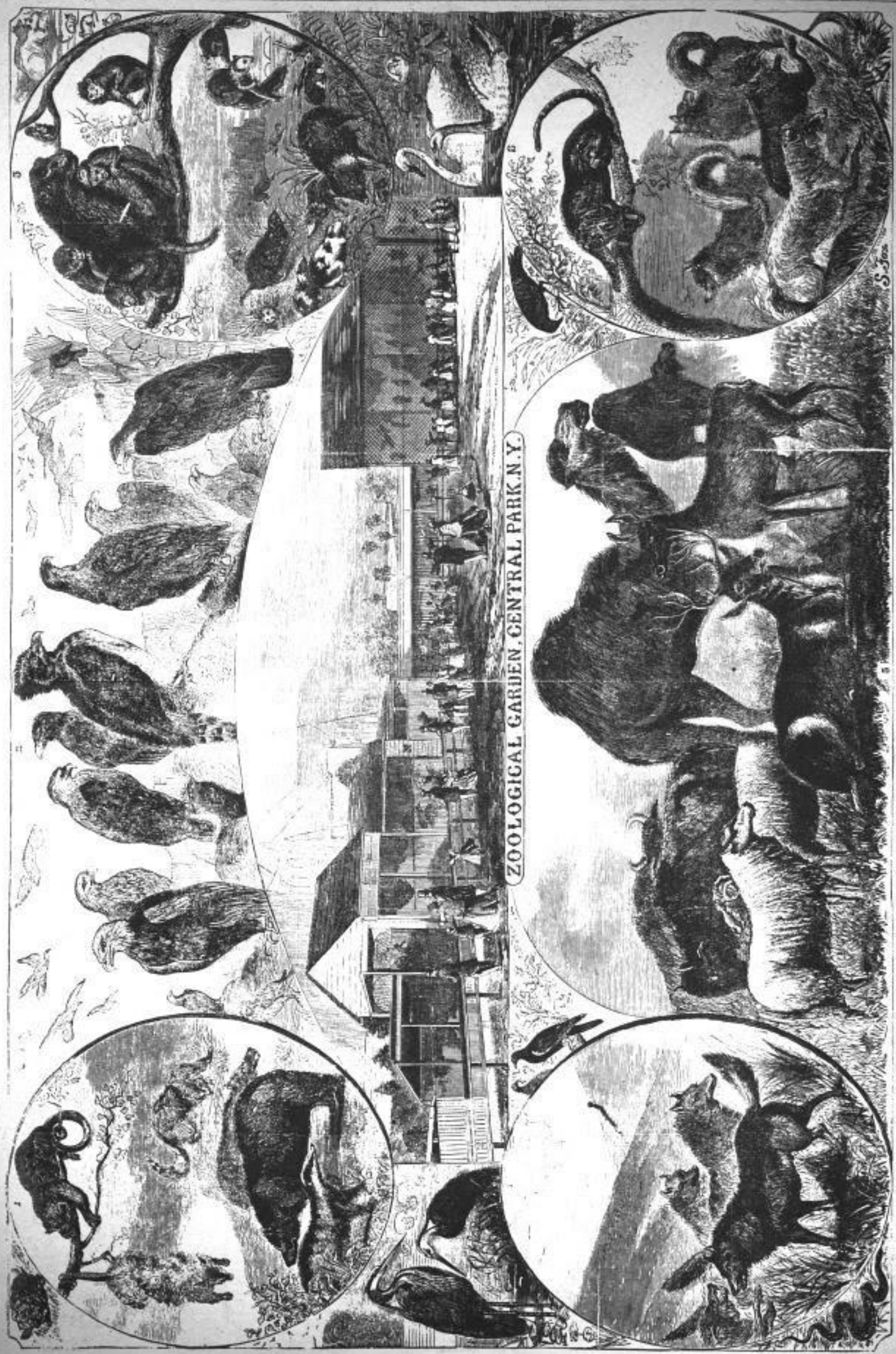

1. Kinkajou, Raccoon, Opossum, American Bears, Badger.—2. Great Harpy Eagle, American Eagles.—3. Baboons, Monkeys, Squirrels, Peccary, Guinea Pigs, Prairie Dogs, Rabbits.—4. Prairie Wolves.—5. Camels, Buffaloes, Sheep, Deer.—6. Cockit, Silver-Gray Fox, Esquimaux Dogs.

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THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

WE present in this issue the portraits of the members of BRYANT, STRATTON, & CO.'s International Business College Convention, recently assembled in Convention at Cleveland, Ohio. This association of Colleges, as will be seen in the engraving, embraces nearly all the leading cities in the United States and Canada. The purpose of the Association is to combine the best talent in the country in perfecting and putting in practice a system of business education which shall be commensurate with the public demands. The enterprise was inaugurated by Messrs. BRYANT & STRATTON, in the city of Cleveland, in 1853, and has met with a success altogether unprecedented. In fact, through the individual instructions, and the admirable text-books which these gentlemen have produced, the scope and limits of a purely business education have been as clearly defined as those of law, medical, and theological schools; and it is becoming almost as necessary that a young man, in fitting himself for business, should graduate at one of these Colleges, as that a contestant for professional honors and success should take a preliminary course in an institution specially devoted to the studies incidental to such profession.

The great interest which at present this subject is creating in the public mind renders this recognition of the leading enterprise eminently proper.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

THE threatening aspect of affairs on our western frontiers leads us to illustrate on page 644 some features incident to a trip across the Plains. In regard to these sketches we shall let the artist speak in his own words:

"Our party of eight (including three artists) had quite an adventurous trip over the Plains. One of our mishaps I have sketched; it is entitled 'Storm on the Plains.' A hurricane took down our tents and blew over heavy loaded wagons, on the night of the 9th June, near Cottonwood, Nebraska. Fortunately no serious damage resulted to any one, though many in the train were badly frightened. Pond says that just as he was crawling out of the tent his ears were saluted by a piercing wail and the pathetic cry of 'Oh, have you seen my baby?' He looked back and saw the tent down with his wife under it, turned his head, and lo! over went our wagon with the horses down under it; and here was a woman before him wringing her hands and screaming for her baby. 'Les joyeuses' are our ladies who, doffing fashionable attire, have enlivened the camp by their cheerful presence, and have made us, hungry, tired souls, much happiness with appetizing cookery. Though you have published one or two street scenes in Denver I send the one herewith, which gives a good view of the mountains beyond. It is a different view from any hitherto published, and I think from a better point.

"'Fort Wicked,' Colorado, is noted as the ranche where a brave man and wife named GODFREY held over two hundred Indians at bay for two days during the troubles last year—killing many and wounding others, and finally driving them off.

"The tide of emigration and enterprise is setting Westward at an astonishing rate, yet it is not to be wondered at when one sees the immense wealth of this region. Denver, a city of seven thousand inhabitants, is well built, and is the commercial centre of a mining region where already over twenty millions of capital are invested in quartz mills and the like. It hardly needs the eye of a prophet to discern that as the prospective terminus of the Eastern Branch of the grandest national highway of the world—the railroad to the Pacific—and as the great outfitting place for trains for Montana, Idaho, and Utah, its growth must be rapid and its destiny that of a great city.

"Messrs. BAYARD TAYLOR, WM. H. BEARD, WHITTREDGE, and Major-General POPE, are traversing this region. I have only met BEARD; but expect to meet him and Mr. TAYLOR in the South Park, whither I am now journeying.

"By courtesy of FRED ECKFELDT, Esq., Melter and Refiner, United States Branch Mint, at Denver, I was shown through all the departments of that establishment, and send a sketch of the Assay Room."

THE RACES AT JEROME PARK.

THE Americans have at last got a Derby of their own. A national course under the direction of "The American Jockey Club" has been organized at Fordham, Westchester County, New York, which has been laid out and finished in a complete and judicious manner, both as to the track, the stands, and the stables. The aim of the American Jockey Club is not simply to render horse-racing permanent at Jerome Park, but to dignify it, and insure the improvement of horses and the elevation of the public taste as to horse-racing generally. At the head of this laudable enterprise are gentlemen of the highest social position—such men as AUGUST BELMONT, LEONARD W. JEROME (from whom the Park is named), W. BUTLER DUNCAN, J. F. PURDY, and W. R. TRAVERS. Horse-racing is inevitable, and we are glad that this attempt has been made to give it dignity and to remove from it many of its degrading associations. An important feature of Jerome Park is the arrangement which has been made for the presence of ladies, and which secures them from all intrusion as effectually as if they were at a matinée in their own drawing-rooms.

The establishment of Jerome Park will inaugurate a new era not only in horse-racing but also in horse-breeding.

"From the most reliable statistics," says JOHN R. IRVING, Secretary of the American Jockey Club, "we may set it down in round numbers that there are now, in the different States, four millions five hundred thousand horses—including, of course, thorough-breds. Now some of these command a high price. I know that $20,000 was once offered to my much-loved, valued, honored friend, Colonel HAMPTON, for Monarch, and refused. Priam cost a great deal more than this to import him. Kentucky, the invincible Kentucky, the noblest son of his noble sire, from the high reputation he has won for himself during his distinguished career on the turf, could command any price his fortunate owner thought proper to value him at. But $7000 is frequently given for colts and fillies of promise, in their three-year-old form; but putting all the horses down at the low estimate of $75 per head, even at this low rate of $75 per head, would make the prodigious amount of their value $337,500,000, or more than *three times* the whole cotton and woolen manufacturing *capital of the Union*.

"May we not contend with reason, then, that the breeding of fine horses, and the institution that more immediately promotes it, namely, *the Turf*, is a most important one to the prosperity of the whole country, and ought to be encouraged and patronized very universally by all classes and conditions of men?"

Mr. IRVING gives the following description of the Park:

"This race-track is located on the old Bathgate Farm, near Fordham, Westchester County, State of New York, on the road leading from Kingsbridge, and comprises some 230 acres.

"The land is of somewhat peculiar formation: the valley through which the Croton Aqueduct is brought into the city of New York runs through the centre of the farm, and is bounded on the sides by hills of some fifty feet in height, with a bluff or spur jutting out in about the centre, on which bluff the old homestead was situated.

"This formation made it necessary to have a track of somewhat novel shape, with a straight stretch and two curves skirting the foot of the bluff, and by placing the grand stand on the straight stretch, the whole course is brought under immediate view, as the track at the foot of the bluff is only about sixty feet distant from the home stretch.

"The course is about a quarter of a mile from the main road, and the main entrance to the course is on the new avenue now building, 100 feet in width, from the Central Bridge over the Harlem River, and extending on the east side of and through the farm.

"The grand stand is on the east side of the course, and is 400 feet in length, by 45 feet in width, with two tiers or galleries of seats, and will accommodate 5000 persons. The stand is divided into three sections; the centre one of which is exclusively for the members of the Club and their families—the other sections are for the public.

"The front facing the track presents an open colonnade, two stories high, supported by ornamental iron columns, surmounted by a cornice and pediments on the centre, and each end presenting a very airy and unique appearance.

"The galleries are fitted up with comfortable seats, from all of which a perfect view of the course and surrounding grounds is obtained.

"Immediately opposite the stand, on the bluff above-mentioned, are the Club grounds, on which are the Club-house and other buildings, for the exclusive use of the members of the Club, including an observatory some fifty feet in height.

"The stands for judges, time-keepers, starters, and for the accommodation and convenience of the gentlemen of the press, are in keeping with the style of the grand stand.

"At the north of and adjoining the grand stand is an open stand to accommodate 2500 persons, and also several private boxes, having a perfect view of the home stretch.

"Farther up the valley to the north, and in view of the stand, are located the stables for the accommodation of seventy horses, which are built in detached groups; each stable containing ten stalls, of twelve by sixteen feet each, and surrounded by sheds ten feet in width—also kitchens for the accommodation of trainers and others—adjoining the stables is a half mile exercising track.

Jerome Park was inaugurated by the celebration of its first horse-races on the 25th of September. General GRANT and Madame RISTORI were present, and there was a large and enthusiastic concourse of spectators. The inauguration race was won by Kentucky, owned by J. HUNTER, against Fleetwing, Onward, and Idlewild. It was a four-mile heat, and was run by Kentucky in 7.35.

The opening day was fine; but the remaining races had to be postponed, on account of the rain which set in the next day, until the following week.

BOATS ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE.

OUR engraving shows the manner in which boats are drawn when the wind is unfavorable. Those with sails set are progressing in the other direction. To see these men laboring along in the scorching heat of the sun, hauling their boats, is sufficient proof that white men can work in the South as well as negroes. Besides these Acadian boatmen of the bayous I saw other white men at work in this part of Louisiana; these were making sugar on their own plantations, and told me they stood it very well. People unaccustomed to the climate would probably grow sick, from the continual heat and dampness of the atmosphere; but it is certain that the whites born here can work in the fields if they choose.

A. R. W.

ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION OF CENTRAL PARK.

THE collection of animals at the New York Central Park, of which we give an illustration on page 652, has been for years steadily increasing until it now numbers nearly 800 specimens. Of these 502 are birds. There are eight specimens of the monkey, of which two are chacma baboons. The collection includes two American bears, two raccoons, five prairie wolves, two silver-gray foxes, quite a number of squirrels, white rats and white mice, an American beaver, English and Turkish rabbits, Guinea pigs, elk and deer, sheep of the finest breed, and a few buffaloes. Among the birds are eagles, hawks, and owls; pelicans, swans, bitterns; peacocks, pigeons, larks, parrots, and wild ducks. Besides these there are of the reptile class twenty-three specimens, including alligators and several varieties of the tortoise.

These animals have been presented to the Park Commissioners by private individuals for the most part, but some of the swans were presented by European cities. Thus the Senate of the city of Hamburg presented to them on one occasion twelve and on another ten white swans. Twenty-four swans were donated by the "Worshipful Company of Vintners" of London, and twenty-six more by the "Worshipful Company of Dyers" of the same city.

This collection, already one of great interest, is but the nucleus of what will in time become the Great Zoological Garden of America. Our illustration, drawn by STANLEY FOX, includes specimens of all the most interesting varieties of this zoological collection as it now exists.

A MAN WITH A LARGE FAMILY.

THE Old Woman who lived in a Shoe is the traditional representative of the parent afflicted with a large family. The Old Woman might have had seventy children; perhaps she had more; certainly she had so many "she didn't know what to do." There is a man in Bristol, however, who beats the Old Woman out of sight in respect to the number of his family. How many has *he*, then? the reader will ask. Well, to reply with the same precision of language as was used by the member of Parliament who, not being familiar with the principles of Euclid, once described a rent in a ship's side as "about as long as a bit of string," it may be said that George Müller of Bristol has more than a mile of children. Place them in a line, with a couple of yards between each of them, and then count up what space will be covered by one thousand one hundred and fifty children—that being the number for which George Müller has to provide daily. It is considered a large family when fifteen sit down to table; but eleven hundred and fifty! That is something like a family. What a fortune the man must have to fill so many mouths! It is a respectable colony that has to be dealt with! Eleven hundred and fifty dinners for three hundred and sixty-five days a year; ditto breakfasts and teas; eleven hundred and fifty children to clothe and to educate! Then they live in houses which are more like castles than ordinary dwellings. Beds for eleven hundred and fifty; school-rooms for eleven hundred and fifty; play-rooms for eleven hundred and fifty; nurseries for a large portion of the eleven hundred and fifty; play-grounds for those who are old enough to dance on the spring-board or swing on the round-about, and toys for the little ones. Then there is an army of nurses, and teachers, and servants. Again the reader will say: "What a fortune the man must have!" The surmise is entirely erroneous. George Müller is a poor man. He has nothing but what people choose to give him, and the rule of his life is never to ask any body for any thing, and never to publish the name of any body who gives him any thing. What! A poor man keep eleven hundred and fifty children in these handsome dwellings, feed them, clothe them, and educate them? Preposterous! So it would appear; and yet it is not preposterous, when the matter is explained, although it may have something of the wonderful and even of the miraculous in it.

George Müller, whose name will probably hereafter be identified with orphanages as the name of Robert Raikes is identified with Sunday-schools, is a Prussian by birth, having been born at Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in 1805. His father was a collector of excise for the Prussian Government. In 1829 Mr. Müller came to England, with the intention of becoming a missionary in connection with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. This connection, however, never was formed, and he became the minister of a small congregation of "Brethren" at Teignmouth. In 1832 he went to Bristol, and with Henry Craik, the eminent Hebrew scholar, became a minister among the Brethren there. These co-workers stipulated that they should have no fixed salary—a practice which Mr. Müller adopted at Teignmouth; and from that day to this Mr. Müller has never had any salary, although he has preached regularly in Bristol for over thirty-four years. A man who has no means, who declines to accept a salary, and who also makes it a fixed rule of life never to ask any body for any thing, is in rather a peculiar position. Mr. Müller, having adopted this course, had nothing to depend upon but what people who knew his habits chose to give him. One person would send him a present of a hat; another would send him a suit of clothes; and it happened at times that these precarious gifts did not always come exactly when they were wanted, and Mr. Müller occasionally was dressed in the reverse of what is called "the extreme of fashion." Still he preached cheerfully; and shortly before 1836, notwithstanding the fact that many a time he had not sixpence in the world, he conceived the idea that it was his duty to do something in the way of providing for poor orphans who had lost both father and mother by death. Accordingly, on the 11th of April, 1836, he fitted up the house he was then living in at No. 6 Wilson Street, Bristol, for thirty orphans, who were to be supported in exactly the same way as himself—that is, by the bounty of donors, who under no circumstances were asked for any thing, and whose names, whether they gave much or little, were never published. Viewed as an ordinary attempt to provide for orphans, this was an extraordinary experiment. What followed is a perfect romance of faith and benevolence. Often, after Mr. Müller had filled his house with orphans, he was reduced to the last extremity to provide for them. Sometimes he had to sell furniture to supply them with food. He made it a rule never to go into debt, and to pay for every thing as it was bought; and many a time at the close of the day he had no money for next day's supplies. Still the orphans never went without either food or without ample clothing. The struggles were extraordinary; and the manner in which the extreme necessities of the hour were frequently met is one of the most singular stories that ever was written. Mr. Müller was an enthusiast in the work he had undertaken; and believing that all his needs were supplied in answer to prayer he went on increasing his accommodation for orphans. According to all ordinary calculations he had gone too far with his practical philanthropy; but as there were still more and more orphans brought to him he took them in, and then his house got too small to hold them. He was almost overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties, but instead of being dismayed he took another house. The two houses became too small for his ever-increasing family, and he took a third house, and then a fourth. Into these four houses his family of orphans increased to one hundred and eighteen; and as the number continued to increase Mr. Müller decided to build a large house, in which he could place all the orphans together. He selected a site at Ashley Down, about two miles from Bristol, and the land and building cost over fifteen thousand pounds. Still he never asked for any money. People began to know the work he was engaged in, for they could see the orphans and the magnificent house which had been built for them.

The New Orphan House at Ashley Down was intended for three hundred and thirty orphans. Like the four rented houses in Wilson Street, however, this vast establishment soon became too small. Then Mr. Müller built a second house for four hundred more orphans; but after both houses were filled orphans were still brought from all parts of the country to Mr. Müller's doors; and seeing that his accommodation was still too small, he erected a third house to hold four hundred and fifty more orphans. These three houses are now full. The expenses in connection with them last year—independent of the cost of building and furnishing—was over twelve thousand pounds, this being the current annual expense. Mr. Müller adheres to his old plan: nobody is asked for any help, and all this money comes up annually. There is no regular list of contributors, as in connection with other institutions. Since Mr. Müller commenced the orphanage work he has received for the orphans the extraordinary sum of £233,485, 11s. 1¼d. He publishes strictly-kept accounts; but whether a donor gives a penny or a thousand pounds no name is given. It is no uncommon thing to see in these reports gifts of £1000, £2000, £3000, and upward; and the only indications of the personality of the donors are a couple of initial letters.

In the reception of the orphans there is no sectarian distinction whatever, and without favor or partiality the orphans are received in the order in which application is made for them. No interest is required to get a child admitted; the only limit is the accommodation. Some time ago Mr. Müller found that his three large houses, built for eleven hundred and fifty orphans, were full; and he has commenced the erection of a fourth, which is to be followed by a fifth. When these new houses are completed there will be accommodation for two thousand orphans.

The institution has already become more than national. It is known in all parts of the world, as we may see by the list of contributions received during the last year. These contributions include donations from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, from the East Indies, from Australia, from Natal, from Demerara, from New Zealand, the United States, Gibraltar, the Cape of Good Hope, and many other places. The donations vary from a few coppers saved by an errand-boy to a thousand pounds. Some people send jewelry to be sold for the benefit of the orphans, others send various articles of clothing, and others send money. Thousands upon thousands of pounds in cash and notes have been dropped anonymously into Mr. Müller's letter-box. The donors who reside in Bristol have before them the great work; and the New Orphan Houses being open to the public on certain days in the week, they are visited by persons from all parts of the country.

The three houses now in operation contain, as already stated, eleven hundred and fifty orphans. Each of the houses is built on the very best principles to insure the health of the inmates. The various rooms are heated by steam, and the ventilation being excellent, the rate of mortality among the children is very low. The girls are trained for servants, and remain in the institution till they are eighteen or nineteen years of age; the boys remain till they are fourteen, when they are sent out as apprentices to such trades as they may select. It is an interesting sight to see so many orphans well cared for; but when it is known how they are provided for—nobody ever being solicited by the founder of the institution to give any thing—Mr. Müller and his large family give a complete answer to the cynics who assume that ostentation is in some way or other mixed up with the world's charity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CAN we find any but political news to present to the readers of the "Gossip?" The journals of the day are overflowing with matter pertaining to the "Political Campaign," and quite a sifting process is necessary to obtain items which are not tinctured with "Constitutional Amendment," "My Policy," "Action of Congress," "Objections to Amendment," "Amendment and the South," "Supporters of Constitutional Amendment," and topics of similar import. The speech of Senator So-and-So on the Situation, and the announcement that Mr. What's-his-name is not a Candidate, are just now facts of vital importance to—those concerned. We do not ordinarily give political news in our column; yet this is not because we fancy our readers—especially the ladies—are not interested in the final issue of the great questions of the day. What concerns our country concerns us all; and we do not believe there are many in our land, even among the most fashionable and careless fair ones, who would say, with a certain poet:

"Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen;
Secrets of State no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show."

On the contrary, the great political questions which are constantly agitating our country as a whole, are enthusiastically discussed by all classes, as individuals, each one enjoying freedom of thought and speech. Yet, although no one is amenable to another in regard to opinion, there is a higher law which should govern all; and no one has a right to be on the wrong side in moral questions—and many of our political questions are moral ones.

We can not forbear quoting some expressive lines, written by a lady, whose views, in so far as therein exhibited, are worthy to be adopted:

"When a patriot falls must he fall in the battle,
Where the cannon's loud roar is his only death-rattle?

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"There's a warfare where none but the morally brave
Stand nobly and firmly their country to save,
'Tis the war of opinion, where few can be found
On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground,
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes,
Who are prowling about them and aiming their blows."

At the recent Convention of Sailors and Soldiers, held at Pittsburg, many thousand warriors, heroes of many battles, from the highest officer down to the drummer-boy, responded to what they regarded as another call of their country, left their peaceful homes, and met together with flag, and banner, and various insignia of battle—although the battle in prospect was only one of opinion. Many a hero, maimed in his country's cause, enthusiastically proved at that Convention that, even though minus arm or leg, he had lost none of his keen interest in his country's welfare.

The war on thieves, commenced by the city authorities about a couple of months ago, still continues with unabated vigor. Although many, having become frightened, have left the city, enough remain to render watchfulness needful, especially as some of the more fashionable thieves, who have been securing booty at various watering-places and other summer resorts, have now returned to their ordinary field of operations.

This is a specially interesting year to all who are in any way connected with American Methodism. Throughout the country an enthusiastic benevolence has been awakened in the Methodist denomination to mark this Centennial year by extensive free-will contributions to important objects outside their usual charities. The Centenary Fund, which is largely designed for educational purposes, has been increased from time to time in a most liberal spirit. At the recent Centenary Jubilee of American Methodists, held at the Cooper Institute in this city, one of the most generous subscriptions ever known in the history of Methodism was taken up. It amounted to $613,480.

The making of paper collars is a very flourishing and important branch of business. It is said that there is at the present time about $20,000,000 invested in the manufacture of paper collars and cuffs; and from 3000 to 5000 persons are furnished employment in this business. Unfortunately, a quarrel has arisen among them, and there is a prospect that the lawyers will absorb a good share of the profits. The quarrel hinges upon patents. The validity of certain patents will be contested by the opposing parties; and it is quite likely the courts of the land will have to devote most of their spare time to the matter for some years to come.

REVELATIONS EXTRAORDINARY.—The *Times* announces that

"On Monday, October 8, there will be a partial eclipse of the sun, which will be visible in New England and in that part of the State of New York which is northeast of a line drawn on a map from the city of Rochester to the Light-house on Fire Island, Long Island."

What sun is to be eclipsed is not stated, but we presume it is to be *Johnson*; as we believe an eclipse of that luminary commenced in New England not long ago, and has been making itself perceptible in the *Times* office lately. If otherwise understood the intelligence given would be truly distressing, as the *Times* proceeds to say:

"This eclipse will be *the last of the sun visible* in the United States, until the magnificent one of August 7, 1869."

[Or are we to understand that old Sol himself is to be taken in for repairs, and that we are to be "under a cloud" for three years, when we shall receive a "reconstructed" sun, magnified? No. It is obvious that a political prediction is intended, for the *Times* continues:]

"—when the shadow of the moon will pass over and produce a total eclipse in part of seven States."

What fine distinction is intended by the phrase "total eclipse in part," we can not say; but the seven States eclipsed are evidently seven States which will reject the Congressional Amendment, and which will be "totally excluded, in part," from the Union, by the Thirty-first Congress.

The Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks, whose death recently occurred in this city, made many valuable contributions to literature during his life of nearly three-score years and ten. Several local and historical works were prepared by him; and under the nom de plume of "Uncle Philip," he, at various times, issued through the Harpers a number of volumes of juvenile works.

Madame Ristori lately appeared in a very pleasant private character. Having learned of the peculiar misfortunes and destitute circumstances of the Italian family in Elm Street, whose case has attracted so much attention recently, she paid them a visit of condolence and sympathy last week, and after giving them something for temporary relief, Madame Ristori told the mother that she should place for their benefit a fund in the hands of some party, who would invest it for their best interest. The visit of the noted actress was soon noised about the locality, and an immense crowd gathered about the premises, giving the lady a hearty salutation as she drove away from the scene.

A letter from Lucerne, in the Cologne *Gazette*, says: "Rarely has such a month of August been witnessed in Switzerland. In the Bernese Oberland the smallest stream has become a torrent from the heavy rain. The Rhigi and Mount Pilate offer magnificent cascades, such as are not mentioned in any guide-book, and the tops of these mountains are covered with snow as in the middle of winter." Abundance of rain and cold weather seem to have prevailed every where. A letter from Maine has just come to hand, from which we give an extract indicating the state of the atmosphere in that section of the country:

"I arrived here Friday night. It was very cold then, and it has been growing more and more intensely frigid every day since. The only redeeming feature about the weather is, that (as we say in January) it has been 'warm enough to rain;' and which it has continued to do vigorously ever since I came, with only one or two short hold ups just to take breath. As regards the weather this morning, I have not had the courage to go and examine. From the pattering up against the windows, I should judge, however, that it might 'set in,' by-and-by, and be cloudy!

"Saturday the exercises consisted principally in my taking a severe cold (first appearance in such a character for a year). This little investment I doubled at the Old South Church next morning. A. has a 'slight cold.' E. mentioned this morning that she had a 'slight cold;' and from a pretty wide range of observation, during my limited visit here, coupled with considerable research and inquiry, I incline to the opinion that a person isn't well in this latitude unless he or she has a 'slight cold.' The system seems to require it here: it is a normal condition of health. And if a person should wake up some morning and find himself minus this indispensable attachment he should at once consult the nearest regular physician. Instances of his kind, however, are very rare in this section."

Letters from Council Grove, Kansas, state that recently a tremendous shower of grasshoppers visited that place, completely filling the air as high as one could see, and looking like a driving snow-storm. In a few moments the ground, trees, bushes, and every thing green was completely covered. In less than two hours the leaves of trees, bushes, corn, and every thing green was devoured. This is about as bad as one of the plagues of Egypt in olden times.

A Mrs. Carson died recently in Georgia aged 103 years, 4 months, and 3 days. She had cut three sets of teeth, the last being small, and like a squirrel's. Up to six years ago she would walk two or three miles with the greatest ease. About eight years ago her sight failed; but when she cut her last set of teeth, about two years ago, it improved very much. Her eldest son died in Louisiana a few months ago, at the age of 81 or 82 years.

Cockroaches are a terrible nuisance in the city. All sorts of poisons and powders are used for their extermination, which, in general, are only partially successful. An English paper gives the following "effectual mode" of destroying them; and though we can not recommend it as being a *convenient* method, it certainly has the claim to *originality*:

A gentleman in Rothesay, whose kitchen used to be nightly overrun by cockroaches, procured a hedgehog and fed it on porridge and milk, allowing it a snug corner near the hearth for a lodging, as the creature is fond of heat. In a few nights the kitchen was quite rid of the insects. He had the curiosity to watch its proceedings. When the house was quiet, and the floor was covered with the insects, the hedgehog would issue from its hiding place—a recess under the oven in the kitchen grate, and—clumsy though the animal looks—with the agility of a cat pounced upon its prey one by one till it had finished the mortal career of all in sight. Having thus killed them the hedgehog commenced to eat them up at its leisure. Although a very timid animal, it would venture out in the presence of any one who sat still and did not disturb it.

The following graphic account of a case of assault, recently brought before the Court of Special Sessions, occurs in one of the daily newspapers. We commend it to the notice of any of the legal profession who are about issuing Law Reports:

"It seems that Mrs. C. had a little dog in her lap, when Mrs. B. came and kicked the dog; and when Mrs. C. expostulated with Mrs. B. Mrs. B. threatened to kick Mrs. C., as well as the little D. Accordingly, Mrs. B. did pitch into Mrs. C. and the little D., and Mrs. C. brought Mrs. B. into court. The little D., not having been subpoenaed, was not present. Judgment suspended."

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

[From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 512.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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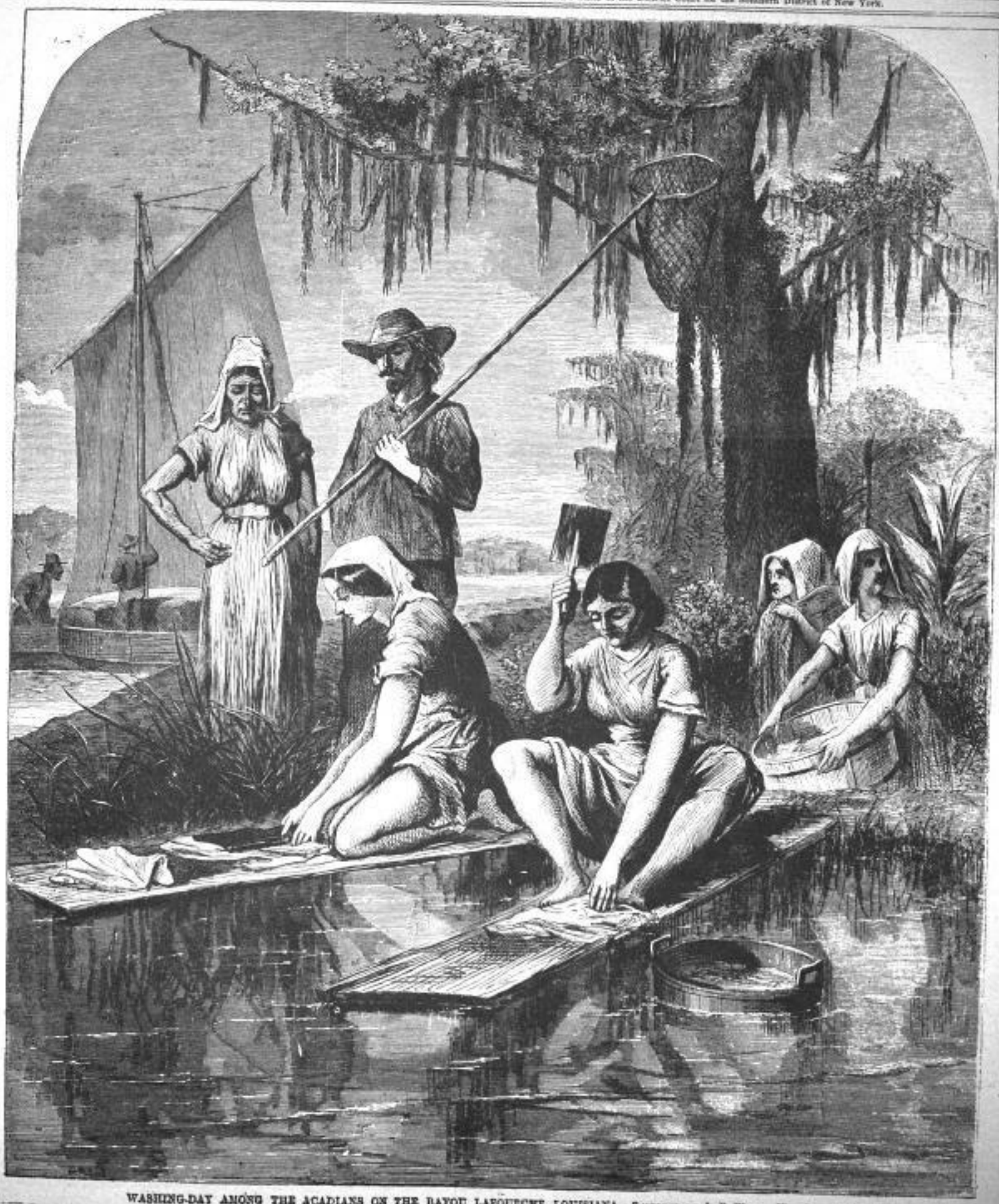

WASHING-DAY AMONG THE ACADIANS ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 678.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 20, 1866.

THE NEW ORLEANS REPORT.

THE Report of the military board of inquiry into the New Orleans riot confirms the opinion which every intelligent reader had formed from the facts published at the time. It was a preconcerted massacre of white and colored Union men by late rebel soldiers, with the assistance of the mob and the police, under the general direction of Mayor Monroe, who, while an unpardoned rebel, was elected to his office, and was pardoned by President Johnson expressly that he might assume it. The facts of the case are appalling. It is another of the tragical lessons which the people of this country can not safely disregard if they expect to restore public order and the authority of law. It shows us the imperative necessity of acting according to the facts, and not upon any general theory, however generous or plausible. The country must look the truth squarely in the face, and the truth is that the party which elected Monroe, and which planned and executed the fiendish slaughter in New Orleans, is the party with which the President and the Democratic party are allied, and which is again seeking the control of the Government. The success of the Democratic party would be the success of Mayor Monroe and the New Orleans conspirators; and whoever would not see a man like Monroe the chief magistrate of any city will not vote so as to put into power the party which palliates and defends his crimes.

Moreover, there is no reason to suppose that the bitterness and ferocity of feeling which is proved by this massacre to exist in one city is confined to that city. The riot at Memphis, if less elaborately organized, sprang from precisely the same spirit. The incredibly fierce tone of a large part of the newspapers in the late insurgent section, the private correspondence from that quarter of thousands at the North, universal experience and human nature itself, warn us that the worst of passions have survived actual hostilities, and that Generals Grant, Thomas, and Sheridan spoke merely the truth when they said that a military force must for a long time be maintained in that part of the country. Individual expressions of acquiescence are of little avail in the presence of the overwhelming evidence of the general hostile sentiment of the whole section. Any known Union man is, by the very nature of the case, a more competent witness of the actual condition of the South than any known late rebel. When an Alabama judge, like Mr. H. D. Clayton, lately a rebel general, in exhorting his fellow-citizens to their duty, tells them that they ought not to "sit down night and day cursing and gnawing their chains," but to conform to law, it is very evident that the spirit of the exhortation will hardly lead to a very hearty and zealous conformity. When the bench can express its acquiescence in no more satisfactory terms, the "bar" at the neighboring grocery will be very likely to do what it can to avenge its "chains;" and when Union men declare that they live in constant peril their testimony is confirmed by the tone of such an "acquiescing" judge.

Does it surprise any one who reads the Report of which we are speaking, and who reflects upon the state of society which it reveals, that the delegates to the Loyal Southern Convention at Philadelphia spoke and speak as they did? Governor Orr, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, and other late rebel leaders, who were sustained by the sympathy of their section during the war, and enjoyed the honors of the rebellion without the least apprehension of suffering after its overthrow either from the Government or from their neighbors, talk in very smooth and dainty phrase of acquiescence and forgetfulness and conciliation. But the men whom the rebels during the war hated and hunted, and whom after the war they still hate and persecute, may, it seems to us, be allowed a little rhetorical warmth in the expression of their feelings. They declare that in their judgment, if we would radically and rapidly establish order in the disturbed section, we must make the rebel chiefs ineligible to office and enfranchise all our friends of whatever color. That is the revolutionary and anarchical doctrine with which they are charged. The Report of the New Orleans Commission makes it seem simply common-sense.

It can not be doubted that the New Orleans massacre has done more than the abstract argument of a year to impress the country with the conviction that we can not wisely hope for peace at the South so long as inequality of guarantees of personal and political liberty endure. That is the question which will now be steadily agitated until it is settled. The temper of the people at present inclines them to leave its solution to the necessary operation of the Constitutional Amendment. But the refusal of that measure will indicate a spirit with which the people will take the heroic method. The signs of this resolution are too plain to be avoided. The prompt adoption or refusal of the Amendment by the unrepresented States, after the elections show that it is the present essential condition of restoration, will serve as a test of the actual situation of those States. Their persistent refusal will show that the quality of their acquiescence has been misapprehended, and in the light of that knowledge the next step will be taken. If they adopt it, as we believe they will, the whole difficulty will be made more simple, and we shall be inclined to anticipate a speedy and happy settlement of every question. But, as we remarked last week, Congress has not tied its own hands, and there is no power which can bind them. We may be very sure that the new Congress will fully represent the sentiment of the country, and that its action will be truly the popular will.

The Report of the Commission leaves the tragical part of the President in the New Orleans massacre unchanged. Indeed, it serves only to confirm the conviction that he had already taken sides against the Convention, and was therefore unable to act wisely or humanely. Nothing is sadder than to observe, in this as in all passing events, his utter inability to comprehend the situation, or to give even a logical appearance to his own acts. Yet it is fortunate that the path of duty has been made so plain to the country. If the President had been a shrewd or reticent man; had he attempted the demoralization of the Union party with greater skill; had he protected the plainest rights of American citizens by defending the debates of the Convention at New Orleans, it might have been less clear to the popular mind than it now is that the total defeat of the party and the policy with which he is allied is essential to the national welfare.

SHORT CROPS.

As usual at this season there is an active amount of croaking about the crops. The rain has injured the wheat, and owing to cold weather in August the corn crop has not ripened. As for cotton, that crop is almost a failure. In some places the mischief is due to rain, in others to insects, in others to want of labor, in others to want of heat. Whatever the cause may have been the result is the same; the crop is far below general expectation. Some say 1,250,000 bales will be made; others not over 1,000,000. Altogether the prospect is blue.

This is what the newspapers tell us; and parties in the trade aver that their statements are correct.

Yet we have not the smallest hesitation in stating that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, there is not one atom of truth in all the stories of short crops.

It is quite likely that in some localities the cold weather of August and the wet weather of September may have injured the cereal crops. But if they injured the harvest in one meridian, they benefited it in another, and so the total damage done is nothing. This country is so large, and the land under cultivation so various, that it is hardly possible for the whole to be simultaneously affected by rain, or frost, or drought, or cold. Weather which would injure the wheat in Kentucky might help it in Minnesota; heat that would be fatal in Indiana would be just the thing for Wisconsin; rains that would be deplorable in Iowa would be very welcome in Southern Ohio. We have never had a full crop in this country, and probably never shall have one. If we ever have, the price of food will fall even lower than it ruled when corn went a-begging in Illinois at ten cents a bushel, and farmers on the prairies used it for fuel. Every year the crop fails in some localities owing to drought, or rain, or heat, or frost. The people of the blighted region set up a great howl over short crops; the newspapers re-echo the cry, and forth it goes to the world. How is it with more fortunate localities, where there is no shortcoming? They wisely hold their peace. They know that a prevailing belief in a short crop will insure them higher prices for their grain, and they would rather die than admit that in their region the harvest is a full average. Very often the cry of "short crop" is so loud and apparently general that a speculation in produce is based upon it. Then, especially, do the people of the prosperous regions forbear to let their good fortune be known. They are mute as field-mice. But when the country has been taught by the newspapers that a famine is impending, and the speculators have put prices up to a point which renders it profitable to import American wheat from Liverpool, these wary farmers have generally a fair supply to send to market—so much, in fact, as not unfrequently to break the speculators.

As to the cotton crop, we have no doubt but the original estimates of from two to two and a half millions of bales will be realized. Last year the soundest authorities refused to believe that the crop could amount to a million bales; yet over two millions came to market. At present the popular estimate, as we said, is 1,000,000 @ 1,250,000 bales. It is probably quite true, as alleged, that unfavorable weather has injured the crop in some localities. But the region in which cotton is grown, extending from the Atlantic sea-board to the American desert, and from the border of Mexico to the Ohio and the James rivers, is a pretty extensive country. There is room in that region for crop-failures in many counties without necessarily involving a falling off in the aggregate crop. We remember that even in 1860, when the crop exceeded 5,000,000 bales, there were localities which produced nothing. It must be remembered that, as with the food crop, it is the interest of all parties concerned to spread the belief that the cotton crop is short. A short crop means high prices. If Alabama can persuade the world that Mississippi will produce no cotton this year, she will get 30 per cent. more for her yield. Every story of unfavorable weather, or difficulty about labor, thrills the New York and Liverpool cotton markets, and puts money in the pocket of those who own cotton. The prevailing rumors of short crop must be read by the light of these facts.

For the rest, namely, the use which is being made of the cry of short crops in the gold market, quite a number of new considerations come into play. Gold has risen from 145 to 150, not so much on the belief in a short cotton and corn crop as upon the scarcity of gold at the financial centres, and the now general habit of importers to "hedge" against a decline in goods by short sales of gold. The custom among importers now is to sell at least half as much gold "short" as they have gold on hand. This, it is considered, places them in a conservative position. If gold falls, they make on their gold what they lose on their goods. If it rises, their goods rise in proportion. But meanwhile they are at the mercy of the operators of the Gold-Room, who, calculating to a fraction how much gold is afloat, and how much these importers require, can "corner" the market, and compel the shorts to pay them from ⅛ to ¼ per cent. a day for the use of gold for delivery. It would not be surprising if the speculators, using the manifest advantages of their position, should run up the premium four or five per cent. higher than it is; but it would be a mistake to ascribe the advance to a confirmation of the prevailing theory of short crops.

CIVIC REFORM IN NEW YORK.

It is a fatal objection to Mr. John T. Hoffman, Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, were all other wanting, that he is the candidate of the Ring which has made the name of New York city government a stench in the national nostrils. The vast corruption of the municipality is proverbial, and the Citizens' Association estimates that there are sixty thousand voters in the city who have an interest in maintaining it. If the estimate be correct nothing but a total revolution of public sentiment can save the city. Things will go from bad to worse until the city will be practically governed by the State. This is, of course, a purely abnormal condition. It is in conflict with the fundamental idea of popular government. But if your eyes are very weak indeed, you must sit in a very dark room and do as well as you can. When the city taxes consume all moderate incomes the citizens will gladly see the State coming to their relief.

At this moment the efficient departments in the city are under State control. The Police, the Fire Department, the new Sewerage, are managed by the State. Mayor Hoffman, in some fine phrases about the intelligence and energy of the city, protests. The Ring protests. The devourers of widows and orphans protest. The sharks and leeches, the thieves and bullies protest. But so long as the people of the city see that the municipal offices are the head-quarters of plunder, and that however honest a man the Mayor may be, he is the political associate of those who ravage the property of the people, they will not protest against the shield which the State offers for their protection.

The Citizens' Association professes to aim at a reform of these abuses, and it includes names of the highest respectability in its executive council and honorary council. But so long as the present party ascendency in the city continues we have little hope of a successful assault upon the present system of plunder. The Democratic majority in this city represents the worst elements of the population, and the agents of such a majority will generally represent its spirit. If the better class among the Democrats would emancipate themselves from the party tyranny for the purpose of civic reform there would be a fair prospect of improvement. But the party discipline has thus far proved too strong, and there are no special reasons why it should be relaxed. Even when a man of fair reputation, like Mr. Hoffman, is nominated for Mayor, it is simply an act of party drill. It is intended to hold the very votes which might rebel at a known corruptionist, with the purpose of securing the continued control of the Ring. Those who were persuaded of the patriotism of the Democratic party by its conduct during the war will perhaps believe in the honesty of municipal administration under Democratic rule; but we think no others will share their opinion.

The present palliative of the total local misgovernment of the city is Legislative interference; the ultimate remedy is the extinction of the Democratic party, which, however, will live longest at this point, because the conditions of its existence, ignorance and vice, are here most abundant.

LOUIS NAPOLEON UPON THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

There is a lull in exciting news from Europe, which is not disturbed by the circular of Louis Napoleon. Indeed, there is less curiosity now than formerly to know his opinions. The events of the summer have revealed Prussia as so united and powerful a kingdom that France has somewhat lost her conspicuous importance; and they have taught Europe and the world that as France is not the only great and united power, so Louis Napoleon is not the only shrewd and successful statesman of the times. He has certainly gained no prestige by his conduct during the late war. At its close Louis Napoleon finds the treaties of 1815, which he detests, at an end indeed, but not overthrown by him, nor overthrown in such a manner as to leave him master of the situation. It was, therefore, with a consciousness that he had a little lost consideration, and that there were those who actually believed him to have been snubbed by Bismarck, that the Emperor dismissed his minister of foreign affairs, summoned a new one to the post, and before he arrived issued a manifesto as a kind of political account current to show his estimate of the actual state of affairs.

In this circular there is nothing which is very new or very instructive. We are told that the treaties are gone, that Prussia has become the head of Germany, that Italy is a unit, that now perfect freedom of alliances remains to all the European powers, that France is satisfied and ought immediately to complete her military organization. All that is simply to say that there has been a new deal. But what the new game will be nobody can tell, and France will therefore be prepared for all kinds of emergencies.

This manifest is full of that vague rhetoric which is peculiar to the documents of French diplomacy. Commonplaces are stated with impressive solemnity, and platitudes with an imposing air of significance. "France" is constantly mentioned as an ideal existence of the most sensitive conscience and the loftiest pride. Its objects are simply human happiness. Its methods are touchingly honorable and moral. She "must always strive for moral and political aggrandizement by employing her influence for the great interests of civilization." To talk in this way is exquisitely ludicrous, because nobody is deceived and nobody supposes that any body is. "We knew that she knew and she knew that we knew that she knew," says the delightful author of "Cranford." It is precisely so with Louis Napoleon. While he withdraws from Mexico he treats mankind to these fine phrases; and mankind is supposed not to be seeing what he is doing because it is so busily believing what he is saying. But both he and mankind know perfectly well that, if he were meaning to fight to-morrow, Louis Napoleon would hold the same language.

From the Emperor's "elevated point of view" the horizon of Europe seems to be clear of "menacing eventualities." Peace has been secured without appeal to revolutionary passions, and such a peace must be durable. The moral of all this is that the war has ended without bringing France to the Rhine, and that she is to go thither, if at all, by negotiation. But of this nothing is directly said. That Louis Napoleon expected by remaining quiet during the war to push France to the Rhine can not be doubted. That, in common with the rest of Europe, he had no conception of the power and energy of Prussia the event shows. He is, therefore, exactly where he was before the war, with the general sense of his superior sagacity somewhat disturbed, and the general conviction of Bismarck's cleverness absolutely confirmed.

DANA'S WHEATON.

The subject of international law is one of universal interest: not merely, or even mainly, to the mere lawyer, since the great majority of lawyers never come professionally in contact with it, but to all who study public affairs, and desire to be in harmony with that world-wide sense of justice and moral right which is the foundation of international law. Mr. Wheaton's treatise on this great subject has long been a standard authority, as the fact of its having now reached its eighth edition would alone go far to prove. Not attempting to exhaust this department of the law, which might occupy many volumes of this size, Mr. Wheaton was satisfied to give a more comprehensive view of the elementary principles of his subject than could be found elsewhere in the English language.

The preparation of the last two editions of this valuable work was committed to a gentleman of some ability and great industry, who, however, labored under three serious defects—namely, prolixity, inaccurate acquaintance with syntax, and a violent partisanship, which, more-

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over, was all in favor of a policy which his country has irrevocably condemned. The political tone of the last edition of "Wheaton" makes the book as obsolete as if it were three hundred years old instead of three. It is virtually made such a special plea for the rebellion that the State Department, which had been in the habit of supplying copies to its diplomatic agents, refused to take any more, and the sale of the work was absolutely stopped.

It is a matter of gratification to every statesman, jurist, or student of public affairs, who cordially accepts the true national policy of America, that this favorite volume has been at length rescued from the blight under which it had fallen, and that the preparation of the new edition has been intrusted to one of so ripe a scholarship, so truly judicial a mind, and so loyal a heart as RICHARD HENRY DANA. He is the worthy successor of Mr. WHEATON and of Mr. EVERETT in the chair of International Law at Cambridge; and his personal character is so spotless that the attempt of Mr. WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE, the late editor of WHEATON, to sully it with a charge of the meanest and most stupid plagiarism, is merely contemptible. It is like accusing him of picking pockets. It is impossible to be gravely angry, for the utter absurdity of the charge. Since, however, Mr. LAWRENCE seriously undertakes to specify instances, and alleges that Mr. DANA appropriates his translated matter, we may mention that the most careful examination of the whole of Mr. DANA'S annotated matter reveals a translation of the same passage by both editors in two instances only, and in each there is an entire difference of language. This is an illustration of the force of Mr. LAWRENCE'S charge of literary fraud upon Mr. DANA. But the whole matter is exhaustively discussed in a note in the *North American Review* for October, to which we refer the reader.

Certain points of method are especially admirable in Mr. DANA'S edition. In the first place, he has done well to discard all Mr. LAWRENCE'S labor. In the next, he has rendered a substantial service by numbering the sections of the work continuously throughout. Again, his conciseness, which is at first sight rather startling, when compared with the overflowing margins and appendices of the previous editor, commends itself to the judgment, upon reflection, as in keeping with the general character of the book, which professes only to give the elements of international law.

But Mr. DANA'S labors have higher merits than these. His style is extremely graceful and clear. He makes no disguise of his sympathy with liberty and humanity, while every where maintaining a judicial impartiality in declaring the *law*. So in dealing with controversies between his own country and foreign governments he cautiously avoids indulging so far in sympathy with his own nation as to allow his statements to be biased or his judgment to be perverted. For these reasons his notes will be likely to command the same universal respect which has been paid to the original text.

Many of Mr. DANA'S notes will be found very interesting and instructive to general readers. We should mention particularly the notes on the Monroe Doctrine, on Naturalization, on the Impressment of Seamen, on the Slave Trade, on Privateering, on Neutrality laws, on the dispute between the British and American Governments concerning the course of the former during the war, and on Blockades. It is very satisfactory to be able to find such concise, lucid, and impartial statements of the facts and decisions in affairs of such importance.

We could wish that Mr. DANA had carried his revision of Mr. WHEATON'S work one step further, and conformed the mode of citation to the established usage of law-books. No lawyer is accustomed to cite a case as "Dodson, 1. 131. The Success." Mr. WHEATON, like some other eminent law-writers, was careless of these matters of detail; but so valuable a treatise should be made as perfect as possible.

A work like DANA'S Wheaton is a national benefit, for it is a work in which subjects of vast national importance are treated with a due sense of their gravity; with a candor which seeks the truth above all things; in a practical spirit which aims at substantial usefulness, and not merely at the demonstration of a theory; and finally, with a clearness and elegance which can not fail to charm the taste and reach the understanding of every intelligent reader. May the day soon come when all law-books shall be thus scientific without being uncouthly technical!

A NEW SANITARY COMMISSION.

It is clear that the enfranchisement of all the people of the Southern States upon equal terms, by whatever authority, can not be very long delayed; and the education of those people is, therefore, a matter of national interest and importance. It is desirable in every way that there shall not be a vast population held in ignorance, whose votes shall be cast under the control of unpatriotic men whose interest might lead them to perpetuate that ignorance. And although education naturally follows the ballot there are social and political conditions under which obstructions will be thrown in its way. Thus, however rosy a view may be taken of the situation in the South, no wise man will spare any proper effort to diffuse education among the Freedmen as widely as possible. Indeed, from the moment the operations of the war opened the way there have not been wanting the most zealous and intelligent and persistent movements to arm the emancipated people with the alphabet.

This has been exclusively a voluntary movement. The Freedmen's Bureau is not charged with any interests of education. It can only incidentally help the work by defending the workers. The story of those workers, indeed, would be one of the most heroic chapters of our history. The earnestness, tenacity, wisdom, and moral intrepidity with which tenderly nurtured women and men have fought the frontier fight with ignorance and hatred, are but very vaguely known to the country. They have died quietly and unknown at their posts, many of them, as truly martyrs of the great cause as the most famous and beloved soldier who fell in the field, and ever whose grave a grateful country builds an enduring monument. And the battle is instant. It is fought to-day, and all it asks of the country is a very moderate support. It is a fight, too, in which every blow tells, and tells permanently. Education is the natural security of emancipation. When the freedman can read, he is upon an absolute equality with his fellow-citizens, and has acquired a self-respect which is extremely incompatible with every kind of slavery.

Indeed, we waste words in urging the importance of popular education any where. But as the supplies of this work in the Southern States are failing, more, as we believe, from ignorance of the fact that supplies are needed than from any other reason, we commend to the most serious attention of our readers the following extract from the recent appeal of the American Freedmen's and Union Commission, the office of which is at No. 76 John Street, New York:

"There are 800,000 colored children in the South needing education and eager for the advantages of common schools; add to this nearly 600,000 whites who can neither read nor write, making in all nearly 1,400,000 that are capable of being made an immense blessing to the nation morally, religiously, socially, and pecuniarly. Of this number only 14,846 have been in our schools the past year. For want of funds only 300 teachers have been sent, where 25,000 are needed. Only 1406 teachers and 90,778 pupils have been sustained by all the volunteer societies. Our present engagements will deplete our treasury to the last cent, and we must soon announce to our old teachers that our treasury is empty, and that they can not be retained unless contributions come in more rapidly."

This is a mental and moral sanitary commission, which is the worthy successor of that other which during the war cared so effectively and nobly for the personal welfare of the soldiers. Now as then there are hundreds and thousands of devoted men and women in every State who are anxious to know how and where to serve the country. Let all such in their local circles organize a system of monthly subscription, which can be very readily done, and communicate with the office of the Commission. The character of the gentlemen who manage it is the sufficient security of the intelligence and economy with which all the funds will be employed. There are thousands who would gladly give a dollar a month, if no more, for the purpose if the opportunity were brought to them. Will not our country readers and friends consider?

PLAIN SPEAKING.

THE Hon. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, an old and warm personal friend of President LINCOLN, in resigning his post as Auditor of the Treasury, speaks very plainly to President JOHNSON:

"You have betrayed the great Union party which elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and which, as its incident of the election, placed you in the office of Vice-President. You have deserted its principles, and are today in open cordial communion with those who sought the overthrow of the Republic, of those who for four long years made war upon our flag, and who covered their long catalogue of crimes by the murder which placed you in the Executive chair.

"You are to-day persecuting and denouncing as traitors the lifelong friends of ABRAHAM LINCOLN: those upon whom his great arm leaned for support in the hour of extreme peril for the Union; you are denouncing and persecuting those friends of Mr. LINCOLN for no offense but fidelity to the principles and party which you have deserted.

"You have chosen as your friends and counselors from the lately rebellious States, not the persecuted, abused, faithful, loyal Union men, but those whose hands are yet stained with the blood of loyal men. In the loyal States your supporters and counselors are to a great extent with those whose sympathies were ever with rebels and traitors."

A MERE FALSEHOOD.

"A lie well stuck to" is sometimes supposed to be much more serviceable than the truth. So the party which opposed the war, which nominates Peace Democrats or Copperheads for Governors, and whose sole political capital is hostility to equal rights, has been very seriously vociferating that Congress, in a law equalizing soldiers' bounties, had discriminated in favor of the colored troops, giving the latter three hundred dollars additional bounty, and the white troops but one hundred.

Of course this is a mere falsehood. There is not even a pretext for it in the law, in which the word white or black is not mentioned. But the assertion illustrates the spirit of the "Conservative" campaign, which is merely an appeal to popular prejudice and ignorance. But the elections show that it is popular intelligence and principle which at present govern the country.

VENTILATION.

LOOK at an asthmatic sitting before an open window, regardless of the cold, though it be winter, with his chest heaving laboriously and his countenance expressive of exquisite anguish. What is the matter? Is he in pain? No. What, then, is the distress? It is simply from want of a due supply of fresh air. The spasm in his lungs not only prevents the free admission of air from without, but the free egress of that which is within, so that the air which is in the lungs is a mixture of foul and good air. When so many died in the famous Black Hole at Calcutta, it was because the pure air was so shut out that they could not even get as much as the asthmatic does.

Here we have palpable results, and they startle us; and yet we may be suffering from day to day, in so small a way as to be imperceptible, the evil results of a deficiency of air, which may so accumulate as to impair the health, and even perhaps ultimately destroy life. It is only a few that occasionally lose their lives suddenly from want of air, but a comparatively slight but continuous deficiency in its supply is constantly destroying vast multitudes by a slow poisoning.

A good supply of fresh air is an imperative necessity. Such a supply it is easy to get when we are out of doors; and we do not get it when we are indoors unless we make special provision for it—or, in other words, unless we take measures to secure free ventilation. A proper supply of pure air in our habitations and places of public meeting costs something, at least in cold weather. That is the chief difficulty. Economy is in the way. Less fuel is required with defective than with proper ventilation. A small room, closely shut up, is warmed at less expense than a large room with suitable inlets for fresh air and outlets for foul.

The necessity for freeness in ventilation may be seen if we look at the amount of fresh air required for consumption. Each person requires a gallon every minute, that is fourteen hundred and forty gallons in twenty-four hours. It is easy to see that small and closely-shut-up apartments, and large gatherings of people in public buildings, as they are ordinarily constructed, are incompatible with any such supply as this.

That you may see clearly what the necessity for ventilation is, observe what the lungs actually do with the air which they receive.

Pure air is composed of three gases, in certain proportions: oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid; this latter being in very small quantity. These proportions are altered in the lungs, so that the air which is breathed out is different from that which is breathed in. It has less of oxygen and more of carbonic acid. It is less vivifying by the loss of oxygen—that is, is thus negatively injured—and it has also acquired a positively bad character by the increase of the carbonic acid. Much increase of this renders the air palpably poisonous. If, therefore, there be great lack of ventilation, as there often is in small rooms in dwellings or in crowded public assemblies, much injury is done to the health by the diminution of vigor from the loss of oxygen and by the direct poisonous influence of the added carbonic acid. And if the exposure to these deleterious influences be frequent there will inevitably be an accumulation of evil results, seen in a broken-down system, in positive disease, and at length in death.

Observe what provision is made in nature for the constant purification of the air, and how this is often more or less defeated by the arrangements of man. As oxygen is taken up in the lungs of all animals, and carbonic acid gas is sent forth from them, breathing is continually deteriorating the air. But this is remedied by a counter operation. Every leaf that you see is doing just the opposite of what lungs do—it takes in carbonic acid and emits oxygen—so that there is an exchange going on between leaves and lungs. In this way the due proportion of the ingredients of the air is every where maintained, so that if the chemist examine air taken from various quarters of the earth he always finds precisely the same proportions. But this is true only of air that is free, and not of that which is shut up where there are sources of contamination. Wherever there is breathing going on, if ventilation be not properly attended to, there is a want of these natural proportions, and the deterioration is increased by fires and lights. So these, like lungs, use up oxygen and return carbonic acid to the air.

There is still another important provision for the purification of air. The three ingredients of the air are not of the same specific gravity. The carbonic acid gas is decidedly heavier than the oxygen and nitrogen, and therefore has a tendency to lie below them, as water lies below oil. Now if this tendency were not obviated in some way the carbonic acid, generated from lungs and fires and various decompositions, would accumulate all over the surface of the earth, pushing up the oxygen and nitrogen above it, as water does oil, and would destroy life and put out fires every where. But this tendency is obviated by another—the tendency of gases to mingle together. It is just as the heavier water does not remain below the lighter alcohol poured upon it, but mixes with it. Agitation promotes this mingling, and therefore in ventilation the communication of motion to the air is an important measure, and should be accomplished so far as it can be done without inconvenience.

There are other deleterious gases besides carbonic acid produced in various ways, indoors and without, that are carried off by this same mingling and diffusing process, but of these we will not speak, the carbonic acid being the most important.

What now is the inference from all this? Plainly that we ought to make it quite as sure that our lungs shall have a suitable supply of good air as that our stomachs shall have a suitable supply of good food. Oxygen, indeed, is food as really as what is put into the stomach, for it enters into the composition of the blood, and through this of the structures of the body. And besides, the carbonic acid gas which is discharged from the lungs is so much refuse, and should not, therefore, be introduced again, but should be carried off by the means which you see are provided so beautifully and carefully by the Creator.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LOSS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

Our dispatches from Savannah, Georgia, bring intelligence of a sad marine disaster, accompanied with fearful loss of life. The steamer *Evening Star*, of the New York Mail Steamship Company, which sailed from this port on Saturday, 6th ult., bound for New Orleans, with about 300 passengers and a crew of 50 men, foundered off Tybee (date not ascertained), and nearly all on board were lost.

RESIGNATION OF RICHARD H. DANA, JUN., UNITED STATES DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

The following is a copy of Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jun.'s, letter resigning his office as United States District-Attorney:

"OFFICE OF U. S. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY,
BOSTON, Sept. 17, 1866.

"SIR,—Returning from an absence in Europe, kindly allowed me by the Government, I find a critical state of public affairs, in which I understand that the President expects of those who hold civil office sympathy with the opinions and sentiments he has of late expressed, and co-operation in the measures he has suggested on those important points as to which he is at variance with Congress.

"My sojourn abroad has given me, I think, opportunity to consider these subjects with something of freedom from local perturbations and contagious excitement, and I have endeavored to make use of it. I find myself unable to accord that sympathy and co-operation, and respectfully request you to place my resignation in the hands of the President.

"I am desirous, however disinportant my opinions may be, that this resignation, to which I am led by reasons satisfactory to myself, may not be construed as an approval of a practice of making the tenure of all civil offices, whatever their nature, conditioned upon conformity with the opinions of the President on all points, at his discretion.

"I shall, of course, continue to discharge the duties of my post until I learn that a successor has been qualified. Permit me to express, in conclusion, my acknowledgments of the consideration with which I have been treated by all Departments of the Government during my tenure of office; and I hope it is not out of place to add my grateful sense of the uniform friendly kindness I have received from yourself personally.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, RICHARD H. DANA, JUN.

"Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State."

DAVIS'S TRIAL POSTPONED.

Jeff Davis's trial has again been postponed, as no term of the United States Circuit Court is to be held this month at Richmond. The June term was illegal, and this invalidates the adjournment to October. It is probable that Davis's counsel will test the efficacy of a writ of habeas corpus, and if they fail to make application, the Richmond bar proposes to take the matter in hand.

BRIEF ITEMS.

Miss Maria S. Cummins, daughter of Judge Cummins, died October 1 at her residence in Dorchester, she had been ill for quite a period. Her literary career began in 1853, when "The Lamplighter" was published. Within eight weeks so great was its popularity over forty thousand copies were sold, and as it has passed through several editions in this country and England, its sale probably exceeded one hundred thousand copies. In 1857 she produced "Mabel Vaughan," and in 1860 "El Fureidis," from her pen, was published simultaneously in this country and England. Subsequently she wrote another work entitled "Haunted Hearts."

The following circular letter from Major-General Howlin, President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, has been issued:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 3, 1866.

CIRCULAR LETTER.—The officers of the Army of the Tennessee who expect to attend the "Society of the Army of the Tennessee," to be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 16th of November next, will please notify Major-General Manning F. Force, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, at Cincinnati, to that effect, that the Committee may have some definite idea of the numbers that will probably be present.

JOHN A. HAWKINS, President of the Society.

Morgan L. Harris is appointed Collector for the Eighth Congressional District of New York, in place of Mr. G. P. Putnam.

Of the 163 towns in Connecticut, about 140 held their elections for town officers October 1. Both parties claim up large gains, but the Republicans have carried Meriden, Seymour, Windsor Locks, Southington, Middlefield, and Danbury, located for Democratic, while most of the larger towns and cities, and the total returns from New London, Hartford, and Fairfield Counties give a Republican gain over the Hooker vote of last spring. The Democrats have gained Greenby, Glastonbury, Canton, Simsbury, Somers, and Middletown. The loss in many of the towns has been entirely a local one. Of 21 towns 13 have gone Republican, and 8 Democratic.

Rear-Admiral Francis H. Gregory, U.S.N., died October 4 at the Mansion House, Brooklyn, after a short illness, in the 77th year of his age.

Mr. Stewart proposes to donate one million of dollars to the building of small tenement houses for the use of the working-classes, to be let at a low rent, suited to the means of those in receipt of but small incomes, and to devote the accumulation of receipts for rent, etc., to the extension of the undertaking. For this purpose Mr. Stewart has applied to the municipal authorities for a grant of land, money stipulating that the sole management of the matter, the appointment of trustees, and one or two minor points should be vested in his hands. Hitherto the required land has not been granted, but in case of a refusal, Mr. Stewart will not be daunted. He intends to carry out his noble purpose all the same, only of course the number of dwellings will be smaller at first, as part of the sum, which would otherwise be entirely devoted to the construction of the houses, will then have to be used for the purchase of land.

The celebrated horse-tamer, Professor J. S. Rarey, died very suddenly at No. 136 84. Clair Street, on Thursday afternoon, October 4.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE ocean telegraph brings intelligence that the insurrection in Candia is spreading rapidly, and that the Government of Turkey contemplates suspending diplomatic relations with Greece, on account of the sympathy extended by that country to the insurgent Cretans.

Prussia has formally taken possession of Hanover, and demands the loyal submission of the people.

The treaty of peace between Austria and Italy gives the frontiers of Venetia to Italy. Austria secures the Venetian debt. Italy has proclaimed a complete amnesty for political offenses.

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THE MULBERRY-TREE.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

When the long hot days are nearly gone,
And the fields lie misty in autumn dawn,
With spider-webs hung from blade to blade,
Heavy with dews the dark hours made—
Till the lazy sun rises late from his bed,
Large and solemn and round and red,
And changes them into diamonds rare,
Like Love—which makes commonest things all fair;
  Then is the time—the golden prime—
Of the patriarch mulberry-tree.

O the mulberry-tree is of trees the queen!
Bare when the other trees are green;
But as June creeps onward, while none perceives,
Slowly she clothes herself with leaves:
Hides her fruit under them, hard to find,
And, being a tree of steadfast mind,
Makes no show of blossom or berry,
Lures not an idle bird to make merry
  Under her boughs, her dark rough boughs,
The prudent mulberry-tree.

But by-and-by, when the flowers grow few,
And the summer fruits dwindle, poor to view,
Out she comes in her matron grace,
With the purple myriads of her race,
Full of plenty from root to crown,
Showering plenty her feet adown:
While far overhead, hang gorgeously,
Large luscious berries of sanguine dye;
  For the best grows highest, always highest,
Upon the mulberry-tree.

And so she lives through her fruitful season—
Fairest tree that blows summer breeze on!
Till the breeze sharpens to fierce wind cold,
And the sun's warm beams wax pale and old;
Sudden hoar-frosts the white lawn cover,
And the day of her beauty and strength is over.
Her blighted berries strew all the grass,
Or wither greenly aloft. We pass
  Like faithless friends, when her summer ends;
Not a glance for the mulberry-tree!

Yet there she stands in the autumn sun,
Her fruits all gathered, her duty done:
And lets the wind rave through her emptied boughs
Like a mother left lone in a childless house;
Till some still night, 'neath the frosty skies,
She drops her green clothing off and dies;
Answering the call that nature sends,
And ending her life as a good life ends:
  Ripe without haste—dying, green to the last,
The grand old mulberry-tree.

THE SCHOOLMASTER M.D.

In the State of New York ('tis a long time ago)
  A great operation occurred:
I am speaking the truth, and I'd have you to know
That I am quite willing to swear that it's so,
  Or affirm, if you dare doubt my word.

'Twas at Greenwich the school-house I'm speaking of stood—
  A battered old shanty, I vow:
Though 'tis twenty years since, it is standing there yet,
On an island not round; if you go there I'll bet
  You will find it's the same even now.

And in it, most likely, a hard set of boys,
  All ready for any high game:
All ripe for a frolic and fond of a noise:
And of girls, too, quite willing to share in each joys:
  In youth you and I were the same.

But just at the time I am writing of now
  The building was cheerless and lone;

FIRST HORSE-MEAT MARKET OPENED IN PARIS.—[See Page 669.]

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The windows were broken; and only a cow
Seen grazing beneath the old willow-tree bough,
And a mangy dog gnawing a bone.

And the reason no Bushy would take it in hand
Was because of the tales which were told:
How Jack's finger was cut, and Joe rolled in the sand
By the widow's son Dick, and the Hollingshead band
Were licked by Tom Raynor the bold.

Then daily next morn came the mothers to pray
That the teacher would cowhide them well;
Or if Dick and Tom Raynor were not sent away
They wouldn't send Johnny nor Joe nary day,
And take away Kitty and Bell.

Poor teacher! Each day he was bothered and pained
To settle the wars of the eve,
Till, tired and weary, he fairly complained
"No mortal could stand it;" and further proclaimed
"That he had determined to leave."

'Twas long ere another was willing to try
The place thus haunted and torn,
Till a grave learned Doctor, who that way passed by
And heard of the trouble, without if or why,
Declared he would work a reform.

Being duly installed in the schoolmaster's seat,
The day passed without any rub;
But a friend sent next morning a note short and sweet,
To hint that a stick was no weapon discreet,
As his boy had been struck with a cub.

'Twas read; and the boy was called forth pretty gruff,
And asked to exhibit his wound.
So, snivling and wiping his nose on his cuff,
Georgy Williams his trousers pulled up with a snuff,
And held out a leg which was sound.

"Is it here?" said the teacher; "why, this is a burn."
"Oh no, Sir; 'tis here on the shin."
"'Tis a very grave case," said the Dominie stern:
"It might have been fatal." Though, reader, you learn
It scarcely discolored the skin.

"Why, Georgy, my son, did you walk to the school?
I declare it was rash so to do.
But as you are here you must sit on this stool,
And hold up your leg like a parallel rule
To the map which hangs over your view."

Then taking him gently with tenderest care,
In a loving and fatherly manner,
He called for a cushion, and then for a chair,
And seating poor Georgy he placed his leg there,
And bandaged it with his bandana.

On further inquiry the Dominie found
The name of the other young sinner
Who struck the foul blow; and in justice was bound
To call for his aid, when the play spell came round,
To bring Georgy Williams his dinner.

And to make him all day like a lackey to stand,
Or a priest doing penance for sins;
To hold Georgy's slate, and to pace in his hand
Every book he required. While Georgy, right grand,
Sat in state, like a monarch on pins.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.—"THEN YOU DO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?"

With his leg for a sceptre, stretched out on a chair,
He sat through the never-ending day;
While Harry, the villain, did wait on him there,
And with rueful compunction his sorrow did share,
For neither could go out to play.

And when studies were o'er, lest the lame little lad
Should be to his sister a drag on,
The Dominie said, "She must speak to her dad
To gear up his horse, as the walking was bad,
And send down for George the light wagon.

Next morning the patient all rosy appeared,
Declaring his trouble was o'er;
And when his preceptor's inquiry was heard,
"How's your leg, Georgy Williams?" he sturdily averred
"It was better than ever before."

And in the prescription such virtue was found
(If you see it I don't care a peg)
That no child ever threatened, while playing around,
To tell of a hurt got on Greenwich school ground,
But was met by the cry, "How's your leg?"

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"GRANNY, do you believe in ghosts?"

"What has put that into your head, child?"

"Because to-day is the third of May, and Esther Lovell says she would not for worlds go near the old Hall to-night, for strange sights are to be seen there after nightfall."

"Esther Lovell's a goose," replied the old woman somewhat testily. "The worst that could be seen would be a sweet lady weeping and wringing her hands; and what harm would that do any one, I should like to know?"

"Then you do believe in ghosts?" said the child, timidly, drawing nearer to her grandmother, and throwing her arm round her neck. "I ran so fast by the Hall, and never once looked round; and I'm so glad I'm going to sleep here, for I never should have dared to go home again if it were dusk."

"You're a silly child, Meg; it's only wicked people that need fear ghosts, if there are such things. Mind you, I'll not say whether there are or not, for it's not for such as me to judge. One hears strange stories sometimes. But all you've got to do, Meg, is to be a good girl, and then you'll have no cause to fear ghosts or goblins, or any thing else."

"But I'm not always good, granny," returned Meg, despondingly; "and I've been particularly naughty the last day or two; so it's a comfort I'm going to stay here all night. But I did so hope, granny, that you would not believe in ghosts."

"I've never said I did, child, and I've never said I didn't; it's just one of those things that I've no belief about either one way or another; and I take that to be the best way of settling a doubtful point."

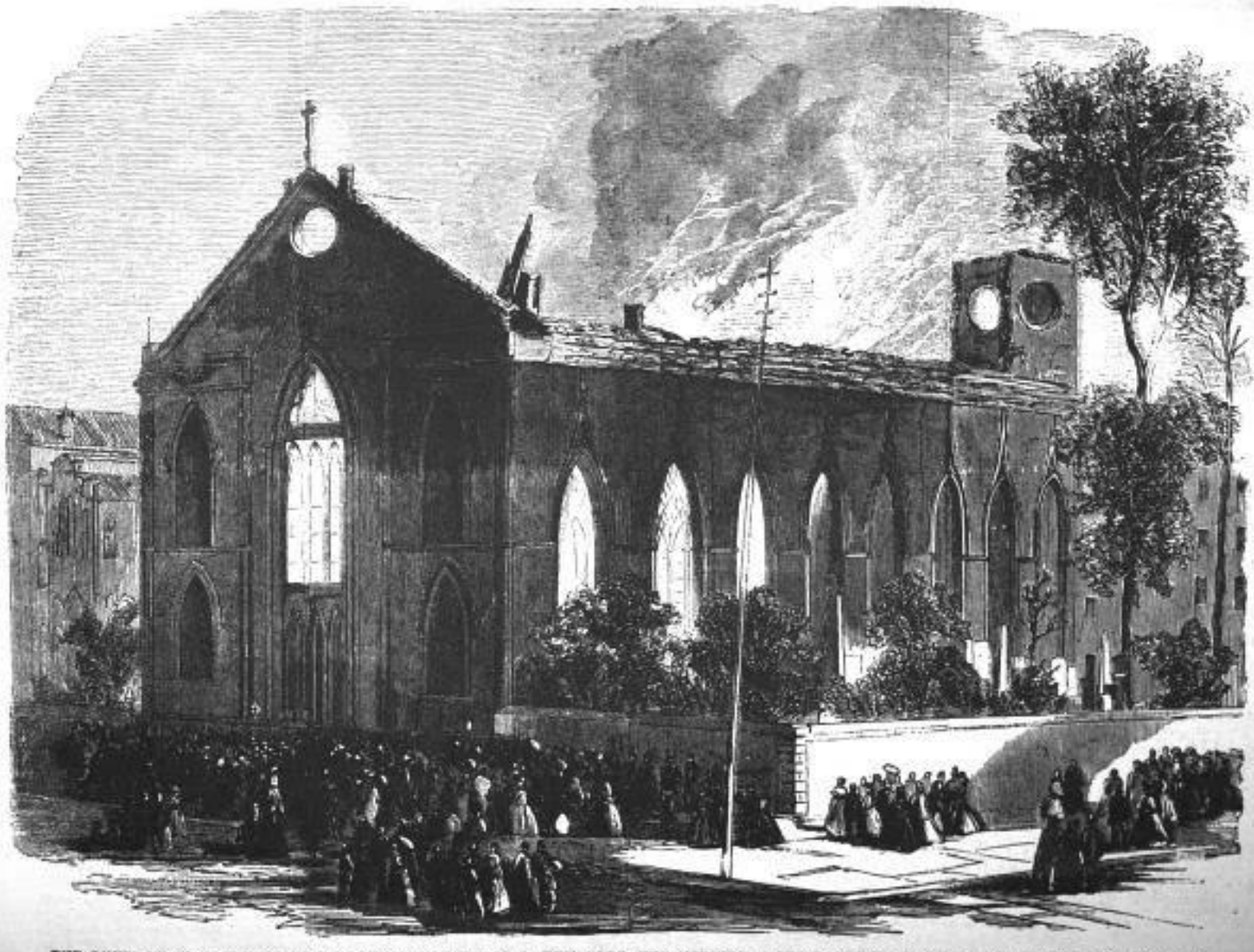
Meg looked as though she did not quite understand the force of her grandmother's logic, or at any rate as though no consolation were to be derived therefrom; but the subject being too deep for her childish meditations, her thoughts reverted to what had been the primary cause of her question.

"Why is the third of May a worse day for ghosts than any other day, granny?"

"It isn't that I know of," returned the old woman.

"Then why should Esther Lovell be more afraid of passing the Hall to-night than any other night in the year?"

"That's because of the old story. I should not



THE RUINS OF ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

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mind telling it to you. Dear, dear, what a many years it is since! and it seems just to have come to me as fresh as when it all happened. Sit down to your tea, child, and after tea we'll settle down cozily, and have it all over. It'll be like calling up an old friend that's been dead and buried many a long year to have a chat with one."

Meg did not by any means consider this a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" the idea was not a pleasant one, and she would rather her grandmother had not mentioned it, for there were three chairs in the neat little kitchen, and who knew who or what the occupier of the third might be? Meg gave a little shudder.

"You're not cold, child, surely?" said her grandmother, pouring out another cup of tea.

"No, granny," answered Meg, her hand trembling as she stretched it out for the cup.

"Then you're frightened," said the old woman, looking at her. "I wish Esther Lovell and her nonsense were far away. I sha'n't be able to tell you my story, child. It's not well to fill young heads with fears."

"Nay, granny, you must tell it me now. I can't sleep if you don't; besides, I shall think it more horrible than it really is, and I shall go fancying all sorts of things."

"There's something in that," said the old woman, brightening up, for she had felt a little disappointed at the thought of not being able to indulge in old reminiscences, "and that would be a pity. So make haste and finish your tea, and then we'll clear away the tea-things and have a cozy evening together."

The tea-things were cleared away quickly enough, and Meg took a little stool and sat down close by her grandmother. She would not look at either of the chairs, for she could not divest herself of a queer nervous feeling with regard to them. So she gazed into the fire that blazed brightly in the grate, for it was a chill evening, though it was May.

"I've noticed," began the old woman, "that there's never been a third of May without some part of the day feeling chill. However warm it may have been beforehand, or may be the day after, there's never been a third of May for the last sixty years that I've not been all the better for a bit of fire.

"It's the anniversary of a day that sends a chill to all those who remember it, or were in any way connected with it, and it comes to me among the rest. I suppose I'm getting to be one of the last that it will come to, for I'm wearing on toward eighty, Meg, and what I am going to tell you happened when I was a girl sixteen or seventeen years old.

"One of the earliest things I can recollect is the old Hall being put into complete repair; for seventy or eighty years ago it was much in the same condition that it is now, and no one would take it, for there was an ill story hanging to it, and it was said that none who held it in possession ever came to any good.

"Well, as I said, it was put into repair. There were carpenters and bricklayers and masons at work, and in a short time you would scarce have known the house. The fine old gardens, too, with their terrace-walks and stone steps and fountains, were all set in order, and a grand place it looked altogether, though perhaps there was still a gloomy air about it; but that only made it the grander.

"The master of it was not the man to be daunted by any thing, and when he was told of the evil stories and the ghosts, as in duty bound, he curled his lip contemptuously, and made some mocking remark that no one at the time cared to repeat.

"He was a tall, dark man, nigh fifty, I should say, with a bronzed complexion, and a proud, stern look on his face, and his hair was black as a raven. He wore a pointed beard and a short mustache, but the rest of his face was close shaven.

"He came from foreign parts, and he brought a mint of money with him; there seemed to be no end of it, judging by the company he kept, and the horses and the hounds, and every thing belonging to him.

"My aunt was housekeeper at the Hall, and now and then I used to go up to see her; and sometimes, if it was very early in the morning, she would let me look through the stately rooms, when the housemaids were dusting and sweeping them. Very splendid they were; and at first I could see nothing distinctly, there seemed to be such a confusion of silk and satin, and gilded furniture and pictures, and vases, and statues, and mirrors, and flowers, and tapestry, and I can not tell you what; but by degrees I came to separate them, and to know each room and what it contained; for you see, Meg, it's as easy to get accustomed to fine things, when one sees them constantly, as to poor ones, and so it was with me.

"The room I liked best of all was my lady's boudoir, as they called it. It was at the end of one of the corridors, and had windows opening into a wide balcony that was always filled with the choicest plants. The walls were hung with blue silk, and the silken curtains were bordered with gold fringe. It was just such a room as one might expect to see in a fairy palace, and I was never tired of looking at the beautiful things heaped together there.

"One day I had obtained permission to go into this room with my lady's maid, and was so much absorbed in gazing at a picture that had just been hung up, that I did not perceive that she had gone away, imagining that I was following her; and so I was left alone.

"It was a picture of a child, a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, that had no look of the proud, stern master of the house in them—the Squire, as we country folks used to call him.

"I was still gazing at it, when I heard a voice say:

"'Who are you, my little girl?'

"I had never heard such a voice before: the words were not spoken as we English people would speak them, and the tone was so sweet that I scarcely thought a human being had spoken to me.

"I turned, and there stood a lady in a loose white dress, that seemed to float round her. She was very pale and fragile-looking, and her hair was like pale gold.

"For a moment I thought she might be an angel, and then it suddenly flashed upon me that it must be my lady herself. So I dropped a low courtesy, and said:

"'I am Mrs. Bridget's niece, my lady.'

"'So you are admiring my room,' said my lady; 'tell me what in it pleases you best?'

"My eyes involuntarily sought the picture, and I pointed to it.

"A flush of pain passed over my lady's countenance.

"'Yes,' she said; 'you are right, little girl—there is nothing to compare with it. My child! my sweet, sweet child!' and she put her hands over her eyes.

"At that moment who should come along the corridor but the Squire. My lady seemed all trembling-like, but she could not go any whiter than she was. The moment he caught sight of the picture he went into a passion, and began to swear at my lady.

"'How long has that been up here?' he asked.

"'Only since yesterday,' said my lady; 'Geronimo has just finished it for me.'

"At that moment a youth, who bore a wonderful likeness to my lady, advanced.

"'Is this the way you repay my favors?' demanded the Squire, fiercely. 'I thought that we were rid of that child when we laid him deep under the sod at Padua, and now he's risen again to be ever before me. As if I could help whether he lived or died.'

"The youth looked in amazement at the speaker, and then some new thought seemed to strike him, for he started back as if he had seen some dreadful sight, and then he gazed steadily at the Squire. And the Squire gazed at him in return, but I thought I saw a slight quiver on his under-lip.

"'What do you mean?' said he.

"The youth was hesitating whether to reply, when my lady, who had been intently watching the two, stepped forward and signed to the youth to go. Then I too crept away and went down to Mrs. Bridget; I had been too frightened to stir before.

"When I got back to Mrs. Bridget she first gave me a good scolding for being found in my lady's boudoir, and then made me give her an exact account of what had taken place; and then, my lady's maid coming in, she had to be told, and the two women put their heads together, and I could see they thought deeper of it than I could understand. For there were beginning to be strange stories afloat respecting the Squire.

"I must tell you that my lady was an Italian, and Geronimo, the youth I had seen, was her brother. He and my lady were living together in Italy in very slender circumstances, when the Squire was struck with her beauty as she sat playing with her child; for she had been married very young, and had been left a widow with one child, the beautiful boy whose likeness I had been looking at.

"The Squire fell in love with her at once, and at length she consented to marry him, on condition that Geronimo might not be parted from her until he grew to man's estate, and could make his way alone in the world.

"So the Squire gave his promise, and they were married, and all went well for a time; but soon he became jealous of the love of the mother for her child, and could scarcely bear it in his sight. You see he was very fond of his wife, and wished to be first with her; but he was not.

"Well, after a while the boy suddenly sickened; he lingered for many weeks, and then he died.

"But my lady was no nearer the *Squire* for all that. Indeed, a shadow seemed to spring up out of the child's death; and at last the Squire thought if he could get away from Italy and come back to England, and live a country life, keeping open house, that the gay company would drive sad thoughts from my lady's heart. But ah! what company ever did that, child? There she was, dressed in her brocades that stood of themselves, and her pearls and her diamonds, looking more like a beautiful spirit than any thing earthly. And the Squire was proud enough of her, as well he might be, and yet he was stern and harsh, and was half mad if she ever spoke of her dead child.

"And so things went on until the day that I was in my lady's boudoir.

"After then my lady began to droop more than ever. She had not the heart to don any of her fine dresses or to appear among the guests. She seldom left her own room, and she clung more closely to Geronimo than she had ever done before. Yet, strange to say, she was ever urging him to return to Italy; for she said she knew that she was dying, and what would he do in a strange land without her? But he would not listen.

"One day—it was early in May, and the weather had been unusually warm—Geronimo went down to the river to bathe.

"He did not return; and some one passing by and seeing his clothes lying on the bank and him nowhere about, raised an alarm, and after a long search his body was found. When the poor corpse was brought to the Hall my lady, who had been in a state of frantic grief, came to meet it.

"Every one was surprised to see how calm she went all of a sudden. She drew back the sheet they had flung over him and kissed his cold lips; then she bade them get ready the state-bedroom, and there he was laid out, and my lady sat by the bedside and watched until the day of the funeral, but she never spoke.

"When the day came she took a last look at him before the coffin-lid was fastened down; then she told her maid she was going to have a long sleep, and she went to her own room, where she took to her bed and gradually faded and faded.

"The days went by slowly enough now, for it was very still and quiet in the old Hall. The Squire sat moodily in the great dining-room, and scarce a soul dared to say any thing to him. Now and then he went to look at his wife, but she never so much as opened her eyes when he came into the room—whether it was that she was too far gone to speak, or whether from some other cause, none knew. But she spoke to no one now, and the doctor said the end was not far off.

"It was just one o'clock on the morning of the third of May—it wanted a few minutes to high-water, and then the tide would turn, and we all know that at tide-turning many a soul that has been waiting is called away.

"Well, as I said, it was just one o'clock, and all the household were abed excepting the Squire, who was still sitting over his sack-posset, and the old nurse who watched at my lady's bedside.

"Suddenly a low cry was heard, and it pierced through the house and woke many of the sleepers; but only one or two had courage to rise up and see what it was, and among these was my Aunt Bridget.

"As she opened the door that led on to the grand gallery she saw a white figure gliding down the great staircase, with its eyes staring in wild horror, wringing its hands, and moaning piteously. If it had not been that she was lying on her death-bed my aunt would have said that it was my lady herself; but she had heard of the spirits of departing people visiting those they desired to see at the last moment, and so great was her fear at the sight that she fainted away, as did the maid who had accompanied her; but a little foot-page, who had more courage and more curiosity, followed the figure and saw it enter the dining-room. The Squire, he said, started up; and the figure, slowly raising its hand and pointing one finger at him, said, 'Murderer!' And the Squire fell back in his chair and hid his face in his hands. The little foot-page saw no more, for, overcome with fright, he fled to his room and buried himself beneath the bed-clothes.

"When my aunt came to herself, being a woman of some nerve, despite the sudden terror that came over her, she determined to go to my lady's room, and there she found my lady, as she expected, stretched on the bed quite dead. The nurse was asleep, so of course did not know how long she had been dead, but my aunt knew that she must have died just as the tide turned, and that would be just at the time the white figure glided down the staircase."

"Do you think it was my lady's ghost, granny?" said Meg.

"How should I know? I only tell the tale as it was told to me, and it's not for the like of me to settle about such things. I don't either believe or disbelieve in ghosts, and that's the best way of doing. I've never seen a ghost, and I hope never to see one; but still I'll not say but what others have."

"I'm sure I hope I sha'n't," said Meg; "I should die with fright."

"My aunt didn't," replied the old woman, "and I see no cause that you should. Not that I think you'll ever see one."

"And what became of the Squire?" asked Meg.

"After my lady's death he never felt comfortable at the Hall, so all the fine things were sold and the house was shut up, and he went abroad, and I heard he wandered from place to place until he died. It seemed as if he could find no rest."

"Do you think, granny," said Meg, lowering her voice, "that he had any thing to do with the child's death or with Geronimo's?"

"Many thought so," returned the old woman; "still nothing could be made of it. But one thing has always been clear to my mind: my lady thought so, and that was the cause of the piteous moaning of the figure that my aunt saw glide down the old staircase."

GREEN'S SISTER.

As Mr. Romer was preparing to leave his office Green rushed in with a linen duster and other marks of travel about him.

"My dear fellow," said Green, "here is the most unfortunate affair in the world. My sister, who applied for a situation in some school, and has been dancing attendance for three or four weeks at Mrs. Custers's, in Nineteenth Street, decided to go back to Peekskill to-day. An hour ago I was ordered to catch the next train for Washington—time for nothing more than to seize my duster and bag and run; you know how it is with our firm. Just as I came down the steps on the run our messenger hands me this," flourishing an official-looking envelope: "opened it in the street and read it walking, and, by George! if it is not Addy's situation! I must catch the train. Somebody must head off Addy, who no doubt is packing her traps, or her situation will be snapped up. I thought of you, and, says I, Romer is my man; and now, my dear fellow, will you—if you could stop on your way up and leave this note for Addy—number 2067 Nineteenth Street, you know—will do as much for you some time."

And Green shot out again, leaving the envelope on Mr. Romer's table.

It was half past five. The day in question was the first anniversary of Mr. Romer's wedding-day, and he was under heavy bonds to Mrs. Romer to dine with her and her brother Jack punctually at six. From the first all things worked together for his confounding. A second visitor detained him till it only lacked a quarter of six. Then he hesitated between cars and stage-route, and decided for the former, because they do not stick fast in Broadway jams till the driver swears them out again; also the tram-way brought him nearer to 2067 Nineteenth Street, where he promised himself that he would stop only to ring the bell and hand in Green's official envelope. Half-way up town the car stopped with a bump and a jolt. Mr. Romer looked out and saw a car directly in front of them, another beyond that, and was told that, still further in advance, a car had run off the track. Mr. Romer sprang from the car and started up town on a quick trot, remembering as he ran that Mrs. Romer, as a phrenologist once assured her, "lacked self-esteem and overvalued the attractions of the rest of her sex," or, as I should brutally put it, was jealous; consequently that it would be undesirable to make Mrs. Romer wait for Green's sister. He rang the bell of number 2067 sharply, and thrust the envelope into the hand of the frowzy maid, saying, "Miss Addy Green."

"She ain't here," said the frowzy maid. "She's just gone to the dépôt."

What dépôt? and, good Heavens! what would Mrs. Romer say? The frowzy maid called shrilly to unknown people in the basement, and getting no answer, mounted the stairs sluggishly to find Mrs. Custers. All this occupied time, precious time! also Mrs. Custers did something to her cap before appearing, and was a slow, precise person, not to be hurried in informing Mr. Romer "that Miss Green had just left the house, and he would have time to see her at the Hudson River dépôt before the train started."

Romer confounded Green, and started once more in search of his sister. He could not in conscience throw the poor little girl's chance over; but wouldn't there be a row with Mrs. Romer! Fortunately the Twenty-third Street line makes good time, and a stage drew in sight as he reached Broadway. Romer hailed it; the driver shook his head and drove obstinately on; he hailed again; the driver passed him with calm contempt. The stage was crowded, and men were hanging on the step. Mr. Romer walked down Broadway. Same experience with the next upward-bound stage. In the third he secured a corner. On the next block they stopped to take in a lady and child—a slow process because of the shortness of the child's legs; three doors further and they stopped to let a lady out. On the corner five or six people lay in wait for them. That stage was never full; that driver shook his head at nobody. When Mr. Romer reached the dépôt the train stood ready on the track, cars coupled, and engine snorting in the usual ill-conditioned way. Mr. Romer had seen Miss Green and remembered that she was fair; also, that she wore a little curl just over a small pink ear, and that she had fine blue eyes; also, that she dressed chiefly in black. In the third car Mr. Romer found a young lady in black and with a curl over her ear; but on being addressed, "Sir," she answered, frigidly; and it was not Miss Green. He dashed forward. Two ladies blocked the passage, looking about for seats. Trying to edge past them he became conscious of a peculiar oscillation under his feet. The train was in motion. "Good Heavens!" cried Mr. Romer, dodging frantically about the two obstructive females, "do let me pass, Madam."

"Very sorry, Sir," returned the younger lady; "but see my bundles!"

She carried a box two feet square, a traveling-bag, a paper parcel as large as a baby, a basket, and a shawl. Mr. Romer ran back to the other door. Should he jump? Jack Driggs jumped, fell between a car and a platform, and died in three hours. Mr. Romer hesitated. *Should* he jump? Then or never. The speed of the train increased every instant. He saw the conductor.

"Where is the first stopping-place?"

"Peekskill. We run express to Peekskill."

Mr. Romer decided to jump, but now there was no longer a choice. The iron horse, warmed up to his work, dashed into the open country at speed, and the long line of cars skimming after him groaned and swayed dizzily from side to side. Mr. Romer sank despairingly into a seat. Express to Peekskill, and Mrs. Romer waiting for him at Delmonico's. It might almost as well have been express to Sacramento.

"Why, Mr. Romer!" said a voice beside him. "I thought it was you as you passed, though I have only seen you twice before."

The lady by whom Mr. Romer had seated himself was Green's sister.

Mr. Romer has since been accused of flirting with Miss Green. But what is flirting, and how ought the model husband to look when a pretty girl is smiling up in his face, and bestowing on him artless little confidences? All this glee and chatter was in reality because of the official envelope. She had been going home discouraged, poor child! and she was innocently grateful to Mr. Romer, who, out of pure good-nature, had lost his anniversary dinner, and was being carried off to Peekskill. Mrs. Romer is the object of her husband's affections; but, unless she is a pair of blinders also, how could he be unconscious of the fact that Green's sister was a pretty girl—a charming girl—one of those women that are delightful even to the details of their toilet, because of a certain exquisite freshness? I take sides with Mr. Romer, and I declare that the man who could sit cold and smileless by Green's sister should take his perch at once by St. Simeon Stylites or by Miss Biggs.

I shoot Miss Biggs into the story without previous description, because I have read lately that, according to the rules of art, I must not describe what my hero did not see. Mr. Romer did not see Miss Biggs. She sat, wrapped in a veil, in the corner of a seat in line with him; but Mr. Romer was busy in looking at the bright side of his journey, which was—Green's sister. Green's sister dressed in black, and black became her. In these days it would be presumptuous to decide whether art or nature was responsible for her hair, but it rippled and waved under her hat in a lovely way; and there was no doubt about the ungloved hand resting on the sill of the car window; it was as pretty as the little foot, of which Mr. Romer caught a glimpse from time to time. In fact, a gradual resignation possessed that gentleman. It was certainly a thousand pities, and he quaked to think of Mrs. Romer nursing her wrath at Delmonico's; but he had devised a little plan in which, to be perfectly frank, no mention would be made of Green's sister to Mrs. Romer, and, though he foresaw a squall, concluded that he should be able to weather it.

Miss Green was less at her ease. After overhauling a very thin porte-monnaie with great privacy, she grew silent and thoughtful, and finally—

"It is very disagreeable," she said, blushing distressfully, "but I suppose I must ask you, as David forgot to send me more money, and I must take the return train; and if you could—I mean if you would—"

Mr. Romer did not suffer her to finish her sen-

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touce. No man likes to see a young creature, with fine blue eyes and a lovely complexion, blushing and embarrassed before him on a money question; but in assuring her of the pleasure he should find in serving her, involuntarily Mr. Romer laid his hand on the pocket in which he carried his purse, and a tingle of dismay went up from his finger-ends to his brain. That pocket had ordinarily a fat feel. It was now flat. He explored it again.

"Have you lost any thing?" asked Miss Green.

"Oh no, nothing; that is, it is of no consequence," muttered Romer, making frantic dives into other pockets, and as his hand came hopelessly down in the bottom of each pocket, rapidly culminating to a nervous agony. He excused himself to Green's sister, and retiring to another car commenced the search anew, raking every pocket and discovered the slit in his coat, made by some confounded pick-pocket, but no wallet. Here was richness! Here was a predicament! Green's sister had no money. He had no money. Did he know any man in Peekskill? No, he knew no man in Peekskill. Green's sister would be hungry. He was hungry. How should he procure a dinner, and tickets for their return? He thought of his watch, and looking down saw the guard dangling loosely from his button-hole. The pickpocket had relieved him of that also. As a last hope he went through the train, hoping to find some man who knew him, but strange faces stared at him from every seat. He had confounded Green. He now confounded his sister. I admit that he was a brute, but look at the position! What could a man do in Peekskill with Green's sister on his hands and no money. He went back to his seat, perfectly limp. Something would be done of course on reaching Peekskill, but what that something should be he did not even try to think.

"Mr. Romer," said Miss Green, who meanwhile had been consulting with herself, "while you were absent I have been arranging a programme."

"Oh!" observed Mr. Romer, and, to himself, "I wonder how much it will cost!"

"As we are to return so soon, it will hardly be worth while to carry my trunks about to hotels, in an expensive way," pursued Miss Green, smiling; "and so, if you please, Mr. Romer, we will leave them in charge of the baggage-master, or some such person; and then I have been examining my time-table, and if we return to-night, it must be in half an hour after reaching Peekskill. We shall get into New York late in the evening, and I confess I am tired and hungry already; and if you please, again, Mr. Romer, I should very much prefer to go direct to my cousin's house. My cousin is Mrs. Drake, and her place is so near that we can walk there from the dépôt, and she will be charmed if you will stay at her house, Mr. Romer, when she hears how kind and thoughtful you have been for me."

"And then," said Miss Green to herself, "I can borrow money of cousin Fanny, and not be further obliged to Mr. Romer."

"And then," said Romer to himself, and cutting a mental pirouette, "if there is a Mrs. Drake there will be a Mr. Drake, and he will understand that I am not a swindler, and I can borrow ten dollars of him!" and to think that three minutes before he had privately sworn at this blessed little girl, and wished her at—Ispahan. He could have fallen down on his knees before her if the arrangement of the car seats and the manners and customs of the American people would have permitted, and he came out from his anxious look like the sun from behind a cloud. He would telegraph to his wife, and he saw his way clear now to that little plan in which no mention should be made of Miss Green; but before leaving him let us look for an instant at the Riggs view of the case. Miss Riggs saw Mr. Romer searching for some person in the cars. He was recognized by a pretty girl, evidently on the look-out. Mr. Romer's manner was devoted, and Mr. Romer was completely absorbed in his companion so that he did not see her, Miss Riggs. They left the train at Peekskill; neither had baggage that Miss Riggs could see, but walked away in an easy, at-home manner. Miss Riggs considered it her duty, as a neighbor and a member of the same church with Mr. Romer, to follow them. They went, not to a hotel, but to a private house, where they were welcomed in a way that showed they were often there, and Miss Riggs came away, bowed down by the dreadful inferences that she drew from these suspicious facts.

Meanwhile Mrs. Romer waited at Delmonico's, with brother Jack, expecting her husband calmly, till six o'clock, the appointed hour. After that her little watch was often in requisition, and she watched the door till her neck ached and her eyes were tired. Jack proposed to order dinner, but Mrs. Romer indignantly refused. Twenty-five minutes of seven—twenty minutes. "I am sure something has happened," sighed Mrs. Romer. "Nonsense!" said Jack, and ordered dinner. Seven o'clock! Mrs. Romer could not eat a mouthful, but sat with her eyes on the door. Quarter past seven. "I know something has happened!" cried Mrs. Romer, her eyes brimming.

"Romer's head clerk boards in the next street. If you say so I will go there," said Jack, vaguely, uneasy himself, to tell the truth. Mrs. Romer waited, her eyes on her watch. Jack returned presently, looking quite sober.

"George tells me that he left the office before six o'clock."

Mrs. Romer grew ghastly.

"Come, don't faint! Let us go home. He may be there, you know; taken ill, or something," said Jack, hurrying her out. At the door they met Dillon, whose office adjoined that of the missing man.

"Seen any thing of Romer?" asked Jack, in passing.

"Romer! No! Yes, I have too. I met him a while ago in Nineteenth Street, somewhere, about six o'clock, I think."

"Do you know where in Nineteenth Street?" put in Mrs. Romer, reviving suddenly, and growing very red.

"At Mrs. Custers's. I know the house; for I visit there," answered Dillon, eying her curiously. Number 2067. He was coming down the steps. I did not speak to him: he seemed in such a hurry." The brother and sister looked at each other.

"Do you know any body in Nineteenth Street?" asked Mrs. Romer of Jack. "I shall go there myself," looking fierce.

"Better go home first," insinuated Jack. "He may be there, as I said."

Mrs. Romer and Jack went home. No; Mr. Romer had not come.

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. Romer. "He thought I was safely out of the way. He is there in Nineteenth Street."

"Dillon saw him coming away," urged Jack.

"Then some one will be there who will know where he has gone," said Mrs. Romer, dropping Jack's arm, and walking on alone. She believed in her heart that Jack was trying to screen him; that Mr. Dillon had fibbed; that all the men were in a conspiracy together. Mr. Romer was at number 2067 that moment, and she would have carried its door by assault if the frowsy maid had withstood her. She would have done, I do not know what dreadful thing she would have done to Mrs. Custers, if that lady, in virtue of the masonic sympathy existing between women, had not intuitively comprehended the case.

"A gentleman was here, Madam," said Mrs. Custers. "A gentleman about twenty-eight, I should say. Light mustache—rather a handsome man. He asked for Miss Green."

Here Mrs. Romer faced about on Jack, who quailed before her, as if he had asked for Miss Green.

"She had just started for Peekskill, and he seemed disappointed," pursued Mrs. Custers. "It is my belief that he started on after her. He had time, as I told him, to catch the train."

Mrs. Romer clutched her brother's arm.

"Come, let us go, Jack! On the anniversary of his wedding-day! Think of it! Come, I say!"

"Where?" asked Jack, looking obstinate. "There is no use in going to Peekskill, unless we can find a further clew. You are overexcited. Do you know this Miss Green? Don't jump at conclusions."

"I have seen her," returned Mrs. Romer. "One of your round-hat and waterfall girls. Do you know where this Miss Green was going in Peekskill, Mrs. Custers?"

"I don't, ma'am," said the Custers; "and, from what I hear now, I should say the less any one knew of her the better."

"You see," urged Jack, "we had better go home;" and home they went again. Mrs. Romer threw herself on a lounge. Jack lighted a cigar, and wished he knew what to say to her. Close on bedtime the house was startled by a furious ring. Two telegrams for Mrs. Romer. Mrs. Romer tried to read, but her hand shook, and her sight failed her. "He is dead!" she said, chokingly. "Read it, Jack." "Stuff!" quoth Jack, and read out:

"Mr. Romer is at Peekskill with a young lady. Should you like to know where, will meet you at dépôt, and show you the house. Excuse if mistaken; but it looks suspicious. Emma Riggs."

Mrs. Romer sprang to her feet.

"There! didn't I tell you, Jack! there! there! You see now, don't you? you see, don't you? you see, Jack—" beginning to sob.

"What is this?" said Jack, taking up the other telegram.

"Dear Julia,—Have been called away suddenly on important business. Home soon. Will explain. "Henry Romer."

"Important business indeed! the hypocrite! the wretch! That is the way you men treat women. I think he will explain! Home soon! He may see me in Peekskill. When is the first train, Jack?" Mrs. Romer had done with tears now, and walked about excitedly. Jack took both her hands, and looked down at her with genuine sympathy.

"Poor little sis! The first train leaves at six, or thereabout; and you had better go to bed now and get what sleep you can. You will need it."

But Mrs. Romer scorned the idea of sleep. She was too busy thinking what she should say to Mr. Romer, and how she should behave. She thought over the various lines of conduct all that night and all the way to Peekskill, sitting quiet and silent to Jack's relief. At the dépôt they found Miss Riggs, to whom Jack had telegraphed at Mrs. Romer's orders, though sorely against his inclination. "My poor friend," cried Miss Riggs, pathetically, "I will take you there at once," meaning Mrs. Drake's house; and on the way she favored Mrs. Romer with her view of the story that we know. Jack they dropped. There was an evident lurking unbelief in that young gentleman, spite of facts, disgusting to both the ladies. As Fate would have it Mrs. Drake came in person to the door.

"Is Miss Green here," asked Mrs. Romer, "or," with an effort, "Mr. Romer?"

Mrs. Drake looked astonished.

"Miss Green and Mr. Romer went down in the first train this morning."

"Down? You mean to New York?"

"Yes."

"And they spent last night here? Mr. Romer spent the night here? You dare to tell me that?" reading in Mrs. Drake's eyes assent.

"Come, come," said Jack, hastily interfering with his usual formula. "We had better go home. Good Heavens, Julia! would you quarrel in the street?" and he fairly dragged Mrs. Romer away, leaving Mrs. Drake stupefied with astonishment. So Jack, Mrs. Romer, and Miss Riggs came back to New York. Mr. Romer and Miss Green were already in New York, and had driven to Mrs. Custers's house. The lady herself came to the door.

"Take them trunks back," was her first salutation. "They don't come in here. We have none but ladies here."

Miss Green came up to explain.

"They are mine, Mrs. Custers. Don't you know me? I—"

"They don't come in here. I know all I care to know of you," returned Mrs. Custers, grimly.

Mr. Romer interposed.

"Here is some mistake, Madam."

"No mistake at all," said the lady, sharply; "and you can take yourselves off. I have heard enough about you both since you left."

The trunks were replaced, and they drove to the boarding-place of Mr. Green. He had not returned, and there was not a room vacant, not to mention the fact that it was a gentleman's boarding-house. Then Mr. Romer took a heroic resolve. He would take her home till she could find a boarding-place; and for Mrs. Romer, she must hear reason. Why the deuce were women so hard on each other? and because Mrs. Romer was perpetually jealous should he leave this poor, friendless, pretty, plucky little girl, who would not cry, though her lip trembled, in the streets, with two monstrous, unmanageable trunks, a stranger to New York and its ways? Was not he, Romer, master in his own house? I think if he had met Mrs. Romer then he might have conquered her; but instead, on entering he found an unexpected silence and emptiness, and was struck dumb by the first words of the servant.

"Mrs. Romer, Sir? She has gone off, Sir, with Mr. Jack. I think she said, Sir, she was going to Peekskill."

Gone to Peekskill! Mr. Romer stood thinking. Miss Green explained to him that having found a resting-place for her trunks, she would go and search for a boarding-place; that she knew many of the streets, and had a map of New York, etc. Mr. Romer scarcely heard her. What on earth took Julia and Jack to Peekskill? He sat and smoked and pondered on the question, though it was long past business hours. As he smoked a carriage drove furiously to the door, from which descended Jack, his wife, and Miss Riggs. Mr. Romer's wonder increased. What was Miss Riggs doing there? He hastened to meet them.

"Come in, Miss Riggs," said his wife, brushing past her husband without looking at him. Mr. Romer turned to Miss Riggs. She recoiled on Jack, who shook his head and looked doubtful.

"What the devil is this?" said Romer, with rising wrath. At the same moment, "What is this?" demanded Mrs. Romer, coming in view of Miss Green's trunks, that had been left at her request in the hall.

"Those," said Mr. Romer, coloring and going forward, "why, those are—Miss Green's trunks."

I do not attempt to describe the scene that followed. You will get the nearest parallel by throwing a hand-grenade into a powder-magazine. Mrs. Romer went to bed in hysterics. Miss Riggs went home in like condition. Mr. Romer took Jack into the library, told him the whole story, and begged him to take the poor little fire-brand, Green's sister, who might be expected back at any moment, in charge. Jack came out splendidly: met Miss Green at the door, gave her lunch, excused the host and hostess, escorted her to her boarding place—fibbed the whole thing straight through, in fact, so that the poor child never suspected what mischief she had made. When Green returned from Washington Mr. Romer called on Mr. Green. Mr. Green in his turn called on Jack, and both gentlemen waited on Mrs. Romer. Letters were sent to Peekskill, explanations made and received, and then the party went in force to explain to Mrs. Custers. Mrs. Romer confesses that she was too rash, and she has cut Miss Riggs; but she still insists that Miss Green is a forward, designing girl, and lectures Jack, who is sweet on her; and she still preserves Mr. Romer's mendacious telegram, and flourishes it at times in a way to seriously annoy that worthy gentleman.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Master Bobby. "I say, Gus, why do women always suck the knobs of their parasols?"

Gus. "I suppose they want to cut their wisdom teeth!"

A Colored Statement.—Facts should always be stated in black and white. Any thing written in red ink of course appears ink-red-ible.

What is the only pain that we make light of?—A window pane.

"Isaac, my son, let the good book be a lamp unto thy path." "Mother," replied the thoughtful Isaac, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

A Paradox.—When a bootmaker commences to make a boot the first thing he uses is the last.

CHAINS! CHAINS!

Chloe. "Bress de Lord!—If dem White Folks ain't gone gone crazy 'bout Chains jest as our Folks has got 'em off!"

DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

SONG BY A LADY OF FASHION.

Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been first-rate:
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales; play as well;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh!
German, Italian, and French they know,
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease;
Choose out your partner, whichever you please.
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire,
Hoy! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my dear daughters! Who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride,
Stand an opera box for his fancy's queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline.

Ever new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait!
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short, all she's been brought up to at home.
Here are girls for your money—if cut you can shell,
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

A Difference.—An Irish gentleman of our acquaintance says that the difference between a constitutional monarch and a despot is that the latter need only issue a u-kase for his orders, while the former must supply a "be-kase" for his.

The Great Tie-coon.—Calcraft.

A few weeks after a late marriage the husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a washing. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When hanging on the kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She immediately peeped over the blankets, and then exclaimed:

"My dear, what are you doing?"

He deliberately responded: "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one for myself."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me too!"

A lady found the following letters in the bottom of a flour-barrel and asked her husband to read them if he could: O-I-C-U-R-M-T.

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it—
She keeps her bed!"—"Mine's worse," quoth Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it."

Descent on the Female side.—The Emperor of Austria, to judge from recent events, must belong to the House of Mis-Hapsburg.

"And you have been married, Patrick, three times?" "Yes, indade, Sir." "And what do you say of it—which wife did you like best?" "Well, Becky O'Brien, that I married the first time, was a good woman—too good for me—so she got sick and died, and the Lord took her. Then I got married to Bridget Flannegan. She was a bad woman, and she got sick and died too, and the devil took her. Then, ['fore] that I was, I got married to Margaret Hegerty. She was worse, bad, very bad—so bad that neither the Lord nor the devil would have her, so I have to keep her myself."

WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.—2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant-girl to bow down to her and serve her; for I am a jealous wife, visiting, etc.—3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.—4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectably.—5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.—6. Thou shalt not fret.—7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.—8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.—9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.—10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his wine, nor any thing that is behind the bar of the rumseller.—11. Thou shalt not visit the billiard-hall.—And the 12th commandment is, Thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

Domestic Intelligence.—Breakfast is ready.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

"What is the 'Poet's License,' say?"
Asked rose-lipped Anna of a poet;
"Now give me an example, pray,
That when I see it I may know it."
Quick as a flash he plants a kiss
Where perfect kisses always fall.
"Nay, Sir! what liberty is this?"
"The Poet's License—that is all!"

Considerate.—We once knew a city man who never got up till twelve at noon, because, he said, it was only fair, as day broke in the morning, to give it a chance of recovering its position before beginning business with it.

"I want to buy a sewing-machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish a machine with a feller?" inquired the clerk. "Sakes, no! don't want any of your fellers about me."

Why are your lips often at variance?—Because words are frequently passing between them.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?—They have occasioned the fall of man.

A dealer in musical instruments, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles which he has for sale, "can't be beat." Will he be kind enough to tell us what they are good for, then?

Never chew your words. Open the mouth and let the voice come out. A student once asked: "Can virchue, forichtude, gratichude, or quiechude dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectichude?"

Of six hundred and twelve young ladies who fainted last year, more than one half of them fell in the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

A SENSATION STORY.

BY A VEGETARIAN.

He had done the deed! But little did he guess that the eye of an intelligent potato in the next field was upon him. The potato poured the dreadful story into the ear of the corn, which let out the secret in its (s)talk, and though I am bound to add that the corn was cut after thus betraying confidence, the story got wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in consequence. The culprit was overtaken by justice and several scarlet-runners, and taken before a justice of the peas. The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principal witness for the prosecution.

Wouldst know, O reader, the wretched man's guilt? He had shed the blood of a turnip, little expecting it would ever turn up in evidence against him. He was executed, of course, the mode of execution decapitation, in order to sever the carrot-ed artery.

No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

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FLIGHT-BOAT TO BRAZIERS CITY, ON BREWICK BAY, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 678.]

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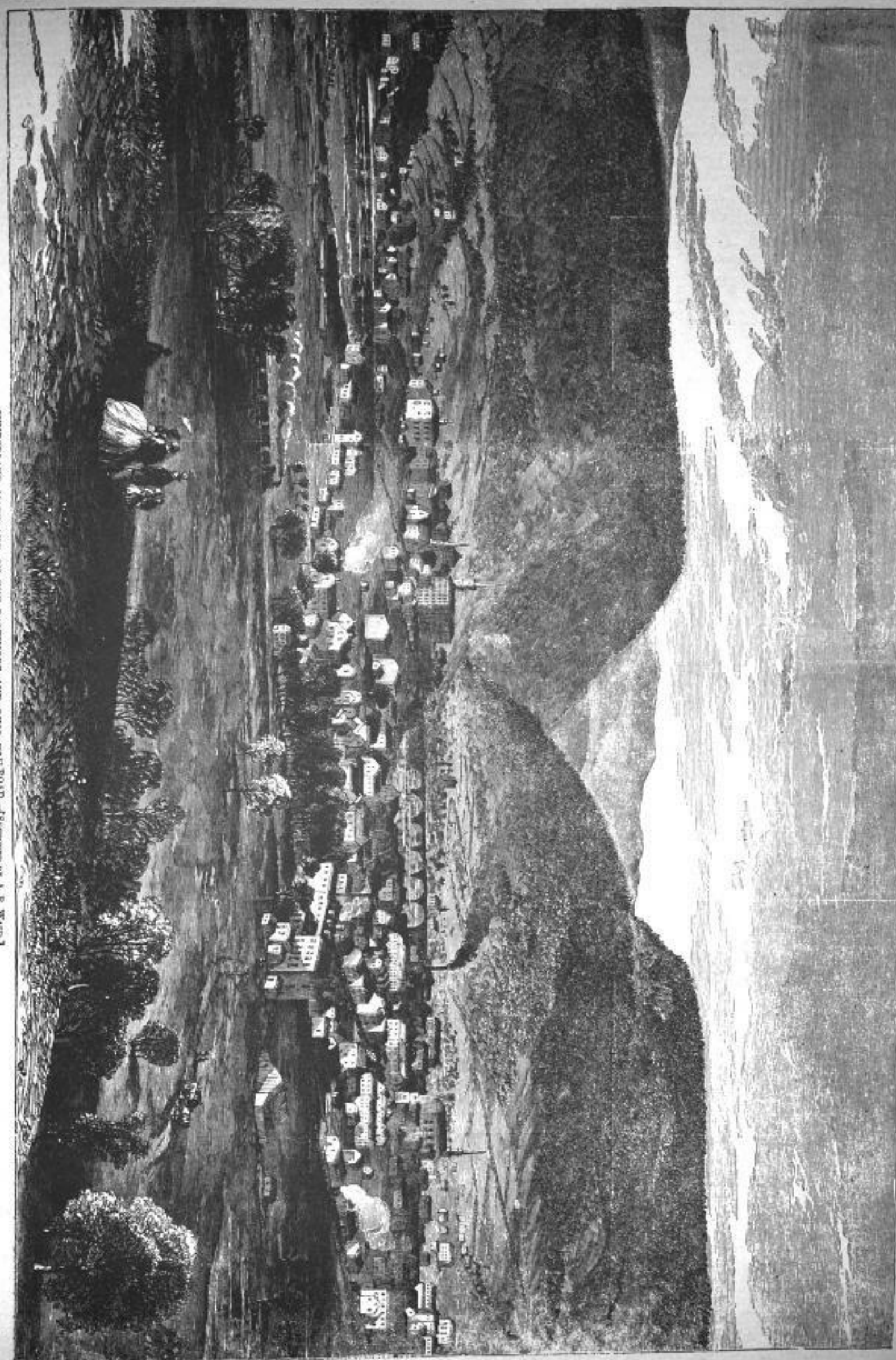

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—[Sketched by A. R. Ward.]

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THE THREE SUITORS.

"I'LL woo her in a golden shower!"
The rich Purpureus cried;
When suitors bring a mighty dower
They may not be denied;
My castle, by a silver lake,
Shall bare her to my side;
My all-prevailing wealth shall break
This haughty beauty's pride.
He came!—his love to Ella told;
She spurn'd his name and scorn'd his gold.

Honorus, politic and wise,
Essayed her heart to move;
Deep-read, his lore each passion tries,
And masters all—save Love!
He spoke of Glory—her bright eye
Flashed the full meed of Fame;
Each tale of woe and misery
An answering tear might claim.
"Hah! ah!" thought he, "the maid is mine!"
She heard, but bade him hope resign.

Sir Edmund listened to her fame,
And donn'd his armor bright;
He laugh'd to scorn Don Cupid's name,
And dared him to the fight.
Ah! boastless vaunt! Behold him now!
Low at her feet he lies;
His Milan coat of burnish'd steel
Pierced through by Ella's eyes.
She pitying—loosed her captive's band,
And gave the conquer'd knight her hand.

GHOSTS' GARMENTS.

"I CALCULATE from a slight but smart glance at your physical peculiarities that you don't believe in ghosts, youngster."

Now, besides being called "youngster"—a thing very irritating when you can catch hold of your mustache without disfiguring your upper lip—there is something very irritating to an Englishman in being addressed thus summarily and personally by an entire stranger. We, the only occupants of a first-class carriage on the North-Western Railway, had only just emerged from the first bridge after leaving Euston Square Station. I, with a dignity which would convince most people of my majority, drew myself up to my full height (and I sit high, though not at all on account of the shortness of my legs) and replied that I was glad that so short an acquaintance had been sufficient to assure him of my freedom from any such ridiculous superstition.

"Ha!" said the stranger, with a strong nasal twang, "so that's how the land lies, is it? Wa'al! Then I reckon that the sooner you begin to believe the latter, and if you've got such a thing as a cigar about you I'll commence your edification at once."

"Thank you," said I; "here is a cigar, but I prefer my present state of ignorance and incredulity."

"Very well rounded that for a youngster," retorted my tormentor. "Dr. Johnson didn't make his dixonary for nothin', I see; but still, as long as you don't believe in ghosts, your edification ain't the thing quite, neither."

By this time he had selected the biggest cigar from my case, had lighted it with a match which he struck on his trowsers, and had begun to smoke it, rolling it from one side of his mouth to the other, and regarding me with a cool impertinence which stifled me with indignation.

"Wa'al!" he continued, after a puff or two, "it's a rank British, is this cigar; but it was the best you'd got, so I won't grumble. Now stick another in your own mouth and then I'll begin your edification."

I had intended to smoke, and I was not to be stopped by any false notion of dignity; so I did as he requested, and resigned myself to my fate. No sooner had I done so than he exclaimed, "Now that's what I call comfort!" smacked his legs and his fingers, and evinced such a high state of uncouth hilarity that I began to be afraid I was locked up with a lunatic.

"Ha!" he cried, snapping his fingers, "I'll make your hair stand on end, I will, spite of all your pomatum and bandoline; and your legs won't hurt by a little stretching neither. Air you ready?"

Hoping at least to draw off his attention from my personal appearance by inducing him to begin a story at once, I nodded, and he commenced:

"Wa'al, I'm only a-thinkin' which of 'em it shall be. I've got one story as kills outright; but I want to cross to-night, and being found with a corpse might be inconvenient, so I'll let you off that. I've another as mostly brings on fits; but this carriage is narrow for fits. And I've another as completely takes away the breath, 'cept the story's told slow, which I ain't clever at. And I've another—well, you're a good-natured fellow, you sir, and so I'll tell it you; it's only dangerous in heart disease."

"My heart is perfectly sound," I said, in as steady voice as I could assume.

"Wa'al, then! Here goes. About two months ago I was traveling by express from Dublin to Cork, intendin' to cross to my native land in a sudden best affection toward an old uncle o'mine who I heard was intent to leave this world for a better, and I was a-moralizing on the shortness of life, and consoling myself with reflexions on the admirable arrangements of Providence, which don't allow rich uncles to take their ile springs with 'em, when I had the most extraordinary adventure with a faymale ghost that I remember in all my experience.

"I was all alone in the compartment with my baggage, which consisted of a male portmanteau, a female trunk, and a bandbox, as I had promised my old woman to bring her some finery from Paris, 'cause the bandbox was none of your pasteboard flimsies, but a true Parisian, made of shingle; so I wrapped it up in my traveling rug. I put it under my head, and I went fast asleep. I'm a sound sleeper. Many a time have I gone to sleep when poggy-fishing, and slept all night in spite of the bull-frogs a-leaping and a-croaking all over me, but I never had such a restless nap in my life as in that compartment. First of all I had a tickling in my nose, as if a drunken centipede was a-trying to open his door with a tooth-pick. In the enduing irritation I lifted my head, when—whish! went my traveling-rug. Still I didn't rouse up definite, but snored on. Presently the irritation increased, and I lifted my head again, when away went bandbox and all. I said to myself, 'Now they'll be satisfied, I hope' (for I knew it was ghosts fast enough, being used to 'em); and sure enough, whatever it was left me alone a while; 'only heard a noise in my sleep like a mouse in the faymale trunk. Presently, however, I come aware of pinchin' going on in various portions of myself. I am averse to pinchin', natural, and I twitched and twitched, determined to sleep it out. But the pinchin' increasin' from the desultory to the vicious, I knew it wasn't any good, so I opened my eyes and sat up, and, bless my soul, if there wasn't a faymale figger of exceeding beauty dressed complete in my wife's garments! Parisian bonnet with yaller ribbons, bright-green velvet jacket trimmed with red gimp, blue slippers, and pink silk stockings, complete! And if I didn't stare, why this cigar's tobacco, that's all!"

He paused a moment, and looked at me with a most evil expression of enjoyment; I let his impertinence pass without the smallest remark, and he continued:

"Wa'al, I wasn't sheered a fig, but looked at her fixed, took out a pipe (I smokes pipes usual), and asked her if she objected to my lightin' up. 'Not a bit,' she answered, quite pleasant, and she smiled, opening her lips, through which I saw the back of the carriage."

"The back of the carriage?"

"Yes. Ghosts is hollow, and got no teeth, no bones, no hair, nothin' but flesh and skin, and only the very outside o'that: a sort of nothing without inwards. If she hadn't had my wife's bonnet on, her head, with the compartment light over it, would a looked like the globe of a paraffine lamp afore it's lit; but when the mouth's shut you can't see through; it's only semi-transparent, like ground glass, and if it hadn't been one of those new-fangled hats, like a captain's biscuit with strings, I could only a seen the cushions at the back through a chance chink in the straw. As it was I saw three buttons and puffs complete."

"Nonsense," I said. I was delighted when a question suggested itself which I thought would prove a poser to the man. "But," said I, "if ghosts are made of such slight material, how can you account for your friend's supporting the weight of the bonnet with 'yaller' ribbons, the velvet jacket with the gimp trimmings, and the rest of it?"

"Very clever for you, youngster. That was what had precisely puzzled me about ghosts for a long time, as it has puzzled most incredulous writers on the subject, old and new. Ghosts of clothes, they says, air ridiculous, and so *I* thought; though, being natural of a religious temperament, I didn't say so; and if the clothes ain't ghostly they can't be real, 'cause the immaterial couldn't support a paper bonnet, let alone crinoline. Such was the state of my feelin's on the subject when this lady finger started 'em from their dormant apathy. 'Here's a chance of settling the question,' says I to myself, 'as may never occur again. Here's a faymale ghost, so I knows a ghost, 'cause I've seen the buttons of the carriage through her bump o' philoprogenitiveness, and she's wearin' clothes, as I know—all real and material clothes, because I've paid to the tune of five hundred dollars for 'em; and this here immaterial ghost is wearin' these material clothes as well as if she was made of Bessemer steel. Here's an opportunity,' said I, 'of asking a question—'"

"Now then, my friend," said I, "I am impatient to hear the answer." For there was a want of alacrity in his tone, and a falling off in his spirit, and he had taken his cigar from his mouth and was studying the ceiling; all of which, I thought, betokened that either his invention or his memory was failing him.

"Wa'al," he replied, "there is one lesson I never have forgot, 'cause I had to write it seventy-seven times in one mornin', at the age of six: it was Patience is a Virtue, and the sooner you lay it to heart the better for your wife, if you ever have one; which, looking consumptive, you won't, perhaps, so it don't matter much."

I again took no notice of his gross want of delicacy.

"Wa'al, you're beginning to learn, I see," he went on, "so I'll humor you. 'Feminine speria,' said I, 'would you oblige me and the live world in general by informin' me how it is you appear in clothes?' 'It's like your impudence to ask the question,' she replied, turnin' green—which is ghost for blushin'; 'you wouldn't dare put the question to a live lady. But all of you on that side the dust seem to think a spirit hasn't got any feelin's whatever. I've heard questions asked, when I've been forced to lay up a while in a table, as made me ashamed of ever havin' lived.' 'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' said I, feelin' very small lager indeed. 'but I meant no harm. P'raps I should a said, how do you manage to bear the weight of 'em?' 'Why, do you think we haven't any strength?' she said; 'then how do you imagine we turn tables?' 'Trew,' I answered, feeling I had met my match for the first time in my life; 'but that didn't occur to me.' 'Shake hands, if you doubt me,' said she, holding out as pretty a little gloved hand as it ever was my fortune to see. Now it's rather a ticklish crisis in a man's existence when a ghost asks him to shake hands, but I wasn't going to be afraid of a human soap-bubble, especially being faymale. So I shook hands with her, and got such a grip as I never had, except from Hessan. 'Now,' she said, a-holding out the pretty hand again, 'give a poke at that with your finger.' I giv' a poke, and the glove tumbled all of a heap on the floor, as if I'd knocked it off a peg; and there were five as pretty little bare white semi-transparent fingers as were ever manufactured out of opal glass. Wa'al, I was sheered a little at that, though I might a known how it would be if I'd a reckoned; and I said, handling her the glove, which she put on all at once without unbuttonin', 'Excuse my asking an impertinent question, but where on airth do you inflated nothings get your strength from?' 'Will,' she answered, with another smile, 'will and spirit.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I. 'And what might you mean by spirit?' 'Spirit,' she replied, 'is a kinder gas, which blows us out to shape, like balloons.' 'Oh, indeed,' says I; 'you're blown out like balloons, sir you?' 'Yes,' she says, 'we sir; and if you don't break our *film*, which you can't when we don't wish, we are as strong as you felt just now.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I, not understanding quite suspicious; 'and when I knocked that glove off just now did I break the *film*?' 'I *rather* guess you did,' she said; 'it's only just healed up.' 'Then, Madam,' said I, thinkin' I'd caught her tripping, for these ghosts most of 'em lie like everlastin', 'if you're blown out like a balloon, how is it you didn't collapse right away? It wasn't will, was it?' 'No,' she answered, quite ready; 'I'd given that up; it's the nature of the spirit not to.' 'How so?' said I, thinking it rather a faymale reason. 'Why,' she said, 'spirit and air is like ile and water, and won't mix; you can stir 'em as hard as you like, but they won't mix.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I again, puzzlin' my head for another question. For mind you, youngster, whenever you meet with a ghost, ask 'em questions, and never leave off. They're compelled to answer them out of politeness, and I will say ghosts are pretty mannered as a rule. But once let 'em out of harness and they always run to their own stones, like a horse to his stable, and there's no stopping 'em; and of all bores, I guess a ghost's life tops 'em, they're all so long and drefful melancholy. But she was politeness itself, was this young spirit. Seeing me a-puzzling what to say next, she asked me with unusual delicacy whether I had any more questions to ask her, and just at that moment one rushed into my head with such impetuosity as knocked my pipe clean out of my mouth. 'Wa'al, as you ask me,' I said, 'I have just one or two or so. You were speakin' of lying up in a table. What did you mean by that? Were you sick?' 'No,' she said, 'that isn't the reason; we spirits are never sick. *It was because I hadn't any clothes on.* I was lying spread out most uncomfortable in the wool-work of this kerridge till you was asleep and I could dress myself.' 'Why didn't you get into one of the cushions?' said I. 'There wasn't room,' she answered; 'these cushions on this line are all loose, and I couldn't get into two without solution of continuity, which is dreadfully painful for a ghost, and very dangerous. Why, I remember a friend of mine who did that, and the passengers took one of the cushions to play cards on, and then another, each giving up his seat in turn; and what with changing partners, and putting down the cushions the wrong way, and one thing and another, one half of him didn't know where the other half had got to, and, as they both began searching one for the other at the same time, they were near a week before they got together, and then he kicked himself three times in the eye before he found the join.' 'Wa'al,' said I, ready with another question this time, 'are all ghosts equally ill-provided with clothing?' 'All,' she replied, 'except those that are buried in clothes, and they don't last long. Ghosts used to go about in their winding-sheets, but it won't do now. A young ghost soon learns that. I had mine torn to rags the first night, and had to get into my own tombstones—the greatest indignity a ghost has to suffer. And even them that have dresses haven't the right sort. A friend of mine was buried in her bridal dress; but she got so chaffed about it, that she left it off after a week.' 'I suppose you can find clothes generally, can't you?' said I. 'Yes, if a ghost is not overparticular and not fussy,' she answered. 'You see, we only want them at night, not being visible by day, even to one another; but it's very awkward sometimes when we are obliged to put on the clothes you livin' bein's have just taken off, for if you want them in the night we have to evacuate in a hurry, and creep into any refuge we can find, and that's the explanation of many of those stories of crockery falling down—not but what some ghosts like a bit of mischief sometimes, but they are the worst sort. Now, I remember—' 'Excuse me,' said I, interrupting her, 'but what do you mean by fussy ghosts?' 'Then that don't care about being about decent,' said she, 'they are the sort that mostly fills your furniture. They don't care, as long as they are safe in the leg of a table, and they have no sense of decency whatever; they crowd together any how, and never put on clothes from one year's end to another. They have greatly increased of late, having got a new pleasure in doping the living; but they are down upon by all respectable ghosts, and they go by name of *comsis*.' 'You are a respectable ghost, I presume?' said I. 'Of course I'm respectable,' she replied. 'I allus go about at night well dressed, if I can; but allus dressed. Not but what I am put to straits occasional. The other night I was staying, on business, at an old castle on the Rhine, and there was no faymale wardrobe there whatever; but I found a chest up stairs full of queer old dresses, and I had to fix myself up in them as best I could. I met the old baron as I was a goin' down stairs, and nearly frightened him into fits. I saw he sent an account of it to a paper, in which he swears he had a visit from his great-grandmother. How I laughed to be sure, for my business had nothin' to do with the old gentleman at all.' 'Business?' I says, catching a clew. 'Do you have business?' I saw I had made a mistake at once, as she began shakin' her head from one side to the other like a pendulum turned the wrong way up. 'Ah,' she said, 'I have; but our business is punishment. We have to go about all over the world, tracin' the history right away throw, of all our sins. Some of our sins die out at once, but some little things we never think twice of at the time of committin' go rolling on like snow-balls forever. I've only got two left now. One of them is a lie I made a child of mine tell to get me out of a scrape with his father, which has already led to two murders, a suicide, and frauds without number; I don't know when that will die, but it's not active at the present moment. The other, on which I'm traveling now, is in consequence of the way I left my property. I left it to a distant relation, who was a spendthrift, and every penny he spent ill I have had to watch the effects of; but it's pretty well worn out, as a great deal of it has passed into charities, which relieves me. Indeed, the last evil done with the money was by the housekeeper of that house on the Rhine. The son of the man the property was left to is now dying of gout, the produce of port-wine bought with part of his father's fortune. I want 'e in at his death, and then I think there'll be only seven and sixpence-halfpenny left.' 'Where are you off to now?' I asked her. 'To America,' she answered. 'But what brings you here in this carriage? I thought you spirits had a quicker way of transit.' 'By day we fly through the air, being invisible, but not by night; and the man whose death I am to be in at will die before morning. By night we are obliged to travel dressed, and so not only go by mortal conveyances.' 'But how ever will you get to America in that time?' 'Ah, I forgot to mention it, but we can go by telegraph. I should have gone the whole way by telegraph, but the line between Dublin and Valentia is broke. *Now*, however, I guess I can go through. Just be good enough to turn your face aside one moment.'

"'I did so, and I heard a rustle of drapery. After waiting a minute, I looked—and dressed if my wife's togs weren't lying all in a heap on the floor, and not a ghost of a ghost to be seen. I will say that for her, that, except the gloves were a bit stretched, the clothes weren't damaged a cent. Now, youngster, this is my Station, and if you don't believe in ghosts by this time, it's my opinion you never will."

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

SAM might well talk about the weeds! Oh, how they grew! The flowers might break beneath the harsh wind, or dry up in the sun's fierce rays, but nothing hurt the weeds. In sunshine, in cloud—cold or hot, wet or dry—no matter what the weather was, it suited the weeds. Which, to be sure, proved, as Jack said, that they were of an extremely amiable disposition, and made the best of every thing; but Lily said if that were so, she thought it was much better to be cross, for what good did such amiability do any one?

The weeds gave Lily a great deal of trouble. First of all, to find them out; for when pinks lived in a nest of sorrel who could tell which was which? at least of such young gardeners. Then chickweed looked "so like a flower" when it first came up; and thistles had such beautiful white and green leaves; and other mischievous things dressed themselves with such very innocent appearances not before she knew it poor Lily's weedless garden showed sorrel and chickweed and mallows enough to supply the county. So Jack said.

Lily fought the invaders bravely; hoeing up some, and grubbing up others, and uprooting the very obstinate ones with her little weeding-fork. At first she tried only the hoe; and before long every weed had it head cut off, and the ground was raked smooth again. Lily was delighted.

"I don't think the weeds matter much, after all," she said; "I've got rid of them already. Oh, aren't my poor pinks glad!"

"Glad to have a breathing spell," said her brother Sam; "but how long do you think it will take your weeds to grow up again?"

"Don't call 'em my weeds," said Lily—"how long? why they won't come at all; I've cut their heads off."

"And what do you think sorrel cares for that? It's a hydra—with a hundred heads."

"Well, I believe that's true," said Lily; "I never saw such stuff. The roots just runner and ran, all over the ground, and there's a head every where. But I've cut 'em all off."

"Look here," said Sam, digging up a trowelful of earth—"here are any number of underground heads—little tufts of young white leaves, ready to start up with the first shower. You did not hoe deep enough."

"I guess I did, though," said Lily. "Why, I had my shoes just covered the whole time."

"Had your shoes covered! How did that come about, pray?"

"Why—so," said Lily, taking her hoe and walking backward, hoeing the earth toward her at every step.

"But that is not the way to hoe," said Sam; "you must walk forward instead of back, else you hoe the earth and cut the weeds right over the root, and cover them all up."

"Yes, that's just what I did," said Lily, "and it was very troublesome. I couldn't tell where I had been."

"Well, do the other way next time," said Sam; "this ground will want hoeing again in a few days; and then use your eyes as well as your hoe. There is a young mullein comfortably established at the root of your rose-bush."

"The mischievous thing!" said Lily. "Well, it sha'n't be comfortable very long." And with a fierce grasp she seized hold of the mullein and pulled off a handful of leaves. "Dear, dear!" said Lily; "what shall I do now?"

"Wait till the leaves grow again, and then take your trowel and weeding-fork."

"Why shouldn't I take 'em at once?"

"Why should I wait?"

"Because now you have nothing to take hold of, and it would be harder work. Come, let's go up and see what Clover is about."

"Oh, Clover is always weeding!" said Lily, as

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she followed Sam up the hill. "Her garden must be a great deal worse than mine."

On the contrary, there was not a weed in it.

"Always weeding!" Sam repeated, with a smile, as he stood by the neat little patch of ground where Clover was tenderly watering her seedlings; "always weeding—that is the great secret of never having any weeds."

"Well, I don't think she has many flowers either," said Lily. "Just see how many empty places—here—and here—and here. Two somethings in one place, and three somethings else in another place. There's hardly a whole patch of any thing."

"How is that, Clover?" said Sam, watching his sedate little sister, whose cheeks crimsoned in a moment. "I thought you had taken such pains with your flowers?"

"Yes, I have tried to take a great deal of pains with them," said Clover, looking very uncomfortable.

"Ah! you see pains won't do every thing," said Lily, triumphantly. "Now I just planted my flowers slap-dash, and my garden's quite full."

Sam whistled a little, thinking of the sorrel and mallows, of which also Lily's garden had been full.

"It looks to me," he said, gravely, bending down to examine the little garden—"it looks to me as if the hedge had been encroaching here and there."

"The hedge!" said Lily. "I don't see any hedge."

"I thought I saw signs of it," said Sam, passing on to another place and scanning that. Clover looked at him anxiously. Did he really know what had become of her flowers? But Sam's face was imperturbable.

"What do you mean?" said Lily. "You're as good as a puzzle-book any day."

"What do I mean?" said Sam. "I was only alluding to one of the properties of matter—where one thing is another can not be. So, of course, where the hedge creeps in the flowers must creep out."

"Well, I give it up," said Lily. "Why, Clover, I thought you had ever so many of those—what do you call 'em?—and here's only three!"

"My balsams?" said Clover. "Oh, I'm glad you spoke of them! I wanted to ask Sam something, and I forgot all about it. Look here!" and Clover pushed aside the overhanging leaves of her three balsams, and showed a strange state of things. The ground was disturbed and turned up, lying in small hills and valleys; and right up from the highest hill stuck out a small brown paw, all furry and motionless.

"A cat!" cried Lily, darting forward.

"No, it's not a cat's paw," said Clover, "and I'm sure I don't know what it is; nor how it could get here among my balsams."

"It is a rabbit's paw," said Sam, looking close at it; "and what's more, the rabbit is here too."

"Oh, has he hid away there to eat up my poor flowers?" said Clover, remembering that squirrels had a taste for abronias, and there was no telling what rabbits might like.

"Not he," said Sam, "he will never do any more mischief. That rabbit did not hide himself there."

"But who could have done it?" said Clover. "Not Jack?"

"It must have been Mat," said her brother. "I saw him with a young rabbit in his mouth yesterday; but he does not like raw meat, you know, and so did not eat it."

"What's the use of hiding it away, then?" said Lily.

"Ah, that I can not tell. A dog generally seems to act upon the supposition that a famine may come some day; and in that case Mat probably thought he could eat raw meat."

"Funny old Mat!" said Clover, laughing. "But I wish he had buried his rabbit somewhere else! I don't want to touch it."

"Then I wouldn't touch it," said Sam. "The balsams will not be troubled, in fact they will rather like it!"

"Like it!"

"Why yes," said Sam; "they have not the least objection to raw meat, and have great appetites."

"There's another puzzle!" said Lily, despairingly.

"Not a bit; I mean what I say. Your balsams are great feeders, and will send their little roots to get many a rich meal from the rabbit."

"I don't like that at all," said Clover, with a little disgust.

"It's what many plants will do, however," said Sam; "though some are too delicate to relish quite such a hearty meal."

"Plants ought not to eat at all," said Lily, "little do-nothing things."

"Do nothing!" exclaimed Sam; "is it nothing to fill the world with beauty and fragrance; nothing to purify all the air for us to breathe; to furnish our clothing, to provide our fuel, our lights, our food?"

"Dear me, how you run on!" said Lily. "I don't know any thing about that, Sam. What I say is, that they don't work—my flowers, I mean."

"Well, when you are half as busy as they are I shall have great hopes of your turning out a useful woman," said her brother.

"Great hopes!" said Lily, scornfully. "I should think you'd better begin 'em right away then."

"But, Sam," said Clover, "oh, won't you please tell us all about that? It sounds so interesting."

"Can't this afternoon," said Sam. "I promised Primrose that I would help her train her sweet-peas. Where is the child all this time?"

"Oh, she's singing to her garden; didn't you hear her?" said Lily.

"Singing to her garden!"

"Yes, and it's so funny. She does it every day, but she'll never let any body get near her."

"It is funny," said Clover; "only it's so pretty, too. I think she tells mamma about every one of her flowers, and then I think mamma makes up little verses for her. And then Prim goes out and watches her flowers and sings the verses. But she'll never tell what they are."

"I'm bound to hear some of those verses," said Sam, beginning to move softly along by the fence. "I shall creep up and listen."

"May we come too?" said Clover.

"If you'll not make the least noise."

So very softly and slowly, moving on tip-toe, and not venturing to speak a word, they crept up the hill and round the house, coming at last to a corner very near Prim's little garden; and a pretty sight it was. The flowers were beginning to bloom quite freely—a white rose on the little rose-bush, and a scarlet blossom on the young geranium; with white tufts of alyssum, and green ones of mignonnette. A splendid datura blossom held up its purple-tinted cup, and the rich fragrance of the sweet-peas filled the air; while high above all mounted the ipomœa superba, stretching across on wires even to the railing that crowned the bow-window, and bearing two or three flowers of the most exquisite blue. In front of all these beauties, her little hands clasped tight together, her little face grave with intense enjoyment, stood Primrose—now looking at one treasure, now at another. But most of all her eyes watched the ipomœa, mounting ever upward toward the sky, its own blossoms almost rivaling the summer blue. Then all at once she began to sing, but never turning her eyes from the beautiful vine; singing softly to herself, so that the silent listeners could but just catch the words:

"Climb, climb a little way,
Follow Jesus every day.
Holding fast his precious hand,
Mount at last where angels stand.
Little creeper, weak and small,
He is strong enough for all.
In his tender love and care
Fresh, pure blossoms daily bear.
All your beauty is from him;
Let him train and let him trim;
Hide the sun, or bid it shine—
Still climb higher, little vine!"

And Prim stooped down for a sprig of mignonnette and one of sweet alyssum, and carried them off into the house for "mamma."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Few events—unless it be the annual May-day moving—occasion more commotion in city homes than the "getting settled" after returning from a summer in the country. Every lady who takes a personal interest in the welfare of her household—and what *true* lady does not?—meets with experiences at this era of her life which, although by good chance may be agreeable, are far more likely to be vexatious. She may come back to the city and find her house in nice order, those left in charge having proved faithful to their trust. But in many cases it is very different.

Perchance the house has been closed during the summer, that is, it was supposed to be closed; but, alas! the cellar grating has been filed through (it must have been the labor of *nights*), a clear opening made, and burglars have thoroughly ransacked every nook and corner, and carried off every available article, not leaving even carpets. Apparently they have worked at their leisure, with none to molest or make them afraid. And the bereaved lady looks dismally at her sacked apartments, and feels inclined to fold her hands in despair. But perhaps servants were left in charge; and the general appearance of things, at first sight, is neat and comfortable. But on inspection the best rooms bear a strange aspect of hard usage—the carpets, surely, never were so dingy nor the furniture so marred; and the owner can not understand it until rumors come from neighbors that all through the summer the parlors were often lighted, and the "sounds of revelry" issuing therefrom broke upon the midnight air. But the chagrined lady's investigations meet with a stout denial that any but a few "cousins" have "once or twice of an evening" dropped in.

But it may be that a "careful family," with only "one or two children," were left to guard the house and furniture against the inroads of burglars, moths, and dust. There must be somewhere a broader definition of "*careful*" than Webster gives; for the good lady looks with dismay at the blackened walls, marred furniture, at the heaps of dust and rubbish half hidden in corners and drawers, gathers up her skirts in disgust from the armies of cockroaches that revel in the basement, ascertains that door keys are missing, chairs and windows broken, and kitchen utensils, generally, battered and spoiled, and she scarcely refrains from an indignant outburst. But what's the use? The "careful" family have been "careful" to leave before her return to town. So at length, with the energy of hope, she gathers her willing maids about her, arms them with brooms, scrubbing brushes, and cloths, soap, sand, and Lyon's Powder, and commencing at the top of the house she institutes a thorough cleaning, to which, for once, not even her husband objects. And when, one after another, the rooms emerge from the process, fresh and clean, and the old familiar home-life is re-established, how comfortable it seems!

It is a matter of deep interest to all, and one in which, as citizens of New York, we may feel a commendable pride, that our city affords such excellent facilities for free education. Not only do the public schools present annual advantages for thorough education, but a few years since a system of evening schools was inaugurated for the benefit of those unable to attend the day schools. These schools have been very successful, as the fact that last winter not less than 23,000 pupils attended, either as regular scholars, or as constantly as other duties permitted. Recently the Board of Education have opened an Evening High School in the Grammar School Building in Thirteenth Street. The design of this institution is to afford young men facilities for obtaining a higher education than can be obtained in the ordinary evening schools. Experienced instructors have been appointed, and no effort or expense will be spared to make this experiment thoroughly successful, and to give to every student the means of pursuing that branch of education which he deems most needful for himself.

The question whether turtles suffer pain in the modes of confinement often employed by dealers, which agitated certain circles in our city not many months ago, has been referred to Professor Agassiz. Here is the gist of his answer:

"To say that turtles do not suffer when dragged from their natural haunts, tied that they may not be able to move, turned upside down, etc., is simply absurd. It is true that they can live for a long time without food or drink: but they do feel pain, and are indeed very sensitive to some injuries. That of turning them upside down among others is sufficient, for instance, to prevent their eggs from hatching. Their suffering may be inferred by the violent and convulsive movements to which the perforation of their fins gives rise. And yet to this proceeding dealers in turtles generally resort in order to tie them more closely and pack a larger number in a smaller space. Of course, when tied in this manner, they may suffer less by being turned upon their backs, because the fins are thus relieved from the pressure of their whole weight; but the best evidence I can afford that they suffer in that position is that they die if it is much protracted; and yet turtles are among the animals which resist longest privations of all kinds. Is not the fact that they may die merely from the attitude in which they are forcibly kept the most complete evidence of their suffering? For what else would cause death if not pain and the unnatural pressure of parts brought into unaccustomed positions?"

The latest case of good luck is related of a young Englishman, in New York. It seems that some months ago he left his native country, and, not caring where he went, took the first ship that came across his path, which happened to be one bound for this country. Arrived in New York, he soon squandered all the money which he had brought with him in riotous living, and being too aristocratic for manual labor he was soon entirely destitute. In this sad plight, with his clothes nearly falling from his back, he gained his bread by begging from door to door, making the steps of the City Hall and the barges floating on the river his nightly places of repose. At last, having been reduced to a wretched state of weakness, he succeeded in gaining employment as porter in a grocery store. A few days ago, however, he received information from England of the death of a titled relative, who had left him heir to property to nearly the value of £10,000; and the letter bringing the welcome intelligence also contained a draft to pay his passage home. He is now on the way.

A new style of robbery was practiced upon an unfortunate Bostonian who was a passenger on the steamboat train for New York the other evening. He had his hat stolen at a way-station by some fellow who thrust his hand in at the window just as the train was starting, grabbed the hat from the Bostonian's head, and disappeared in the darkness.

The following mixture is said to be a sure cure for a terrible disorder of the mouth commonly called "scandal:"

Take of "good-nature" one ounce; of an herb called by the Indians "mind your business," one ounce; mix these with a little "charity for others," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth." Application: The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips; when you feel a fit of it coming on take a spoonful of the mixture; hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

When the cholera was ravaging New York in 1832 Hon. Edward Everett visited the city. In a description he gave of the appearance of this city on the 21st of July of that terrible summer, he said:

"Business seemed almost wholly at a stand; more than half the population had gone into the country; many houses and shops were shut up; ready-made coffins were exposed at every corner. It happened to be the day of the greatest mortality—two hundred and twelve persons had died that day. The cold gripe of death was upon the heart of the great city; terror aggravated the ravages of disease; and all the energy, the resource, the vitality of the mighty metropolis quailed for a time before the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. It was a sight never to be forgotten."

The sanitary measures and scientific resources of our Board of Health have, by the blessing of God, saved our city this year from the virulence of the disease and the dangers of panic; while some of the Southern and Western cities have suffered severely.

At the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the resignation of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., who has been a leader in the work for forty-four years, was received with deep regret by the Board and numerous friends who loved and honored him. Among other testimonials of esteem two checks of $10,000 each were presented to him by a few friends from New York and New England.

A Southern paper says, "The other day a wolf came into the door-yard of a certain Mr. H——, and commenced catching chickens. A woman of the house chased it to the fence, and as it attempted to pass through laid hold of its hind legs and held it fast, while another woman present went to the opposite side and with a club beat it to death. Might not something of that sort be tried with good effect upon the persons of a certain class of *gentlemen* (?) who infest the street corners in our city, amusing themselves with petty impertinences toward ladies who are unfortunately compelled to pass them? It seems that even our Central Park is not secure from the annoyances of insulting intruders.

In a recently published statistical work there are said to be in London one million four hundred thousand persons who never attend public wor[ship], [one] hundred and fifty thousand habitual drunkards, [one] hundred and fifty thousand living in open p[rofligacy], twenty thousand professed beggars, ten thousand gamblers, thirty thousand destitute children, and five thousand receivers of stolen goods. It is a pity the compiler does not give also the number of city missionaries. It ought to be respectably large.

We would recommend Tecumseh, a town in Michigan, as a good place to live in. As proof we quote the following items from the Price Current of that place: Butter, per pound 23 cents; lard, 15; chickens, 14; turkeys, 15; eggs, dozen, 12; beef, per 100 pounds, dressed, $8; corn meal, per 100 pounds, $1 50; apples, per bushel, 50 cents; apples, dried, per pound, 10; honey in box, per pound, 20.

People fond of betting on the results of elections should remember what risky business it is—the betting, we mean. Curious election penances, paid in times past by the foolish, are still fresh in the memory of many. For example: A gentleman in Chicago had to carry a fat Republican on his shoulders through the streets, preceded by a band of music. A well-known New Yorker, as an appropriate punishment for being a Copperhead, was condemned to wear for a year a hat two feet high, with a brim seven inches wide. A student in Maine was compelled to part with his cherished whiskers and mustache. Another man had to whittle two barrels of shavings in the street. A well-known citizen of Boston, in fulfillment of the terms of a wager, wheeled a barrow of oysters all the way from Portland to his house in Bowdoin Square—a journey which occupied him nearly a week.

Fair warning against dangers of all kinds should be made public: consequently we also give our readers the following cautionary quotation:

"Marriage is like a flaming candle-light
Placed in the window on a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there.
Those that are out butt heads against the pane;
Those that are in butt to get out again!"

There is a new bonnet on the horizon. It is made of one large, full-blown rose, which lies flat on the top of the head, sewn on a *scarf* of dew-bedropped tulle, which is crossed under the chin, where another small rose peeps forth. The whole is called "chapeau puff." In less than three weeks it will be in struggling rivalry with the "Lamballe."

Cases of *absent-mindedness* are frequently recorded; but here is one quite equal to any we have recently seen:

"I say, cap'n," said a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer *Potomac*, at Natchez, "I say, cap'n, this here hain't all."

"There is all the luggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, I grant it's all O K accordin' to list—four boxes, three chests, two bandboxes, a port manty, two hams, one part cut, three bags o' layons and a tea-kettle; but you see, cap'n, I'm dubersome, I feel there's somethin' short. Though I've counted 'em over nine times an' never took my eyes off 'em while on board—there's somethin' not right, some how."

"Well, stranger, the time is up: there is all I know of; so bring your wife and five children out of the cabin, as we are off."

"Them's 'em! them's 'em! I know'd I'd forget somethin'!"

The Chicago *Post* records a singular instance of a woman's revenge. It seems that a certain man in that city, previous to his marriage, had betrayed and deserted a woman to whom he had paid marked attention, and she solemnly swore that she would be revenged. She waited patiently for years, and then aimed a blow at the hearts of those she hated. One day a beautiful little girl, four years old, the pet and darling of the family, while playing around the door, mysteriously disappeared. The father and mother were in an agony of grief, as month after month passed away, and their anxious search brought no news of their child. Meanwhile the child had been carried through various cities to Milwaukee, and, by means of a false and pitiful story, was adopted into a family who became tenderly attached to her. At length she was discovered, and the parents hastened to clasp her in their arms. But the little girl had forgotten her real parents, and her affections were entirely centred on those she had learned to regard as such. She absolutely refused to be taken from them, but the parents, however, insisted upon taking her home. The child cried herself into convulsions on being separated from those she had grown to love so fondly. Her own parents were other strangers, and all their endeavors failed to pacify her. She refused to eat or be amused with any thing, but sat moaning continuously for home. This continued for about a week, when she was seized with a sudden spasm and died. The woman who carried her off, wherever she may be, will have the satisfaction of knowing that her revenge has been indeed complete.

The following advertisement, which appears in an English paper of recent date, is a unique specimen of style and grammatical construction:

UNMANAGEABLE BOYS, or Youths (up to twenty years), made perfectly tractable and gentlemanly, in one year, by a clergyman, near town, of thirty years' experience, whose peculiarly persuasive, high moral, and religious training at once elevates children of peculiar tempers and disposition (because not understood) to the level of others. A most liberal education (including modern languages, successful preparation for every examination and vocation in life, and every gentlemanly comfort) on moderate terms.

We do not know the author of the following outburst; probably the writer was afraid and ashamed to take any other signature than "Anonymous:"

"Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a tea-spoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; send up fishing-hooks with balloons and fish for stars; get astride a grasshopper and chase a comet; choke a mosquito with a brick-bat—in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't."

The following is a translation of a passage from a Persian poet:

"The Heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the World is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the Sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the Sky is a bubble on the Sea of His power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin hidden in the thick veil of darkness; He made mirrors of the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from His own face on every atom."

A lake, about two miles in circumference, from which borax is obtained in extremely pure condition and in very large quantity, has been recently discovered in California. The borax hitherto in use has been procured by combining boracic acid from Tuscany, with soda. It is used in large quantities in this country, the potteries of Staffordshire alone consuming more than 1100 tons a year.

A curious book [has] been published at Paris, in [which] the auth[or endeav]ors to prove that the destiny of the hu[man ra]ce is influenced by the earth's magnetism. In like manner as the aurora light, shooting stars, and other natural phenomena are referable to an effect of magnetism, so, he thinks, are great events in the history of nations and of individuals. For example, the 9th of November is the day of least magnetic circulation and of least physical and moral energy, while the 22d of June is the day of most circulation and most energy.

Then, again, the author declares it is to magnetism that certain great moral events are due—Teutonism in Prussia, Anglicanism in England, Gallicanism in France, and Catholicism in the Papal States. Thi[s is] a novel solution of difficult questions.

MOTHER'S WORK.

Toiling all day like a galley slave,
Teaching the little brain how to behave,
Hearing the older ones quarrel and fight,
Slapping and cuffing with all her might;
Washing and brushing and blowing their noses,
Such is the mother's work till the day closes.

Sewing up rents in their best pants torn,
Patching on new cloth over the worn;
Never once pausing to count the stitches,
Darning alike the hose and the breeches;
Thankful in heart when they're out of the way,
Such is a mother's life day by day.

Sending each night-gowned urchin to bed,
Longing to hear the last word said;
Wishing them happy in heaven above,
With all the warmth of a mother's love;
Now, may the good angels be thankful alway,
That they never work like mothers all day.

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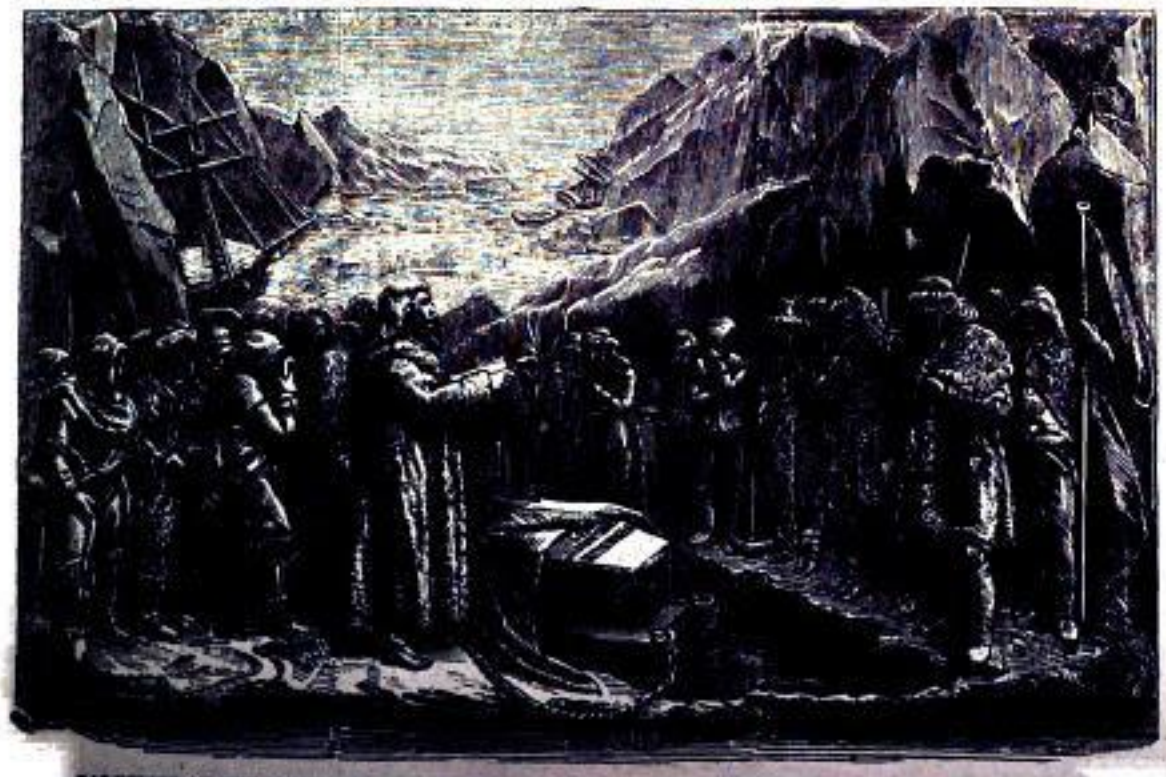
STATUE OF THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

MONUMENT OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The accompanying illustrations give an idea of the monument recently erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin, the lamented hero of Arctic navigation and discovery, in Waterloo Place, London, and of the bas-relief sculpture on the front of the pedestal. The statue is cast in bronze, and is eight feet four inches high. The pedestal is of polished granite.

The moment selected for representation in the statue is when Franklin was addressing his officers and crew, and telling them that the Northwest Passage had at last been discovered. He grasps in his hand the telescope, chart, and compasses; and wears the uniform of a naval commander, with a loose over-coat of fur as a protection against the extreme coldness of the Polar climate. The sculptor's great object was to give the character of Franklin in the statue, and as far as possible by outward form to indicate those qualities of the mind which enabled Sir John, by his deeds in life and by an example of heroic endurance in death, to add to the fame and glory of his country. The likeness has been pronounced by Lady Franklin, and others who knew her husband best, to be characteristic and excellent.

The bas-relief on the front of the pedestal represents the funeral of Franklin, at which Captain Crozier reads the burial service. He is surrounded by the other sorrowing officers and crew of the two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is well known that not one of the whole number of these brave fellows ever returned. Their names, however, with the name of Franklin himself, are recorded on bronze panels at the side of the memorial. In the panel at the back of the tribute there is an embossed bronze chart of the Arctic regions, showing the position of the two ships and their crews at the time of the death of Franklin. The pedestal is further adorned with the representation, in bronze, of a large cable at the cornice, to indicate at once the tribute commemorating a sailor; and there is also a bronze moulding at the plinth, enriched with oak-leaves and acorns, to denote strength and magnanimity.



BAS-RELIEF ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

THE BELL-BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE BELL-BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Our illustration of this remarkable bird (the *Chasmorhynchus nudicollis*) is taken from a living specimen. It is not of the same species known and described by the late Charles Waterton, but one very nearly allied to it; in fact, so near that the absence of a singular wattle over the upper bill constitutes almost the only difference in their shape.

The difference in the vocal powers of the two species is, however, very remarkable. It is generally in the early part of the day that this bird sends forth its loud and wonderful notes. The first note is a loud, harsh, and somewhat grating noise; this is followed by six or eight fine, clear, metallic-ringing notes, with an interval of about a second between each note. The resemblance of these to the sound of an anvil is most extraordinary, and has given rise to its local native name of the Anvil-bird, though it is called by Europeans the Bell-bird. The clear metallic ring, repeated at about the rate a blacksmith strikes upon the anvil, is so perfect that many persons upon hearing it were unwilling to believe the sound could be produced by the delicate organs forming the vocal apparatus of so small a bird. The bird is a native of Brazil, and is said to feed almost entirely upon fruit.

This bird is a little larger than a missel-thrush. The plumage is perfectly white, the eyes pale gray; the naked throat and skin round the eyes are a fine bright green.

Waterton, in his "Wanderings," page 108, speaking of the Bell-bird, says: "His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at a distance of three miles. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged mora, almost out of gun-reach, you will see the campanero. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest—not even the clearly-pronounced 'whip-poor-will' from the goat-sucker—causes such astonishment as the toll of the campanero. With many of the feathered race he pays the common tribute of a morning and an evening song; and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute; then another toll, then a pause again; and then a toll, and again a pause; then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so

on. Actæon would stop in mid chase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him, so sweet, so novel, and romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white campanero. He is never seen to feed with the other species, nor is it known in what part of Guiana he makes his nest."

NATIONAL CEMETERIES IN VIRGINIA.

THE erection of National Cemeteries over the Federal dead who now lie on the battle-fields of Virginia devolves upon Colonel JAS. M. MOORE, of the United States Army. For some time extensive parties have been engaged in this humane labor.

Cold Harbor Cemetery was commenced February 27, 1866, and was completed April 30. This Cemetery contains one and one-half acres of ground, laid out in the form of a square. It is divided into four sections—A, B, C, and D—each section containing 216 graves. A mound, fifteen feet high, stands in the centre, over which always float the National colors.

To the rear of the graves are two large trenches, numbered 1 and 2. No. 1 contains 568 unknown Union soldiers; No. 2 contains 831. The total number of known bodies in the entire Cemetery is 685; of unknown, 1345. Of these 50 are the remains of officers, from the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel down, one chaplain, and 89 non-commissioned officers.

The selection of the site for Cold Harbor Cemetery is peculiarly appropriate. It was here, June 3, 1864, that five successive charges were made by our troops—the Sixth Corps on the left, the Second and Ninth in the centre, and the Eighteenth on the right. The fifth and final charge was successful in securing position for the Second, Sixth, and Ninth Corps, the Eighteenth flanking the rebel General HOKE's Corps, and inflicting heavy loss upon the latter. HOKE was finally reinforced by PICKENS, and drove back the Eighteenth Corps, thus establishing the broken lines of the rebel front. The Union army then threw up intrenchments and held its position for ten days, skirmishing all the time, when they withdrew to a point many miles southward.

The immediate neighborhood of the Cemetery presents a most desolate appearance.

Seven Pines Cemetery, twelve miles from Richmond, was commenced May 1, 1866, and completed June 27. This is also square in form, and of about the same size as that at Cold Harbor. It is divided, like the latter, into four sections, each of which contains 202 graves. But here there are no trenches. Only 154 out of 1356 bodies here interred have been identified. There are 32 commissioned and 17 non-commissioned officers buried here. All those interred in this Cemetery fell in the engagements at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines.

Bodies in many cases have been found unburied on the fields.

DRIVING IN CENTRAL PARK.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

HORSE-MEAT IN PARIS.

WHEN it was reported some months ago that a new institution in the shape of a Horse-meat Market was to be inaugurated in Paris, the Parisian public smiled incredulously. But in spite of incredulity, and even of disgust, the thing has been done, and a horse-meat market has been opened in Paris.

They sell horse-meat in Paris and they eat it, as our illustration demonstrates.

It is said that all those who have laid aside prejudice, and have eaten this new style of viand, have found it excellent. The soldiers of Confederate General PEMBERTON's army, we believe, are willing to corroborate this testimony. Doubt is no longer in place.—The Hippophagi have reason on their side.

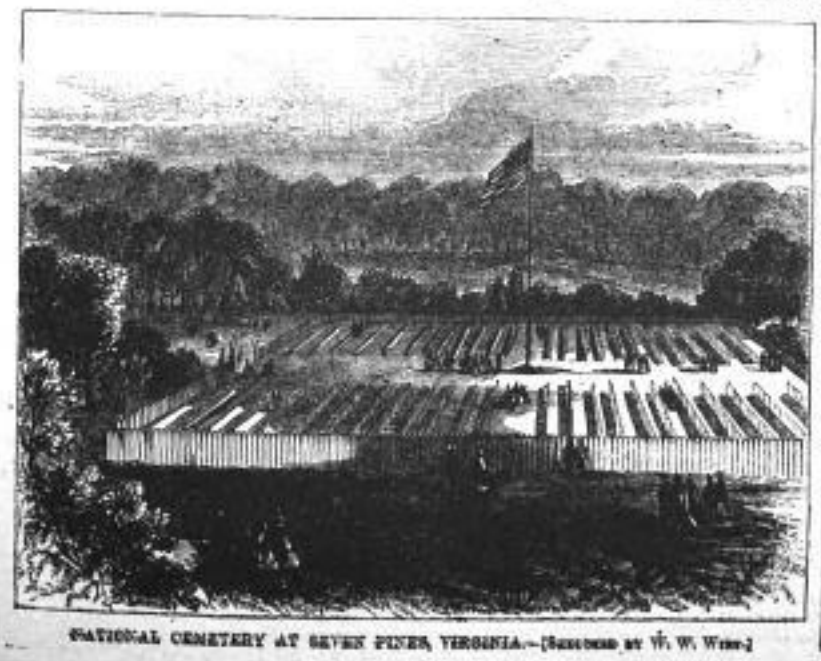
A restaurant adjoins the market, where the Parisian gourmands may eat horse-meat steak or horse *à la mode* at twenty *centimes* a plate. We recommend the experiment to those in our city who, in fashion and in cuisine, are imitators of Parisians.

FLOWER-BEDS IN CENTRAL PARK.

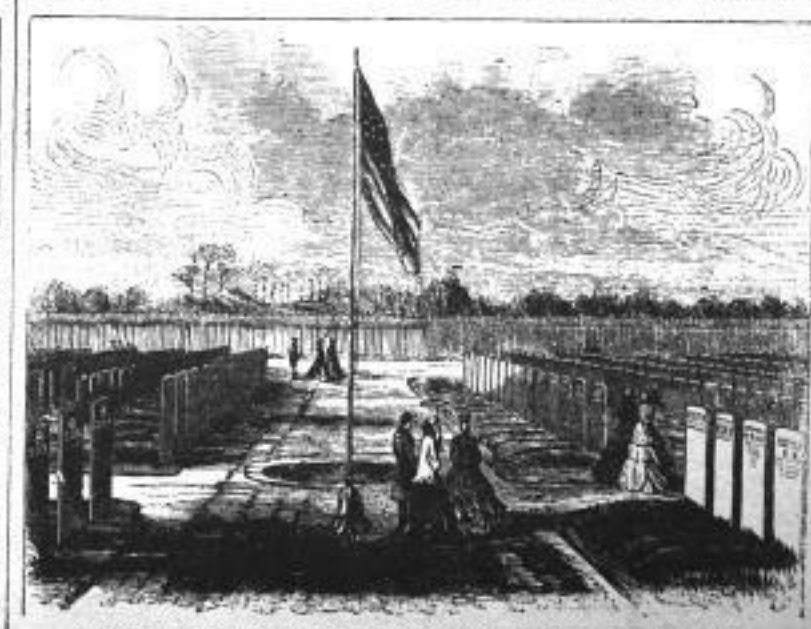
WHY should flower-gardens be laid off in round, square, oblong, or other formal beds? This question must have occurred to many who have laid out or planted a garden, be it large or small. But custom, which dulls even the most inventive faculties, has in this matter been supreme. Flower-beds of meaningless and not beautiful shapes, surrounded by stiff box edging, are still the prevailing fashion.

Our Central Park, which has done so much to improve and cultivate the taste of our people in laying out grounds, planting trees, and making roads, affords just now a fine example of what a flower-garden may be. It has occurred to Mr. I. A. PULAT, one of the principal landscape-gardeners engaged on the Park, that, in forming flower-beds, he might avail himself of the shapes of leaves; and by a proper and harmonious arrangement of beds cut out of the turf, in the shape of different leaves, he has produced an effect which will no doubt strike all lovers of flowers as both beautiful and simple.

The sketch given on page 670 presents an outline of this flower-garden, which is now attracting attention from visitors to the Park. It is about an acre in extent, and is kept in full bloom. It forms



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT SEVEN PINES, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. WEST.]



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT COLD HARBOR, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. WEST.]

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FLOWER-BEDS IN CENTRAL PARK.

one of the most attractive objects in the Park. The flowers are planted in masses, which gives an opportunity for the harmonious arrangement of colors as well as forms, in which Mr. Pilat has succeeded admirably. Our lady readers, even if they have but small gardens, will find it a pleasure to work upon the hint Mr. Pilat's plan gives them. They need use but two, or three, or four leaves; and may produce a beautiful effect, in this way, upon a space but a few feet square as well as upon an acre.

ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA.

These primitive people are the descendants of Canadian French settlers in Louisiana; and by dint of intermarriage they have succeeded in getting pretty well down in the social scale.

Without energy, education, or ambition, they are good representatives of the white trash, behind the age in every thing. The majority of all the white inhabitants of these parishes are tolerably ignorant, but these are grossly so—so little are they thought of—that the niggers, when they want to express contempt for one of their own race, call him an Acadian nigger. Their views of the future life are principally confined to the prospect of meeting Monsieur Villere, a prominent man among them, who departed this life a good while ago. Some of them are devout Catholics, to which Church they are all attached.

To live without effort is their apparent aim in life, and they are satisfied with very little, and are, as a class, quite poor. Their language is a mixture of French and English, quite puzzling to the uninitiated. During the civil war, although forced into the Confederate ranks, they were considered Unionists, and were kind to those who needed their help.

With a little mixture of fresh blood and some leavening they might become much improved, and have higher aims than the possession of land enough to grow their corn and a sufficiency of "gumbo" (gu[illegible]). They have suffered a great deal by the overflowing waters, even to making their escape from their houses in boats, or knocking the upper works off and floating to safety on the floor for a raft.

Washing-day is a sketch from life. These simple folks have no acquaintance apparently with the washboard, nor do they employ their knuckles. Placing their clothes upon a plank, either on the edge of a pool or the bayou, they draw their scanty drapery about them with the most reckless disregard to the exposure consequent, and squatting, or kneeling, beat them with a wooden bat. The approach of a stranger does not disconcert them much, if at all.

The Bayou Lafourche is higher than the surrounding country; and this picture shows the figures on top of the levee, or banquette, as the French residents call it. A. R. W.

BURNING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

About ten p.m., October 6, a fire broke out in the packing-room of Vogot & Co.'s porcelain warehouse, 44 Crosby Street. The building, belonging to Messrs. C. Godfrey Gunther & Sons, had a marble front on Broadway, and was five stories in height. The inflammable material in the packing-room gave the fire a rapid headway. The building was only partially destroyed, but the fire spread into the adjacent streets, destroying altogether property valued at over half a million of dollars.

The principal loss involved in this conflagration was that of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, the roof of which caught fire from blazing fragments falling from the Gunther building. The Cathedral was entirely destroyed. When the rumor spread that the Cathedral was on fire there was the greatest excitement among the Roman Catholic citizens in the streets. Led on by their priests, they succeeded in securing and carrying away from the edifice a large amount of valuable property—carpets, candle-sticks, sacred vessels, vestments, and oil-paintings. The sacred vessels and vestments were estimated at $20,000. One set of vestments alone, brought from Paris by Archbishop Hughes, was valued at $3000. But all the efforts made to save the building were fruitless. By 2 o'clock on Sunday morning the Cathedral was a complete wreck.

The aggregate loss sustained by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral is about $150,000 in round figures, upon which there is the following insurance: On the building, $10,000 each in the City, Harmony, Bowery, and Jefferson Insurance companies; on the organ, $6000 in the Stuyvesant; and $5000 on vestments in the Eagle and Equitable. This Cathedral was built in 1811 by Bishop Dubois, and the additions were made by Bishop Hughes in 1838, who had the entire edifice redecorated and repainted at that time. It was for many years the pride of the denomination which had erected it, and the edifice was endeared to the congregation attending there by many sacred memories, among which may be mentioned that its vaults contain the remains of the late lamented Archbishop Hughes, and the Right Rev. Drs. Concanen, Connolly, and Dubois. Great efforts were made during the progress of the fire to preserve these vaults, and these efforts were successful. The organ was a very valuable one, and was, at the time of its erection in 1838, considered the finest in the United States. The frescoes adorning the edifice were fine works of art, and very costly.

FERRY-BOAT ON BERWICK BAY.

As the business done between the opposite shores of this beautiful sheet of water is limited, so the ferry arrangements are of the most primitive character—a flat-boat propelled by a couple of negroes, who push the oars instead of pulling them. Infinitely picturesque, however, is this boat, with its freight of oxen, country carts, stray Texans with their mustangs, Acadians, and negroes, forming a picture, as it floats by the moss-draped oaks, exceedingly attractive to an artist's eye. A. R. W.

A THIEF IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

Early one fine spring morning the saintly precincts of the Vatican were disturbed by the agitated vociferations of a rude-looking peasant man, endeavoring to pass the Swiss guards, who are the particular custodians of the priestly temple. He was thrust back as a person not good enough to be admitted to the presence of his holiness the Pope. But, notwithstanding all their refusals to admit him, he still prayed very earnestly to be allowed to see the Pope, or at least one of his immediate attendant priests.

His loud cries and vociferations at last reached the ears that he intended, for the Pope happened to pass near the spot when the earnest tones of the man met his ear. With his usual good-nature Pio Nono asked what was the matter, and who it was who wanted to see him. He was told it was a poor man in great agitation, who said that he had to say something which he would only tell to the Pope himself. "Let him enter at once. Let him be brought in."

The Pope sat in his easy-chair—not the chair of St. Peter—when at the door appeared a man all soiled and weary, while suffering, fright, and agitation were written on his face. On approaching the Pope he prostrated himself, and in agonized tones demanded absolution.

"Absolution! and for what?" said the Pope. "Has your confessor refused it that you come to me?"

"No, holy father; I come to ask absolution for a crime I was about to commit; for I have to tell you of a tale so dreadful. There is no time to lose; but I must have the promise of absolution first."

The Pope, seeing the violent agitation of the man, made him approach him—for he had remained prostrate at the feet of the Pope, and, stretching forth his hand, gave the man the requested absolution, "Ego te absolvo."

The poor man still continued kneeling, and thus began his story:

"I am now, your holiness, going to confess to you the crime I was about to commit, and for which I have obtained your holy absolution.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon I was passing the church of ——, when I bethought me that I would go in and say a Paternoster, or I might be in time for vespers. I entered the church, and oh, holy father!—but I have absolution—the sight of the gold and silver, and the jewels on the holy image by the great altar, made me think that with one, only one of the many that are there, I might get many things I want." The poor man looked up timidly into the face of the Pope, and read there the horror which he felt at the confession of his quondam penitent, and he seemed afraid to go on.

"Go on," said the Pope, "and tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." The man then proceeded, endeavoring to keep clear of the searching eyes of him to whom he was telling his story.

"I looked about me to find a hiding-place where I should be safe from any of the many priests employed about the church; and, thinking that, as vespers were at hand, no more persons would come to confession, and seeing at the farther end of the church near to the altar a confessional rather smaller than the rest, I hid myself there, closing curtain and door after me, determined to wait until all the services should be over, and the church left quiet for the night.

"But still, holy father, the thought of passing the night alone in the church, under the stones of which so many dead lay sleeping, nearly made me give up my place. Again the thought of the silver, and the gold, and the jewels made me quiet, and I remained in my hiding-place.

"Among the many who came in and out of the church, there came—oh, how shall I tell your holiness?" began the man, trembling violently. The Pope soothed the man, being anxious himself to hear the end of his most extraordinary revelation; and at length, after shedding even tears in his agitation, he resumed: "I was saying that among those who came to the church that afternoon was a young girl about seventeen years of age. I heard her inquire of the sacristan for one of the father confessors. My fright was great, for fear she should enter the confessional where I was hidden; but no, at this moment—for I could see through the curtains—one of the monks came toward her to the altar very near to where I was, and, bending his head to speak to her, I heard she had come to confess herself.

"I knew the girl by sight, as the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood, a girl who was noted for her modesty and beauty. The priest, by name Father Mara, told the *bella donzina* to go into his room, as there were so many persons in the church that he could not give her his attention as he ought. This placed me more at my ease, as I now felt sure that there was no time for any one to come to the confessional, as vespers would commence in a few minutes."

The Pope thought it wise to have some one as a witness for the strange story to which he was listening, and, touching a silver bell, he ordered that a certain priest, who served as secretary, should be called.

The poor man thought that his hour of pains and penalties had come, and, prostrating himself before the Pope, he most loudly begged him to let him finish his recital, saying, "If it is not true, your holiness may punish me as you think fit."

The priest for whom the Pope had sent here arrived, bringing writing materials with him, and, having been told already what had passed, prepared himself to hear what was further to be told, and the man proceeded.

"I was still in the box of the confessional when vespers began and ended. The sacristan was going here and there, putting the church in order, when I saw the same priest who had told the girl to go to his room come into the church in conversation with another priest. They walked up and down, talking together, and evidently both were agitated in no common degree. But suddenly a thought came over me; where was the girl who had gone to the priest's room for confession? She had not passed through the church, because, in my position, with nothing to do, I had seen every one who had gone in and out. What, then, had become of her? I could not get the thought out of my mind during the hours that I waited for night to do the wicked deed for which your holiness has granted me your benign absolution.

"At length all became quiet in the church: all the late worshipers, who had come to say an Ave Maria or a Paternoster for a sick child or a husband, had departed; the sacristan had shut the doors, and I remained in entire silence. Still I must wait, for I did not dare to leave my hiding-place until after midnight, as some of the priests or monks might come to say their midnight prayers, so I waited until the great clock of the monastery chimed midnight, when I had made up my mind to leave my hiding-place, and was about to creep softly forth. I was startled at hearing, from the corridor which contained the apartments of the priest, a loud cry, and then an entreaty for mercy; then all was still. What could I do but go back to the confessional and wait? In a short time I was again about to come forth, when I perceived a light, and heard footsteps coming from the monks' corridor to the church. I speedily hid myself again, and had scarcely got into my box when a kind of procession entered the church, which, oh, holy father! makes me tremble to think of. First came a priest, holding a long iron bar in his hand, such as is used to lift up the stones in the church; another priest, bearing a lantern; while, dragged in by two other priests, one of whom was the monk Father Mara, was the hapless girl who had entered the convent church in the afternoon. Her hair was hanging over her shoulders, and her dress disordered, and her face was pale with death. I dared not put my head out too far, but was trembling all over, well knowing that if I was seen I should never live to tell your holiness of it.

"The priest who bore the crow-bar now lifted the stone over which they had been standing, and discovered a large vault; here they threw the body of the girl, and, replacing the stone, went their way, thinking that there was no witness of their diabolical crime.

"I can not tell how I passed the night. The fear that some one should return and find me, as also the terrible deed which I had witnessed, kept me from even closing my eyes; and, as soon as the sacristan had opened the doors, and as soon as he had turned his back, I left my hiding-place, and came at my best speed to tell to your holiness all I had seen."

The Pope was deeply moved at the recital, and, giving the man into the custody of the priest his secretary, he ordered that some of the carabinieri should go to the monastery, with a mason to lift the stone, and verify the truth of what had been said. When the carabinieri arrived at the church they found the vile Father Mara endeavoring, as it seemed, to give consolation to a neat-looking woman, something above the peasant class, who was deeply distressed at the absence of her daughter, whom, she said, she had not seen since she left home for the purpose of confession the night before or rather evening.

"Your daughter has no doubt gone to visit some of her *friends*," said the wily priest, "and will return before night."

The poor mother little thought that she was almost standing over the grave of her child. At this moment the monk caught sight of the carabinieri, and he became rather agitated; but, recovering himself, he asked them what they wanted.

"We will show you, but our orders are to say nothing."

Upon this the guards formed themselves around the stone which had been described to them, and the mason, advancing at their order, raised the stone, and there lay a heap of what seemed clothing, but when taken up proved to be the body of the poor girl, with a stiletto stab in her breast. Horror took possession of every one who saw it, and all wondered who could have done such a wicked deed as to murder that innocent, childish-looking form. But there was one whose guilty heart told him that God's justice takes reckoning with men, and that deeds done in the darkness are sure to be brought to light. Had this thing happened in any other place than Rome nothing would have saved the monk from the just wrath of the people; but in that wonderful but priest-ridden city the papal clergy act almost with impunity.

The carabinieri bore back to the Vatican the lifeless body which but yesterday was the pride and support of a mother, and the Pope himself came forth to verify the truth of what he had been told.

The grief of the mother we must not speak of. May He who has her in his holy keeping pour balm into her wounded heart. The Pope ordered masses to be said for the girl's soul, and gave her a Christian's burial.

And the monks, says the reader, how were they punished? A secret conclave sent from the Vatican, and charged with a *severe reprimand*, met at the monastery, and the next morning it was known that the inmates had all left under cover of the night, and had gone to another monastery in the hills.

"The best preparation of its kind extant."—Burnett's Oriental Tooth Wash.—*Sears's National Review.*

The Colton Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

Moth and Freckles.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists.

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Woonsocket, September 17, 1866.

Gentlemen,—I once more forward you an order for Teas, and I hope you will still continue to send as good a quality as you have heretofore, for I must say it has given general satisfaction so far. I think the thing is going along first-rate in this place. I never thought when I sent the first $20 last February that it would have got along so fast, but all like it, and it must go on. I hope you will send this as soon as you get the order, for some of them that have sent live quite a distance from here, and I told them that it would be here on Thursday. I remain, Gentlemen, yours respectfully, JAMES WOODHOUSE, for Club.

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For further particulars, getting up clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, Sept. 29, 1866—page 624.

Pittsburg, May 10, 1866.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith:

Gentlemen,—During a visit to the West, last fall, I contracted chills and fever, which brought me to my bed, and finally terminated in typhoid fever, and confined me to my room for several months, during which time I was physically so prostrated that I almost despaired of ever recovering my health; having almost entirely lost my appetite, for days not being able to eat a morsel, added to which I was distressed with a reeling sensation in my head, and passed many sleepless nights—all from debility, caused by my prostrate condition, brought about by fever. At this stage of my condition a friend recommended me to use your celebrated Stomach Bitters, but, being morally opposed to the use of stimulants in any form, I at first declined, but afterward yielded my prejudices, and, after taking the medicine for several weeks, my appetite returned, and with it I am rapidly regaining my former strength and vigor. My sleep (from the loss of which I have suffered much) has never been better than it is now, and the reeling sensation (before alluded to) has entirely left me. My bowels, which were much constipated and irregular, are now quite natural, and, in fact, I am glad to say that I feel myself a new man, and tender you this testimonial of my appreciation of your valuable preparation, in order that others may avail themselves of its virtues, which prejudice kept me from enjoying for so long a period. I may also add that my physician, after seeing the beneficial effect of your Bitters on me, recommended that I use them regularly.

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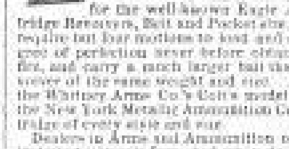

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Harper's Magazine, for November, 1866.

Contents:

THE CIDER MILL.
Illustrations.—New England Valley.—The Cider Mill.—Pouring out Apples.—Sucking Cider.

THE WORK-HOUSE, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
Illustrations.—The Work-House, Blackwell's Island.—Interior of the Northern Wing.—Hoop-Skirt Factory.—Work-House Shoemakers.—Skulkers from Work.—The Steamboat Dock.—On Board the Bellevue; Arrival at the Work-House Dock.—Just locked up.—Work-House Tailors.—The Sewing-Room.—The Dark Cell.—Mess-Room.—Interior of a Cell.—Work-House Prisoners getting Ice.—Building Sea-Wall.—Breaking Stones.—The Swill Tub.—The Cart-Woman.—Work-House Boatmen, off Duty.

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VENICE.
With an Illustration.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XV. FLORIDA: HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHMENT.
Illustrations.—Truman Seymour.—Reinforcement of Fort Pickens.—Burning of the Schooner.—Destruction of Salt-Works.—Battle of Olustee.

MANASQUAN.
Illustration.—Blue-Fishing on the Beach.

THE LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHIRE.
Illustrations.—Dogmatism.—Prince.—Maggie cum Doggie.—Dog-Forsaken Maggie.—"Let Dogs Delight."—Old Trip.—Defying Thunder.—Vale Dogs and Tobacco.

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OLD TIMES AND NEW.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
The Progress of Queen Elizabeth and President Johnson.—The Progress of the People, as thus indicated.—The Dignity of Rulers.—Its Source and Nature.—Reform Agitation in Great Britain.—The Great Birmingham Meeting.—John Bright.—American Popular Ballads.—English Popular Ballads.—Dignity and Amusement.—Specimens of Modern Popular Ballads.—Professor Child's Edition of the Percy Reliques.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
The Southern Loyalists' Convention.—New York State "Republican Union" and "National Union" Conventions.—Elections in Vermont and Maine.—New Jersey ratifies the Constitutional Amendment.—Election of Senator.—The President's Tour.—His Reception and Speeches.—The Douglas Monument.—European Treaties.—Hanover annexed to Prussia.—Statement of the King.—The Decree of Annexation.—Remonstrance of Hanoverian Deputies.—The French Circular.—Insurrection in Candia.—The War on the Plata.—Secret Treaty of the Allies.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.
Scraps.—Not at Home.—The Sun Skeeter-bit.—Old Gog.—Old Barnes's Resurrection.—Catching a "Webber."—Saving a Pistol.—Stopping the Water.—A knowing Dog.—Getting a Duck.—Saving a Coal.—Seeing a Priest.—Naming after One's Self.—Juvenalia.—Why was the Cable laid?—A Robin sliding.—A capable Clerk.—More Juvenalia.—Days and Nights Short.—Telegraphic Confusion.—Nothing to pay.—Bringing Nonsense.—Old Ben at Home.—Sweet Lemons.—Waiting Transportation.—A Thing of no Importance.—Tight Trowsers.—No Dying or Parting.—A Good Time.—Opera of the Next-Door Neighbor.—Seeking the Bubble Reputation.—Jack Frost and the Calf.—A Double-Barreled Cannon.—Turned into a Rat.—Decidedly Cool.—Seeing a Governor.—Midletown Epitaphs.—Getting a Mittee.—Milking.—Plain Language.—A good Memory.—Climate Leveler.—Strong Swearing!—Looking for a Shirt.—Tavern Signs.—Cherry Pectoral.—Result of the War.—A wonderful Exploit.—A brave Eater.—A new Bull of the Pope.—A smart Minister.

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Office of the Novelty Iron Works, New York, *Sept. 22, 1866.*
A. Baldwin, Esq.: *Dear Sir,*—Having examined the model of your COTTON PRESS, I am favorably impressed with the design, as combining great power with the most simple combination of parts, so that there is the least chance for delay caused by breakdowns. Also the mode of applying the power to produce the graduated effect by means of the worm wheel and screw is a combination of great simplicity and fine mechanical arrangement to produce the result with the least expenditure of power. Hoping you will have success with it, I remain, yours truly,
ISAAC V. HOLMES,
Constructing Engineer and Superintendent.

Progress Machine Works, New York, *Sept. 22, 1866.*
A. Baldwin, Esq.: *Dear Sir,*—We agree entirely with the opinion expressed by the gentlemen of the "Novelty Iron Works," as regards the simplicity, strength, and power of your Cotton Press.
Respectfully yours,
A. & F. BROWN & CO.,
Proprietors.

West Point Foundery, Cold Spring, Putnam Co., N. Y., *Sept. 19, 1866.*
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Respectfully yours,
J. HUMPF, Constructing Engineer.
PETER B. LAWSON, Manager.

Eagle Steam Engine Works, New York, *Sept. 27, 1866.*
Mr. Baldwin: I have examined your Press, and believe it to be the best I have ever seen, and that it will be generally used by the public when it is seen. It is, what has long been wanted, a simple, powerful, and durable Press.
WILLIAM McKENZIE,
Proprietor.

Dry Dock Iron Works, New York, *September 25, 1866.*
A. Baldwin, Esq.: *Dear Sir,*—I have examined your Champion Press, and have no hesitation in saying that it is of great power, combined with a simplicity of construction unequaled by any machine of its class. The power is without limitation, being capable of exerting, by the arrangement of its parts, to any extent that may be required. Respectfully,
MIERS CORYELL,
Proprietor.

Globe Iron Works, New York, *September 27, 1866.*
A. Baldwin, Esq.: *Dear Sir,*—We have seen your Press in operation, and find it to be a machine of great strength and power, as well as simple in its combinations. We consider it a valuable machine, and will not fail to give satisfaction to all who may use it.
Very respectfully yours,
M. M. WHITE & CO.,
Proprietors.

Phœnix Iron Works, New York, *September 28, 1866.*
A. Baldwin, Esq.: *Dear Sir,*—We have examined your Press in operation, and we must say that we consider it the best of the kind that we have seen, and have no doubt that it will become a useful and profitable machine for any one requiring its use, and also to your benefit. Respectfully,
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OCT 24 1966

THE BRIDGE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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LADY LOBBYISTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WE need not direct special attention to the picture of the Lady Lobbyists given below. The picture itself calls attention to what all good men and women must regard as an evil, and, we are sorry to say, a growing one. The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene at the White House:

"There was no diminution of the crowd at the White House to-day, nor of the persistency manifested by those present to secure interviews with the President. The usual number of females were conspicuous in the throng. It is a noticeable fact, and by no means creditable to the age, that there is a growing inclination to use the gentler sex in manipulating the political wires. In the lobbies of Congress during the last week, about the Departments at all times, and at the White House, this element largely prevails. And it is observable that they are not the wives, sisters, or daughters of those whose interests they represent. In most cases they are purely professional wire-pullers, who for a consideration undertake the prosecution of any claim, secure the appointment of their principals to office, or labor for the passage of bills. Relying on the deference universally paid to the sex, they thrust themselves in where the most venturesome man would be repulsed; and once obtaining the official ear they plead their cause with a pertinacity that will not be denied. It has come to be quite a common remark of late when a difficult job is on hand, 'Get a woman to work.' So numerous have these female politicians and agents become of late that the heads of Departments and official personages are compelled to denounce them as nuisances. At the White House this afternoon there were upward of fifty of them at one time awaiting an audience with the President. The courtesy due to womankind forbids that when once they are admitted they should be treated precisely as are the sterner sex, hence their interviews are usually protracted, greatly to the inconvenience and annoyance of others who may be in waiting. If ladies throughout the country could fully understand the estimation in which these female lobbyists are held here the number of them would certainly not be increased."

It is only too notorious that, with few exceptions, "they are not the wives, sisters, or daughters" of those whose interests they represent. As a rule they dress well, few of them deeming it necessary to plead poverty in approaching a public functionary, especially one upon whose too susceptible heart "beauty wreathed with smiles" may be supposed to make a quick impression.

The class of female lobbyists has always existed in Washington, as in all other political capitals, and has included many ladies of high social position and brilliant accomplishments. From these bright particular stars of the *salons* of aristocracy, however, the quality of feminine influence employed to influence refractory heads of bureaus or obstinate Congressmen shades downward—to just what depth and infamy we do not care to say.

Old Washington story-tellers are full of "funny" things in which by-gone political magnates and by-gone beauties figure not exactly as heroes and heroines. In the past, however, the halls and anterooms of the Capitol, especially of the Lower House, were the peculiar field of the female lobbyist, and no doubt this is still measurably true; but it is only lately that they have appeared in any considerable numbers at the White House end of the "Avenue." No doubt their numbers and character indicate with fair correctness the usual extent of their success—their well-known sagacity and experience may be trusted for that much.

In Mr. LINCOLN's time it was no unusual thing to see some pale and anxious petitioner, in sober and often threadbare habiliments, waiting in the ante-rooms for an opportunity to beg of the "good President" a pass to visit some sick son or husband or brother, or mayhap to petition for the life or liberty of some erring but loved one; but Father Abraham's well-known dislike for professional lobbyists, male or female, was a sufficient security against the occurrence of such scenes as our artist has so well depicted. He could be kind and tender, even if justice or necessity compelled him to refuse the petition of honest sorrow; but even his courtesy and chivalry did not prevent the plain expression of his disgust for the character and pertinacity of such women as have earned in this day so unenviable a notoriety as "pardon brokers."

Some noble and devoted women there were, laboring as true women should, and honoring their sex by merciful and charitable deeds, who always had free access to Mr. LINCOLN; but they were few in number, and unexceptional in all respects.

It may be that the many anecdotes in circulation of the manner in which lady applicants were thus received stimulated the professional sisterhood to their apparently extensive and successful assault upon the susceptibilities of Mr. LINCOLN's successor.

We read, in the annals of the most corrupt days of the French Revolution, of the vast influence exercised by the brilliant but unprincipled galaxy of wit and beauty which shone in the Parisian *salons* of that day. Can it be that we are to furnish an ignoble copy of the folly and frivolity of that day of feverish excitement and gilded vice? Not that among the suitors for Executive clemency or favor there are not now to be found ladies who really represent the subjects of their application, and among these also some of the gifted leaders of that Southern aristocracy which is now laboring to resuscitate its plantation nobility; and *their* animus may be gathered from the following anecdote, the verity of which is beyond question:

The widow of a prominent rebel Senator called upon Mr. JOHNSON for such a pardon as should release the immense estates of the family from the operation of the Confiscation Act. After so employing her eloquence and other fascinations as to secure a favorable result she flounced out of the White House *à la reine*, and proceeded to report of a sympathizing coterie of Southern ladies.

"Well, Mrs. ——, and how did you succeed with *the beast?*"

"Oh, very well; of course he consented to every thing."

"But how did he receive you?"

"Why, well enough; but do you believe, the beast had the impudence to invite me to make the White House my home during my stay in Washington!"

"How ridiculous!

"And you know we never even visited with the JOHNSONS in the South! As *if*—indeed!"

LADY LOBBYISTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

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MY ANSWER.

I am a widow—grief and many a care
  Have worn the furrows deeply in my face:
Thick are the threads of silver in my hair,
  And my poor trembling hands can hardly trace
  The Good Book's words, or turn from place to place,
As mind and eyes go wandering every where.

Little I know of politics or laws—
  Had women made them there had been no strife;
No deeds half done, no patching up of flaws,
  With the heart's-blood of many a noble life;
  No promises unkept, or treasons rife,
To clog the feet of Freedom's holy cause.

They tell me wicked men are plotting still
  Their schemes of ruin, and that good men lend
A thoughtless ear to mischief and to ill.
  For now they cry, Let every difference end!
  And those who should a worthier cause defend
Turn and reject it with a stubborn will.

I will not weep—and yet I can not take
  My grief in silence, smother all my fears.
Men say we moan at trifles—I will make
  My humble answer, and through gathering tears
  Pray that my words fall not on heedless ears.
Mothers! bear with me for your children's sake.

There are two graves upon the Southern plains,
  Far, far apart, perhaps, and overgrown
With the rank grasses—where the summer rains
  Blot out the letters on each time-worn stone,
  If there are any. I am all alone!
No one to call me "Mother" now remains.

They rise before me now, my precious dead!
  Their faces beautiful with Christian peace;
Those lips which yearned for mine, when they had said
  Their dying prayers, and waited for release:
  Nor did they murmur then that life must cease,
Who had not cowered by the way, nor fled.

And yet I glory, and can offer praise,
  That I had sons to give at such a time.
Their feet ran early in the pleasant ways
  Of Justice and of Freedom—truths sublime
  Were their first lessons, and to manhood's prime
They loved the precepts learned in early days!

But can it be that this was all in vain?
  Were those two nameless graves heaped up for naught?
Must I, when thinking of my children slain,
  Dewail the love of country which I taught?
  Losing by this the only thing which brought
Comfort and gladness to me in my pain?

Must we obey and follow the commands
  Of men my boys faced on the battle-field?
Our nation turn or falter where she stands,
  And to their trust her hard-won treasure yield?
  How can we reverence laws which they have sealed,
And with our dear ones' blood upon their hands?

We, who in wakeful moments of the night
  Hear voices calling from the stillness deep;
Or, sitting by our lonely fire-light,
  Listen for footsteps, and can only weep.
  Those prison-cells their horrid secrets keep—
In unknown graves our children's bones are white!

Oh wretched, wretched country, if she needs
  To take rebellious offspring to her heart,
And to be schooled anew in sinful creeds,
  Which tear the laws of God and man apart!
  What glorious harvests from the earth shall start
If unrepenting traitors sow the seeds!

Oh, loyal women! 'tis to you I speak—
  And some of you have shed more tears than I—
Your prayers were faithful when man's soul was weak,
  When armies wavered, and defeat seemed nigh.
  He is not dead who gave us victory,
Let us again His aid and favor seek!

Men of New England! of the East, the West,
  Whose mighty will no laggard thoughts can tame,
Clasp hands and onward! Falter not nor rest
  Till the good work all hands and hearts can claim.
  He who 'mid changes is unchanged, the same,
Will bless your cause who do His high behest.

H. B.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1866.

WHAT NEXT?

THE President has for some months declared plainly that, in his judgment, Congress is not a constitutional body; and the air has been full of rumors and surmises as to his probable action upon the meeting of Congress. Indeed, the late story in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, although immediately confessed to be false, was not so improbable but that the public mind was at once directed more earnestly to the actual situation. Nor ought that attention to be relaxed. This is not a time in which any good is to be gained by refusing to consider every possibility.

The case will bear to be constantly stated. The President differs with Congress as to the conditions of restoration which ought to be imposed upon the late rebel States. He speaks of their "exclusion," and of their "right" to be represented, and of the "usurpation" of Congress in requiring conditions, but it is nevertheless true that he himself united in such exclusion; that he denied their "right" to representation by exhorting them to form governments which should be satisfactory to Congress; and that he imposed certain terms satisfactory to himself. The theory now adopted by him is utterly subversive of the Government and of a harmonious Union, for it allows any State to make war upon the Union, and at any moment, by laying down its arms, to resume all its relations within it without any guarantee whatever of future security.

That such is not the theory of the people who have maintained the Government during the war is made perfectly clear by the autumn elections, and nothing is plainer than that they will not submit to its practical enforcement. If the President should undertake to withstand their resolution, he could succeed only by totally overpowering them, and surrendering the Government to its most envenomed enemies and the Union to the care of those who hate it. His success would, of course, be the present end of the American Union, and the discomfiture of the principle of popular government. But as his chief reliance in the struggle would be upon the late rebels, it would be for him and his friends to remember that his opponents would be the mass of the lately victorious people of the loyal States together with all the Union men of the South of every color.

Every patriotic and thoughtful man is naturally unwilling to believe that so grievous a contest is possible; but with a man like the President every thing is possible. No fear of being an alarmist should prevent every man from looking steadfastly at the facts, or from considering the drift of the situation. The President has not ceased to vituperate Congress as an illegal body. The difference between them has been presented to the people, and they have declared every where for Congress. That is not a result which is likely to pacify such a man as the President. He knows that he is openly threatened with impeachment. Mr. BOUTWELL, at a meeting in Faneuil Hall in Boston, announced that he should move in Congress an inquiry looking to impeachment. Mr. LORING, in supporting the nomination of General BUTLER, says that he is pledged to the same course. Is it probable that the President will meet Congress and send in his Message as if nothing had happened? If he be persuaded that he is likely to be impeached, is it not possible that he might endeavor to gain the advantage in advance over the impeaching body?

These are questions that can not fail to suggest themselves to every man.

But we hope sincerely that the President may not only hear but fully understand the result of the elections. He has constantly asserted his faith in the people, and certainly he has now heard from the people. But as the spiritual medium always insists when the experiment fails that the conditions are not favorable, so the President may contend that "the people" means the whole voting population of the country at the South as well as at the North. If, however, he plants himself upon that ground, he should remember that even then the majority of an entire Congress must be held to indicate the popular will, and that that has decided against him.

Since it has so decided, the President may now wisely and properly say and do what he did when the Civil Rights Bill was passed over his veto. He may declare that he differs, but at the same time he may submit to the superior will. It is well for us all to anticipate that action upon his part, without losing sight of the possibilities of which we have spoken. That is the plain way of peace, and his own satisfaction in walking in it would be beyond his most ambitious dreams. Should he acquiesce in the popular decision, public opinion would forbid Mr. BOUTWELL and General BUTLER from fulfilling their pledge.

THE LOSS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

THE fate of the New York and New Orleans steamship *Evening Star*, which foundered at sea a fortnight since, with almost three hundred passengers, of whom but a score escaped, is another of the terrible warnings which seem to pass almost unheeded. No voyage has become so perilous as the Southern coast passage. And what is the reason? Why at this moment is there such untold sorrow in so many homes? There seems to be no doubt of the reason whatever. Many of the ships that sail for the Southern ports are utterly unfit to go to sea. They are sent to sea also, when known to be unseaworthy, and crowded steamers have been floated upon the Southern coast passage only by the most strenuous exertions; while those who officially knew the facts and the dangers have been for various reasons silent.

The insecurity of this particular steamer has been alleged by "one who knows," and who ought to have known enough to sign his name to his testimony. He says: "Speaking generally, every thing about her was in a loose condition;" while JAMES BYRNE, Secretary of the Steam Firemen's and Coal-passers' Association, writes to the *Times* that the *Evening Star* was manned by men who did not understand English and who were unused to the sea, and who were hired because they could be had upon better terms than proper seamen. And of how many other ships is not the same thing true!

We do not forget that, in the excitement of so great a disaster, it is very easy and very common to exaggerate defects and to believe in carelessness. Moreover, at this season there are furious hurricanes before which the best and stanchest vessels may go down. But the knowledge of many of our readers will assure them that nothing else is easier, and nothing more common, than the most culpable carelessness in regard to steamers that carry an enormous crowd, and that the most frightful risks are often unnecessarily taken. Indeed it will be found that most of the melancholy disasters at sea, recorded within a year or two past, have happened to ships of whose security there was great doubt, or of whose insecurity there was full knowledge. The Australian steamer that foundered some months since in the British Channel was notoriously unfit for sea-service.

It is not easy to indicate a remedy. The only sure one is the conscience and knowledge of the owners or examiners. But official examiners may sometimes be bribed, and owners are sometimes capable of bribing. It would be a true service to humanity if passengers who have known of any real danger, or who have even experienced actual discomfort, would report the facts to the papers upon their responsibility. For these great companies are virtual monopolies, and the only check which the public has upon them is patronage. But while nothing is said of the perils escaped, and when a great accident is put off upon "Divine Providence," instead of being charged where it belongs—to the avarice or carelessness of men—of course no sufficient remedy will be applied. Yet if every such Company felt that the ship's passengers were a body of witnesses who would give ample evidence, it would take the necessary care that the evidence should not be damning.

THE NATIONAL BUDGET.

THE Treasury Department has at length published its official account of the public revenue and expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1866. From this it appears that the expenditures of that year were $518,347,337, of which $281,449,701—or more than half—were for the War Department, and $43,519,632 for the Navy Department; while the gross revenue was $556,039,195, of which $179,046,630 were from customs, and $309,226,812 from internal revenue. There was thus, on the business of the year, an excess of revenue over expenditure of $37,691,857.

It need hardly be observed that though the war had ended before July, 1865, the year 1865–66 must nevertheless be classed, financially, among the years of the war. The war expenditures of the first quarter of that year, during which period three-fourths of the volunteer army were paid off and mustered out of service, were almost, if not fully, as heavy as those of any corresponding period of the conflict. They amounted to over $165,000,000, being at the rate of $660,000,000 per annum. From 1st October they declined rapidly. During the two quarters beginning on 1st October, 1865, and ending 31st March, 1866, they amounted to $104,000,000, and for the last quarter of the year ending 30th June last they were only $12,000,000.

Were it not for the bill of last session equalizing the bounties paid to volunteers, the army expenditures during the current fiscal year would not probably exceed $40,000,000, or at most $45,000,000. The Navy expenditure will probably be brought within the compass of $25,000,000; say, at the outside, for both arms, $70,000,000 a year. For interest a sum of $125,000,000 will probably suffice; and for civil, foreign, and miscellaneous service, including pensions and Indians, $56,000,000. At this rate the aggregate public expenditure (exclusive of the money voted to the volunteers by last Congress) for the year 1866–67 will be as follows:

Army	$45,000,000
Navy	25,000,000
Interest charge	125,000,000
Civil, foreign, miscellaneous, pensions, etc.	56,000,000
Total expenditure	$251,000,000

On the other hand, the customs revenue last fiscal year was $179,046,630. Thus far the customs revenue this year shows a considerable increase; and though it is not particularly safe to speculate upon the probable course of our foreign trade, especially in the present condition of the gold and exchange markets, the prospect now is fair for a revenue in customs (gold) for the current fiscal year of not less than $190,000,000. The internal revenue may be estimated more nearly. During the first quarter of the fiscal year 1865–66 trade was in a depressed condition, owing to the heavy fall in gold and the general dislocation of commerce produced by the peace; hence the revenue from taxes was light. Thus far this year trade in all branches has been prosperous, and if no commercial revulsion occurs the chances are that it will continue so throughout the remainder of the year. In this event it would be fair to estimate the product of the internal revenue tax at not less than $400,000,000 as against $309,226,812 in 1865–66. The miscellaneous revenue of government, which was large in 1865–66, owing to heavy sales of government property and war material rendered useless by the end of the war, will be less this year—possibly $40,000,000 as against $65,126,966 in 1865–66. At this rate the public revenue of the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, would be as follows;

Customs Revenue	$190,000,000
Internal Revenue	400,000,000
Direct Tax and Lands	2,000,000
Miscellaneous	40,000,000
Total Revenue	$632,000,000
Deduct Expenditure as above	251,000,000
Estimated surplus	$381,000,000

In other words, if these calculations be verified, the country will have an excess of income over expenditure equal to 15 per cent. of its total indebtedness, and will be enabled to cancel so much of the principal of its debt after paying interest on the whole.

If any thing could be more remarkable than this statement of income and expenditure by a country just emerged from a four years' exhausting war, it would be the fact that, in the face of this astounding display of resources, the obligations of this same country are offered for sale at a discount of 25 per cent. At 70 @ 71 per cent. Europe can purchase as many of our six per cent. bonds as it wants; and at home, the United States dollar, for the due payment of which are pledged the entire resources of this great country, with an income more than double its expenditure, will only purchase seventy-five cents of coin. A merchant who could show as large an excess of income over expenditure as the country shows would think himself outraged if his paper did not sell readily at 5 @ 6 per cent. interest—assuming that his character were good, and his record clean. Why is it otherwise with the National credit?

Something must be allowed for past mismanagement of the public finances. The throwing away of thirty odd millions of coin in May last transferred the control of the gold market from the Government to the Gold-Room, and even at this day enables the unscrupulous operators of that locality to corner the market, and force up the premium. Yet so little wisdom do people learn by experience that even now the *Tribune* keeps, from day to day, hounding on Mr. M'CULLOCH to repeat the blunder of May, and sell the reserve upon which rest our only hopes of a resumption of specie payments.

Nor is the record of the Government entirely clean. A large proportion of the current legal-tender notes bear on their back the covenant that they are exchangeable for Five-Twenty six per cent. bonds. Many holders have applied to the Department for such bonds. They have been told that the Department can not fulfill its bargain for want of appropriate legislation. This is quite sufficient to account for some depreciation of the public credit. Our securities will never command the price to which our revenues and our resources entitle them so long as the slightest taint of repudiation adheres to the administration of the public finances.

For the rest, we must have patience. Our vast capacity to bear taxation is comparatively a new discovery. Only a couple of years ago, sound and loyal men doubted gravely whether the people would submit to be taxed an amount sufficient to meet the interest—to say nothing of the principal of the public debt, and with the best wishes in the world for the prosperity of the nation, dissuaded their friends from purchasing Five-Twenties at 45 in gold. Opinion has made a vast stride since then. Its financial effect follows, though at a slower pace. Our sweet friends of the London *Times*, who predicted that Amsterdam would be ruined by its purchases of Five-Twenty bonds @ 40, almost recommend the investment of British capital in the same securities at 70. By-and-by, when the true financial status of this country is realized, they may seem cheap at 90. And as to the Gold-Room, it, too, may once more realize that riches have wings. Twice or thrice since its establishment has an unexpected turn in the market stripped the kings of that unclean realm of their money. Let them beware of the Ides of November! Gold is scarce, the necessities of the merchants are pressing, and "the game is a sure one, if you have nerve," so they say; but for all this we tell them: Beware of the Ides of November!

THE POPULAR JUDGMENT.

THE elections of this autumn are full of triumph for every man who honestly believes in the intelligence of the people. Indeed there is no hope, and of course no confidence, for any one who does not. A man like Mr. THURLOW WEED, who never appreciated the force and value of the moral conviction which underlies popular action, is of course terror-stricken and utterly adrift at a time when the only sure reckoning is to be made by confiding in the good sense and justice of the people. He is therefore reduced to the ridiculous plight of flying from the storm into the cave of the winds. He thinks there is danger ahead, and incontinently betakes himself to the society of those from whom the danger is now to be apprehended, as it has always proceeded. Mr. WEED in the same breath complains of the appointment of a Copperhead to office by the President, and declares that he hopes a Copperhead may be elected to office by the people. That is the exact measure of the value of his judgment.

But his hopes are being sadly disappointed. The elections show that there is no reaction, and that the whole weight and blandishment of the Executive patronage are not powerful enough even to bend the line of loyal hearts, that beat still as they have beaten for six years, true to the Union and to liberty. The plan of the Executive and Copperhead alliance has been to devote every energy to carrying certain Congressional districts, so as to secure a majority

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of the whole number in a full Congress by uniting the Copperheads with the members elected in the Southern States. This plan has utterly failed. The people have defeated it exactly as they defeated every rebel and Copperhead combination during the war, and exactly as they will defeat every other similar attempt.

Questions of tariff and finance, however radical and important, must, in the nature of things, yield to a question of the national existence. For nothing less than that is the exact central point of the present situation. Should the President's policy succeed, the national unity is a responed question. Parties would continue grouped as they now are. On one side there would be the party of the old State-rights school, and on the other the Union party. The difference between them is not one of policy under the Government, but of the very nature of the Government itself. And while such a party division exists no other is possible.

It seems to us very necessary that all Union men should constantly bear this fact in mind. While the present situation continues, while part of the States are unrepresented, and the main question is upon what conditions they shall be admitted, all other debate is impertinent and disastrous, except as a discussion of expediency within the party. If a Union man who favors protection sees Congress inclining to free-trade, or a free-trade Unionist sees signs of a tariff, let him remember that though it may be an evil, and an evil sufficient to drive him in ordinary times from the party, yet now the alternative is support of the Union party or surrender of the Government to the party which is still warm with the effort to destroy it.

The grand proof of the capacity of the people is, that they see this just as plainly as any man can state it. They have not gone astray in the mists of theories of trade, or upon any point of mere material expediency, but they have held steadily to the primeval principle of the national existence. It is this which binds their victorious columns together from Maine to Iowa. It is the voice of fidelity to this essential necessity which is heard ringing out of the mines of Pennsylvania and over the prairies of Indiana. When the national security is beyond doubt—when the unrepresented States have returned under just conditions, and the ground is firm beneath our feet, then we may turn to other issues, and other parties will arise upon secondary policies and expedients.

SHEEP AND DEMAGOGUES.

The Richmond *Times* has an easy explanation of the situation. It all comes from the fact that "The masses of the Northern people do not think for themselves. They are led like sheep by their demagogues, and evil times having put bad men in office, the grooves of error into which they have slided are now difficult to leave." It adds that the "North has not had such a deluge as would cleanse all her gutters." The South has apparently been equally unfortunate; some unclean gutters remain.

Does the *Times* suppose that any sensible man will imagine that such stuff is written for people who think for themselves and who are not led like sheep by demagogues? If good sense and moderation are the necessities of the time is it sensible and moderate to say, as the *Times* does, that "Cimmerian darkness envelops the intellect of that howling faction which will neither heed the voice of justice nor listen to the cry of suffering which comes up from this stricken land." Of what does the *Times* complain? Of the unwillingness of a sensible nation to put a premium upon treason. In the view of the *Times*, not to reward States which have convulsed the country with bloody war by giving them twelve additional representatives for a population which those States themselves disfranchise, is to be enveloped in Cimmerian darkness and to be a howling faction.

The *Times* also alludes to the "fell spirit and demoniac party which drenched the land in blood." That is a truthful description of the spirit and the party which stole custom-houses, forts, and ships, and fired upon Fort Sumter; which hung, drowned, shot, and maimed Southern Union men, and tortured Northern Union men in prison pens. Is it because "the masses of the Northern people do not think for themselves" that the Richmond *Times* imagines they will believe the Government of the United States to have been that "demoniac party?" Or is it because the masses of the Southern people are not led like sheep by their demagogues that they swallow such chaff as food?

Once more the Richmond *Times* speaks of "that fierce tempest of blind hate and passion which, urged on by all the arch-fiends of Radicalism, is now sweeping the North from centre to circumference." What, again, is this tempest? It is the resolution of those whose hearts and homes are bleeding, that the hand which smote them shall not be paid for its devilish work. This "blind hate" does not call for a word or an act of vengeance; this "passion" demands only that the worst conceivable treason shall not be made honorable; these "arch-fiends of Radicalism" ask only that the States shall be equal in representation.

These are the "grooves of error into which they have slided," these unthinking masses of demagogue-led sheep, and they are now very "difficult to leave." Indeed, they are quite impossible. The Charleston *News* sees this clearly. Having seen the election returns, it says:

"Disagreeable as the prospect may be, we are forced to conclude that, without any power in us to control the tide of events, we are drifting slowly back into the Union on the basis of the Constitutional Amendment, and that we will only cease to occupy our present anomalous position when we are represented in Congress by men who can take the test oath, and when our State offices are filled by men who have never violated an express oath of allegiance to the United States."

We trust the eyes of the Richmond *Times* may soon be opened likewise.

MR. STEWART'S TENEMENT HOUSES.

The proposal of Mr. A. T. Stewart to give a million of dollars for the erection of good tenement houses, upon condition that proper ground shall be supplied, is a generous offer in which the whole public is interested. For so large a sum, judiciously expended, should be sufficient to establish the models of all such dwellings. There has been a great deal of attention devoted to the model lodging-house, especially in London, and it is quite time that something were done in this country to furnish better houses to those who are able to pay only the smallest rents. The extortion practiced upon the poor by the owners of the horrible rookeries in which the poorest people of this, or of any great city, huddle is among the chief infamies of civilization. If half the zeal were given to the prevention of crime that is bestowed upon its punishment, the sum of human happiness would be infinitely increased, and every man's taxes would be lessened. At least half our taxes go to correct consequences which a very little foresight would have avoided.

Mr. Stewart's example in this matter is one which may be most profitably followed. It is one also which is not only most serviceable but most natural to this country. The system of our society is happily free from the necessities which exist wherever a family is to be "founded" or maintained, and where, consequently, great hereditary estates are to be acquired and sustained. That is a sublime selfishness which is entirely uncongenial to our climate. When a rich American has built a fine house in town and country his whole establishment need not be wastefully expensive, even if it be profuse and splendid, for our scale is entirely different. Of course any man may toss money away; but the seat of an English nobleman, for instance, and his expenses are very different from those of the American merchant. The tendency here is, happily, not merely to the private enjoyment of great fortunes, but to the participation of their advantages with the public. The Vassar College, the Cooper Union, the Astor Library, the Cornell University, are illustrations which at once occur to every New Yorker, while other States have their own monuments of the same kind.

We do not understand that Mr. Stewart's intention is to erect a "Poor-house," or a place in which poor people are to be made paupers and treated as such, but that he designs healthful and pleasant dwellings at truly moderate but just rents. He does not offer a premium upon poverty; but he hopes to furnish pleasant, airy, and convenient lodgings at the same price which is now paid for nuisanceness, filth, darkness, disease, and death. Probably he knows quite as well as the rest of us that clean houses alone are not enough to make clean people; but he doubtless is also fully aware that dirty and detestable houses do not make people clean. He sees, also, we may infer, that a vital reform of the inhabitants of the slums must begin outwardly in the material conditions. Sunday-school tracts, however excellent in themselves, are very pointless to a starving man; while the Christianity which begins by stimulating and helping those who are willing to help themselves in any way, at once proves itself to be a system of brotherly love. Good tenement houses in New York will be a model for all other cities, while the wise generosity that builds them will inspire similar designs every where.

IMBECILE FURY.

The *National Intelligencer* of Washington—a paper latterly known only by its abject servility to the President—says, with amusing falsity and fury, "They know that they are sworn to resist the restoration of the Union to the last extremity and with every means of violence which they can invoke." The desperate fellows who are thus intent upon national destruction are those who do not think that rebellion ought to be rewarded, and who believe in those who have been true to the Union, rather than in those who have made war upon it for four years. They also hold that the people in Congress are the proper authority to settle the questions arising from an armed effort to destroy the nation, and they object to the admission of accused persons to the jury-box at their own trial. They also believe that the honor of the nation and its most solemn pledges are to be inviolably respected by the people; and they are now engaged in expressing at the ballot-box their judgment upon such "conservative" influences as the *National Intelligencer*.

That delightful journal sees national safety only in the Conservative course of patriots like his Honor Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, and perceives vital fidelity to the Constitution and the Union only in Judge Raphael Semmes, of the Probate Court of Mobile, or the Northern worthies who were sorry to hear that the Judge's yacht, the *Alabama*, had come to grief two or three years ago. The people who have saved the Union are its only enemies, thinks the *National Intelligencer*. Those who by fire and blood and unimaginable tortures of Union soldiers strove to destroy it, are its proved friends. The nest of Copperheads that hissed and darted at every act of the Government during the war is the true Union League; while those who elected Lincoln and held up his arms are a disorganizing, incendiary crew, of which the delectable *National Intelligencer* exclaims with anguish, "Anarchy is its opportunity; cruelty is its pastime; and falsehood its genius." The anarchy of the Union party was proved, probably, by saving the Government; its cruelty by not imitating the "conservatism" of Andersonville; its falsehood by asserting the truth of the Declaration of Independence.

It has been understood for some years that the *National Intelligencer* survived only by liberal alms; but what an enormous supply of Executive cold pieces must have been bestowed to produce such a ludicrous explosion of "Conservative" gratitude.

"AND, MOTHER! DRAW IT MILD!"

Carl Schurz took the liberty of observing that the freedmen universally celebrated the last Fourth of July while the late rebels did not. Thereupon the Fayetteville *Observer*, in Lincoln County, Kentucky, remarks:

"Is that any of your business, you squash-headed, flap-eared, beer-swilling, garlic-eating, negro-loving, German convict? What do you know about the South, or the Fourth of July either? We loved our country, and always celebrated the anniversary of its independence in a becoming manner until it was overrun by scores millions of foreign thieves and cutthroats like yourself, whose votes were bought up by Northern demagogues at a pint of lager beer each."

The gentle *Observer* is, of course, a warm friend of "conciliation" and "magnanimity," and has no patience with an "unconstitutional Congress," which suggests that rebellion shall not be rewarded with increased political power.

VENTILATION AGAIN.

In a previous article we developed the principles of ventilation; but there are some practical points in their application which we will now very briefly notice.

Before coal was introduced so extensively, and the open fire-place was in general use, there was ordinarily sufficient ventilation, at least among people in comfortable circumstances. The upward current in the chimney secured both that agitation of the air in the room which is necessary to the diffusion of noxious gases, and that change of the air by which it is renewed from without. This supposes, however, sufficient inlets for the introduction of fresh air. There was generally no difficulty about this as houses were formerly constructed—enough air would get in through crevices about the doors and windows, with the necessary occasional opening of the doors, to supply the want. But not so with tight joinings, and especially when there are double windows, making an almost air-tight arrangement. Then there must be some special provision for the introduction of air from without.

In heating rooms from a hot-air furnace it is easy to effect proper ventilation. Here fresh air is constantly introduced, and in such a way as to agitate the air in the room. All that you need in addition, therefore, is sufficient outlets to afford a proper escape for the air, and thus secure continual change. An objection is sometimes made to this mode of warming, that the air is burned by the highly heated iron of the furnace, and therefore is not fresh air. But what is meant by burned air? The gases which compose the air can not be changed in the least by the heated iron, unless it be the oxygen, and that only by oxydizing the iron, which can not be done to any appreciable extent, if at all. Impurities in the air may be burned, and the products may or may not be deleterious; but we are supposing that the air which goes to the furnace to be heated is pure.

If the furnace be a steam-heater, the apartments being warmed by reservoirs of steam, there is here no provision at all for ventilation, as there is in the ordinary furnace, and it must be secured by entirely independent expedients. These are very commonly not adequately provided, sometimes wholly neglected, and it is probable that the great majority of houses heated by steam are nothing like as well ventilated as those which are heated by the common furnace.

In our arrangements for ventilation it is important to avoid having currents of cold air strike upon individuals. In ill-ventilated public rooms, where resort is had to temporary expedients, much harm is often done in this way, especially to persons who are in delicate health. It is not our intention to discuss the various plans for ventilating rooms for public assemblies; but we would say that, in all cases, such permanent means of ventilation should be provided that there shall be no necessity for resorting to temporary expedients. It will cost something to do this, for the simple reason that, besides the expense of apparatus it costs more to heat a suitable supply of fresh air than half or one-third of that quantity. A few hundred dollars will cover all the expense of apparatus for any church or hall. This expenditure should be considered, in every case, an absolute necessity; and if it can not be provided for in any other way, it should be taken from the ornamentation of the building; for pleasing the eye is of small importance compared with the vital necessity of giving the lungs their due supply of air. But this is not the common sentiment; and any one who advocates the securing of ventilation in the construction of a public building will encounter opposition from the great mass of those who are interested. The difficulties that he will meet with are thus given by a clergyman, who succeeded in having his church properly ventilated at an expense of only three hundred dollars: "First, he will meet with indifference and opposition, and even ridicule, from the mass of those who are to be the most benefited. Secondly, not one architect in a hundred will render him the least assistance. Thirdly, builders will be sure to regard the whole thing as a humbug, and if not closely watched will brick up his flues or floor over his tubes, or do some other careless or malicious thing which will frustrate all his plans."

If harm is done to the health from imperfect ventilation in churches and halls, much more is it so in ill-ventilated factories and work-shops; for here the effect is both prolonged and often repeated. And to say nothing of humanitarian considerations, securing ventilation in a manufactory is a matter of economy to the owner. Just so far as there is a lack of supply of fresh air will there be a diminution of vigor in the workmen, and consequently a diminution in the amount of work which they will accomplish. Their efficiency depends a much on their being well aired as on their being well fed.

If the halls as well as the rooms of a house warmed by a hot-air furnace, and there be fireplaces, in leaving the doors of rooms open, there is no difficulty in effecting due ventilation by very simple means. The letting down of a window from the top here and there will answer. But when each room is warmed by itself more care is requisite to guard against exposure to cold currents. The smaller the room the greater is the difficulty. It is exceedingly difficult to ventilate properly a small room heated by a close stove; and therefore, even among well-informed people, a great deal of air is breathed over and over again in such rooms to the constant deterioration of the health. If we remember that sixty gallons of fresh air is the requisite supply for one person every hour, we can have some appreciation of the failure of this supply to persons who spend day and night in small, close rooms, and the consequent depressing influence to which the physical system is subjected. The effect is like that of a slow general poison, breaking down the health gradually but surely. Defective ventilation is, in fact, one of the prominent causes of disease, especially in our cities, where there is so much economy as to room, even among people that can well afford to have enough good air.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

General Geary's majority for Governor in Pennsylvania is over 16,000. There was a falling-off of the Union vote in Philadelphia, but this was counterbalanced by other portions of the State. There is also a gain of two Union Congressmen, Mr. Cake succeeding Broomall, and Mr. Covode, Dawson.

The Union majority in Indiana is about 15,000. The Congressional delegation remains of the same complexion as in the present Congress.

In Ohio the Union majority amounts to nearly 30,000. The Congressional delegation remains essentially unchanged.

Iowa goes all one way. She has not a single Democratic Congressman.

NEWS ITEMS.

Another city in Maine suffered severely from fire on October 9—the fifth in that State within two years. A fire broke out in Wiscasset, and raged for nine hours, destroying half the business portion of the place, and rendering forty families homeless.

Letters from Port-au-Prince, dated September 21, state that the arsenal, containing a large quantity of gunpowder, took fire and exploded. The fire spread and destroyed the greater part of the town. Several vessels were burned. The loss of life is reported as very heavy.

On the 15th October a fire broke out in a suburb of Quebec, in the house of a grocer, and destroyed from two to three thousand buildings, rendering homeless upward of eighteen thousand people.

FOREIGN NEWS

The Emperor Napoleon left for Biarritz on the 10th of September. The state of his health, according to all accounts, is such as to excite alarm. At Biarritz, which is on the Bay of Biscay, the Empress Eugenie has a chateau, and is staying there with the Prince Imperial. At Biarritz Count Bismarck met the Emperor shortly after the arrival of the latter. The Roman Question is that which now presses most heavily upon the Emperor's attention. The Emperor's late manifesto promises to withdraw the French troops, but also pledges the honor of France to the protection of the Pope. But some of his Generals have intimated that not only the security but the dignity of the Pope's authority is to be maintained. The Pope's person is probably safe enough in any event, yet a mercenary legion of 1800 men (to whom Marshal Randon intends the functions heretofore performed by French troops) will scarcely suffice to uphold the Papal authority against the wishes of the Italians. The latter will proceed with caution, and will not spoil their chance of success by any violent outbreak. If the Emperor keeps his word, it will not be long before the Pope's sovereignty will be limited by the walls of the Vatican and St. Peter's. As to the soldiers offered by the Queen of Spain for the Pope's protection, they will never be allowed on Italian soil.

The Cretan insurrection appears to be confined to that island. We hear nothing further of the progress of revolutionary movements on the Turkish main land. Epirus and Thessaly are free from disturbance. Turkey will be able to throw continually fresh troops into Crete as they may be needed, and the Greeks will be compelled to flee to the mountains or leave the island. This latter course many are taking, and no less than 43,000 of the Turkish peasantry have quitted their homes in the interior and fled for refuge to the city of Candia. If this continues the wealth and labor of the country will be scared away from the scenes of outrage and bloodshed that may take place, and the passions of the savage combatants will have free scope over the solitude they have made. It is possible that foreign interference may seem, in this state of affairs, to be advisable in the interests of humanity.

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"BABY HAS DROPPED ASLEEP."

Now Franky, boy, 'tis time for bed;
  Put up those books, I pray:
And Katy, dear, those toys of yours
  Must all be cleared away.
The clock struck six some time ago,
  Sounding through all the room;
And ere it gives us seven, you know,
  Father will be at home.

He says there is no place to him
  So sweet as this his home;
So sweet that he can never care
  Elsewhere for joy to roam.
So let us make it nice and snug,
  That he may not complain,
But feel it e'er his guiding-star
  Through all the dark and rain.

Now softly, Frank; don't make a noise—
  Baby has dropped asleep:
She's been as good as gold all day;
  I want her so to keep.
Off with your boots, and say your prayers;
  You must be ready quite
To go to bed when father comes,
  And you have said "good-night."

NOTES FROM A SEA JOURNAL.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

In the year 18— our ship, the *St. Albans*, anchored off Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

The vessels in the harbor were mostly whalers; but there was a large merchantman anchored to windward of us; and about fifty fathoms ahead lay the Russian frigate *Diana* of fifty guns. Beneath me, on our decks, the men were at work, hoisting water-casks from the hold, under the superintendence of Mr. Gibbs, the first mate, who, to the amusement of some of the Russian officers leaning over the quarter-rail of their vessel, was constantly breaking one of the ten commandments in a manner peculiarly his own. Suddenly he paused and colored with confusion as a tall, thin, benevolent-looking old gentleman, who had come off in a shore boat, stepped aboard, and, touching him on the shoulder, offered him a tract. The visitor was immediately recognized as the Rev. S. C. Damon, Seaman's Chaplain, and editor of a Honolulu paper. His timely arrival was hailed with pleasure by the persecuted workmen, to each of whom he presented a tract and a copy of his interesting little paper, *The Friend*. Soon the first officer, who had dodged into the cabin, reappeared, dressed in shining broadcloth. He seemed to think that the splendor of his attire would atone for his late violent behavior; he strutted rather than walked toward the "divine," and grasping his hand, pompously remarked that "he was now in a fit condition to welcome his visitor to the ship in the absence of the captain, who was ashore."

The Chaplain was evidently amused. He said, however, that he was very glad to be so kindly received. Then, having by this time distributed all his tracts and papers, he turned to depart, gently declining an invitation from the mate to step into the lower hold and see the "lie" (oil).

An hour later I was ashore. Having a few reals to spend I entered a shop kept by a Chinaman to purchase a straw-hat. While trying one on I heard a plaintive voice outside of the store, and turning saw an old Kanaka—a pitiful-looking object, who seemed to have lost the use of both legs—clinging to the sleeve of a gentleman whom I recognized as a well-known and very benevolent "missionary."

The native was begging for a few cents; he declared that he had not eaten any thing for several days, except a piece of a water-melon, thrown to him by a sailor.

To my surprise the missionary, turning a deaf ear to the man's pleading, disengaged himself from his clutches and hurried off.

"That is very strange," I said, turning to the shop-keeper; and I put down the hat, remarking that I had concluded to give my reals to the beggar.

The Chinaman could not speak a word of English. He posted himself between me and the beggar, however, and motioned me back, rattling off at the same time a whole volley of words in his own tongue, which I could not understand. I pushed past him and gave my reals to the beggar, who thanked me with tears in his eyes, after which he dragged himself toward a bake-shop not far distant.

Feeling very glad that I had found an opportunity to relieve the sufferings of a fellow-creature, I returned to the ship.

Early the next morning, while seated in the steerage, I heard on deck such cries as are seldom heard in port.

"There it is!" screamed a number of voices—"there blows!—off there toward the reef—a big blackfish!"

I rushed on deck, and glancing to leeward saw, sure enough, the well-known spout. It was soon, I believe, almost at the same instant, by every man on the decks of the whole fleet; for a simultaneous shout, that seemed to pierce the very caverns of the clouds overhead, now was heard, followed by clamorous orders to "clear away the boats there!"—to "hurry up that line"—to "get those harpoons ready," etc. etc.

In a few minutes the waters of the harbor were dotted with hundreds of boats, their crews with rolled up sleeves and strained eyeballs, pulling like madmen toward that single spout. Poor blackfish!—it had certainly ventured upon dangerous ground. The din of voices was terrific; while each officer, anxious for the honor of being the first to strike the fish, encouraged his crew with all the power of his lungs; the rigging of the merchant ships and the frigate swarmed with spectators, who laughed, clapped their hands, and applauded. I belonged to the larboard boat, which, on this occasion, contained the best oarsmen in the fleet, so we soon proved by our leaving our competitors many fathoms behind us.

On we flew, and presently I heard the mate order our harpooner, Tom Chimes, to "stand up."

A moment later we peaked our ears, when the voice of the first officer, shrieking the well-known order, "Give it to him!" pierced our ears. Whiz went the iron from Tom's hand, and, turning, we were sorry to discover that he had missed.

Breeching its full length out of water, the frightened fish now bounded like a shot over the surf that sweeps, booming, across the reef at this point to a great height.

To stem the careering wall of water in a whale-boat was out of the question, so the whole fleet of boats now became nearly stationary, their crews and officers uttering yells and groans of disappointment.

Suddenly, however, all eyes were riveted upon a canoe, which, worked by a single native, was rapidly approaching the reef. In the bow stood another Kanaka, armed with a well-sharpened harpoon of great length and calibre. As the light vessel shot past us I was astonished to recognize in this man the old beggar to whom I had given my reals!

I pointed him out to Tom Chimes, and told my story in a few words. "You've been imposed upon," said he; "that chap is an old Kanaka who is worth his thousands, earned by whaling in different vessels as harpooner. Of late years he's grown lazy and taken to begging for a living, pretending to those who don't know him that he has lost the use of his legs. Now, however, as there's a chance for him to make something in an easy way—for he's one of the best at an iron that was ever known—he's grown smart again!"

Even as my shipmate spoke, the canoe, skillfully worked by the man at the paddle, was borne forward over the reef with terrific velocity on the crest of a sea that rose to a height not less than thirty feet!

This manœuvre is often practiced by the natives of Oahu, and is performed with a skill that usually enables them to clear the reef without shipping a drop of water into their frail vessels. Very soon we perceived that the Kanaka was fast to the blackfish. He had contrived to strike that tender part of its body which by whalemen is termed the "life spot." The creature came up near the beach, spouting blood, and died in a few minutes.

Subsequently the Kanaka sold his prize to a whaling captain in the harbor for fifty dollars, after which, I believe, he continued his occupation of street begging, until he was arrested and locked up in the calaboose.

When released he shipped in a vessel bound to the United States. I do not know whether he is now living or dead; there are few old whalemen, however, who have not heard of "Kanaka Jim," once the best harpooner that ever hurled an iron from a boat's bow.

ORANGE-PEEL;

OR, A NEW-TESTAMENT LAW.

"Emma," said a faithful nurse, "don't throw that orange-peel on the flags, and thereby break a New-Testament law."

"What! is there a law in the New Testament about orange-peel?"

"'*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*' You would not like any one to throw you down, or cause you to stumble, and perhaps injure a limb for life. Do not, then, endanger the life or limb of another. Many have been lamed for life by people throwing, as you have done, pieces of orange-peel on the flags. Some time ago a porter in New York was carrying a heavy bag on his back, when he stepped on a piece of orange-peel which a boy had carelessly thrown on the flags, and that fall caused his death. When his poor wife and children arrived at the hospital he was a corpse! I could tell you of several cases of persons who are cripples for life through falls by orange-peel. If, therefore, you would love your neighbor as yourself never throw orange-peel on the flags."

"Thank you, nurse, for so kindly reproving me of a very thoughtless habit. I will strive not only to remember what you have said about the New-Testament law, but will also throw off from the flags any pieces of orange-peel that I may find left there by others."

ORANGE-PEEL.

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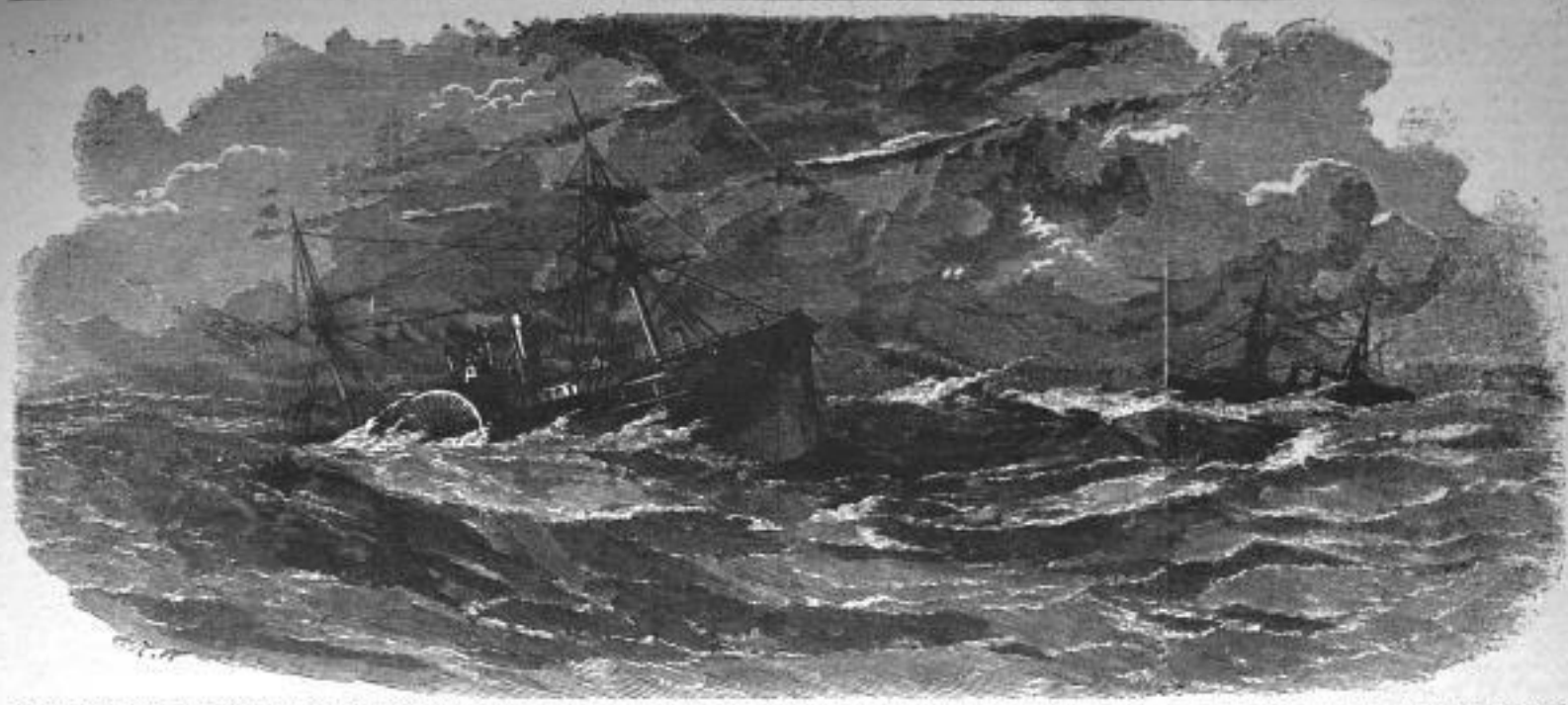
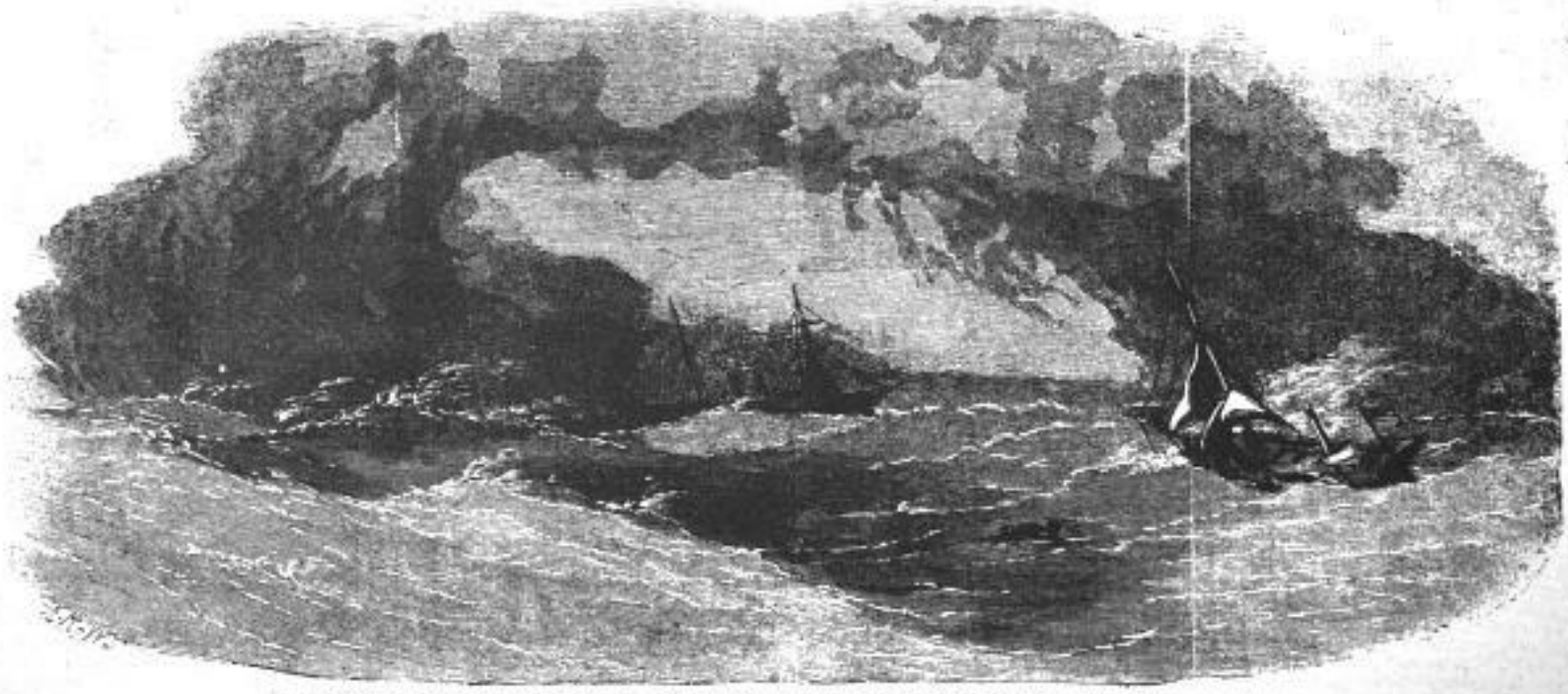


SINKING OF THE "DANIEL WEBSTER," AND SAVING OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW BY THE "GEORGE CROMWELL," October 3, 1866.—[Sketched by W. D. Hempstead.]

SINKING OF THE "EVENING STAR," October 5, 1866.



THE "GEORGE CROMWELL" PICKING UP THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER "MINNEHAHA," October 1, 1866.
[Sketched by W. D. Hempstead, Purser of the "George Cromwell."]

THREE SHIPWRECKS.

We illustrate on this page three shipwrecks—those of the *Daniel Webster*, the *Minnehaha*, and the *Evening Star*, occurring during the recent disastrous gales off the Atlantic coast. The *Daniel Webster* and the *Minnehaha* were so fortunate as to prove shipwrecks fatal only to the vessels, while the *Evening Star* foundered and went down with nearly all of her passengers.

The *Daniel Webster* (Captain J. Bolger), a side-wheel steamship of 1050 tons, was owned by Captain George S. Wright. She was used as a transport during the war, but has since plied as a regular trader between New York and Mobile. She started on her last trip for Mobile September 27, with a crew numbering 25, and 18 passengers. On the 29th she encountered strong gales, with a heavy sea and rain. The gale increased, and on the evening of October 2 there came on a heavy storm with a tremendous sea, the vessel laboring heavily and shipping large quantities of water. Before the morning of the 3d the gale had become a hurricane, and the ship hove to. The guard and wheel-house were broken up at 4 P.M. on the 3d, and the vessel had the appearance of a wreck. That night a heavy sea stove in the forecastle hatch, and every sea that came on board went below and the ship filled rapidly, the water putting out the fires. The pumps now gave out, and all hands, including the passengers, went to bailing water. The vessel was soon at the mercy of the elements and sinking. At 7

A.M. on the 4th the *George Cromwell* (Captain Vaill) hove in sight. The boats were launched and the passengers, with the greater portion of the crew, were transferred to the *George Cromwell*. At 10.35 A.M. the *Daniel Webster* sank, stern foremost. She was an old vessel, and believed by some to be unseaworthy.

The schooner *Minnehaha*, of Baltimore, sailed from Savannah for Richmond September 29. On the 30th, about 90 miles east from Charleston, she encountered a gale which soon increased to a hurricane with a tremendous sea. The vessel sprang aleak, and all hands applied themselves to the pumps. On the 4th of October the crew, numbering five persons, were saved by the *George Cromwell* from a disastrous death by shipwreck.

But the *Evening Star* had no saving *George Cromwell* near her when she went down, October 3, in a hurricane. The *Evening Star* was considered a good vessel, and was built in this city at a cost of $500,000. She was one of the celebrated Star Line of steamships, plying between New York and New Orleans. She was under the charge of William Knapp, an officer of acknowledged ability and experience. She encountered a severe gale on the 2d, when 180 miles east of Tybee Island. After weathering the storm for seventeen hours she foundered at 6 A.M. on the 3d, with 270 souls on board. Only twenty-three persons are known to have been saved. All of the women but two seem to have been lost. The captain was drowned. There were on board nearly one hundred young women of the dead-le, a New Orleans opera troupe, comprising 50 singers who had been engaged in Paris, and a circus company numbering about 30 persons.

It appears that the ship went down, boats and all. But a few of the crew and two or three of the passengers were fortunate enough to lay hold on the life-boats when they came to the surface. Purser F. S. Allen and nine others were two days out on the open sea without food or water, when they were picked up by the *Florencing*, bound for Southampton, England. On the 6th they were transferred to the *J. S. Waring*. The *Morning Star* picked up three of the crew and four passengers, two of whom were women. The third mate, three sailors, and a passenger, Frank Gaggard, of Brooklyn, New York, succeeded in reaching Fernandina, Florida, October 7.

COUSIN JANE.

When my little cousin, Jane Lumley, came to me one morning, and said in her blushing way: "Cousin William, Mr. Forbes has proposed to me, and I have accepted him," I felt that I must be a very old cousin indeed, a very safe cousin as girls would say, or she would never have chosen me for a confidant.

I was pleased, and I was sorry, to hear the tidings. I was pleased, because it was a very good offer; and I was sorry, because Mr. Forbes would take Jane away—selfish animal!—and though I had never cared to marry her myself, I thought it a hard case to see her marry another. However, as pleasure had come first, so it was the predominant feeling, and I shook hands with Jane, and congratulated her on her good fortune. For it was decidedly good fortune. Mr. Forbes, though a widower, was not thirty; he was good-looking and accomplished; he was well off too, and had a charming home within a convenient distance of London; in short, he was a most eligible husband for Jane, who had not a farthing of her own, and who owed the very clothes she wore to my father's kindness. Not that he thought it much kindness, dear old boy! Jane was his pet, and I feel pretty sure that he considered Mr. Forbes a very fortunate man in having secured her. Of course, I thought so too, for I knew Jane's value. Still Mr. Forbes's offer puzzled me.

Jane had come with her little story to me in the garden: we were alone in one of the green arbors. She stood in the shade, bareheaded, modest, with a happy blush on her cheek, and a soft dewy light in her brown eyes. I had never seen her look half so well in her whole life as she looked then—and, shall I say it?—Jane did not look at all pretty! No, not at all. No one, indeed, could call Jane ugly or even plain; but there was an absence of beauty in her face, which was the more remarkable that pretty girls abounded in our county. She had a nice figure, a graceful carriage, a pleasant voice, and a happy look; that she had, and no more. She was also a sensible girl, clever, well-bred, and amiable, though dreadfully shy with strangers; but how could Mr. Forbes know any thing of Jane save her shyness? He had not seen her more than a dozen times in all, and Jane was so quiet that he must be a very penetrating and far-seeing man indeed if he had discovered her merits during those brief interviews. I ventured on expressing some surprise. "How sly you both have been, Jenny," I said.

"No, William, not at all sly, I assure you," she replied, gravely. "I had no idea Mr. Forbes thought of such a thing till he mentioned it the other day."

"Then you did not say 'yes' at once, Jenny?"

"How could I? I was so confused that I should not even have asked for time to think over it, if he had not made the suggestion."

It was very plain that Jane was not in love; but then how odd if he were! I had seen them together the day before this, and Mr. Forbes, for a young man, was a cool lover, to say the least of it. Despite her inexperience in such matters, Jane felt some surprise too, and she expressed it with a mixture of sauciness and simplicity which she often displayed with me, but which she had certainly never showed to Mr. Forbes.

I was alone with her on the evening before the wedding-day. We sat in the parlor, by one of the open windows, and we looked out at the garden. I could not help thinking that this garden would seem very dull and lonely when my little cousin Jenny was gone. No more should I hear her gayly carolling in the morning, as she ran down the alleys, light and blithe as a bird on the wing. No more would I see her reading in one of the arbors as intent as a young Muse. No more would the waving of her muslin dress or the pattering of her little feet on the gravel give me pleasant thoughts of youth and girlhood. She was going off to Paris with that cold Mr. Forbes, and after their honey-moon trip he would [illegible] her to his house and keep her there forever. These were dismal thoughts; so, with a groan, I said:

"You are going away to-morrow, Jane?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice. "Do you know, I can scarcely believe it, cousin William."

"Nonsense," I said, a little crossly. "You like it. I have no doubt you are desperately in love with Mr. Forbes by this time."

"No, I am not," she replied, with one of her little solemn ways; "it is very odd, but I am not in love with Mr. Forbes, in spite of all his devotion to me."

Mr. Forbes's settlements had been very liberal indeed, but other devotion I had not seen.

"It is very wrong," continued poor Jenny, in a tone of keen remorse; "but it is no fault of mine, you know. Nevertheless, I spoke to Mr. Forbes about it the other day."

"Did you, though?" I exclaimed, rather startled at this unnecessary piece of candor.

"Yes; and he said it did not matter, that we should be very happy together, and that I would be, he knew, a good mother to his little boy."

I don't exactly know what reply I gave little Jane; I dare say some truism about the non-necessity of ardent love on her part, for she said, in her serious way:

"So I think, cousin William; besides, you know, feeling that deficiency, I must, of course, make it up by being ever so much better than I might have been if I had returned all Mr. Forbes's feelings."

But she sighed; perhaps the prospect of being so very good seemed a little austere to my young cousin. Aunt Mary came in and put an end to the conversation. I went out to smoke a cigar, and did not see Jane till the next morning.

A pleasant blushing bride my cousin looked, almost pretty and quite happy. Mr. Forbes was, as usual, very handsome; a little pale, perhaps, but I am bound to say that he went through the trying marriage ceremony with manly fortitude. When it was over he seemed to have cast a weight of care away, and accepted our congratulations and good wishes with something like a happy smile. The wedding-breakfast was late, and I did not see much of him before we all sat down; but, when we did so, I thought Mr. Forbes looked a very excitable bridegroom, and that even quiet little Jane had very fitful spirits for a bride. I drew no conclusions until Jane entered the library, where I stood alone, to bid me good-by. We had spent many pleasant hours in that library, and I did not wonder that Jane showed some emotion on finding me there. But when she came up to me, and, instead of taking my hand, threw her arms around my neck and laid her cold cheek to mine, and burst into sobs and tears, I felt a wonder verging on alarm.

"Jane, my dear girl, my darling, what ails you?" I said, anxiously.

"I am going away," she sobbed; "oh, cousin William, I am going away!"

She would say no more. She was going away, but surely she had known that all along; and surely it was not to go and leave us that could put her in such a state of despair as this. I could get no explanation from her. There was no time. The carriage was waiting; they were looking for her.

"I am coming, I am coming!" she cried, darting from me, and speaking in a light-hearted voice. I followed her out. Mr. Forbes handed her into the carriage, stepped in after her, and my little cousin Jane, now Mrs. Forbes, was gone forever from among us.

Jane had not been long married when my father died. Aunt Mary was ordered to the south of France, and I remained alone with the housekeeper. These were dreary days. I wished now I had proposed to Jane and married her; I fancied we should have made a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. She wrote now and then; she never complained, but she never once said, "I am happy." She praised Mr. Forbes and his house, and spoke of her position and her comforts—of herself, never. The theme that most frequently recurred in her letters was Arthur, Mr. Forbes's little boy. She recorded his sayings and doings with evident fondness, and I began to think that a young bride whose mind was so much engrossed by her husband's child could not be a very happy one. I had received a general invitation to Mr. Forbes's house, and though Jane did not once remind me of it, I resolved to visit the Elms. It would be a change; besides, I wanted to see why Jane was not happy. I am bound to say that, though my visit was unexpected, Mr. Forbes received me very cordially.

"Jane will be delighted to see you," he said; "she is out with my little boy."

Jane came in presently with a sickly, peevish-looking little fellow—the wonderful Arthur, about whom she had had so much to write. She colored on seeing me, but delight in her face I saw not. If I could have believed it of Jane I should have thought she was sorry I had come. She stammered a welcome, however; but, as I soon perceived, shunned every opportunity of remaining alone with me. Once I caught her on the staircase.

"Well, Jane, are you happy?" I whispered.

"Oh, quite happy," she replied, airily. "Is not the Elms a charming place?" And she made her escape.

Yes, the Elms was a charming place; a brown old house, spacious and convenient, with a gay flower-garden around it, and beyond this a region of ancient elm-trees scattered on a grassy slope. Truly the mistress of this pleasant abode and well-ordered household, the wife of that handsome, agreeable gentleman, ought to have been a happy woman; but she was not. I saw it at once. Jane had grown thin and pale, and looked sad and careworn. Nor did Mr. Forbes look a happy man. I did not like the rigid lines which a few months had made in his handsome face. He was very kind to his wife, and strictly polite; but of fondness, of love, of tenderness, I saw no sign. He kept these for his child, who was certainly one of the most ill-tempered little three-year-old wretches I had ever seen. Yet Jane seemed to rival her husband in doting affection for that little monkey, who began our acquaintance by making faces at me, and followed it up by biting my leg before dinner. "He was a great sufferer," apologetically said his father.

I thought I was the sufferer in this particular instance, but I bore the pain—I have the mark to this day—with that heroism which politeness alone can inspire. I did not intend paying Mr. Forbes and his wife a long visit; but our intentions have little power over the course of events. That same evening I took a walk with Mr. Forbes, stumbled over the root of a tree, and sprained my ankle. It was very provoking. My sprain was one of the worst; the doctor who was called in ordered rest—total rest, he said. In short, I was condemned to spend many days, some weeks, perhaps, at the Elms. Mr. Forbes behaved unexceptionably; he was cordial, he was kind, he was hospitable; and my little Jane, on seeing me in severe pain, became once more my dear little Jane of old times. She was a good deal with me—I mean alone with me. Her husband had business in London, and went there daily; and while I lay stretched on a sofa in the parlor, Jane sat and worked and watched Arthur and his maid out in the garden.

"Jane," I said to her one day, after biding my time, "why are you not happy?"

Jane became crimson, and I saw her little fingers tremble as she vainly tried to thread her needle.

"I—I am very happy," she stammered.

"No, Jane, you are not; neither is Mr. Forbes. I do not want to meddle between you; but yet, Jane, if a word of sound, sensible advice from cousin William would help to set matters right, why not give yourself the chance, and him the pleasure, of that word?" Her color came and went; her work dropped on her lap; she clasped her hands and said:

"Oh! if you could—if you could tell me something—advise me, I mean. Oh! cousin William, if you could make my husband like me!"

"I always suspected this," I replied, rather ruefully; "but, child, I must know why he married you. Do you know?"

"Oh yes," she answered, in a very peculiar tone; "and that is just the mischief. If I had known nothing, all might have been well."

This was very mysterious. It took me some time and trouble to make Jenny more explicit; at length she told me all.

"When we were really married," she began, "and I came home his wife, and looked at him and felt proud of him, I was happy. Oh! so happy. Perhaps you remember that, even before changing my dress, I went down the garden. I had a foolish fancy to gather some of my favorite flowers and take them with me. I thought to be alone there; but some one had given Mr. Forbes a letter on our coming in, and he had gone to the garden to read it. I saw him in the summer-house, sitting in your chair, his head flung on the table, his arms clasped above it; and I heard him groaning as if he were in great agony. I turned cold and trembled. I knew it was no physical pang that wrung those moans from him. The letter he had been reading was on the ground by him. I picked it up and stood with it in my hand, looking at him. He had not heard, and he did not heed me. I looked just at the first words; and when I had read them, I could not leave off till I had finished the whole letter. God help me! It was a love-letter, written to my husband by one who had been compelled to betray him; but who, at the eleventh hour, repented her error and asked to be forgiven! She wrote full of hope and fondness. She had suffered so much that he could not, she said, be long angry with his own Annie! Yes, she called herself his own. I was his wife; I had not been an hour married; I still wore my white dress, my veil, and my orange-wreath, and another woman wrote thus to my husband! He now roused himself and saw me. I still held the letter in my hand, and my face, no doubt, told him that I had read it; for he took it from me and walked away—both without a word. I wondered how he felt. Was he sorry the letter had not come sooner? Would he have given me up even at the foot of the altar? I know better now—I know Mr. Forbes could not be dishonorable; but then my mind was not my own. One thing, however, was clear. He did not love me. He had wished to marry me in order to punish the ingrate, and to hurry our marriage in order to forestall hers, and show her how little he felt her faithlessness. He had taken me, poor, plain, and unattractive, that I might owe him much, and he, the rich, handsome gentleman, owe me very little. That was it, and, cousin William, it was very bitter.

"You know now why we are not, and can not be, happy. It is because I read that letter. I am like Psyche, and, like her, I pay for my error. If I had remained ignorant I should have been content. Mr. Forbes would have acted his part to the end, and to the end I should have thought that I had fascinated him. But my poor little pride has had a fall, and little cousin Jane has been sorely humbled. She knows, what you knew all along, that she was never loved, but merely made the instrument of an angry lover's revenge. Still, I must be just to him. I am sure he meant to make me very happy—to be generous, kind, and attentive, and perhaps, in the end, he would have liked me. Only, you see, now he can not. I knew too much. As he is in your presence, so he is in private—a perfect gentleman. I, who meant to be so good, so devoted, so dutiful even, never find a word to say to my husband. I answer when he speaks, and that is all. I am cold as a statue when he is by. I feel it, I know it, and I can not help it: that Annie is ever between us, and she freezes me. I have never seen her; I do not know who she is, what she is like; but sometimes I lie awake at night and think, 'If he were to find me dead to-morrow, would he be very sorry; he could marry his Annie?'"

Poor little Jane! My heart ached for her, and it ached all the more that I fancied she was fond of her husband. "Jenny, Jenny," said I, with a sigh, "I will tell you why you can do nothing to win Mr. Forbes; it is because you like him."

She hid her face in her hands, and I saw her forehead, her neck even, turn crimson.

"Yes, that is it," she said at length, looking up and turning pale again. "I like him—I who reproached myself for not caring enough about him when we married—I who meant to try so hard to get that liking. I like him. He does not see it, he never will see it; but if he should I shall be the most wretched of women. It is the thought of my indifference that reconciles him to his lot; if he knew the truth he would find it unendurable."

"How do you know that?" I asked, much startled.

"I can not tell you, but I know it. I nearly betrayed myself once, and I can not forget his look of uneasiness and alarm."

"Jane, you slander your husband."

"No," she replied, quietly, "and you must not misunderstand me and wrong him. I am quiet, you know; well, I believe that Mr. Forbes took me partly for that. 'Here is a girl who will expect no devotion, no fondness, no nonsense,' he thought, 'nothing, at least, that I can not give her.' Suppose he finds out that I am not the woman he thought me, and that when I married I did expect to love and to be loved, will it not be misery to him to try and fulfill his part of the compact?"

Alas! that was true, and because it was true I heaved a deep sigh. At that moment the parlor-door opened and Arthur came in. At once he crept up to his young step-mother. She took him on her knee, and twining his arms around her neck he nestled on her bosom, and thence looked at me with a pale, pitiful little face that made me forgive him all his sins.

"Jane," I said, and I am not ashamed to add that my eyes were dim—"there is your hope and your link with the father."

Jane shook her head rather sadly.

"No link," she replied, "but, if possible, a cause of further division. When I came and found this poor sickly thing my heart yearned toward it, perhaps because it suffered like myself; perhaps," she added, with a faint blush, "because it was his. I called it, and it came. I caressed it, and it fell asleep in my arms. When it was sick I tended it; when it was peevish and fretful through pain I bore with it; and thus, I suppose, it loved me. But, you see, it loves me too much. One who ought to be first is second now, and second far away. I am obeyed when another is not heeded; I am sought when another is left; and I am not his Annie that the preference should not be resented; not against me, indeed, not against the child, but resented as a wrong. For if there be a being passionately loved it is this little pale creature. His mother died when he was born, and his father almost became a woman for his sake. He nursed him, he tended him, and I reap the sweet fruit of love—I, who had not the care of the tree. But I can not help it. This is my comfort in sadness; this little warm living creature clinging to me, and I can not give it up. When I talk to it and play with it, when I dress it, as I like to do daily, I feel almost happy. Arthur is not always cross as you have seen him, cousin William; Arthur does not always bite, for Arthur is not always in pain, poor little fellow! He has days when he is bright and merry and frolicsome, without mischief, just like a young kid. Eh, Arthur?"

Arthur looked up; she stooped, and their lips met in a long fond kiss. They were thus when Mr. Forbes entered the room. I saw his color change as he perceived the child in his wife's arms; but he soon recovered his composure, came up to us cheerfully, and, bending over Jane's shoulder, asked Arthur to kiss papa. Arthur frowned, and gave papa a sulky push. Mr. Forbes tried to smile as he walked away, but the smile was forced, though a blush which followed it was real. We are none of us perfect, and I am bound to say that as Arthur pushed his father away a saucy little look of triumph passed through Jane's brown eyes: a look that to me, at least, said very plainly: "I am not Annie; but some one can love me, Mr. Forbes." It was this look which, whether he understood it or not, made Mr. Forbes color like a girl.

Nothing is easier than to solicit confidence under pretense of giving advice; nothing more troublesome, to a conscientious person, than to give the proffered counsel when the confidence has been made. So, at least, I now felt, and I dreaded being alone with Jane again; but I found, to my great comfort, though not without some mortification, that Jane had spoken to get relief, not to be advised. At least, she never asked me to suggest what line of conduct she should pursue toward her husband, and I believe she even forgot that any thing of the kind had been mentioned between us. I pitied her from my heart, but I saw no remedy to her sorrows. I pitied Mr. Forbes too. You see, it is one thing to marry a woman with the intention of giving and receiving affectionate regard; and it is another thing to marry a girl who takes the liberty of falling in love with you, and who feels aggrieved if you do not, or rather can not, follow her example. What should I have done, for instance, if, marrying Jane for the sake of being comfortable with her, I had suddenly discovered that my saucy little cousin was enamored of poor me? It has occurred to me since then that Jane would not so have committed herself with me, but, at the time, I did not think of that. I rejoiced that I had not proposed to her, and I pitied her husband; for if Jane's misfortune was to have read the letter, his trouble was to read her heart rather too truly. Poor little simple Jane! It was like her to think that she could keep such a secret from a husband who had not love to blind him.

I watched him without seeming to do so, and I felt sure that Mr. Forbes's grief was to see his wife's love and not be able to return it; his grief was to have married, as he thought, a sensible, mercenary girl, and to find out that he was wedded to a fond and tender-hearted woman. I do not mean to say

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that he resented that love, or that it bored him; but he could not return it.

I was beginning to walk about with the help of a stick, when I saw Mr. Forbes go off in his chaise one morning with Arthur.

"Please to tell Jane that I am taking the child—" he said to me.

On hearing this Arthur, who had sat quietly till then, uttered a scream of dismay, and called on his "mamma." I saw Mr. Forbes bite his lip, but he drove away all the faster, and both father and child were out of sight in a few moments. Jane had heard the cry, and now came down rather scared. On hearing the explanation I gave her she turned very pale.

"Oh, why does he take him to Harting?" she cried, piteously; "my maid has just told me the small-pox is there. Oh, if one could only overtake him!"

That was out of the question, so I did my best to comfort Jane; but the tears stood in her eyes as she still kept sighing:

"Oh! why did he take him?"

Why, indeed? The child came home bright and well, and his father seemed quite triumphant at having kept him half a day away from his stepmother.

"And he was not at all unhappy, Jane," he said, with marked emphasis.

All day the child continued well and merry, but next morning he felt sick, and by the time his father came home at night he was ill; he had the small-pox. It was I who told Mr. Forbes. He turned dreadfully pale; he had learned in the course of the day that the epidemic was at Harting. It was there, and he had taken his child to it; he had taken him to illness, perhaps to death, just to brave and tease his poor young wife! I knew all this passed in his mind, for the first words he uttered were:

"God forgive me!"

His next remark was the question:

"Has Jane ever had it?"

"Never," I replied, gravely.

"Then she must not stay with him," he said, quickly; "she must not."

He went up; I followed him to the nursery. Jane was there bending over the little cot, with Arthur's hand in hers. Mr. Forbes went up to her; he was much agitated. He could scarcely speak.

"Jane," he said, without looking at the child, "you must not stay. I know you have never had this complaint—you must not stay."

"Would you say that if I were his mother?" she asked.

"You have no right to risk your life," he urged. "I have had it, so has your cousin." (I am dreadfully pock-marked, reader.) "We risk nothing; you risk much."

"What?" asked Jane, and my pale, sad-faced little cousin became for a while a glowing and almost a beautiful woman; "what do I risk? Life! It is not so dear, Mr. Forbes. (Disingenuous!) What change for the worse would that make in my lot?"

Mr. Forbes said not a word.

"I have had that child's love," continued Jane, looking back toward the cot, "and nothing, nothing shall make me leave him!"

No more was said. Arthur moaned as he lay, and Jane sat on one side of him, and her husband on the other.

Three days they sat thus. Three days the little sufferer lingered. On the fourth, an angel called him and released him from his pain. I was present when he died. That poor, peevish little fellow had become so patient and so meek in his illness, that I, too, had begun to love him. My heart smote me when I saw his eyelids flutter strangely, and his pale lips quiver, and his little face—it was neither blotched nor altered—take the strange calmness of death. Jane wept silently. Mr. Forbes was tearless, and sat looking on like one turned to stone. At first he seemed incredulous, but at length he understood that it was all over. I do not think he saw me; if he did, he forgot me. He turned to his wife.

"Jane," he said.

She looked, and did not move.

"Jane, come to me."

She rose, and went and sat on the couch by his side. With a sudden moan, in which love, remorse, and pain seemed to mingle, he drew her toward him. He laid his head on that kind bosom where his child's head had so often rested. It had been the refuge of all little Arthur's troubles, and it now received the strong man's passion of grief. Jane flung her arms around her husband's neck and mingled her tears with his, and while they wept together the young and innocent dead slept on and smiled divinely, with closed eyes, at that fair world, without sorrow, passion, or pain, which it had just entered.

I softly stole away, feeling that out of the saddest grief good may come. Long after this Jane said to me:

"Cousin William, my husband gave me his heart in that hour, and he has never taken it back again."

"And never will, little Jane; for if there be a fondly-loved wife you are that woman."

Jane had the small-pox; but her husband nursed her through it, and she recovered quickly, and was not at all disfigured. Happy Jane! I saw her the other day when I called at the Elms on my way to London. What a bright old house it looked, now that Jane was loved and happy! How proud Mr. Forbes seemed of his wife and of their only child—a beautiful boy very like him—need I say his name is Arthur? Well! Do you know, fond though she evidently was of him, I doubted if Jane loved this Arthur quite so much as she had loved the other one? I told her so.

"The first Arthur," she replied, "was the child of my sorrow; the second Arthur is the child of my happiness. Both could not be dear after the same fashion. Besides, the other Arthur loved me best, and this one prefers his father."

"And Annie?" I suggested; "what about her?"

"I neither knew nor care," replied Jane, with superb indifference. "The dead Arthur makes me feel secure in the past, and with the living Arthur I can defy a dozen Annies."

Dear little Jane! She was just the same little goose as ever. It was like her to think that her hold on her husband depended on a dead or on a living child. Mr. Forbes knew better. In the fullness of his happiness he told me the whole story about "Annie" as he drove me to the station. Of course he did not tell me who "Annie" was; but he had seen her again at a party, and he could not help saying:

"Cousin William, you can not imagine what I felt when I compared these two women—my dear pretty Jane" (pretty Jane! oh, love, love!), "and that cold, shallow, frivolous woman! My darling felt me shudder as we left, and she thought I was cold. Cold! I was thinking—I might actually have married that woman!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY body should live on the sunny side of their houses as much as possible, and allow the sun's genial rays to penetrate the rooms. Darkened parlors are fashionable evils. True, it is gloomy enough to be ushered into a tomb-like apartment, where one can scarcely grope his way to a seat; and to discover, when his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, that every chair and sofa has on its inner "duster," apparently equipped for traveling to some unknown land. But ladies must have their carpets kept bright and fresh, even if their cheeks are the paler for it! And so the shutters are tightly closed, and the heavy curtains drawn. But for the sake of health and beauty, ladies, let this be done only in the "best parlor," if it must be done at all. Let the rooms where the family live be cheerful and sunny. No lady would expect her house plants to send out full, brilliant blossoms, unless she placed them at a window where the sunshine would invigorate them. No more should she expect her children to show fresh, rosy complexions, or to develop genial dispositions, unless they live in light, sunny, airy rooms.

Whoever has the National Debt in charge reports that it was reduced in September last twenty-two million dollars. Well done!

It is reported that the renowned race-horse "Kentucky" has been sold by Messrs. Osgood & Travers to Mr. L. W. Jerome for the sum of $40,000. This famous animal has won an imperishable name from his matchless speed and endurance. It is said that he was never defeated on the turf but once, and then he was in an utterly unfit condition to use his strength.

A short time since a woman, aged about 70 years, died in the Alms-house in Portland, Maine. She had been an inmate of the House for the last thirty-five years, and had not spoken an intelligent word in all that time. Having been disappointed in love in early life, she made a vow never to speak another word, and she religiously kept her vow till her tongue was paralyzed in death.

A French journal, in speaking of the Atlantic Telegraph and the difference in longitude between the two Continents, remarks that it is seven o'clock in the evening at New York when it is midnight at Paris. It then goes on to suppose that some great edifice in Paris, the Opera for example, takes fire at a quarter past twelve some night, and the event is immediately telegraphed to New York, thus: "Paris, a quarter past twelve at night. The news arrives in New York, say in two hours, to make ample allowance for interruptions, which would be at a quarter past nine the evening previous, so that a New York manager could appear on the stage, and, after the three customary bows, could thus express himself: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to have to inform you that the Opera at Paris has been destroyed by fire three hours after the present time. Our director has just transmitted to his Paris confrère his condolence on the disaster which is going to happen to him."

Very curious statements sometimes appear in print. A Pittsfield journal says: "A man fell dead in this town last week, and before assistance could reach him his life was nearly extinct."

A foreign newspaper, in giving an account of Toulouse, remarks: "It is a large town, containing upward of sixty thousand inhabitants built entirely of brick."

A Pennsylvania paper reads as follows: "The sexes are holding meetings in the north part of the State, and are being addressed by Governor H—— and General C——." It is to be supposed that an s mischievously slipped out of its proper place in the above statement.

A Western paper recently contained this strange announcement: "The grasshoppers have destroyed every green thing in Deer Lodge Valley, except the grass and widows." The reader is left to determine whether "if" substituted for "a" in the last word, or a *fig* plum in the place of "and," would make the best sense.

A country newspaper states that on one end of a meeting-house in that vicinity the following notice recently appeared: "Any body sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law or any other nuisance."

An ingenious French arithmetician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of the salutary exercise of dancing, traverses in the gay salons of Paris amounts, in the course of one dancing season, to four hundred and thirty-four miles and a half. He has also estimated that a French lady, fond of performing the functions of a teetotum, would spin round in a waltz in one night as many times as the wheels of a steamboat revolve while running the distance between Dover and Calais.

Another novelty announced for the Great Exhibition is a new model of a guillotine, invented, it is said, by a compatriot of Count Bismarck. It works by steam, and is capable of cutting off six heads per minute—or eight, if great haste is required! It can be taken to pieces and put together again in ten minutes; the engine works the wheels, and the machine can steam to the place of execution, and take the body up to the cemetery afterward. Really, if such a charming invention is to become popular in Prussia, those not obliged to live there will be rather shy of venturing over the boundary-line, if that same line can be ascertained.

Poor old Mrs. Partington can't comprehend the "new-fangled" notions of the present time. She says:

"There is one thing sure; the females of the present regeneration are a heap more independifier than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal go by t'-day that I know belonged to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knees, her hair all bundled up like as if she hadn't time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's old caps in an awful crumpled condition on her head. Why, laws, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellers come along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and my head kivered with an old rag, why I would run for dear life and hide out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were innocent, unconsealed critters; now they are what the French call 'blanes.'"

We do not know who is the author of the following little poem, but we believe it will be read with many tender memories by those whose house have been made desolate by death; and may also reveal to the busy mother, who sometimes feels that the little ones make a great deal of work, what home would be without them:

No baby in the house, I know—
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers thrown
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshaled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

A curious story—with a moral—is told of a fair lady who was lately dining with a friend in Paris. The dinner had passed off pleasantly, when, on rising from the table, the aforesaid lady thought proper to faint. She was immediately carried to the bed of the lady of the house, where she remained immovable. Her lacing was cut—salts applied to her nose—every thing was useless; she still remained immovable on the elegant bed ornamented with silk and lace. The attendants grew impatient; even the mistress of the house grew weary of being employed for so long a time about the same person. Her ennui made her a little malicious, and, to spread a snare for the fair fainter, she simply said:

"Do you know what makes her ill? Her hair is too tight; it must be untied."

These words acted like magic. Forgetting every thing, by an involuntary movement the fair invalid put both her hands up to her head, to defend her false braids from an aggression which might reveal too much; and, begging to come to herself, "Where am I?" said she, in a feeble voice.

"At my house," replied her friend; "but your carriage is here, and in five minutes you will be in your own."

Moral of the story: Pretended fainting requires real hair.

Readers of Charles Dickens's works will remember the account he has given of the way in which he came to adopt the *nom de plume* "Boz," under which his earlier writings appeared. He says: "Boz was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed 'Moses,' in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Bozes, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household to me long before I was an author, so I came to adopt it." It is now announced that this younger brother, Augustus N. Dickens, recently died at Chicago, where he has resided for several years past. He came to this country many years ago, and settled at the West. He was for some time, but not very successfully, occupied in farming and in mercantile business. In 1860 he was appointed to a position in the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, which he retained until his death. He was a man of remarkably cheerful and kind-hearted disposition, strikingly resembled in personal appearance his famous brother Charles, and shared to some extent his genial humor.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PUN FOR A JOKE.—When does a Greenwich pensioner make a jest of his misfortunes?—When he takes off his wooden leg.

WEATHER FLATTERING!—In the new coinage now being struck at Berlin the King's head is surrounded by a laurel wreath—a decoration not to be found on Prussian coins since the days of Frederick the Great. This is a new sort of garnishing for the sort of head his Majesty possesses. All that is required now is a lemon in his mouth!

The following story is told of an Irish newspaper editor, who was pressed for copy:

The foreman called down to him from the printing-office, "We want six lines to fill a column."

"Kill a child at Waterford," was the reply.

Soon after came a second message: "We have killed the child and still want two lines."

"Contradict it."

A timid gentleman some days ago met one of our bluff, hearty doctors, who is more noted for the force than the polish of his language, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Doctor, what shall I take for the cholera?"

"The cholera! Have you got the cholera?"

"No."

"Well, take the cholera first."

The gentleman, not having taken the first prescription, has not inquired for a second.

Why is an editor's life like the Book of Revelation?—Because it is full of "types and shadows," and a mighty voice like the sound of many waters is ever saying to him, "Write."

What is that which people wish to have, and then wish to get rid of?—A good appetite.

WAY! WOA!—A lady of our acquaintance, who is a bit of a blue, always calls the little memorandum that her butcher sends in with the meat, recording how many pounds it is, "Penciling by the Weigh."

"Sambo, are you posted in de natural sciences?" "Sartingly—oh course I is." "Den you can tell me de cause of de great rot in potatoes for de las' many years gone by?" "Oh, dat's easy 'nough for de meanest critte in scientific lands'. De great rot in potatoes is all owin' to de rot taterry motion ob de earth."

ROMAN NURSERY RHYME.

Holy poly Popey,
Was he going to stope, oh?
Come, stay at home,
Still Bishop of Rome,
Holy poly Popey.

A boy once complained of his brother for taking half of the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he is entitled to half, is he not?" "Yes, ma," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle, and I have to sleep on both sides of him."

TOMBS OF THE SEA.—Underpaid Curates.

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his older brother. "Can't tell 'cept it's because she has got a large comb in her head."

In a very old copy of a work, still extant, on Necromancy is the following quaint passage: "Question. How to raise the devil?—Answer. Contradict yer wife."

BABY TALK.

Where's ou baby, beaut'e 'urt,
Mauser's little darley boy,
Turn and time into its tart,
Sock its little sugar toy.

Now we'll take it rilly wildy,
Dearest, precious, birdy, honey,
Ma won't let it silly lily,
Cause 'twould hurt her little sonny.

Oh, you pitty sugar plummy,
Does ll want its story talky,
So it sall; you chicky tummy,
Let its mimmy see it walky.

My, what ails its sweetest mouthy,
Mamma fild it's going to ky,
Oney see its lippys pouty,
Hushey darley rocky bye.

Does the cabbage mammy coty
Make its little tummy ache?
Is its little eyes so sleepy,
Hickup keep it wide awake.

Does it want to see its daddy?
So it sall in little while,
See it now its tinny paddy,
What does ala its beased chile!

Ugh! you naughty pin, go way!
Hushy, deary, go to sleep,
Mammy by her baby stay,
Uggy flee from baby keep.

"Sir, I'd have you to know that I keep one of the best tables in the city, Sir!" exclaimed an indignant landlady to a boarder who had been finding fault with his fare. "That may be true, ma'am," quietly retorted the boarder, "but you put very little upon it."

There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred to every thing appertaining to a monarchy that he won't wear a crown on his hat.

"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey last night!" "Indeed! how was that?" "Why, she called me old beeswax."

ART QUERY.—"An Italian Image" writes to inquire whether a cast from a marble may be described as a stone's throw.

ROCKS AHEAD!

Oh! fatal is the hidden rock
That lies beneath the angry surge,
Whereon with a disastrous shock
The waves your hapless vessel urge.

But worse than jagged granite block—
More cruel, oh! ingenious youth,
Is trusting childhood's almond rock
To one who has a hollow tooth.

SEASONABLE LUXURY.

Old Gent (disgusted). "HERE, WAITER! HERE'S A—HERE'S A—A—BUG IN THIS CHOP!"

Waiter (dispassionately). "YASSIR. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, SIR!"

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"I AM FREE TO SAY THAT I AM FLATTERED BY THE DEMONSTRATIONS I HAVE WITNESSED AND BEING FLATTERED DONT MEAN TO THINK IT PERSONAL"

("WHAT DOES GENERAL SHERIDAN SAY?")

("NEW-ORLEANS!" "TRACE IT BACK TO THE RADICAL CONGRESS!")

(ANDY FORGOT

"IT IS A QUESTION FOR YOU TO SETTLE AND YOU MUST

ANDY'S

"FELLOW CITIZENS: IT IS NOT FOR THE PURPOSE OF

"I HAVE DISCHARGED ALL MY DUTIES

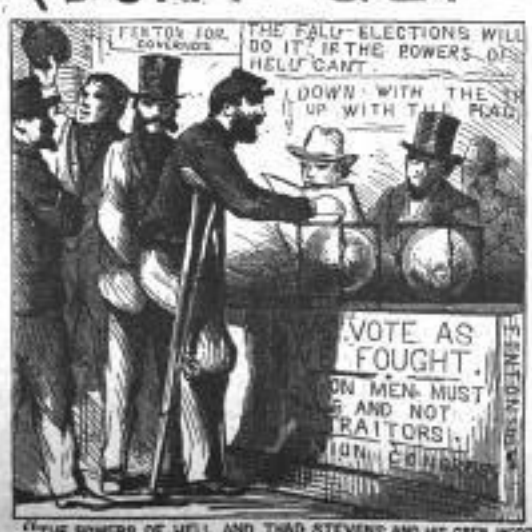
(THIS SAME MAYOR IS RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.)

(OUR MARE TAKES HIM THROUGH NEW YORK CITY.)

"I have discharged all my duties and fulfilled all my pledges."

"Treason against the Government is the highest crime that can be committed, and those engaged in it should suffer all its penalties"....."The day for protecting the lands and negroes of these authors of rebellion is past."....."After making treason odious every Union man should be remunerated out of the pockets of those who have inflicted this great suffering on the country. Their great plantations must be seized and divided into small farms, and sold to honest, industrious men."....."Many years ago I moved in the Legislature of Tennessee that the apportionment of representatives in Congress should be by qualified voters. The apportionment is now fixed until 1872; before that time we might change the basis of representation from population to qualified voters, North as well as South, and in due course of time the States, without regard to color, might extend the elective franchise to all who possessed certain mental, moral, or such other, qualifications as might be determined by an enlightened public judgment."....."In calling a Convention to restore the State, who shall restore and re-establish it? Shall the man who gave his influence and his means to destroy the Government? Is he to participate in the great work of reorganization? Shall he who brought this misery upon the State be permitted to control its destinies? If this be so, then all this precious blood of our brave soldiers and officers, so freely poured out, will have been wantonly spilled."....."Why all this carnage and devastation? It was that treason might be put down and traitors punished. Therefore I say that traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration. If there be but five thousand men in Tennessee loyal to the Constitution, loyal to Freedom, loyal to Justice, those true and faithful men should control the work of reorganization and reformation absolutely. I say that the traitor has ceased to be a citizen, and, in joining the rebellion, has become a public enemy. He forfeited his right to vote with loyal men when he renounced his citizenship and sought to destroy our Government. We say to the most honest and industrious foreigner who comes from England or Germany to dwell among us, and to add to the wealth of our country, 'Before you can be a citizen you must stay here for five years.' If we are so cautious about foreigners, who voluntarily renounce their homes to live with us, what should we say to the traitor who, although born and reared among us, has raised a parricidal hand against the Government which always protected him? My judgment is, that he should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship."—*Extracts from Speeches by* ANDREW JOHNSON.

"DON'T GET



"THE POWERS OF HELL AND THAD STEVENS AND HIS CREW WERE BY THEY WOULD NOT TURN ME FROM MY PURPOSE"

(YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE.)

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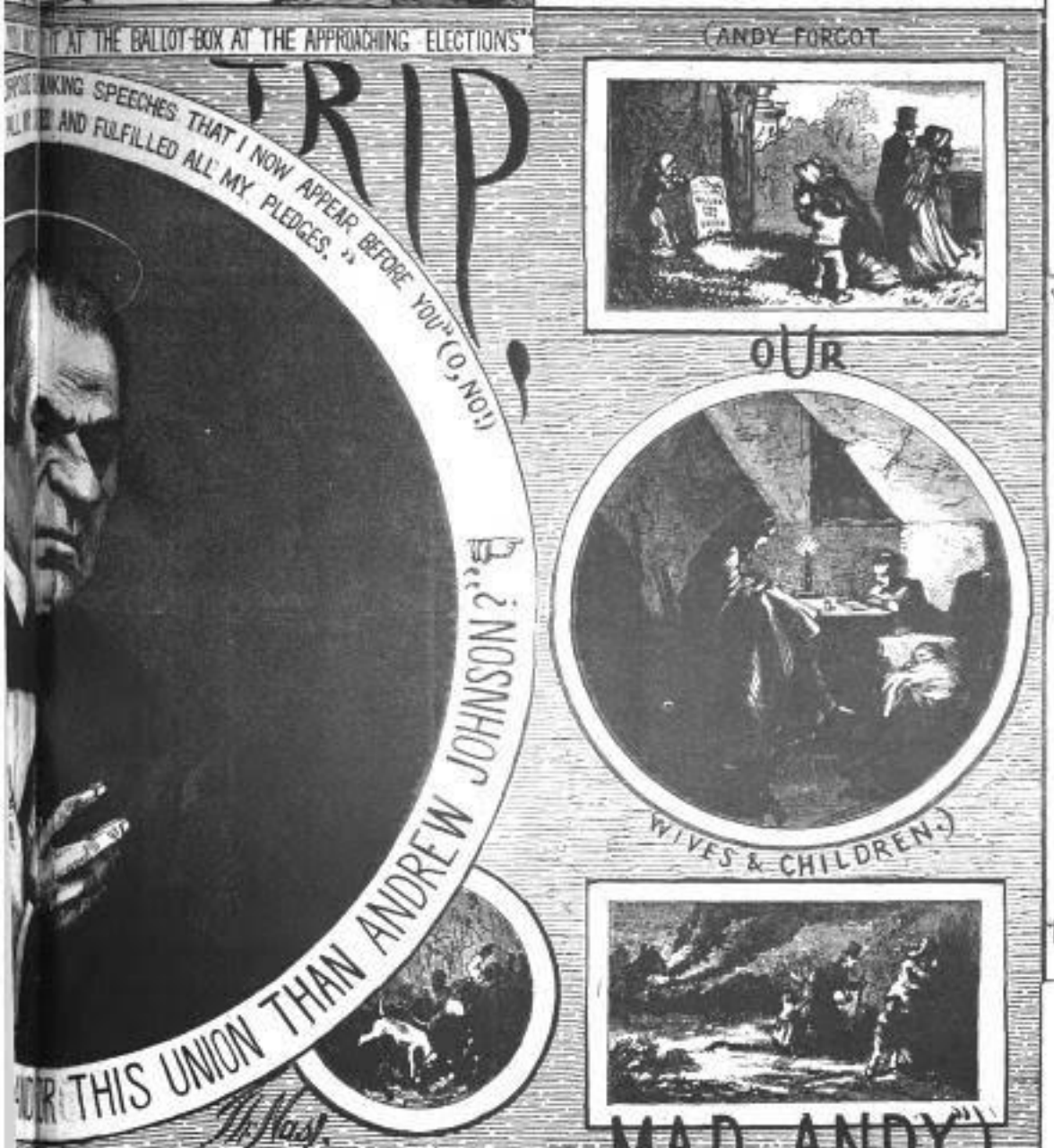
"BRING A BALM AND OIL FROM GILEAD."

"A BALM THAT IS HEALING IN ITS CHARACTER AND POUR IT INTO THE WOUND?"

"THERE ARE VERY FEW MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY THE PEOPLE UNLESS THEY HAVE DESERTED THEM FIRST" (THAT'S SO)

"IT AT THE BALLOT-BOX AT THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS"

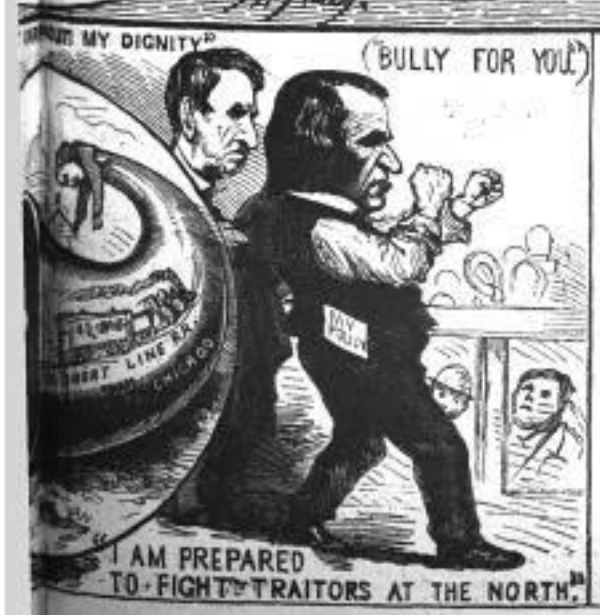


"THIS WAS MY OBJECT IN PRESENTING MYSELF ON THIS OCCASION AND TO TELL YOU

"HOW DO YOU DO," AND AT THE SAME TIME TO BID YOU "GOOD BY"

"Where is the man or woman who can place his finger upon one single act of mine deviating from any pledge of mine!"

"I hold it a solemn obligation in every one of these States where the rebel armies have been beaten back or expelled, I care not how small the number of Union men, if enough to man the ship of State, I hold it to be a high duty to protect and secure to them a Republican form of government until they again gain strength. They must not be smothered by inches."....."These rebel leaders must feel the power of the Government; treason must be made odious, and traitors must be punished and impoverished."....."You have been deeply pained by some things that come under your observation. We get men in command who, under the influence of flattery, fawning, and caressing, grant protection to rich traitors, while the poor Union man stands out in the cold. Traitors can get lucrative contracts, while the loyal man is pushed aside."....."The power of those persons who made the attempt [at rebellion] has been crushed, and now we want to reconstruct the State Governments, and have the power to do it. The State institutions are prostrated, laid out on the ground, and they must be taken up and adapted to the progress of events: this can not be done in a moment. We are making very rapid progress—so rapid that I sometimes can not realize it. It appears like a dream. We must not be in too much of a hurry. It is better to let them reconstruct themselves than force them to it: for, if they go wrong, the power is in our hands, and we can check them in any stage to the end, and oblige them to correct their errors."....."If I were in Tennessee I should try to introduce Negro Suffrage gradually: first, those who had served in the army; those who could read and write; and perhaps a property qualification for others—say $200 or $250."....."A fellow who takes the oath merely to save his property, and denies the validity of the oath, is a perjured man, and not to be trusted. Before these repenting rebels can be trusted let them bring forth the fruits of repentance. He who helped to make all these widows and orphans, who draped the streets of Nashville in mourning, should suffer for his great crime."....."If a man who gave his means to destroy the Government should be permitted to participate in the great work of reorganization, then all the precious blood so freely poured out will have been wantonly spilled, and all our victories go for naught."—*Extracts from Speeches by* ANDREW JOHNSON.



"I AM PREPARED TO FIGHT TRAITORS AT THE NORTH."

("HANG JEFF DAVIS") "THEN I WOULD ASK YOU, MAY NOT, HANG THAD STEVENS AND WENDELL PHILLIPS?"

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DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Not forever on thy knees, man,
  Would Jehovah have thee found;
There are griefs Jehovah sees, man;
There are burdens thou canst ease, man;
  Look around!

Work is prayer, if done for God, man;
  Prayer which God, delighted, hears.
See, beside yon upturned sod, man,
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod, man;
  Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal, man,
  This is what is wanted more;
Put thy shoulder to the wheel, man;
Bread unto the famished deal, man,
  From thy store.

Not high-sounding words of praise, man,
  Does God want 'neath some grand dome;
But that thou the fallen raise, man;
Bring the poor from life's highways, man;
  By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful; mere words weak, man,
  Battering at heaven's closed door;
Let thy love by actions speak, man;
Wipe the tear from Sorrow's cheek, man;
  Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,
  And to brighten eyes now dim;
Kind deeds done to one another,
God accepts as done, my brother,
  Unto Him.

HIS YOUNG LORDSHIP.

A Story for Great and Little People.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENT."

It was a pat of butter—only a pat of butter—a small, silly thing, and yet it made me feel, as the children say, "like to greet." For I knew the spot it came from—a lovely nook in a lovely land. I could picture the narrow valley, so rich and green, over which the huge gray granite mountains watched, frowning or smiling, but still watching, like faithful parents over their children; reflecting the sunshine, gathering the rain, and sending both down alternately upon the fertile tract below. I could summon up its "pastures green," not like English meadows, hedged and ditched, but divided angularly by stone dykes, among which grew innumerable ferns and accidental clumps of heather and whin, while here and there, in damp places, were queer bog plants: butter-wort, with its flat leaves and tall-stemmed blue flowers; the white tufts of the cotton-plant, the aromatic bog-myrtle. Nay, as I looked at my pat of butter I could almost see the cows that originated it—small, shaggy, active Highland beasts, or the dainty little Ayrshire breed, the prettiest of cattle, moving about their restricted plot of pasturage under the shadow of those same mountains which—whom, I was nearly writing, they felt so like living friends—any one who knows loves; and, once loving, loves forever.

"Yes," said my hostess, whom I had better call by the good Scotch name of Mrs. Burns, "it is real Scotch butter: we don't get any thing here like it. It was sent to me from ——," naming the place, to which I mean to give an imaginary name, and call it the Laighlands.

For upon it, and the butter, hangs a story which she immediately began to tell me: a story true and simple as that of Jeanie Deans—of which, while she related it, we were both strongly reminded. I asked her leave to tell it here, just plainly as it was, with no elaborations or exaggerations—for indeed it required none: only disguising the names and the places, so that while the truth remained—the internal truth, which is the real life and usefulness of fiction—the bare outside facts may be quite unrecognizable by the general public. And I wish I could give to the written tale any thing like the simple graphic power with which it was unconsciously told.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burns, looking me through with her clear, kind eyes, "I must tell you all about that butter, and how we got it from such a distance. You know the Laighlands? Isn't it a bonnie place? Such a sweet, quiet, out-of-the-way farm. We lived there a whole summer. We had come to the neighborhood, and did not know where to get lodgings; the whole country-side was full: and they took us in at the Laighlands, eight in all—papa, and me, and our six; and we lived there for ten happy weeks. That was nine years ago."

It was not nearly so long since I had seen the farm myself; and though I was only there, at that particular farm-house, for one day, I could still remember it; the garden, wonderfully neat and well-stocked for that part of Scotland, where the lazy Highland nature has not yet arrived at the difficult science of horticulture; and among the common people life implies mere living, without any attempt to adorn life with even the beauty of a cottage flower-border, or the small luxury of a dozen gooseberry bushes, and a row of beans or peas. Therefore I could especially recall this farmhouse, for it had a capital garden, and an upland orchard behind: and its orderliness was equal to its picturesqueness, which is a great deal to say for dwellings of its size and character in the Highlands of Scotland.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Burns (I will go straight on with her part in the conversation and omit my own, which indeed consisted merely of a few questions), "we lived there ten weeks, and during that time we got to have quite an affection for our landlord and his wife. They were such simple people, and so honest—so painfully honest. Of course in country lodgings, where the people can only make hay while the sun shines, and that is for about two months in the twelve, one almost expects to be cheated, or at least made the most of in some way; but these good folk only cheated themselves. For instance, we had the run of the garden, and you can imagine what a raid my six children would make upon the gooseberry bushes. Besides, we had an unlimited quantity of vegetables. But when, at the first week's end, I looked to see what was put down in the bill, there was nothing at all! 'Oh,' said the mistress, a tall, handsome Highland woman, much younger than her husband, and speaking English with a quaint, slow purity of accent that you often find among those who have to learn it like a foreign language—'Oh, I hope you'll use your freedom with the garden—we'd never ask ye to pay.' But when I remonstrated—for I don't like that Celtic fashion of being too proud to receive honest payment, and yet expecting always an equivalent in kind—Mrs. Kennedy (I will call her Kennedy) quickly assented, with a sort of dignified acquiescence that had a touch of condescension in it, begging I would put my own price on the things we took, for she really did not know what they were worth, which doubtless was the truth, for you are aware how little actual coin is current in that district, and how people there often live half a lifetime without ever having seen a town street, or the inside of a moderate-sized shop.

"This woman, Mrs. Kennedy, was a case in point. She was about forty, her husband being somewhat over sixty; yet neither of them had ever traveled twenty miles from their own farm, which had been rented by Kennedy, and his father before him, for the best part of a century, from the one great land-holder of those parts.

"'And his lordship kens us weel,' said the gudewife to me one day, when my children had been describing a grand-looking gentleman whom they met riding over the hill-side. 'He's a fine man, and a gude friend to us. Many's the day I hae seen him stand and crack wi' the auld gudeman, that's Kennedy's father; and he never meets Kennedy himsel' but he'll stop and shake hands and ask for the wife and bairns. He's a fine man—his lordship—and a gude landlord; he kens a' that's done on the property. Though I'll no say but that he might hae waur tenants than oursels; for my man and his father before him hae lived at the Laighlands, and paid their honest rent every term-day, for seventy-five years.'

"I remember this little incident," continued Mrs. Burns, "because I remember the woman's face as she spoke—full of that honorable pride which is as justifiable in a farmer as in a duke; and, also, because circumstances brought it to my mind afterward.

"Well, we staid at the Laighlands all summer. It was a glorious summer to my young folks—and a sorrowful day when we left the place. We had to start about four in the morning, in Kennedy's cart, which had been our sole link with the civilized world, and in which he had conveyed to us daily—for this absolutely refusing payment to the last—all provisions which the farm could not supply; and the few extraneous necessities—letters, newspapers, linen-drapery, etc., which we indulged in at this primitive place. He brought them from the nearest town, or what flattered itself was a town, several miles off. We had given him a deal of trouble, and now he had taken for us the final trouble of all, by bestowing endless pains on the arrangement of seats and mattresses, so as to make the rough jolting cart a little comfortable for me and the children. They cried as they said good-by to the pretty place where they had been so happy, and the good folk who had been so excessively kind to them. And I own I was half inclined to cry too, when Mrs. Kennedy, who had been rather invisible of late—she brought her gudeman his seventh child while we were at the Laighlands—appeared, weak and white-looking as she was, in the cold dawn of the morning, and gave me a basket neatly packed with all sorts of good things—eatables and drinkables. 'It's for the weans on their journey,' she said. 'We'll no forget the weans.'

"And it was a very long time before the weans forgot her or the Laighlands. On winter nights they used to go over every bit of our blithe time there—from the first day we came and settled ourselves in the small but tidy parlor, in the clean bedrooms, full of furniture that looked as if it had been bought in the last century—as possibly it had—up to the final day when old Kennedy, he was quite an old man, though hale and hearty, drove his cart into the sea almost—for the waves were running high—and carried the children through them into the boat by which we had to reach the steamer that was to bear us far away—to horrid London, to streets, and squares, and work, and school. And over and over again I had to describe to the little ones, whose memories were fainter than they cared to confess, the figure of the good old man in his gray kilt, bonnet, and plaid, with his white hair flying in the wind, as he stood making his last signals from the shore, and shouting out his last Gaelic farewells, for he could speak but little English; the boys answering him in the few words he had taught them, which they remembered ever so long, till Gaelic was rubbed out by Latin and Greek. I too—with the warm heart that a mother can not help having toward any one who has been kind to her children—kept for a long time in my store-cupboard the basket Mrs. Kennedy had filled for the bairns on their voyage. And every New Year, for several years, we sent books and other gifts to the little Kennedys, hoping every summer that we should manage to go back to the Laighlands. But we never did; and in process of time our connection with the place slipped by—perhaps our interest likewise: in this busy London life it is so easy to forget.

"It was last New Year, or possibly a few days after then, that I was sitting just here—in this drawing-room"—(which was a very nice one, for Mrs. Burns's husband has honorably worked his way to a handsome house in one of the best streets in London)—"I was sewing by myself, and the young folks were down below in the school-room. It was one of those terribly cold bleak days that we had last winter, the wind howling in the chimney, and the snow falling or trying to fall, for it was too cold almost to snow. I was sitting with my feet on the fender, and with the feeling of intense thankfulness which I always have in such weather, that I have a good house over my head and all my dear ones about me, when a message came that some one below wanted to speak to me.

"'Who is it?' asked I; for such messages are endless in our house, and generally prove to be applications for charity. It was a poor woman, my servant said; a woman with a little girl, and she would not send up her name, but insisted upon speaking to me.

"I thought it was one of the ordinary genteel London beggars, and you know what London begging is, and how, after being taken in over and over again, one has to harden one's heart"—(a process which, judging from Mrs. Burns's face, in her case would not be sudden or easy). "Of course, I could not refuse to see the person; but I went down to her, looking, I dare say, as hard as a stone.

"She was a tall, thin woman, remarkably tall for a woman; and her long straight black dress, and clinging black shawl, no thicker than yours to-day, though it was midwinter, made her seem taller and thinner still. I looked in her face, which was sharp-featured, worn, and elderly, but I could not remember ever having seen it before. So I just asked her her business, very coldly I suppose, for she drew back at once toward the dining-room door.

"'Ye'll no mind me. I'm troubling ye; so I'll just be gone, ma'am. It's no matter.'

"It was a Scotch voice and a Scotch manner: the air of quiet independence that, I am glad to say, even the very poorest of us seldom quite lose. We Scotch don't beg like your London beggars. So, of course, I asked her to wait a minute, and tell me her name.

"'Do you no ken? Eh, Mrs. Burns? I must be sair changed—and nae wonder—if ye dinna ken me! I'm Mistress Kennedy of the Laighlands.'

"'Mrs. Kennedy of the Laighlands?' You will guess how in an instant the face of matters was entirely changed, and what sort of a welcome she got—she and her daughter, for the little girlie that hung by her gown, and peered from behind her with shy, dark Gaelic eyes, must be hers—possibly the baby that was born while we were there.

"'Ay, so she was. 'She's the youngest; and I couldna leave her behind: though it's a very sad journey I come on to this awfu' London. Oh, it is an awfu' place, Mrs. Burns! And ye're keeping weel yoursel', and the gudeman and a' the bairns?' added she, with the instinctive tact and courtesy which one sees almost universally among Highland people, and which we had always noticed so much in Mrs. Kennedy. Though a farmer's wife, her manners were as good as many a lady born. But she looked so ill, so depressed, so actually weighed down with care, that I shrank from asking her the especial trouble which had brought her hither. By-and-by she poured it out.

"'No, the gudeman's no deid, Mrs. Burns, though sometimes he almost wishes he were. He has got notice to quit the Laighlands. Just think! the Laighlands! Where he was born, and his father likewise—and where he has paid his rent—never behind a day—for fifty year. Isn't it hard, ma'am?'

"It was hard. We folk who live in streets and houses all just like one another can scarcely recognize how hard. Besides, as Mrs. Kennedy went on to explain, and which I myself knew well, in that thinly-populated district an eviction meant some turning out, with small prospect of finding another home. The farms were few and far between, most of them held by tenants who had held them for generations. A notice to quit meant not merely a flitting but a complete uprooting. No wonder the poor body spoke of it as we speak of some heavy calamity.

"'But your factor is a good man,' said I. 'Did you not appeal to him?'

"Mrs. Kennedy shook her head. 'I'm no saying aught against the factor, but he's my lord's servant, and they say my lord wants money, and they're wishing to feu the estate. But they might hae let my man keep the Laighlands a bit while. It'll no be lang—he's ower seventy year. It's breaking his heart.'

"I asked her why she did not write to the young lord; for the old lord, as he was now called, though scarcely past middle age when he died, had, I knew, been dead a year or more.

"'We did think o' that. His young lordship—do you ken him, Mrs. Burns?'

"That was not likely; but I had heard about him—a promising lad in his teens, left sole master of one of the finest properties in Scotland. He was too young for people to know much good about him—but nobody knew any harm: he was a college youth, frank and lively, given to all the amusements of his age and rank—not much of a student, but that could hardly be expected of the heir to indefinite thousands a year. Still, as I told Mrs. Kennedy, a young man scarcely twenty, in any rank of life, was apt to be thoughtless, and in his rank great people often do little people a deal of harm without in the least intending it.

"'That was just what the lawyer said—the lawyer I went to in Edinburgh, yesterday.'

"'Yesterday!' I exclaimed.

"'Ay, ma'am, though it seems a year syne. The gudeman couldna stir, being laid aside with rheumatism, so I just thought I would go up to Edinburgh mysel', and see Mr. Campbell, a friend o' mine that's a writer there. And he said to me, "Mrs. Kennedy, if I was you I would gang up to London and speak wi' his young lordship face to face." That was yesterday, as I said: there wasna a day to lose—in a week's time the notice we got to leave the Laighlands was done, and we would be turned out. So I wrote to my husband from Mr. Campbell's office, I got mysel' in the train—me and the bairn, for I could neither send her hame nor leave her in Edinburgh: and we traveled a' the night and reached London the morn, just as we were.'

"Just as they were!—in those thin clothes, and such a terrible cold night as it had been! No wonder they looked as they did, and that my servant had made such a mistake about them and their condition in life. Very much surprised the maid looked when I rang the bell and desired her to take the little girl and make her comfortable in my children's nursery; and bring up breakfast at once for 'my friend Mrs. Kennedy, who had come all the way from Scotland last night.'

"Mrs. Kennedy said nothing, nor resisted in the least; she was utterly exhausted. She sat by the fire with her hands on her lap, and her sad eyes looking straight before her, scarcely noticing the things around her, as if she had been familiar with them all her life. And when at last she got a little strengthened by warmth and food, and was able to tell me her story, she did so with a composure and quiet dignity that would have surprised any one who did not know how the Jeanie Deans's nature, fearless, self-reliant, yet absolutely without self-consciousness, is not exceptional, but lies dormant in many and many a Scotchwoman, ready to appear at once when circumstances require it, as in this case. For you and I, I suppose, can hardly realize what such a sudden journey to London must have appeared to Mrs. Kennedy—almost like a journey to the Antipodes.

"'Were you not afraid?' I asked her.

"'Maybe,' she answered, faintly smiling. 'But somebody maun do it, ye ken, and there was naebody but me.' In that simple sentence the woman expressed all.

"Poor body! only imagine her, dropped in the gloomy winter morning at the terminus in Euston Square, not knowing a soul, having but one place to go to in all London, and with her Scotch directness of purpose she went right to it—his young lordship's town-house, the magnificent mansion in —— Square.

"It was partially closed, as most great houses are in the Christmas recess. Mrs. Kennedy merely thought 'the London folk are awfu' late of rising,' and unwilling to disturb the family, sat down on the lowest stone step, with her little girl beside her. There she waited, pinched with cold—but she was well accustomed to cold—until there should be some sign of life in the house within. By-and-by came 'a braw sogerly young man, wi' a bag o' letters,' and rang as if he, at least, had no fear of disturbing his lordship's slumbers, but he poked his letters in at a slit in the door—and still it was not opened. At last Mrs. Kennedy took courage, and rang the bell likewise, and begged the footman who opened it to tell his lordship that she had come all the way from Scotland to speak to him, and could he see her for five minutes on private business, as soon as he rose?

"But the footman only laughed, and called another footman who laughed too, and they told her it was a capital story, but that if she didn't go away they would send the Mendicity officers after her. 'I didna ken what the young man meant,' added Mrs. Kennedy, 'but I tell't him (cevilly enough, for I was sure he was only doing his duty) that his young lordship would mind me weel, I was Mistress Kennedy o' the Laighlands. But what do you think Mrs. Burns?' and she looked at me with a grieved simplicity, 'he had never heard tell o' the Laighlands!'

"There must have been some uncomfortable passages between her and these grand footmen, though with her natural dignified reticence, which did not like even to own that she had been insulted, Mrs. Kennedy avoided particularizing them. Besides, the feudal reverence in which the young lord was held every where on the estate was such that under the shadow of it even his domestics were exempt from blame. I could only gather that she was turning to quit the house, when up there came a young man, or, as Mrs. Kennedy pointedly put it, a young gentleman.

"He entered with an air of authority, so that she might have taken him for her landlord, only it had been plainly said that the young nobleman was absent from home; 'and,' reasoned she, in her simplicity, 'his lordship must be far too great a gentleman to bid his servants tell a lee about himsel'.' But the new-comer was of some importance in the establishment. When he perceived the confusion in the hall he asked imperatively what it was all about; and so he learned Mrs. Kennedy's name, and where she came from.

"'He was a Scotsman—I'm gey sure he was a Scotsman,' she said; but at any rate he was a kindly-hearted young gentleman, and evidently held some good position in the establishment; for when he spoke and listened to her answers the servants ceased tittering, and hung back respectfully. At length he asked her to walk into his 'study,' a little room leading off the hall, and then told her who he was.

(Mrs. Burns gave me the gentleman's name and position in the young lord's household; but neither are of consequence to my story. If he ever reads it he may take the reward of one of those small kindlinesses which cost so little and are worth so much, and recognize himself.)

"He placed the weary woman in his own arm-chair, and shut the study-door. Then, before he allowed her to speak another word, he opened a cupboard and took out a bottle of wine and a bag of biscuits, with which he put a little life into her and the child—the good bairn, her mother's own daughter, who had stood stiff and sleepy and hungry, but had never once shed a tear. Then he bade Mrs. Kennedy tell him her whole case from beginning to end.

"It was very simple; and he, of course, must have seen it clearly enough—probably much clearer than the poor woman herself saw it. It was the common story of the different way in which the same things affect big folk and little. Probably nobody was to blame, or the whole was a matter of mere carelessness. In all likelihood the young nobleman knew nothing whatever about it, and never would, unless some one specially told him. 'You can not see him,' said Mr. ——, 'he really is not here, but you might write to him. If you like I will sketch out the letter.'

"'But,' continued Mrs. Kennedy, 'I tell't him that I was ill at the pen, and gin I wrote maybe his lordship couldna read it, and if I could only see him, just for five minutes. I hae seen him mony a time—riding up our hill-side by his father's big horse—on his wee Shetland pony. Oh, gin I could but see his ain face!'

"Probably the young gentleman thought—as I did then—oh, if his lordship could but see this woman!—one of the sort of women who bore the sons that followed and fought for his forefathers: with her strong, earnest, and yet not unbeautiful Highland face; her complete self-forgetfulness, and absorption in the work she had before her. So, after a little consideration, he agreed with her that a personal interview would give the best chance. But it could only be attained by her going to the college where the young lord then was; and which, to avoid all recognition, I will call St. Cuthbert's Hall, Oxbridge. Would she do this? Could she do it? For it was a considerable journey from London, and it would cost a good deal more money. She asked how much; and then inwardly reckoned her purse. It fell short by at least twenty shillings.

"This was a hard discovery, but she kept it to herself. She had never borrowed a half-penny in her life, and would not begin now—certainly not from a stranger. The only thought that occurred to her was to sell something, perhaps a little cairngorm brooch she had; but how to set about it she did not know. And then, in answer to the young gentleman's question, had she any friends in London? she suddenly thought of us.

"She did not know, or if she ever did know, had forgotten, our London address, and our name was a common one enough. The Directory, which her friend took down and diligently searched in, scarcely helped her at all; till at length she recollected my husband's profession and somewhat peculiar Christian name. 'That's him!' she cried, and found to her comfort that Mr. —— knew him, at least by reputation. Most young Scotsmen in London knew my husband. So, without more ado, Mrs. Kennedy took a grateful leave of the gentleman, put herself into a cab by his advice, and drove to our door.

"While she rested, for she absolutely refused to go to bed or to sleep, I went in to consult with my husband. But when I saw him I was so excited by the story I had heard, by the old remembrances which the sight of Mrs. Kennedy had revived, and by things in general, that I could not speak a word, but fairly began to 'greet.' He, too, was in no small degree affected by what at last I managed to tell him; even so much that he had to take refuge in the study of *Bradshaw*, and discovery of the Oxbridge trains.

"We found the only available one now would take Mrs. Kennedy into the town about eleven that night—an impossible time to see a young undergraduate. So we persuaded her with great difficulty, for it seemed to be like losing time, that her best course was to sleep at our house, she and Jessie, and take the earliest morning train, which was at 6 A.M. To this she consented, seeing, with her clear good sense, that nothing better could be done, and being withal greatly comforted by perceiving how happy Jessie was with our children.

"The children—or rather the young people—were in great excitement all day. It was such a romantic story—in a small way—and Mrs. Kennedy was such a remarkable person, and Jessie (who being left behind in awful London, was at first very unhappy, and then being taken to the Zoological Gardens, found consolation in a ride on the big elephant) was such a quaint sort of child, speaking little English, yet full of a curious Highland grace and Highland intelligence. Late at night Jessie's mother came back, and then we all thronged round her, eager to learn how she had fared; in fact, greedy over every word of her story.

"It was told in her face. Never was there such a sad face. I wish his young lordship could have seen it.

"Understand, I don't mean unwarrantably to blame the young nobleman. He was but a boy—careless as boys are; and upon him had fallen, much before his time, the solemn responsibilities of property. I do not suppose he meant any harm, or had the least idea he was doing an unkindness. Only he did it.

"When Mrs. Kennedy reached Oxbridge at about nine in the morning, she was told that his lordship could not be seen; in fact, he had not long gone to bed. This his valet informed her confidentially; adding, for he seemed a kind young fellow, and knew his lordship's Scotch property, and even thought he remembered the farm at the Laighlands, that as soon as his master waked he would tell him that there was a woman waiting, who had come all the way from Scotland to see him.

"She did wait—hour after hour—wandering wearily about the college gardens and quadrangle—then going into the town for a little food—then walking hurriedly back again, lest by chance she should miss the happy moment when his young lordship should condescend to open his eyes; afraid to intrude, and yet trembling to be forgotten and overlooked, until nearly three in the afternoon. Then, in despair applying again to the valet, she heard that his lordship was at breakfast; some friends were breakfasting with him; he could not possibly be disturbed.

"Nevertheless, the kindly valet took in a message, imploring that she might see him just for one minute;

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she would not trouble his lordship longer. He surely must remember the Laighlands; he had ridden there many a time on his little pony. He sent out word that he did remember the Laighlands, and that though he could not see her now, he would see her on Monday following, at his house in London.'

"But Mrs. Kennedy knew that Monday would be too late. If she could not leave London on the Saturday evening, she would not reach home in time to prevent the notice from taking effect, and the ejection being accomplished. She urged this upon the valet, who was really kind to her, and he was daring enough to go in and speak to his master a second time. Then one of the guests—a merry-looking young gentleman; they seemed a merry set, Mrs. Kennedy thought, for she heard their shouts of laughter through the door—came out and spoke to her, quite civilly, but with exceeding entertainment at the idea of her thinking it was possible she could see his lordship. But, nevertheless, he told her to make her mind easy, for that a telegram should be sent to the factor to pause in the ejection until he heard further.

"With this Mrs. Kennedy was forced to be content; but she left Oxbridge with a very heavy heart.

"She staid with us until the appointed Monday; and we took her about and showed her and Jessie the wonders of London, and diverted her mind as well as we could from the painful suspense under which she was laboring. She tried to enjoy herself—she was touchingly grateful. But still the heavy sense of what was hanging over her—hanging upon half a dozen words from a youth's careless lips—seemed to cloud over every thing. I never spent a more restless, uncomfortable Sunday than the one before that Monday, in thinking and wondering what would be the result of her application: a result of such slight moment to the young nobleman—o' incalculable importance to the old farmer and his family.

"'I hope I'm no wicked, Mrs. Burns,' said the poor woman, looking at me pathetically on coming home from church—we had taken her to hear our own dear minister, though he was Free Kirk and she Established, to prove that there were good 'soun'' Presbyterian Kirks to go to even in London—'I didna mean to be wicked or unthankfu'—and I likit the look o' him, and his sweet voice and kind eyes—but I didna hear one half o' the minister's sermon.'

"Neither did I, so I could say nothing. It was no use to begin moralizing to Mrs. Kennedy about the relations between class and class, and the respective duties that each owes to the other. It is just what I notice in my own household, that what seems a very small thing to me may be a very great one to my servant; and that it behooves all who are put in authority to take the utmost pains to look at every question from the under as well as the upper side.

"Eleven in the forenoon was the hour fixed for the interview. We dressed Mrs. Kennedy for it with great care, and helped her out with some few things: for she had hardly any clothes with her; and we thought it advisable that his lordship's tenant of fifty years' standing, and representing a tenancy of fifty years previous to that, should appear before him as respectable as possible. To this end, it being a fearfully wet morning, we sent her off in a decent cab, which my husband gave orders should wait for her at the corner of the square.

"This done—we, too, waited; in a suspense that to my young people was very exciting, and to me actually painful. We had given her a full hour, indeed I expected a much longer absence, for I thought she would likely be kept waiting; people whose time is of little value never reckon the value of time to others. So if she were back by one I should have been well pleased. But long before the clock struck twelve the cab drew up to the door, and Mrs. Kennedy stood in the hall. The moment I saw her face I was certain all was lost.

"'Come in,' I said, and drew her into the study, and shut the door to keep the children out a while. 'Come in and sit down.'

"She sat down, and then lifted up to me the forlornest face! 'Ye're vera kind, ma'am; I'll tell the gudeman ye've been wonderfu' kind. My puir auld man!—and he past seventy year!—It's awfu' hard for him.'

"I took her hand—poor soul! and then she shed one or two tears, not more, and rose.

"'I maun gang hame as soon as I can, Mrs. Burns, to look after the auld man.'

"'Then there is no chance? What did his lordship say to you?'

"'Nothing. He went aff to Paris yestreen.'

"'And did he leave no letter—no message?'

"'Ne'er a word. He's clean forgot me. Young folks has short memories. Maybe he meant nae harm.'

"This was all she said. Not a word of blame or reproach or bitterness. The instinctive feeling of feudal respect in which she had been brought up, or perhaps a higher feeling still, sealed her tongue even then. Nor did I—indignant as I was—desire to be more severe upon the young man than he deserved. I only wished that he, who had such an infinite power of good in his hands—such an unlimited possibility of conferring the keenest joy of life—making people happy—could have seen the misery on this poor woman's face, as she thought of all her weary journeys thrown away—of her returning journey to tell the bitter tidings to her old husband, about whom she seemed to grieve far more than for herself.

"'If his lordship wad hae let us stop at the Laighlands while the auld man lived,' she said, 'we wad hae paid a better rent—we tell't the factor that—and new-stockit the farm, and Kennedy wad hae done his best wi' the new-fangled ways, though he hates them a'—and I wadna hae been for more than ten years at most; and what's ten years to his young lordship, that will scarce be a man when my auld man's in his grave! Ochone—ochone!' And she began rocking herself with a low moan, and talking in Gaelic to Jessie, who had run in eagerly with several of my children. I took them all away, and left the child and mother together.

"There was no more to be done. To apply to Mr. ——, who had been so kind, was also useless: he had told her he was only in London for two days. Besides, he could not interfere openly in her affairs, which, from his position in the household, he had nothing whatever to do. The only thing was to accept passively things as they were, and trust to the chance that the telegram sent had stopped present proceedings at the Laighlands. While in the mean time Mrs. Kennedy might take the course which had at first been intended of addressing his lordship by letter.

"We wrote it for her, putting the case in her name, but in as strong terms as we could, and my husband took care that it should be forwarded in such a mode as that it was almost impossible his lordship should not receive it. This done, we sent the poor woman away by the night-train to Scotland—for she was most eager to be gone—making her and Jessie as comfortable as we could; earnestly hoping, and with perhaps an allowable hypocrisy trying hard to persuade her, that after all things might turn out less sad than she feared. We assured her—and ourselves in doing so—that the telegram would make all safe for a few days to come; and in the mean time her letter—that momentous letter, the invention and indicting of which had cost us, as well as herself, such a world of pains—might, nay, must, not only appeal to the young landlord's sense of justice, but touch his heart, even in the midst of his Paris enjoyments: so that he would immediately send back word, confirming the Laighlands Farm to poor old Kennedy for his lifetime. My young folk, full of youth's romance and inherent belief in goodness, felt quite sure it would be so; nay, I think the younger ones actually imagined his lordship would do all manner of noble and generous actions—even to driving to the farm in a coach and six, personally to express his regard for the Kennedys—the very next time he happened to be on his property.

"We started her off—poor body!—with many good wishes on both sides: talked of her very often for a week or so, and then, hearing no more, we concluded all was well so far; the whirl of London life swallowed us up, and the subject dropped out of our memories.

"It might have been February—no, I have the letter here, and it is dated 12th March—that my husband got the following from Mr. Kennedy, written in a feeble old man's hand, but carefully composed and spelled, as became one of the well-educated peasantry of the North; one, too, who though only a farmer, could count his forefathers for more generations than many an owner of a magnificent 'place.'

"'Dear Sir,—I beg to return you my sincerest thanks for your unremitting kindness to my wife and daughter when in London: when they came home and told us, the whole family were delighted to hear of such kindness being shown them. Before Mrs. Kennedy came home, a friend got a paper made out in our favor to prevent any thing being done against us: this friend was home in the boat along with Mrs. Kennedy, also officers from ——, to get us put out. I went in the morning to call upon the factor and see if he had got the telegram from his lordship, but I could not see him, and I asked his clerk if he knew if he had got it, but he said he had heard no word about it. I told him the telegram was certainly sent, for that Mrs. Kennedy saw the valet go to the telegraph office at Oxbridge with it. The officers came to the farm, but this friend of ours got them stopped. We learned afterward that the telegram had been misdirected, and so it went to another place, and did not reach the factor till too late. We have got no answer from his young lordship to the letter you was kind enough to help Mrs. Kennedy write. We have sold part of our sheep in order to get some better kind, as we have been hearing that it has been said we were turned out because our farm was not fully stocked; but the Order in Council about the cattle disease, preventing cattle being removed from one place to another, and the uncertain situation we are placed in, has hindered this being done. But if we get encouragement from his lordship we will stock the farm, and get on as soon as possible. If you will be kindly pleased, say in your wisdom, if any thing can be done, and if we need to write his lordship any more till we hear from himself.

"'I am, dear Sir,

"'Your most obedient servant,

"'Andrew Kennedy.'

"On receipt of this letter we all laid our heads together to consider what had best be done. The result was that Mr. Kennedy wrote a second letter to the young nobleman—sufficient, we thought, to have moved a heart of stone—and my husband got it forwarded immediately by what he believed to be even a surer channel than the first one had gone by. And, meantime, we made private inquiries as to what sort of young fellow he really was: and, I must confess, we heard nothing ill of him; nothing but faults of youth—which a few more years may mend, and cause him to grow up a man worthy of his important destiny: worthy of his ancestors and himself. Oh, that, for many sakes besides his own, this poor lad, left orphaned at a time a lad most needs a father's care, and pinnacled on a height where the bravest and steadiest could hardly walk without tottering—oh, that it may yet be so!

"After sending this letter for two months more we heard nothing from the Laighlands. Then came the following, headed by another date. Which the minute I saw I knew the poor old farmer's fate was decided:

"'Fernbank Cottage, May

"'Dear Sir,—I am sorry to say that we never received any letter from his lordship; and we had to submit to be ejected from our farm and home, so that we are now for a short time in a little cottage belonging to my brother, James Kennedy. I called upon the factor to-day to see if he had any place for us now; but I got no encouragement. He had said the family could make us comfortable with another house if we left the Farm; but there is no word of that now. We would have written to you sooner, but Mrs. Kennedy has been so grieved in her mind, and she had no time to spare, being busy removing and packing up furniture until we got some house elsewhere. She still remembers the kindness shown her by you and your kind family, and bids me say she has a small box preparing with a few articles to send to Mrs. Burns as a small token of her gratitude for the kindness shown her. You can let Mr. —— know how we have been used, and how the young lord forgot us in our distress. If his lordship would have given us a small lot of ground and a house we should have taken it kind, though we lost our farm; and so we would now; but in the way he forgot us, we have no encouragement to ask any other favor.

"'I am, my dear Sir,

"'Your sincere well-wisher,

"'Andrew Kennedy.'

"That was all. No more complaints; no blame; no wild democratic outcry against the lord of the soil. The old man had been brought up to respect 'the powers that be,' and to submit, unmurmuring, in his stern, patient, unquestioning Presbyterian faith, to the ordering of Providence. Unto human injustice it is possible to submit too much; and yet there is a submission which is not merely wise but heroic. I own that poor old man's letter—in its brevity involving such a world of grief and loss, and that too at the close of life, when loss is quite irreparable—touched most deeply both my husband and me. And—well, there lies before you Mrs. Kennedy's letter."

I tasted it, for the second time feeling "like to greet," but with a far deeper emotion than the mere remembrance of the lovely country about the Laighlands. * * * *

I should like to end this tale—a true tale, be it again understood—with the bright winding-up exacted by "poetical justice." I should like to state how—"better late than never"—his young lordship had recognized his responsibilities; and though the carelessly-worded telegram did fail of its object, though the promised appointment was broken, and the humble, entreating letters left unanswered, possibly even unread, still some good angel had brought the matter to the young man's memory, with favorable results for poor Kennedy's few remaining years. So that, though he could not be reinstated in his farm—nay (for let us hold the balance of justice fairly between poor and rich, the rich who are often in reality so painfully, humiliatingly poor), although it might even be inevitable, for some recondite reason, that he should have been removed from it—still there was found for him that "little lot of ground" hard by somewhere, where the old man could live comfortably and content until the end of his days.

But nothing of the sort has happened, or seems likely to happen, so far as I know. I can only tell the story, and leave it; as we are obliged to leave so many things in this world—sad, unfinished; unable alike to see the reason of them, or the final settlement of them. Only there is One above us who sees all.

THE WIFFLES.

The entire Wiffle family were in a quiver of expectation, for it is not with poor folk as with rich ones. Their store-room is filled before ever they touch bottom, and they think of loaves and sugars and such things very much as though they grew for the picking; but people like the Wiffles live on a sort of general starvation plan, varied by occasional flashes of relief. When any money did find its way into a Wiffle's pocket Mrs. Wiffle immediately bought indispensable articles in small quantities, calculated exactly to stretch over the time before any more money would be found in the pocket again; and these indispensables were divided, something as shipwrecked sailors on a raft do their biscuit, with a view to holding out as long as possible.

Naturally, just before relief again, every thing was at low ebb, and there were a score or more of good reasons for the Wiffle anxiety.

There was just tea enough for another day.

There was not more than half a pound of sugar.

Mattie's toes were out.

So was the salt—so was the Indian-meal.

Mrs. Wiffle could not sew another stitch: no thread, and no black sewing silk.

And there was exactly flour enough for another baking—a Wiffles baking lasted two days.

The potatoes were gone.

The grocer had sent in his bill.

Miss Harriet Wiffle owed Miss Gregory fifty cents.

The Wiffles were ravening for a dinner. There had been no meat, and nothing but lunches for a week.

They had counted up the funds in the family pocket-book: three cents exactly.

Miss Harriet Wiffle had found a shop where they were selling damaged muslins and hosiery at cheap rates, which would be a godsend for the little Wiffles if money came in time.

Harry Wiffle was ailing, and out of the medicine that kept his cough in order.

Do you wonder that the Wiffle family was in a fever, and, however it pretended to be busy about the house, was secretly on the look-out, every member of it, for the first glimpse of Miss Georgiana Wiffle, who had gone to the Post-office, and to call on Mrs. Duvernay?

Now I suppose you would like to know the connection between the Wiffle anxiety, the Post-office, and Mrs. Duvernay. Miss Georgiana Wiffle pieced out the resources of the family by little poems, in which she told where the moon was, the precise shade of the water, what her heart said to Time, Fate, and Futurity, and how the clock came in between. Her "At Low Tide" had just made its appearance in print, and the Wiffle family enthusiastically declared that there was not so very much difference between it and some of Mrs. Browning's things, if it was written by Georgiana Wiffle, and that the check was or would be exactly in season, when it came, as they could not hold out much longer. Georgiana had been twice already to the Post-office, and the Wiffles were convinced that the third time must bring the check. Mrs. Duvernay was a lady for whom Miss Harriet Wiffle did embroidery and plain sewing with great privacy, and at half the usual prices. Mrs. Duvernay owed Miss Wiffles fifteen dollars, and as the debt was five or six weeks overdue Georgiana undertook to call there also on her way to the Post-office. Fifteen dollars from one quarter and ten from another would set the Wiffles on their legs again, and the Wiffles took heart of grace while waiting for Georgiana.

The children spied her fast and sounded the news.

"Georgie's coming and she has something in her hand."

The elder Wiffles immediately ran about their business and tried to look indifferent, though they made a poor figure at it, for Miss Harriet, who was washing the dishes, threw away all the milk, and Mrs. Wiffle solemnly basted the bottom of a dress-skirt like a bag and sewed the two sides fast together. The younger Wiffles were less diplomatic. They saw no reason for not pouncing on Miss Georgiana at once with, did you get the money? though they might have spared the question if they had looked at her. Mrs. Wiffle and Miss Harriet Wiffle stopped work in dismay.

"Mrs. Duvernay will pay Harriet the first of next month," said the girl, coldly as possible lest she should thaw altogether; "and there was nothing at the post-office except this," throwing a letter down on the table. Nobody looked at it. It bore no publisher's stamp, and that was [illegible] What on earth were they to do? They [illegible] up to three days ago. They had pulle[illegible] these three days, Heaven knows how, only they never could have done it at all if they had not been buoyed by the expectation of the money that was due. Harry, seeing the doleful faces about him, set up a howl, and his mother shrank in distress at the increased hoarseness of his crying.

"If people knew the misery brought on other and innocent people by their wicked neglect"—she commenced warmly, but the sentence never got any further. Mrs. Wiffle was not a woman to say in her haste what she might repent at leisure.

"If there was any thing to do!" said Georgiana, dolefully, leaning her arms on the table and her head on her arms. "What do men do at such times?"

"Write to the editor," suggested Harriet.

"Can't. We have not an envelope or a stamp in the world, or a bit of note-paper even. Paper is so expensive I bought just what I thought would last."

"I can sell matches," suggested Mattie; but the elder Wiffles were too miserable even to laugh. Mrs. Wiffle, who had gone down to the kitchen, came up again in a sort of despair.

"Good Heavens, girls! what can I do? It won't answer to eat all the bread, for when that is gone we are ruined. I thought I would make an Indian pudding; but there is no meal, no sugar, no eggs, no corn starch; and the tea—"

Georgiana stuffed her fingers in her ears.

"Don't, mother, please. I am getting desperate. I feel like breaking through somewhere to see if we can not get out, or like going back and scratching Mrs. Duvernay."

"Or the editor," piped Harry, hoarsely.

"Mother," said Harriet, uneasily, "that child's feet should be bathed."

"But we have no mustard."

"Salt will answer."

"We are out of that also," returned Mrs. Wiffle, hopelessly, and taking up her letter—a crabbedly-written note, four lines long:

"Sister Anne,—I am in New York, at the Clarendon. Shall stay there two days. I hear you are in trouble. If you choose to let by-gones be by-gones, come and see me.

"Yours, David."

"From your Uncle David," commented Mrs. Wiffle, much excited. "He can help us if he likes."

Miss Harriet examined the date.

"This was written yesterday. One of the two days has gone already."

"We could not go if there were forty days. How should we get a ticket to New York?"

"Your money may come."

"Yes," assented Georgie, indifferently, "it may come. If I could only write now."

"Borrow paper and stamp."

"From whom? We know no one here."

"Mattie can run across the street and ask."

"What will they think?"

"Stuff! What should we think if Uncle David made us his heirs? Run, Mattie."

Mattie tripped across the street, and the Wiffles watched her through the blinds. She came back slowly. They were very sorry, but they were just out. Georgiana sat a little in a sort of stupid despair, and, bethinking herself, rushed up stairs and searched the dress pockets for stray pennies. Then she pulled out the children's boxes and the bureau drawers. Miss Harriet followed and got out her trinkets.

"I shall try to sell my ring," she said.

Georgiana stared.

"Why, child, they will not give you more than a dollar for it."

"A dollar will buy medicine and paper."

"The check may come to-morrow."

"Have you looked at Harry? He has fever already."

"Fever," echoed Mrs. Wiffle, who had followed them. "I have sent Mattie for Dr. Gray. I think Harry's case is serious."

Harriet tied her bonnet-strings very hard and went out into the street, and Mrs. Wiffle looking after her in wonder.

"She is gone to sell her ring," said Georgie, with a jerk. "She thinks she may get a dollar for it." Whereupon the two women began to cry, and improved their time in that way while Harriet was gone. When they saw her coming they wiped their eyes, and pretended that they had been sorting clothes. Harriet came back, looking very pale. Nobody would buy her ring.

By this time the doctor had arrived and shook his head over Harry.

"You should have called me before. He must be doctored sharply now or—"

The doctor did not finish his sentence, but hastily wrote a prescription. The women grew paler yet, and looked piteously at each other.

"I see," said Georgie, bravely. "Harriet went out to sell her ring, and I must go out to throw away my pride and call on Mrs. Duvernay. I will tell her what I have left at home."

She said that over and over to herself all the way to Mrs. Duvernay's door; but Mrs. Duvernay was not at home. "Miss Wiffle would wait till Mrs. Duvernay returned." The man stared.

"I beg your pardon, Miss. Mrs. Duvernay has gone to the country."

"Write to her there," suggested Harriet.

"No stamp and paper," briefly responded Georgie, sitting still in her cloak and a brown study.

"I shall go mad of that no stamp," burst out Harriet, ordinarily the most phlegmatic of mortals.

"A three-fold cord is seldom broken," answered Georgie, irrelevantly and mysteriously, and marched out before she could be questioned. She was afraid of losing her inspiration if she stopped for explanations. In one hand she carried the prescription, in the other her pocket-book, and she went to the druggist on [illegible] corner, of whom she was known. When th[illegible]scription was ready,

"That I should [illegible] brought no money!" she exclaimed, in[illegible], and searching her pocket-book wi[illegible] vexation. The polite druggist assured her that it was of no consequence; and so she carried the precious bottle home in triumph and dazzled her mother and sister with it. Her conscience gnawed her, but give her no credit for it; for when later Harry was in want of lemons, sugar, and mustard, she did the same thing with the innocent grocer. That evening they talked dolefully of Uncle David, and Harriet thought he should have known that two days would not give them breathing-time; but Mrs. Wiffle contended that he had been deeply offended, and that it was hero[illegible] make any advance at all.

They had not entirely relinquished h[illegible] check might come with the early mor[illegible] mail; and Georgie had visions of jumping into the first train and reaching New York in time to catch Uncle David over his breakfast at the Clarendon. She was afraid to look at the slow clerk, indifferently going over his letters, and turned her head away. There was nothing from the editor or from Mrs. Duvernay, who, Harriet had hoped, would remember them; but a note fr[illegible] Uncle David:

"Sister Anne,—Since you neither choose to come nor write I see you mean to let well alone. If you are suited I don't know as I should complain, though I should have liked to say good-by to some one of my own before such a voyage as that to China, and to have left you something besides your pride. Good-by.

David."

The Wiffles sat down and cried together.

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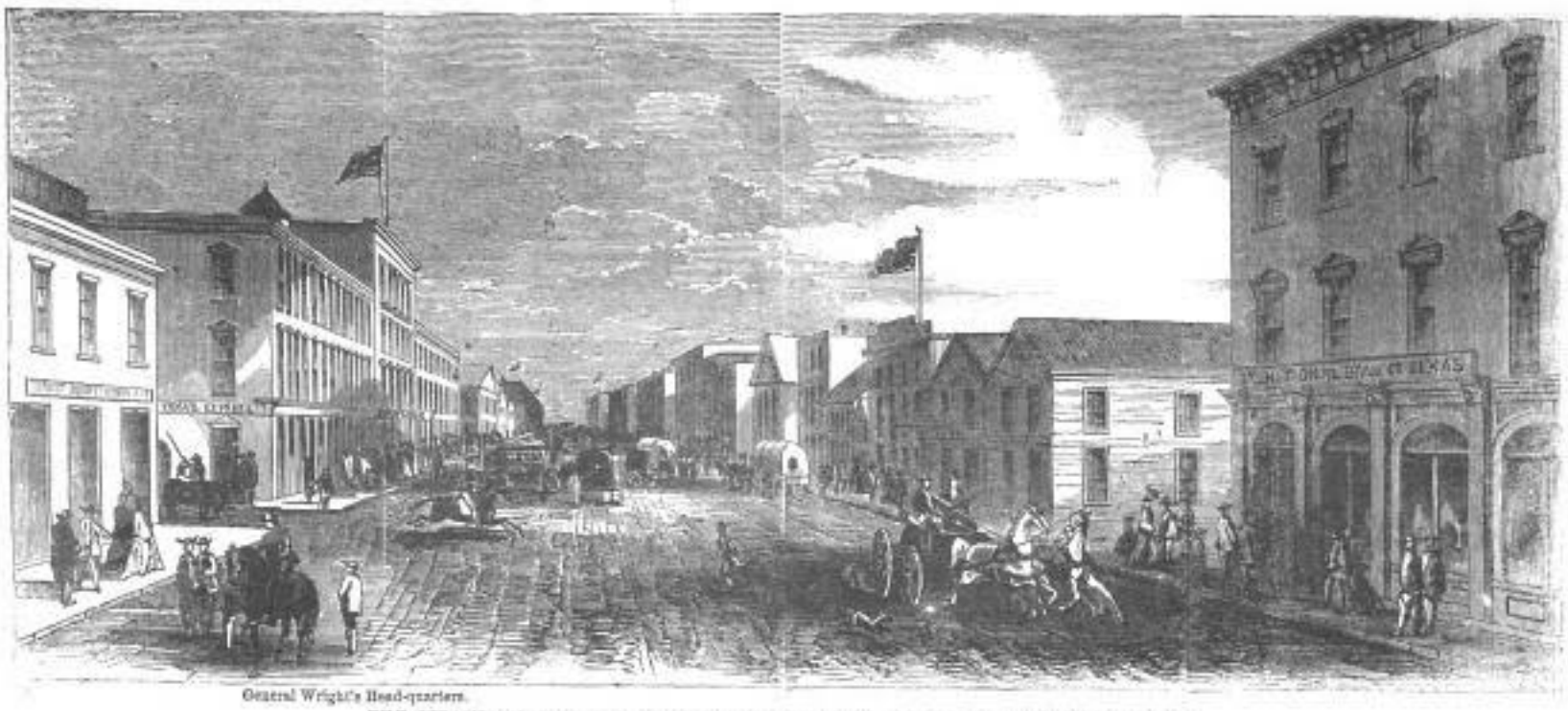
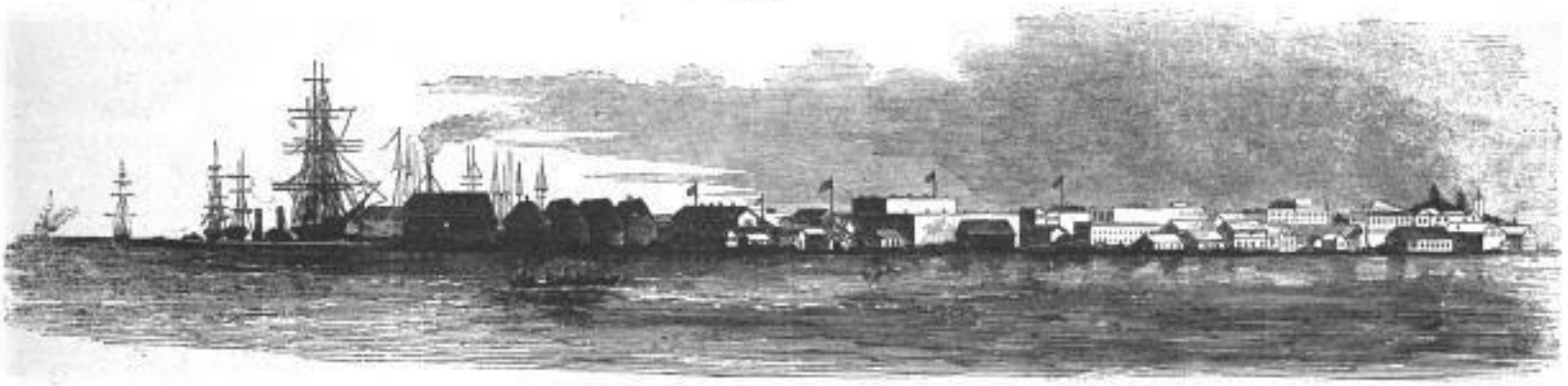
HOUSTON, TEXAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

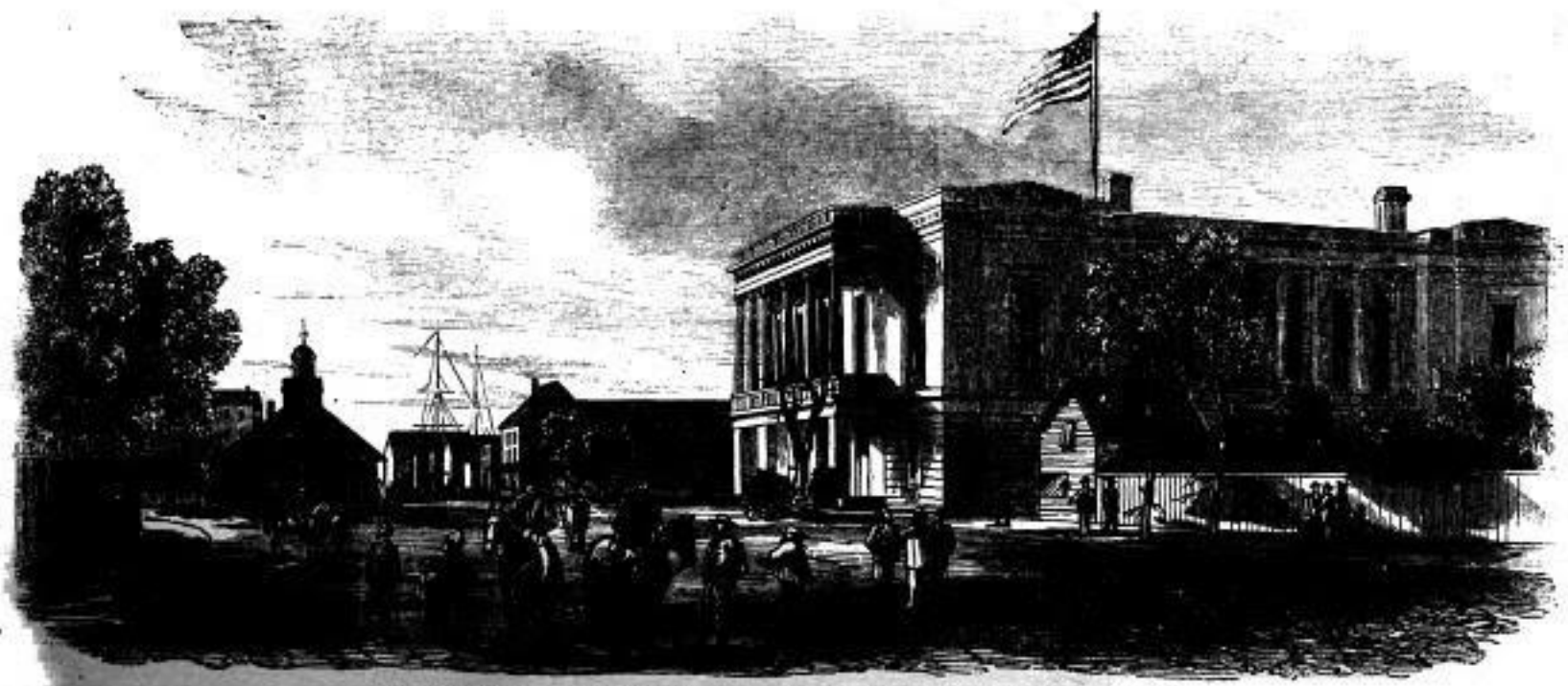


General Wright's Head-quarters.

THE STRAND, OR MAIN STREET, GALVESTON, TEXAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



GALVESTON, TEXAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



CUSTOM-HOUSE, GALVESTON, TEXAS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 686.]

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FANEUIL HALL.

FANEUIL HALL has been denominated "the Cradle of American Liberty," having been the popular gathering-place of the Sons of Liberty during the incipient stages of the Revolution. It was erected in 1742, at the sole expense of PETER FANEUIL, Esq., of Boston, and by him generously given to the town—the basement for a market, with a spacious and beautiful hall above for public meetings. It was burned in 1761, nothing but the brick walls remaining; but the edifice was immediately rebuilt. It was enlarged in 1805, by the addition of another story and an increase of forty feet in its width. The hall is about eighty feet square, and contains some fine paintings of distinguished men. The original vane, copied from that of the London Royal Exchange, still turns upon the pinnacle: the vane is in the form of a huge grasshopper. In 1776 Faneuil Hall was converted into a theatre by the British. When the news reached Boston of the passage by the British Parliament of the Boston Port Bill (providing for the removal of customs, courts of justice, and government officers of every kind from Boston to Salem, and for the discontinuance of landing, discharging, and shipping of wares and merchandise at Boston), a town meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, at which SAMUEL ADAMS presided. The meeting voted to stop all importation from or exportation to "Great Britain and every part of the East Indies;" and with this declaration in his hand PAUL REVERE took his celebrated ride from Boston to New York, inflaming the country as he went along.

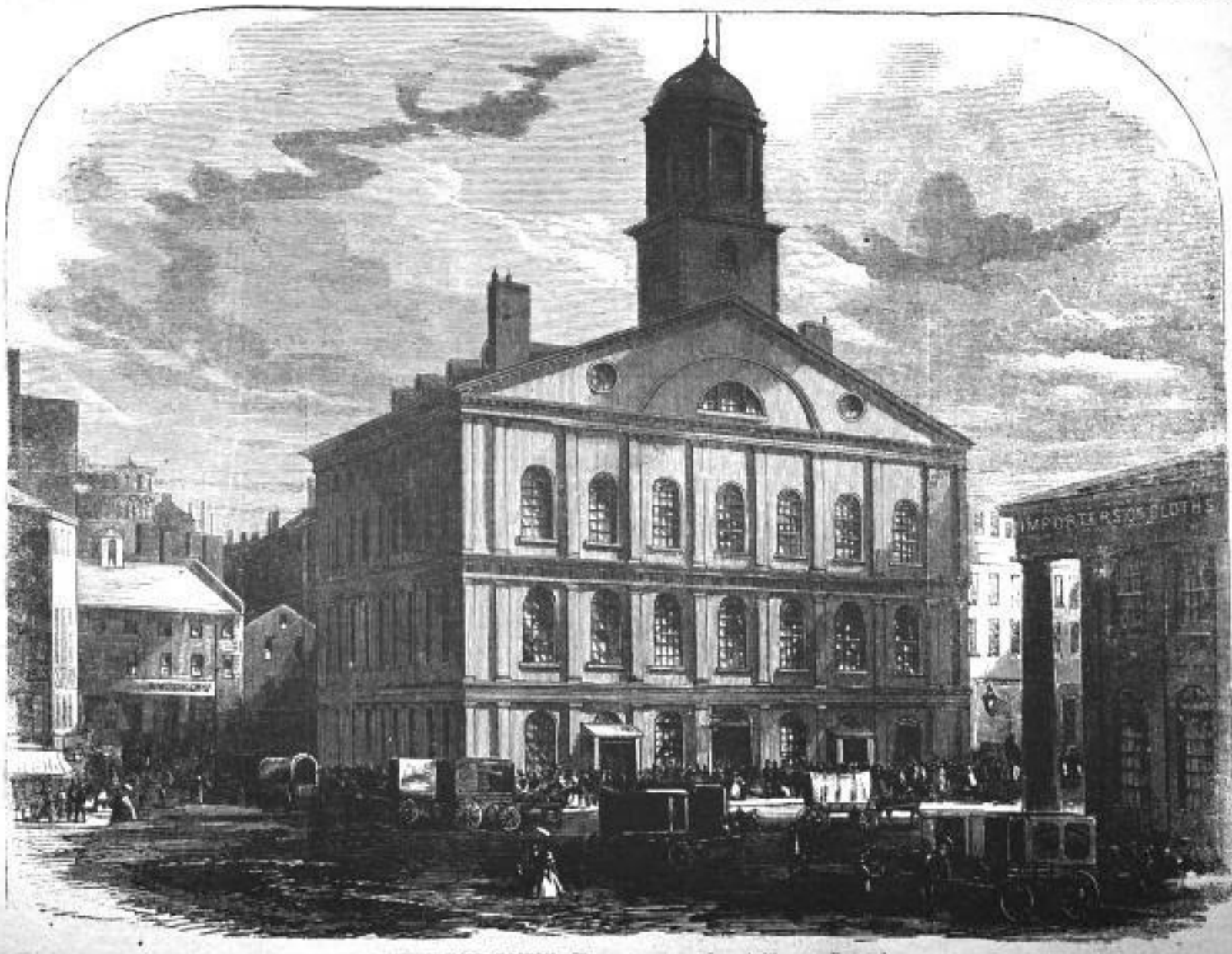
It was in Faneuil Hall that THEODORE PARKER and WENDELL PHILLIPS aroused the citizens of Boston to resistance against the Fugitive Slave Bill in the case of the slave BURNS.

COUNT BISMARCK.

KARL OTTO VON BISMARCK auf Schönhausen, the bold and dextrous Minister who has conquered Germany for Prussia, was born at Brandenburg, in 1815, the year of that great uprising of the German nation against the empire of NAPOLEON I., from which may be dated the movement in favor of national unity among the different populations of the German race. It has been the fortunate achievement of Count BISMARCK in Germany, as of Count CAVOUR in Italy, to invest the political emergency which has enabled the progressive tendencies of the divided nation to rally around one of its principal States, on the occasion of a great military victory won over the rival Power, which had long been viewed as the representative of illiberal and anti-national interests. The kingdom of Prussia has by this means gained the same kind of supremacy in Germany which devolved seven years ago in Italy upon the kingdom of Sardinia—or rather, as it should have been styled, of Piedmont. The parallel, however, between the conduct of the German and of the Italian statesman can not be pursued further by an examination into their dealings with the internal affairs, and especially with the constitutional liberties and franchises, of the State which each Minister respectively ruled. For while CAVOUR applied himself fairly and honestly to the working out of parliamentary government, on the English model, in order to win the attachment of the other populations of Italy to the Piedmontese monarchy by the attractive example of freedom, BISMARCK, on the contrary, persisted in outraging and corrupting the Prussian representative constitution till he had almost made the King an absolute despot, prepared to cope on equal terms with the Austrian military empire.

In the earlier part of his career Herr von BISMARCK does not appear to have shown any promise of future distinction. He was educated successively at the Universities of Göttingen, Greifswalde, and Berlin, where he is said to have been addicted beyond measure to the boisterous pleasures of the German Burschen, and to have displayed no great proficiency in his studies. It is even asserted that he failed to pass the requisite examination for entering the civil service, and was admitted by special favor. His father was a country squire of noble birth and moderate estate; but more than one member of his family had held high

COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

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office, and Otto von Bismarck was not without the aid of influential patrons. Nevertheless, he had obtained no higher promotion than the post of Superintendent of Dykes in the Altmark up to the time of his election, in 1847, as a member of the Prussian Diet, having previously had a seat in the Provincial Assembly of that part of the kingdom where he dwelt. He was immediately noticed as one of the most vehement and even insolent champions of the Junker or Tory party, as he ostentatiously professed his contempt for the principles of constitutional government, ridiculed the practice of parliamentary debate, denied that the King of Prussia was bound to grant those franchises which had been solemnly promised at the time of the war against Napoleon, and declared that the Royal prerogative was derived, not from the consent of the people, but from the grace of God, and was practically unlimited save by the voluntary concessions of the Royal bounty.

These opinions were not the extravagant conceits of youth, but have been asserted by Herr von Bismarck on all occasions since he began to take a conspicuous place in public life, which was in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He has repeatedly denounced the freedom of the press, and the spread of intelligence among the working-classes; he has gone so far as to express a wish that the large manufacturing and commercial towns could be destroyed, so that a purely rural population might submissively obey the behests of an absolute ruler. These and similar utterances of rampant Toryism, such as can scarcely be matched by any instance in the history of English parties, rendered Herr von Bismarck one of the most unpopular men of his time. He was excluded from the German National Assembly of 1848, and lived some months in retirement; but in the following year, upon the triumph of the reactionary party, he took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies at Berlin as member for the district of Zauche. Here, again, he was the bitterest assailant of the Moderate Liberals, and was accustomed to deride the aspirations toward German unity which the so-called Gotha party already began to encourage, as associated with the cause of constitutional liberty in Prussia. Herr von Bismarck, for his part, maintained that it was to Prussianism, not to Germanism, that they must look for the safety and advancement of the State. He affected in those days to venerate Austria as the proper representative of the ancient power of Germany, while he censured the struggle for Schleswig-Holstein as a petty act of revolution, and an infringement of the rights of the King of Denmark. As an instance of his sagacity on questions of political economy, it is remembered that he was the advocate of a law by which the trade guilds should be empowered, as in the Middle Ages, to fix an arbitrary price for every sort of goods to be sold, and to prescribe the number of apprentices who should be brought up to each trade.

In 1851 Herr von Bismarck was admitted to the diplomatic service, and sent as First Secretary of Legation to the Prussian Embassy at Frankfort; but, within three months of his arrival at this post, was elevated, by an extraordinary promotion, to that of Embassador at the sittings of the Federal Bund. He had evidently been selected for his independent and supercilious bearing, on purpose to bid defiance to Count Rechberg, who was then Austrian Embassador at Frankfort and President of the Diet. Many amusing stories are told of the encounters between them, Herr von Bismarck, by his high spirits, wit, and courage, usually getting the better of his more dignified antagonist, who was once so plainly insulted by the Prussian that they were on the point of fighting a duel. It became necessary, therefore, to recall Herr von Bismarck from Frankfort, and he was transferred to the embassy at St. Petersburg, where he entered into intimate relations with Prince Gortschakoff, then busy with schemes for a triple alliance of Russia, Prussia, and France, by which each of those Powers was to acquire an extensive addition to its territories at the expense of Austria, Turkey, Belgium, and the smaller German States. The Crimean War, however, prevented, or at least postponed, the execution of these projects, which seem not to have been agreed to by the Emperor of the French, and were afterward disavowed by the Prince Regent of Prussia, who at that time was unwilling to entertain any plans of self-aggrandizement at the expense of his brother sovereigns.

After his accession to the throne a change, apparently for the worse, came over the state of Prussia. The Liberal influences of the Crown Prince, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and their friends, now gave way to the intrigues of the Junkers—or, as they are sometimes called, from the title of their newspaper organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung* party. Count Bernstorff having become Minister of Foreign Affairs instead of Herr von Schleinitz, a new line of foreign policy was resolved upon, though it was necessarily to be kept dark till the views of the other European Powers could be ascertained. Herr von Bismarck, leaving Count Goltz to succeed him at the Russian Court, had no sooner returned to Berlin than it was intimated by the French Minister that the Emperor Napoleon would like to see Bismarck as Prussian Plenipotentiary at the Tuileries. He had more than once spoken in favor of a French alliance, under certain circumstances, precisely to the war between France and Austria in 1859. Herr von Bismarck thus became Prussian Embassador at Paris; but what passed between him and the Emperor Napoleon is best known to themselves.

In September, 1862, Herr von Bismarck was summoned home to Berlin and intrusted with the task of forming a new Ministry, over which he has since presided, with the port-folio of Foreign Affairs, Count Eulenburg being Minister of the Interior; Herr von Roon, Minister of War; and Bodelschwingh and Von der Heydt successively Finance Ministers. The whole course of their administration, from 1862 down to the outbreak of the late war, has been a pertinacious conflict against the majority of the Chamber, whose votes have been impudently set at naught, and whose Constitutional power to control the public expenditure has been nullified, while the Prime Minister has coolly declared that he and his colleagues will not be responsible to Parliament, and that they consider themselves only servants of the Crown. The subject-matter of the original dispute was the augmentation of the army estimates and the law extending the period of compulsory service in the army to three years. The Chamber having, by majorities of 272 against 68, and of 251 against 86, decided these questions against the Government, Bismarck dissolved the Chamber, after a series of angry altercations, and informed them that the King would dispense with their approval of the budget, and would put in execution whatever measures he thought best for the public service. The newspapers which ventured to comment on this high-handed procedure of the Government were prosecuted with great severity; and those public officials who dared to raise their voices on behalf of the Constitution were punished by removal to distant places, if not by the loss of office.

Thus practically despotic, the rule of King William I and Bismarck, his Minister, during the last three or four years, has been directed with astonishing success, though by conduct which history will perhaps stigmatize as perfidious and double-dealing, to the achievement of those grand objects, the expulsion of Austria from the German political system, and the consequent union of the several States of North Germany to the Prussian Kingdom, which are regarded by most impartial observers as a change beneficial to the interests of European peace and civilization. Nor can we doubt that these results are equally acceptable to the national spirit of the Germans. It is unnecessary here to review the series of transactions relative to the Schleswig-Holstein provinces, which led to the open quarrel between Prussia on the one hand, and Austria, with the minor States of Germany, on the other, finally issuing in the rupture of the Federation, and the short but decisive war of last midsummer. It would be a difficult task to attempt to vindicate the honesty and good faith of the Prussian Government in these transactions; but the skill and valor of the Prussian army, the intelligence and patriotic spirit of the Prussian people, have justly earned for their country a degree of political and military importance second to none of the Powers of Europe.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

The city of Houston, Texas, is situated in Harris County, on Buffalo Bayou, 45 miles by water from its entrance into Galveston Bay. It is a flourishing town, the second of the State in commercial importance, and is advantageously situated for trade, at the head of steamboat navigation. It is the principal shipping port for several adjacent counties, in which cotton, sugar, and maize are produced, and toward which a copious tide of emigration is flowing. A railroad is being built which is to extend westward to the Brazos River, and probably to Austin. Houston was settled in 1836. Its population in 1860 was nearly five thousand.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

There are few towns in the South where so much Northern energy and the effects of Northern capital are as visible as in Galveston. The reason of this seems to be simple. It was looked upon at the close of the war as a good place to make money. Army officers, soldiers, and other persons connected with the army have settled here, seemingly for a permanent home.

The climate is delightful and the people, generally speaking, courteous and hospitable.

On the Strand, or principal street, there are some fine stores and other buildings. A bank, the First National of Texas, has been established, with a South Carolina president, and an ex-General—Major-General W. T. Clark, of the Army of the Tennessee—for cashier. The bank is doing a fine business, and is cordially supported by the people.

A fine Custom-house, in which is located the Post-office, attracts the attention of the new-comer almost the first thing upon his entrance into the city.

The Collector, General Kent, was General Grant's Provost-Marshal at the time of the surrender of Vicksburg, and did the tedious duty of paroling Pemberton's army. General Kent has not forgotten his army discipline, and looks sharply after the interests of Uncle Sam, to the evident disgust of parties that used to "slip things through."

The Galveston beach is said to be finer than any beach in the country. D.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I really think," said Mr. May, one morning, at the breakfast-table, "that you children have done wonders with your three dollars. Why, the gardens are splendid!"

"Yes, indeed," said Lily, "I think they are. If it wasn't for two or three things gardening would be too delightful."

"What are the two or three things, pray?"

"One is the weeds, papa."

"Aha!" said her father, laughing; "I thought you did not mean to have any weeds?"

Lily shook her head with an air that said very plainly if she had not meant it the weeds had.

"It's so hard to rake 'em off, papa. I hoe them up ever so nicely, but the minute I begin to rake away comes the earth and every thing, as if I was going to take off the whole garden."

"How do you hold your rake?" asked Mr. May.

"I don't know, papa. In both hands."

"Yes, of course. But is the end of the handle high or low?"

"Pretty low, I guess," said Lily.

"Hold it high next time," said her father. "When you rake a bed after digging, and have to level it here and there, the handle must sometimes be held low; but when you are raking off weeds you can hardly hold it too upright. Then the earth sifts through the teeth of the rake, and only the weeds are drawn off. What's the other hindrance to the perfect felicity of gardening?"

"My clothes!" said Lily, with such a pitiful intonation that every body laughed in the most unsympathetic manner.

"You may believe that, papa," said Jack. "If you don't, just ask Malvina."

"I will when I desire any of Malvina's conversation," said Mr. May, who had the greatest possible dislike to hearing the kitchen quoted for any thing. "What's the matter with the clothes, Lily? They will get muddy just as the weeds will grow?"

"Oh, papa, muddy don't express it!" said Lily, despairingly.

"Well, keep up your courage, my dear," said her father, laughing. "I am much inclined to fear that you will see little more mud this summer; it seems like the beginning of a dry time. Clover, I have seen no balsams so fine as yours any where, except at that little house of Nobody's by the railroad. I can't imagine where they got them."

"But oh, papa!" cried Primrose; "have you seen my heart's-ease?"

"Your heart's-ease?" said her father, lifting her up in his arms; "why, you are heart's-ease yourself! If you can show me any better I should like to see it."

Prim pulled him away out of the room, followed by Lily and Clover, the one talking eagerly about her own flowers, the other, in a happy muse, thinking of the beautiful balsams of little Dick Nobody.

Mr. May was right—a dry time set in; and Lily soon began to wish for the mud again, with all its troublesome qualities. The soil in the little gardens lost its rich brown hue, and looked hot and dusty; while the poor flowers hung their heads in the pitiless sunshine and cried for rain. Lily would fain have watered them at all hours of the day, but Sam assured her that that was the very way to kill them.

"Wait till the shady hours come," he said, "and then water thoroughly. And do not begin watering at all unless you are sure your patience will hold out."

"Mine will—till the cistern fails," said Lily. "But why do you say that?"

"Because a little watering only cakes the earth round the plants, and makes matters worse than ever," said Sam. "Keep the earth as loose and soft round your plants as ever you can in dry weather."

"That's odd," said Lily. "I should think it would just let the heat in."

"It lets the air in, but the air brings moisture with it. And it leaves the roots at liberty to go every where in search of all the ground may contain."

"Ah, I think the ground must contain very little just now!" said Clover. "It seems as if all the water I put on my plants at night was just drunk up by the rest of the earth before morning."

It did seem so, indeed. However, the children took good care of their corner of sweet herbs in that dry time; and Mr. May ordered Robin to draw and carry to the little gardens as much water as they would put on: so you may be certain the three watering-pots were not idle. Lily, to be sure, made a good deal of splashing with hers, and sometimes had more mud (for a while) than she cared for; the holes in the rose of her watering-pot were so large. Often, too, she quite washed away the earth from some of her flower-roots, and had to coax it back carefully with her trowel; though still the plants took thankfully even too much of a good thing. But Clover's garden at sundown, when she had done watering for the night, looked as if there had been a gentle, thorough shower from the clouds; for with her long-nosed watering-pot she could reach even the tops of her plants; now and then Sam borrowed it to give Prim's tall flowers a shower bath. But both plants and children were very glad when the weather changed and there came a rain. And how the plants grew then! how the blossoms opened, one kind after another! Prim's heart's-ease were the loveliest things that could be; and of ever so many kinds; and though just in the heat of the weather (for heart's-ease does not bear the sun) the flowers were rather small, yet as the cool days came on they grew larger and larger, till they were a wonder to look at. There was the King of the Blacks—a great black purple pansy with a small yellow eye; and another pansy that was bright yellow, and another that was pale yellow, and another that was yellow, with crimson marks. Another was all royal purple, and another purple and gold, and another purple and blue, and another crimson and white. Almost every plant as it came into bloom seemed to be of new colors or markings; and Prim would come running into the breakfast-room with a breathless

"Oh, mamma, there's another heart's-ease out! Won't you just come and see it?"

Then when the snow-white cenothera began to open its large flowers every evening, there was no end to the joy. Jack declared Prim's eyes grew as big as her primrose blossoms.

Clover, too, could boast of beauties; the balsams, with spotted blossoms, as double as any rose; and tall showy zinnias; and the rich crimson tassels drooping till they touched the ground of love-lies-bleeding. Stocks promised to make a fine show by-and-by; and the fence, quite covered with hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine, looked almost like a green bank, spotted with purple and yellow.

Lily's garden was, to say truth, a little wild: things had been planted without much thought about such trifles as color and height, and some of her flowers had reason to think themselves badly treated. For instance, the little dwarf convolvulus was planted so far back in the bed that, without stepping in among the flowers, it was hard to see its delicate trailing colors. On the other hand, the hollyhocks were so near the front that their broad and somewhat coarse green leaves stretched out even across the walk. Petunias were every where—Lily had set them out wherever she could find a bit of room—and they roamed hither and thither, ran over the delicate little scarlet flax (which was a real beauty), and climbed quite over the head of Lily's small rose-bush. But then they did furnish a great many flowers—pink, and purple, and white-throated, and white-edged. Lily was loud in her praises, and, in fact, seemed to have almost adopted Mr. Jarvis's maxim of "Quantity—quantity," and actually said that the flax was pretty—what there was of it. The hollyhocks were not in bloom yet, and the asters were mere green tufts; but the pinks were exquisite, and the canna spread out its broad pale leaves with quite the air of a distinguished foreigner.

"The three gardens are as like the three children as possible!" Mr. May declared.

"How?" said his wife, smiling.

"Excellent, brilliant, and poetical," said Mr. May.

"I am sure Clover's is brilliant too," said Mrs. May.

"Yes, but in a way so perfectly orderly and neat that the lady-like qualities strike you first. Look at Lily's petunias, running wild, after a most brilliant fashion! And there's my little Prim dreaming over her pansies! This gardening is a great business."

Nothing had been heard of little Dick Nobody's garden for some time, and though Clover had been very anxious to see it she had not dared to say a word. But one day, after the dry weather had passed by and the showers had come to make every thing fresh, Sam proposed they should take a walk that way and see Dick's balsams.

"We'll see if they look like yours, Clover," he said.

"Has Dick got any heart's-ease, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"I think not."

"Then I'd better take him some," said Prim, with a very grave face.

"But you'll kill the plants, dear, if you take them up now, when they're all full of flowers," said Clover; "or at least kill the flowers."

"It's only the flowers I mean to take," replied Primrose, as gravely as before. "I will take Dick a bunch of 'em."

"What's that for?" said Sam, putting his hands under her chin, and bringing the little sober face into view.

"Because," said Prim, "I've been thinking about it a great deal—about what mamma said. And if God asked me what I had done with my heart's-ease I shouldn't like to say I'd never given Dick one."

"Oh, if that's all," said Lily, "I can pick him a great bunch of petunias. Do 'em good too—they want cutting."

While Lily flew down to her garden and began to pull off the petunias with an unsparing hand, Primrose crouched down by her patch of heart's-ease, carefully culling one of each shade and tint that she could find, putting them lovingly together, with quite an artistic arrangement of colors.

"Exquisite!" said Sam, watching her. Prim looked up and smiled.

"Dear me! how splendid!" said Lily, running up with her hands full of petunias; "but just look at these! What will you take, Clover?"

"I think—I shall not take any thing," said Clover, slowly.

"Nothing! out of all your gardens!" said Lily. Clover flushed crimson.

"I'm not sure that Dick would care to have me bring any of my flowers," she said, in a low voice. "Maybe I can find—" And she hurried off, coming back presently with a half open rose-bud, which she quietly put in Prim's hand, to go with the heart's-ease. Then they set off.

Dick, of course, was in his garden—he was always there when it did not rain, and sometimes when it did; and visitors were a particularly pleasant thing to him now that he had flowers to show. He welcomed them very joyfully, beginning at once to display his treasures.

Great was the surprise of Lily and Primrose to see the very same flowers in Dick's garden that there were in Clover's. The beautiful camellia-flowered balsams, and the graceful amaranthus, and the showy zinnias. Even a canary-bird vine was there, fluttering over the fence.

"But where did you get them all?" cried Lily.

"A lady," said Dick. "She's a good one, and that's all I know."

"Where does she live?" inquired Sam.

"Don't know, Sir," said Dick. "Nobody didn't tell me that. Man that fetched 'em—that's the seeds and the little green things—he said, says he, 'These be out of the young lady's own garden,' says he."

"A young lady!" said Lily. "Oh, I dare say it was Maria Jarvis. You know, Clover, she's got such loads of flowers in her garden, and a man to take care of 'em, and all."

But Clover did not answer, and seemed rather in haste to get away, opening the little gate, and stepping out upon the road. And when Sam looked at her, he saw that she was biting her lips very hard to keep from laughing. It must have pleased him—Clover's face, or the laughing, or the flowers, or something; for the first thing he did, when they were all outside the gate, was to put his arms round Clover and give her a good hearty kiss.

Little Prim all this while had said scarcely a word, looking on with all her eyes, as we say. But when Prim was going to bed that night, and Mrs. May bent over her for a parting kiss, Prim said:

"Mamma, I don't think God will ever ask Clover what she's done with her flowers."

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"Because," answered Primrose, sedately, "I think He told her what to do with 'em—and I think she's done it!"

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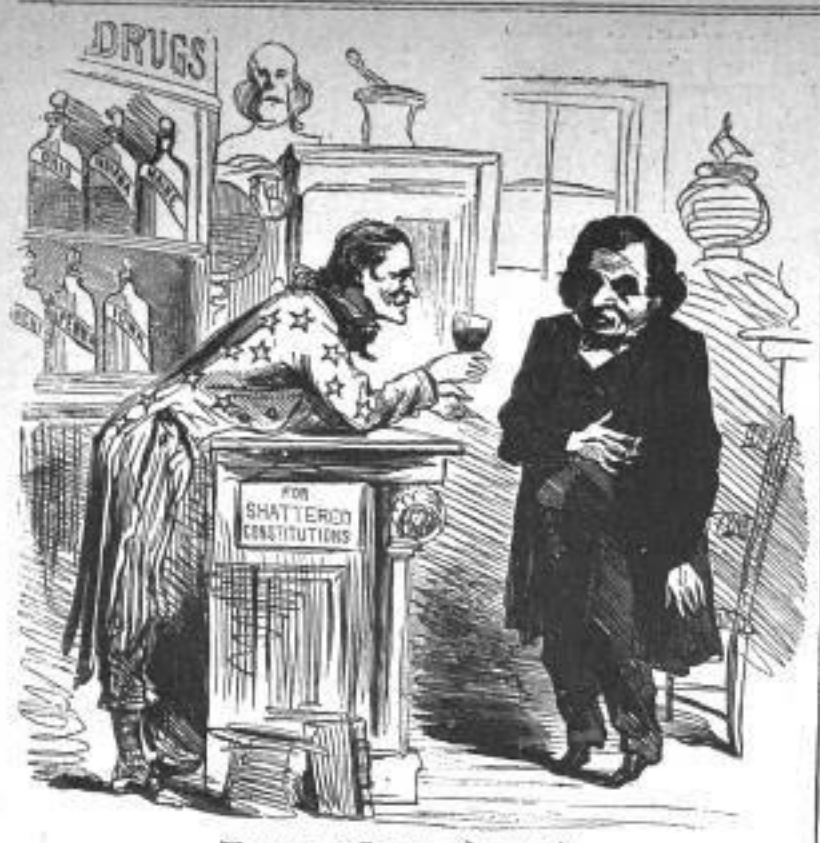

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 514.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"UNCLE TOM" AND HIS GRANDCHILD.—[SEE PAGE 693.]

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"UNCLE TOM" AND GRANDCHILD.

The scene presented in the engraving on our first page was one upon which our artist, Mr. Waud, looked a few months since while on the road from Columbus to Macon. It is by the road-side, on the outskirts of a Georgia plantation. A little child, almost white, and very beautiful, is teaching her grandfather—a pure negro—to read. The little girl is just from school, as appears from the satchel hanging on the chair. We did not know or ask the names of either the old man or the child; but from an affection for "Uncle Tom" and its gifted authoress we have adopted the title subjoined to our engraving. The picture, as we saw it, seemed to tell at the same time a very sad and a very hopeful story. The contrast of color, almost violent in those so near of kin, told the history of a great wrong. This little girl, with far more of "Southern chivalry" in her veins than of negro blood, was, or had been for all that, a slave—a thing to be bought and sold, to be brutally loved or insolently hated; to whose children she must become a curse, as they would be a curse to her. But this sad fate had in her case been averted. She was now free; and her present occupation spoke of a new era for the negro race. So that, on the whole, the picture was a hopeful one. In it seemed to us to be concentrated the great moral of our civil war.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1866.

SHALL THE PRESIDENT BE IMPEACHED?

IN the course of our political history it has been often said by stump orators, in the rhetorical culmination of their discourses, that the President ought to be impeached; but so serious a measure has never yet been adopted by Congress nor justified by the country. But when two gentlemen like General BUTLER and Mr. BOUTWELL, each of whom will be members of the next Congress, announce that they shall take the preliminary steps of impeachment, and when one of them states in detail the grounds upon which he would justify his action, it is but fair to suppose that they mean what they say, and intend to bring the subject before Congress.

Mr. BOUTWELL says, and with perfect truth, that an impeachment is not a revolutionary measure. It is no more so—indeed, in our history, not so much so—as an election. The Constitution plainly provides for impeachment as it does for any other emergency. It is the only way in which the official offenses of certain officers can be reached. But it is, of course, a measure of the very gravest character—one which in ordinary times would profoundly excite the country, and which in extraordinary times like these would produce an equally extraordinary agitation. It is a remedy which should be invoked only in great emergencies. The offense must be plain, the peril indisputable, to justify the temporary suspension of the executive authority in the person of its constitutional representative. For, unlike other trials, it seems, according to General BUTLER, that, in case of impeachment, the accused is to be considered guilty until he is proved to be innocent. He may be suspended from his functions until he proves his unblemished right to exercise them.

There are two questions which immediately present themselves. Has the conduct of the President made him liable to impeachment? and if so, would it be wise to impeach him?

We are certainly correct in saying that there is no general conviction at present that the President ought to be impeached. That his Presidency is a national misfortune, and that but for him the country would be rapidly returning to a normal condition, is unquestionable. That he is entirely unfitted by natural capacity and training for the office he holds is painfully conspicuous. That he comprehends neither the causes nor the consequences of the war, and is curiously ignorant both of the American people and of the dominant idea of our politics is undeniable. But these, although misfortunes for the country, are not impeachable offenses. And we are to remember that the President did not thrust himself into his office, but came to it by constitutional election and succession. Much is said of his personal habits, but it is rumor merely. It has not appeared, nor has it been seriously alleged, that he has habits which substantially prevent him from properly fulfilling his official duties.

Ought he then to be impeached for perilous political offenses? He is charged with usurping the prerogative of Congress in settling the questions left by the war, and with a shameful prostitution of official patronage to personal ends. But as to the first charge, his offense thus far is nothing more than a violent and indecent assertion of what is constitutional and of what Congress ought to do. He has expressed opinions, but he has as yet attempted no acts. He has, indeed, denounced the opinions of those who differ with him as treason, and their holders as deserving of the gibbet. But this merely shows the mental muddle in which he has been long involved. It is natural to suppose that a man of his passionate temperament will endeavor to enforce his views in some way, and it is the part of wisdom to be watchful and ready. But until that time his views are merely his own opinions, and they are opinions held among a people who thoroughly comprehend the situation.

The President's abuse of the appointing power, and his total misconception of the relations of the various officers to the Government, are indeed extraordinary, but they are not unprecedented. His conduct is not essentially different from that of other late Presidents, and will lead undoubtedly, as it should, to a legal remedy of a very menacing danger to which the Government is exposed. The whole question of appointment and removal, in its exact constitutional relations, is still an open one, and if the President be guilty of the grossest and baldest attempts at political bribery by patronage, his offense is not so peculiar as to justify, in the public mind, so extraordinary a correction as impeachment.

It would be enough, therefore, to prove the inexpediency, under the circumstances, of an impeachment, that the grounds of action are neither evident nor adequate to the public mind. But there are other reasons which render it especially impolitic. It would unnecessarily embitter and prolong the present party conflict. Under the circumstances—for it is circumstances which determine expediency—it would wear the air of an act of indignant revenge; and it would be curiously disproportioned to the present offense. If, indeed, as Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS seems to suppose, the President is a conscious and malignant conspirator, in concert with others, to put the Government into the hands of its enemies, and to force its friends into the position of rebels, the situation is revolutionary, and demands unusual measures. But the elections show that, whatever may be the foul intentions of any man or party, the great mass of loyal American citizens are neither deceived nor asleep. They have paid a fearful price for their control of the Government, and they do not mean to relinquish it. Mr. WADE HAMPTON, and Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, and Mayor MONROE, and RAPHAEL SEMMES, and the President, and Mr. SEWARD, and Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, may say and do what they will. They can neither wheedle nor frighten the people who saved the Union from securing it in the way which seems to them most just, most generous, and most enduring. And that security no more requires the impeachment of the President than the hanging of JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE AUTUMN SPECULATION IN WALL STREET.

THE usual autumn speculation in Wall Street set in this year later than usual; but thus far it promises to make up for lost time. An advance of 10 @ 15 per cent. has already been realized in some leading stocks, and all have risen enough to return a handsome profit to September buyers. How long the speculation may last, how much higher prices may rise, how soon the turn will come—these are questions which are engrossing the intellects and dividing the opinions of speculators.

It must be remembered, on the one hand, that the autumn rise of this year did not start from a depressed market. Prices were not unusually low in September. On the contrary, taking the price of United States Five-Twenty bonds as the standard, the current quotations of railroad securities last month were fairly up to intrinsic values. The first-class dividend paying stocks were all above par. Chicago and Alton was 110, Fort Wayne was 105, Rock Island (ex-dividend of some 30 per cent.) was 108, New York Central was 110, Reading 115, Hudson 120, Toledo 120, Michigan Central 112. Assuming that United States Five-Twenty bonds, paying 6 per cent. in gold, were not unduly cheap @ 109 @ 110, these prices may, perhaps, be considered a fair average for railway stocks paying from 8 to 12 per cent. per annum. The second-class shares, which pay dividends irregularly, were likewise higher than usual. Erie was over 80; Michigan Southern 84; Pittsburg 88; Northwest, preferred, 70; Northwest, common, 36. So with the miscellaneous shares. Cumberland was over 50; Ohio and Mississippi certificates over 30; Canton, steady, at 54 @ 55; Quicksilver 55, etc., etc. Within a couple of years we have seen all these securities selling for long periods together at prices much lower than these. The autumn speculation of 1866 thus started with the disadvantage of departing from a fair average market, and of undertaking at the very outset to carry prices above what might fairly be considered intrinsic values.

But, on the other hand, no calculations with regard to prices can, in our day, be safely made, without proper allowance for perturbations induced by a variable currency. In other words, no calculations with regard to prices can be safely based on any fixed standard so long as the value of the money in which all prices are reckoned is perpetually changing. So long as the currency consists of paper-money, irredeemable in specie, prices will vary incessantly, widely, capriciously, and in defiance of all rule. They will not always rise with the rise in gold. Sometimes they will do so, but just as often they will fall when gold rises, and rise when it falls. Erie sold at 125 with gold at 150; when gold rose to 250 Erie was 110; when it fell to 128 Erie was 45; when it was 130 Erie was 97; when it was 155 Erie was 60. At all these periods the intrinsic value of Erie was the same, and Wall Street was aware of the fact. The only principle that may be set down as certain, in an era of paper-money, is that prices will fluctuate—that there will be periods of wild speculation, followed by periods of great depression; both of them independent of intrinsic values, and irreconcilable with any known standard.

It is in reliance on this principle that speculators in Wall Street look for higher prices for stocks this fall and winter. They say that two years and a half have elapsed since the last great speculation collapsed; that we have much more paper-money now than we had then; and that the disturbing element of an irredeemable currency being still in full play, the time is ripe for a new carnival, perhaps as crazy as that of 1864. They argue that it is not material from what point the speculation starts. In March, 1864, Fort Wayne was a great purchase at 125; in April it was a great sale at 100. In the one case the tide set upward, in the other downward. It was worth no more in March than in April, no less in April than in March. Yet those who bought in March made their fortunes, and those who bought in April were ruined. In a paper-money era, they say, prices must incessantly be rising or falling; all that you require to discover is which way the tide is setting at the particular moment you operate.

There are two influences which make in favor of the speculators. One is the bank expansion, which is so enormous and unparalleled that the very mention of the figures which bank discounts have reached is enough to start speculation in every article of commerce. In this city alone they have increased 50 per cent. since January, and in the country the expansion has been still greater. The other influence is the prosperous condition of the railway interest. To this we have more than once called attention of late, as being calculated to effect, sooner or later, a radical change in the status of railway securities. To say nothing of such stocks as the Fort Wayne, Rock Island, and Reading, which were very uncertain property only five years ago, and which are now safe 10 per cent. dividend paying stocks; here is the Toledo, which sold its bonds at 50 cents in 1858, and now pays 16 per cent. on its stock; the Hudson River, which for ten years never could earn quite enough to pay its interest, and now pays 8 per cent. and accumulates a surplus for a snug extra dividend some fine morning; the Chicago and Alton, bankrupt in 1857, and now paying 10 per cent., and laying by nearly as much more; even the Harlem, which never used to have any but a nominal value, and which is now going to take a place on the regular dividend paying list. It is impossible that these changes in intrinsic values can take place without corresponding changes in market-prices, and the experience of Wall Street is that the market, in such cases, generally runs about as far in excess of the facts as it had previously lagged behind them.

It is about twelve months since Mr. M'CULLOCH delivered his Fort Wayne speech. In the December following he reiterated, in his Report to Congress, the cardinal doctrine of that speech, which was currency contraction. Whether he would or could have contracted the currency, if Congress had given him the powers he asked, may be an open question. Certain it is, now, that he has no power to interfere materially with the volume of paper-money; and equally certain that, if he had the power, it would at this period be impolitic to use it, until $150,000,000 of compound legal-tenders are paid off, and the first issue of Seven-Thirty notes maturing next year snugly funded into long bonds. So the speculators do not seem to have much to fear from him.

THE NEW YORK "RING" REVEALED.

THE article upon the government of the city of New York in the *North American Review* for October ought to be printed in a cheap and legible form, and read universally. The bald iniquity which is synonymous with that municipal government is as generally familiar to every citizen as his own sins. But here we have the details, the wires, the ropes, the whole machinery by which the widows and orphans are ground into hopeless poverty, and the wages are picked out of the pockets of honest men. The story is told with such humor and felicity, and the study of the subject has been evidently so thorough and faithful, that it would not be surprising if the publication of this article should mark an era of reform, first, by arresting public attention, which mere indignant denunciation will not do; and then by awakening the honest resolution that such shameless corruption and reckless squandering of hard-earned money shall cease somehow or other.

The article opens with a description of the halls of the councilmen and aldermen, and an analysis of the composition of each Board, with the assistants and salaries. Of the twenty-four councilmen the majority are apparently under thirty, and at the time of writing the article some six of them were honorable and honest legislators. The course of proceedings, as observed by the critic in six different sessions, shows that we are all cheated and robbed without the least delay or debate. "The visitor notices a kind of ungovernable propensity to vote for spending money, and a prompt disgust at any obstacle raised or objection made." The instances given are incredible and preposterous. A vote of money requires the presence of three-fourths of the councilmen. When, therefore, any peculiarly luscious job offers itself, a special meeting is called, and the honest members are summoned in such a way as to be sure not to receive the notice until too late. The aldermen are as like the councilmen as twins to each other. And then there is the Board of Supervisors, who take care of the county as the former bodies have charge of the city; the city and county being of exactly the same extent, and identical in every particular. The Board of Supervisors is that exemplary body which, being authorized eight years ago to build a court-house at an expense of not more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, have already expended upon it two millions and a half, and it stands to-day just half done. Professional architects compute that for every dollar which has gone into the building another has gone into somebody's pockets.

The whole swindle of the "Manual of the Common Council" is also revealed. For an utterly unnecessary book, adorned and eked out with the fac-simile autograph signatures of the aldermen, the tax-payers of New York paid in the year 1865 the neat sum of $57,172 80. Experts in publishing compute the cost of manufacturing this totally useless book at $30,000. The truth is, according to the writer of the article, that the book costs the compiler, who is Clerk to the Common Council, $15,000. The difference between that and $57,172 80 goes out of the pockets of the tax-payers into those other pockets wheresoever they may be. The city contracts are exposed in the same satisfactory manner. The ceremonies of "opening streets" and of appointments to office, including the position of teachers in the public schools, are laid bare. "Another poor girl came on the witness-stand on crutches, and testified that she had paid $75 for a situation of $300 a year;" and it was proved "that the agent of all this foul iniquity was no other than the principal of one of the schools."

On every side and in every detail the municipal Government is an organized system of plunder. In 1850 the city was governed for half a million of dollars. In 1865 the entire government cost more than forty millions. In 1830 the population was a little more than 200,000. It is now about 1,000,000. Thus while the population is five times larger, the cost of governing it is sixteen times greater. And yet such is the value of the productive property owned by the city, that shrewd business men are of opinion "that a private company could govern, sprinkle, clean, and teach the city by contract, taking as compensation only the fair revenue to be derived from its property."

The cause of this astonishing fall from an honest and able city government, in which the best citizens were proud to take part, to the present ignorant and dishonest conspiracy, the writer of the article attributes to the Constitutional change of 1821, which abolished the household restriction upon the suffrage and admitted to the polls every body but criminals and madmen. This change was zealously opposed by MARTIN VAN BUREN. But while this was, in the writer's judgment, the cause, the occasion was the railroad grants of 1850 and onward, when "Rings" were first formed and universal spoliation began. At the present time the central "Ring" is composed of about seven men, heads of city departments and others. Candidates for Congress, for the Legislature, and for the numerous appointments of the city authorities must be approved by them.

For the remedy of this evil, which, if not checked, will sooner or later destroy the Government, the writer looks to the Constitutional Convention of next year. The present relief by the interference of the Legislature is, indeed, a necessity, but it can not and ought not, he thinks, to be relied upon, both because the principle is wrong, and because the Legislature is itself rapidly becoming a corrupt body. The writer suggests, therefore, as a fundamental remedy, that while no man should be deprived of the right of suffrage who now legally possesses it, yet that henceforth no man, native or foreign, should be allowed to vote "who can not read English composition of medium difficulty." The ground of the exclusion is, that those who can not read are dependent upon others for information, without which no intelligent vote can be cast. He would further impose a certain tax payment as a qualification; limit the popular elections to Mayor and members of the city Legislature, and abolish the distinction between the city and the county of New York.

The article, which occupies about fifty pages

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of the *Review*, is the most vigorous, shrewd, and able assault yet made upon our civic iniquity. The dangers of that iniquity are so plain and appalling that no man can doubt the truth of the closing words of the writer: "The thieves must be driven out, if it costs a bloody war; and it will cost a bloody war if they are not." Nor is it at this moment the least startling of the facts of the case that Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, a Copperhead during the war, is the present candidate of this shameless "Ring" for Governor of New York.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE AMENDMENT.

WE observe that many of the Southern papers are very urgent that the Amendment shall not be adopted. Governor HUMPHREYS of Mississippi speaks of it as an insult, and Mr. WADE HAMPTON declaims upon the duty of the North to conform to the terms upon which the rebel armies surrendered. All of them talk of the section of the country in which they live as their "country," and wish us to understand that they will never submit to indignities, and will die with dignity in the last ditch before they will acquiesce in the Amendment.

Now let us be as frank as these gentlemen. If there were any thing which seemed harsh or unjust in the Amendment we should at once concede that it ought not to be adopted. But they will strive in vain who undertake to prove that it is not magnanimous to take the most legitimate and reasonable security for the future, or that it is unjust upon one side to insist, or upon the other to allow, that the basis of national representation shall not be increased by those whom the States disfranchise. The question at issue is not of sides, or terms, or parties, or sections, it is simply of the existence and security of the nation. When Mr. WADE HAMPTON tells us, of an unsuccessful and utterly causeless and cruel effort to destroy this nation, that all is lost but honor, what idea of honor can he be supposed to entertain, and how is it possible for him to conceive the amused contempt with which honorable men listen to his words?

The adoption of the Amendment is regarded by the loyal people of the country as essential to the national security. It is repudiated by the late rebels as insulting and dishonorable. If, then, it becomes a point of tenacity, which party is more likely to yield? There is nothing said at the South about rejecting the Amendment which is comparable in fury to what was incessantly said and reiterated during the war about never surrendering. But those who said it most stoutly and most sincerely, and those who believed them, have seen the result. The last ditch was nothing but the consciousness that further fighting was useless. And has the war thrown no light upon the quality of Northern tenacity? Do the elections leave the Northern determination doubtful? Do the late rebels and their friends still suppose that the stale threat of staying out forever rather than assent to the Amendment has any other effect than to fortify impregnably the resolution of the people?

The editors and orators of the Southern States forget that it is not the country of fifteen, or even of six and seven years ago, with which they have to deal. They forget that those who, affecting to be their friends and to know Northern sentiment, urge them to oppose and reject the Amendment are utterly scorned by the controlling masses and opinion of the loyal States, and are wholly powerless to stem the great flood of popular conviction and purpose. They should remember that assent is required to the Amendment not as an arbitrary condition upon which the unrepresented States may be restored, but as a measure of essential justice and national welfare. It is a mild and moderate proposition which assumes a certain state of feeling in the Southern States. If that assumption proves to be mistaken, another policy will become just as certainly the necessity of the situation, and it will be just as universally supported as the present. The paramount right of the nation is to secure its existence, and it will do it just as decisively in legislation as it did in war. It is an incalculable misfortune for the true interest of our fellow-citizens at the South that the action of the Government and the real public opinion of the country are misinterpreted to them by such intolerable gasconade as the speech of WADE HAMPTON and the Message of Governor HUMPHREYS.

ABUSES OF RAILWAY TRAVEL.

THERE are certain abuses in the conduct of our railroads which have been brought into recent notice by the tragical death of Mr. DWIGHT, and which the people ought not to tolerate any longer. The trains ought never to be moved without due and sharp warning, and a careful observation of the proper officers that there is no evident risk; and railroad companies should be restrained by law from locking any car when there are passengers in it. In the station at Jersey City Mr. DWIGHT, an old gentleman of seventy, was thrown from the train, which moved without sufficient warning, and his daughter, being locked into a car, was brutally insulted by the conductor, and finally put out upon the track at her request, and, with her child, made the best of her way back to her father, who on the next day died of his injuries.

Upon all railroads there are among the officers with whom the passengers are thrown many truly kind and thoughtful persons whom we remember with pleasure, and who would certainly agree with us that from very many others passengers are subjected to the most surly and even insolent treatment. If questions are answered at all by these gentry, it is with a mixture of surprise at the audacity of the questioner, and of contempt for his insignificance which is not encouraging to the further pursuit of knowledge upon such terms. The arrival of baggage they resent as a personal indignity, and they wreak their vengeance in a manner of which the trunks of every traveler are fatal witnesses. Indeed the experienced traveler has learned by experience to avoid all intercourse with the persons of whom we speak, so far as avoidance is practicable.

And why are drunken men permitted to travel in the cars with decent people? Whoever travels much by rail is sure frequently to find himself sitting near a man who whistles, sings, shouts, and threatens in the madness of drink. Scores of times we have ourselves seen a conductor pass such an offender with a half-confused half-ashamed smile, as if he knew that it was a rank offense, but that he had no remedy. Why has he no remedy? Why do not the New Jersey Railroad Company, and the New Haven Company, and Mr. VANDERBILT, who is the Hudson and Harlem Company, strictly order their conductors to stop any train at a proper place and put out the drunkard, or secure him in some fit solitude upon the train? Or why do the passengers, gentlemen with their wives or mothers or daughters, submit to it? Why do they not demand that the conductor shall remove the sinner? Is not a fair share of our reputed national good-humor merely pusillanimity?

For the remedy is in the hands of the travelers. The trains will be clean, orderly, and safe, if the passengers insist that they shall be. Officers of every grade will cultivate good manners if their ill-manners are publicly exposed. There is no sanitary purifier like the sun, and the sun of publicity will purify many of the serious annoyances to which railway passengers are now exposed. Nothing is more for the interest of the companies and of the various assistants than the friendly feeling which springs from pleasant manners. They cost nothing, says the proverb; but they bring in a great deal.

Yet locking cars and starting without the sound of bell or steam or voice are offenses of which the law should take cognizance. If companies and conductors know that heavy damages must be paid for imuring passengers or for exposing them to the consequences of unwarned jerks and starts, they will be as careful to avoid them as they now are to obey the Connecticut law, which stops every train before crossing a draw-bridge. The improvements of railway travel are very few and very slow; but the sad death of Mr. DWIGHT warns every man how foolish a risk the railroad companies make him run.

A FIRE ON THE "PLYMOUTH ROCK."

WE have as yet seen no published account of an incident which might have had the most lamentable consequences, and which was apparently the result of a negligence which should be exposed.

A passenger by the *Plymouth Rock* steamer from Stonington, upon one of her late trips, was aroused at about two o'clock in the morning by a cry of fire, and saw that his state-room was crimson with the light. He sprang up, and opening his door he saw the flames rising from the floor of the saloon as if they had burned through from below. At the same time another passenger, who had given the alarm, came from his state-room with all the bedding from his berth, to which our informant added his, and the two gentlemen succeeded in smothering the flame before the rest of the passengers had assembled. But the cry had gone through the steamer, and as the saloon was full of thick smoke, and it could not be known that the fire was stopped, the alarm and agitation were very great. Gradually, however, it was understood that the danger had passed, and the passengers slowly retired.

The gentlemen who discovered the fire were, of course, ignorant of its origin until a kerosene lamp was taken out from under the bed-clothes which had been thrown upon the flame. One of the gentlemen had heard a fall, and upon looking out, discovered the fire; so that the conclusion was inevitable that it had been caused by the fall and explosion or merely the emptying of the lamp upon the floor. It seems most probable that some one had been reading at a late hour in the saloon by the light of a kerosene lamp which had been left upon the table, and the jar of the machinery had moved the marble pedestal of the lamp along the marble surface of the table until it fell from the edge. The sound of the fall was fortunately heard, and by the good sense and activity of the two gentlemen the steamer and how many lives were saved!

Is it the habit of the Sound steamers to supply kerosene lamps to midnight readers? Is it the custom of the watchman in the saloon to drop asleep, or is there no watchman? Do these or other steamers often take fire or escape mortal peril without any general knowledge of the fact? These and other equally interesting questions naturally suggest themselves to the reflecting reader. There seems in this instance to have been culpable carelessness somewhere, and it is very clear that the police of the steamer might be improved. We might add, also, for the information of the benevolent passenger who nimbly brought a pail of water and emptied it upon the legs and feet of the gentlemen who were extinguishing the fire, that water only spreads burning kerosene without extinguishing it. Of course he could not know at the time that the fire was caused by kerosene, and he will certainly take our suggestion kindly.

One obvious moral of the tale is, that when passengers are ready to go to bed upon the Sound steamers they should glance at the marble-topped tables in the saloon, and see if any marble-bottomed kerosene lamps are dancing on them.

LITERARY.

THE November Number of *Harper's Magazine* completes the thirty-third volume, and the thirty-fourth opens upon a prosperity which is alike gratifying and remarkable. *Harper's* is truly the People's Magazine. It touches the popular interest and sympathy with constant skill, and it is an established domestic institution in thousands of households all over the land. The secret of its success is to be found partly in the careful variety of its articles, and the graphic and admirable illustrations which adorn them, but chiefly in the editorial sagacity which apprehends the popular taste so nicely that, after its long career, the *Monthly* enters with unflagging freshness upon its new volume. This popularity is an agreeable and significant illustration of American character. For the Magazine which is thus foremost in public regard is of a quality which no other such periodical in the world rivals. Among the promises of the new volume is a tale by GEORGE P. HARRINGTON, the author of the remarkable novel, "Inside," lately published by the HARPERS. It is called "The Virginian in Texas," and will be, like "Inside," the work of one who thoroughly understands the life of which he writes, and whose power and skill in narration are established. The papers of picturesque travel, of natural history, of popular scientific research, with all the pleasant literary miscellany of story, poetry, biography, and humor, will be continued; and the new friends and readers of *Harper* will understand why its old friends and readers never tire of their cheerful and instructive monthly visitor.

The HARPERS have published a new and convenient library edition of "Felix Holt, the Radical," which will enable all those who place "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss" among the best novels upon their shelves and tables to give them a uniform companion. The popularity of this novel is very great. It has been strictly the novel of the year, both in England and this country, and has a peculiar interest for us at this time, when the electoral question, which was the great debate of England in the time of Felix Holt, is engaging every intelligent mind in this country.

"An American Family in Germany," by J. ROSS BROWNE, is a volume of humorous descriptive sketches just issued by the HARPERS, which are not amusing merely, but have a great deal of shrewd observation and mother-wit. Mr. BROWNE is known for a vein of peculiar humor, which has found much of its subject in the extreme frontier life of this country; but his "Yusef"—a book of Eastern travel—is perhaps the work by which he is most generally known, except to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, who know him as one of the most entertaining raconteurs of life at the mines. The present volume contains observations in Germany, a "Wind through Algeria," and "Visit to the Salt-mines of Wieliczka," and is illustrated by the author's graphic and lively pencil. His criticisms upon life in Germany are unique and original, and the reader may be very sure that he will find nothing stale or wearisome in Mr. BROWNE'S pages. "I have here given my experiences of life and character," he says, "warning you that they were picked up in a reckless, harum-scarum way, as the vagabond who lies down in a haystack or a stubble-field to pass the night picks up the straws, burrs, and seeds that happen to stick to his coat." But we warn the reader not to take the author at his word, or in throwing away what is called chaff he will reject plump wheat.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

THE Mississippi Legislature met October 16. Governor Humphreys delivered his message at the opening of the session. The Governor said in regard to the Constitutional Amendment:

"Though our voice can not be heard nor our rights respected in the adjustment of our federal relations, many questions present themselves for our consideration and action as citizens of the State that may affect our condition as citizens in the Union. Prominent among them is the amendment proposed by Congress as No. 14, which, at the request of the honorable Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, I herewith report for your action. This amendment, adopted by a Congress of less than three-fourths of the States of the Union, is palpable violation of the rights of more than one-fourth of the States, is such an insulting outrage and denial of the equal rights of so many of our worthiest citizens who have shed lustre and glory upon our section and our race, both in the forum and in the field, such a gross usurpation of the rights of the State, and such a centralization of power in the Federal Government, that I presume a mere reading of it would cause its rejection by you."

The Governor also opposed the Civil Rights bill, on the ground that it conflicted with State law. He added: "While the Civil Rights bill can not be received as a rule for our guidance, the interests of the white race will be subserved by the relaxation of the rigidity of our laws, which, in order to guard society against threatening evils, was rendered necessary. Public justice to both races demands the admission of negro testimony in all cases brought before the civil and criminal courts. Now that the negro has shown a confiding and friendly disposition toward the white race, and a desire to engage in the pursuits of honest labor, justice and honor demand of us full protection to his person and property, real and personal. Firearms are not essential to his protection or property or his happiness, and society should be guarded by requiring him to procure a license to carry them—a privilege he can always secure where his character for good-conduct and honesty is known."

DEATH OF JOHN VAN BUREN.

The arrival of the *Scotia*, on October 18, brought the intelligence of the death of John Van Buren, the son of President Martin Van Buren. He took passage on the *Scotia* for this country against the advice of his physicians, and died October 12, three days before the steamer's arrival. He had intended to take a prominent part in the political campaign in this State.

John Van Buren was born at Hudson in 1810, graduated at Yale in 1826, and has been for twenty-five years prominent before the public as a lawyer and a politician. In 1845 he was appointed Attorney-General of New York State by the Legislature. He has always acted with the Democratic party.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Republican majority in Iowa is estimated at from 40,000 to 45,000.

The Texas House of Representatives has rejected the Constitutional Amendment by a vote of 67 to 5.

Hon. Charles Sumner was married in Boston, October 17, to Mrs. Alice Hooper, daughter of Jonathan Mason, Esq., of that city. The nuptial ceremonies were performed by Bishop Eastburn.

Mr. George Peabody has given $150,000 to found and establish a Museum and Professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology in connection with Harvard University. He has also donated $100,000 to Yale College, to establish a Museum of Natural History.

On the 22d of October a base-ball match was played at Philadelphia between the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn and the "Athletics" of Philadelphia, the latter club gaining the victory by a score of 27 against 12.

Since the fire at Portland on July 4, there have been between six and seven hundred buildings erected, including fifteen three-story brick and granite blocks, containing in all twenty-four stores. The total contributions received by Mayor Stevens of Portland for the relief of the sufferers by the fire lack but $17,000 of half a million.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 19:

(FLORENCE.)—The cession of the Province of Venetia to the Italian Government was fully executed to-day.

(BERLIN.)—Rumors are afloat that the Prusso-Saxon Military Convention have agreed on a basis of a permanent occupation of Saxony.

(PARIS.)—The French statesman, M. Thouvenel, died to-day.

October 22:

(MADRID.)—Spain has announced her intention to uphold the temporal power of the Pope after the French forces leave Rome.

(HAMBURG.)—The United States iron-clad Monitor and the other vessels of the American fleet are at Hamburg.

(BERLIN.)—The Prusso-Saxon treaty of peace was finally signed to-day.

(FLORENCE.)—The prefecture of Venetia has resulted in nearly a unanimous vote for union with Italy.

(VIENNA.)—A steamer will sail from Trieste for Mexico forthwith by express order of the Emperor Francis Joseph. [May not this be confirmatory of the rumor that the Empress Carlotta is afflicted with insanity?—ED.]

HURRICANE AT THE BAHAMAS.

The results of the late hurricane at the Bahama Islands are thus portrayed by Lieutenant-Commander William Gibson, commanding the United States steamer Tahoma: "The centre of the hurricane passed over the island of New Providence on the 1st inst., and the scene of wreck and devastation is marvelous and very sad to see. More than half of Nassau is in ruins. Most of the houses are unroofed; many blown to pieces; and some moved bodily from their foundations into the streets. Churches, warehouses, and other buildings of solid stone are shattered as if by a bombardment. The trees are destroyed, leaf and branch, as if by a conflagration. Nearly every vessel and boat is sunk or swept high and dry. On the outer islands the destruction of property and the consequent suffering is said to be dreadful. The important light at the "Hole in the Wall" is not burning. The harbor light here is only a temporary lantern. The lights on the Shrimp Key, on the Great Inagua, and on the Goat Key are reported to be extinguished, though the tower on the first-named is cracked. Judging from the dismantled and otherwise distressed vessels that we have seen, both at sea and in this port, the chapter of casualties from this hurricane will not be a brief one."

SOUTH AMERICA.

We have dates from Rio Janeiro to the 8th, and from Buenos Ayres to the 13th ult. The Brazilian fleet in the Paraguay had suffered a severe loss in the blowing up by a torpedo of the fine iron-clad Rio Janeiro, and with her a small mortar-boat. This happened in the bombardment of a fort near Curupaiti. Nearly all the crew of the iron-clad perished. There are conflicting stories at a heavy battle on the lines around Curupaiti—one account saying that the Brazilians captured a strong fort, but at the great sacrifice of more than a thousand men; the other story discredits the affair altogether. Brazil is preparing to send 10,000 more men to the Plate; and a call has been made by President Mitre for 3000 more in provincial contingents.

TREATY BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

A Florence dispatch says the following are the principal conditions of the treaty of peace, signed October 3: The mutual exchange of all prisoners of war; Austria consents to the union of Venetia with Italy; the frontiers to be ceded to Italy are those which constituted the administration of Venetia while under the Austrian dominion; the amount of the debt assumed by Italy is 35,000,000 florins. The Venetians residing in Austria are to have the right of preserving their Austrian nationality. All objects of art, as well as the archives belonging to Venetia, will be restored without exception. The iron crown of Lombardy will also be given up to Italy. Another provision of the treaty stipulates for the restitution of the private property belonging to the Italian Ex-princes, which has been sequestered by the Italian Government, with the reservation of the rights of the State, or one-third. A complete amnesty will be accorded by both Austria and Italy to all persons condemned for political offenses, to deserters from either army, and to persons compromised by their political conduct.

THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION.

The Candian insurrection is said to be more formidable, and there are rumors that the insurgents offer to negotiate. There were 50,000 Turkish troops in Epirus and Thessaly.

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VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF QUEBEC FROM MONTMORENCY RIVER.—[Photographed by Notman, Montreal.]

THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC—VIEW OF THE RUINS.—[Photographed by W. A. Lanoo & Co., Quebec.—See Page 702.]

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ST. ROCH, QUEBEC—THE PORTION OF THE CITY DESTROYED BY FIRE.—SKETCHED BY C. D. SHANLY.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

THERE are no particular novelties in fashion at the present moment in Paris. One would have to seek for them at Biarritz, where all the beau-monde are now congregated. The most striking toilet we have recently seen was a robe of light gray taffeta, with a train of moderate length, made without gathers in the front and trimmed at the bottom with a silk fringe. A large "biais" of gray satin, in the centre of which was an entre-deux of white cluny, ran down the entire front of the robe, half-way down each side of which was a similar ornament. A small Figaro vest, cut out at the bottom in squares and trimmed at the shoulders and cuffs with gray satin and white cluny, supplied the place of a corsage. The belt, which fastened behind, was of gray satin, and also trimmed with cluny. This robe was worn with a chemisette of plain white crape, with a frill of very fine cluny round the neck. Another toilet worthy of mention consisted of a robe of black foulard, cut round the bottom into large vandykes and lying flat upon a jupe of scarlet cashmere, except at the sides, where it was caught up by two scarlet rosettes. The corsage, also of black foulard, was very short and trimmed with a narrow scarlet piping at the shoulders, the collar, and the cuffs, and with scarlet and black silk buttons. We may mention, as an example of a quiet evening dress, a robe of brown taffeta, with black satin stripes, with a long black sash tied behind. The corsage is made extremely low. With this dress a Spanish "basquine" of black lace, closed at the front with small rose-buds, is worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Robe of black taffeta, scolloped at the lower part and trimmed with small white balls; belt ornamented with jet beads. Under-jupe and sleeves of blue silk or cashmere. Chapeau Lamballe, encircled with small gold coins, with similar coins attached to a chain of white lace, which falls beneath the chin.

Fig. 2. Robe of silver-gray moheir, trimmed at the lower part with cerise-colored ribbon, above which is a narrow row of black guipure. Corsage of the same color and material as the robe, and trimmed to correspond. Cream-colored glazed sailor's hat, also trimmed with cerise-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3. Robe of black moire antique. Paletot of black cashmere, embroidered with jet ornaments and with a fringe of the same. Chapeau Lamballe of lemon-colored tulle, trimmed with flowers and violet-colored ribbon.

Fig. 4. Robe and corsage of striped foulard, trimmed with black and white galloon. The jupe of white cambric, with broad plaits. Straw-hat, encircled with a garland of flowers.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1866.

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A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"This, then, is your answer?" said George Gosling, in a voice that emotion rendered almost inarticulate.

George was twenty-four. With the famed old baronetcy of which he was the representative, there had descended to him the estate of Gosling Graine, and sixteen thousand a year. These, with himself, he had placed at the disposition of Miss Mildred Mulcaster, and, from the tone of his observation, it would appear that the young lady had decided in his disfavor.

Sir George had been taken by surprise. The like may be said of the ingenuous, single-hearted reader, when apprised that Miss Mulcaster had entered into deliberate engagements with her lover, accepting a betrothal ring, supplemented with gifts innumerable; had written to, or received from him, as many letters as an ordinary postman of these degenerate days could lift; had polked, deux-temped, and otherwise circled with him at least one hundred and fifty miles; had, in effect, deported herself on all, or most occasions (for she was wayward and given to teasing), as an engaged young person should.

"This, then, is your answer?"

"Yes. Take it," said Miss Mulcaster; "and," extending her white hands, "as they say in melodramas, be happy."

She was laughing. But George had not studied the map of that fair face three anxious years for nothing. The laugh was a disguise. Therefore, though stricken with a miserable apprehension, he hesitated for an instant to accept his fate.

"But, Mildred—"

"Miss Mulcaster—Sir George Gosling," interrupted the young lady, as though reintroducing those parties on a new footing.

George resumed:

"You will, you must, forgive me, Mil—Miss Mulcaster—if, for the moment, I can not successfully imitate your self-possession. It is a great gift. I envy you. I will not ask—"

"Don't. It would be useless."

"Mildred—can you justify this conduct?"

"I shall not try."

"I mean to yourself?"

"It is to myself I have already appealed—my calmer self. Flattered at being at length consulted, that extremely sensible and discreet adviser frankly declares that the thing is impracticable—was never, in reality, within the limits of possibility—and that its ever having seemed so is a weakness on my—my common self's part, only to be atoned for by an instant dismissal of the idea by my other self. You understand?"

"Only," replied George, with a sad smile, "that the complicated machinery of such a court of appeal would, if generally adopted, greatly diminish the confidence we delight to repose in every act and word of those we love. Ah, Mildred—there, forgive me—we are creatures of habit; is it only now that you have deemed it worth the pains to inquire, of one or both these differing selves, what were your real feelings toward me? Now?"

"No. I knew them. They have never changed," said Mildred, slightly flushing.

"How! Not changed? And our union impossible?"

"Quite. I abandon it, taking every consequence."

"And your words—your professions—"

"Go—as bets do—with the stakes!" laughed the young beauty, recklessly. But the still augmenting color entered a suffering protest against this assumption of indifference.

"And—and these presents?" stammered George.

"Await your disposal, Sir."

She pointed haughtily to a side-table, absolutely laden with articles of the costliest kind.

"Good Heavens!" said the young man, "that was not my meaning. I appealed to these things but as witnesses of the position in which we stood to one another. Your acceptance alone gave them value. At least, spare me the pain of looking upon what you approved—accepted—have used, and worn. Bestow them upon whom you will, destroy them, do any thing but fill my rejected hand with my gifts, alike deemed worthless."

"I am too easily entreated, much too easily," said Miss Mildred, looking so exquisitely beautiful that poor George's heart thrilled with a wild despair. "But, on certain conditions, I may grant you this one thing. Do you hear, Sir? It must be distinctly provided and understood that, neither by look, word, nor deed, will you ever recur to the position we have lately held to one another. Do you agree?"

"I am at your mercy. But—"

"Now, remember, I never threaten. I act," said the imperious young lady. "The coolest footing of ordinary acquaintance. Think of me, when you must think (and don't say I didn't frankly warn you against doing so at all), no more than circumstances seem to demand, for, somehow, I would like to retain the—the fringe—the hem, though somewhat frayed—of your good opinion—honest simple garment as it was! And now, Sir George Gosling, as I believe I have already remarked, farewell! Be happy."

She rose, with a company-air, to which George would have preferred a stab, and seemed expecting him to leave her. But the young man still hesitated. The enigma was yet unsolved.

"Miss Mulcaster," he said, very calmly, "I have bowed to your decision, and to the utmost of my ability I will observe your somewhat difficult conditions. I put aside all pretense of a right to question you, and, only as a matter of further generosity on your part, do I entreat of you to furnish me with some clew to the fault—the misadventure—I know not how to term it—that has produced this change. You see I do not plead for a reversal of the sentence, I do but inquire its provocation."

Mildred looked sorrowfully at the imploring face of her young lover.

"You ask what you have done? Nothing."

"Nothing? No fault?"

"None—of your own."

"What, then, can you mean?"

"The errors of one generation," said the young lady, gravely, "are frequently adopted by its successors. So far, Sir George, you can not be held guiltless, and must, at all events, bear the penalty, like others of your name."

"My ancestors have not, I believe, been wholly undistinguished," replied the young man, with quiet dignity. "True, in the course of a descent of more than twenty generations, some unworthy deed may have cast a temporary stain on our escutcheon, but—"

"The crime to which I refer," said Miss Mulcaster, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "has been transmitted—willfully and wittingly—from sire to son. Your n—n—"

The word was lost in a suffocating sob. Mildred was weeping without restraint.

"My *what?*" said her bewildered lover.

"N—na—name!"

"Name! What name?"

"Nonsense! You know I like G—George," sobbed the young lady. "It's the—oth—the other. How your o—oldest ancestor could have c—come by it, is a m—mys—mystery. Stupid old b—b—booby!"

"Booby!" repeated George, aghast.

"Enough of this!" exclaimed the spirited young beauty. "No power on earth would induce me to appear in society burdened with the style and title of Lady Gosling. And that is the secret you wanted."

There was something in her manner that, enamored as he was, irritated George. He drew himself up rather haughtily.

"Seeing that it is the prevailing custom," he remarked, "for ladies to assume the name of those they honor with their hands, Miss Mulcaster must surely have had this terrific condition within her contemplation when she engaged herself to my unworthy self."

"She had," replied the young lady, "she had, however, reasonable grounds for hoping that the absurdity which, you yourself must admit, attaches to your name, might be softened—either by returning to what, I make no doubt, was the original spelling—Gosselin—or by the simple introduction of a *t* in the middle, Gostling, you know—which, with the *s* very long, wouldn't be so bad. Both these hints were suggested to you—once by dear mamma, once by Loney—but, except eliciting a display of temper for which, I dare say, you were afterward sorry (if you were not, it wasn't my fault), the remonstrance had no effect."

"Fancy remonstrating with a man on the name his fathers have borne for six centuries!" said George. "I should have been greatly to blame if I had allowed you for one moment to believe that I could comply with either of *your* ingenious schemes for the amelioration of my patronymic. Still, Miss Mulcaster permitted her engagement to continue."

"She did. (It's a capital idea of yours, that of speaking in the third person, as if I were at the antipodes.) Miss Mulcaster, Sir, acted as you describe. She was, in some respects, a very remarkable woman—possessing considerable strength of mind, and a singular persistence in purpose. She fought with her own prejudices, and imagined, at one time, she had overcome them. She liked—she honored—nay, well, she loved—the bearer of a hideous name. But, under the actual burden of that name, her nature would have pined, succumbed."

"Enough, Miss Mulcaster," said the young baronet, thoroughly roused. "I have the honor to wish you good-morning."

"I am not jesting, Geo—Sir George"—(and the young lady became suddenly grave). "Do not leave me under a false impression. I did strive—strive honestly—to overcome what you are free to call my folly, but in vain. It is most unfortunate. Any other name I could have borne. But, so long as you remain a Gosling, George, I can not, will not, be your wife."

"You are aware that a change of name involves the loss of the estate; but, Mildred," added the young lover, "if you are content to be poor—"

"I am not," said Mildred, frankly.

"Can this be so? Neither share my poverty nor my name?"

"I have proved to you that I can not help myself," said Mildred. "I am a naughty, foolish girl, and should have no excuse, had I not, with all my might, combated this strange feeling. You are very good and generous, and, if I have pretended to treat the matter lightly, it was because I dared not approach it in a serious spirit. George, forgive me"—and the beautiful head, under the influence of one of Mildred's rare touches of feeling, stooped penitently forward—"all that I have said is true. Granted, I should have known my weakness sooner; but better late than too late." And she held out her hand.

"For pity's sake, reflect!" said George.

"That's nonsense," retorted Mildred, imperious to the last. "George, I tell you it is all over; shake hands, and go."

Sir George took the little cold white hand, adorned with one ring—a beautiful sapphire—his first gift (she had retained that), and held it wistfully for a moment. In one month it was to have been his own. He looked at it, dropped it as if it had given him a mortal sting, gazed once in Mildred's face, and left her.

As the young baronet rode down the lime avenue just beginning to be touched with the first tints of autumn, he felt as if the summer of his own life had departed too. He might live on this many a year, live to pardon the wrong he had sustained, live to marry some other than Mildred, perhaps to tell, in after-years—names suppressed—the warning story of his first youthful passion. But the first, the peerless flower of love, had been rudely stricken down ungathered; and there are hearts which, in such a case, disdain to produce another.

George reviewed the whole history of his blighted affection. He had known Mildred nearly twenty years—at all events, at their first interview, the young lady, clad in a white spencer, a frill, and a coral necklace, came, led by her nurse, to pass the day with his sister Clara. The intimacy increased. There were adventurous excursions upon a rocking-horse—an exceedingly restive animal, which Mildred would only consent to mount on condition that George restrained him firmly by the bit. There was a long-remembered gooseberry-raid, in which blood was shed and a frock severely compromised; likewise a long and fond inspection of that inexhaustible phenomenon, the golden fish; and, finally, a tip-toe visit to the extraordinary novelty of a chaffinch's nest, redeemed at a ransom of twopence from the gardener's boy.

Even at this early period the question of a matrimonial alliance had been apparently mooted, since George, rescuing his love from a gloomy dungeon of three chairs, escaped with her on the rocking-horse, the lady holding on with difficulty by the untrustworthy tail. Overtaken in a distant province of Tartary by a pursuing band composed of Clara Gosling the fugitives surrendered, but only on condition of being united on the spot, the ceremony being obligingly performed by the pursuer herself.

Upon the death of General Mulcaster his widow gave up her town-house, and, with her two children—Mildred being at that time thirteen, and Louisa ten—came to reside at The Hale, a pretty but not very extensive property, some five or six miles from Gosling Graine.

There was no talk now of little husbands and wives. Miss Mulcaster, aged thirteen, understood no ribald jesting with her dignity. With this young lady the process of spoiling—instituted by her father—had been carried out with such fidelity and success by her mother, that, but for the child's really generous and loving nature, she would have been the most intolerable little tyrant that ever ruled a household. Few could resist the spell of her marvelous beauty; fewer still the thousand witcheries the little despot had at her command. As for the household themselves, they had long been willing bond-slaves, the only strife among them being which should be the readier to obey.

It was, perhaps, sister Loney, bright and clever as her elder, and so pretty that, but for a sister so unfairly fair, she might have been the spoiled one—it was Loney alone who dared, on very great and critical occasions, to run counter to the sovereign's will. On some of these poor Loney—like other too-forward revolutionists—had been the victim of a cruel treachery. Her mother—her very mother—after instigating her by every species of argument to insurrection, would, if the movement failed, after a feeble demonstration of support, desert her ally, and, craven as she was, purchase immunity by openly denouncing the mutiny she had fomented!

There had occurred one period of intense perplexity. It had been hinted by a devoted band of real well-wishers—nay, was tacitly admitted at The Hale itself—that a brief interval of school between Miss Mulcaster's childhood and womanhood would be decidedly advantageous to the latter. But how to effect it? *School!* School for the indomitable Mildred—petted, willful idol, whom one and all had joined in placing beyond the pale of restraint or reproof of any kind! But for the heroic devotion of Louisa nothing would, perhaps, be done. She, who was to have remained at home, undertook not only to present the project to her sister's mind, but, in the event of success, to accompany her, as school-mate and general attendant, her duties being to dress, soothe, and comfort her, assist her with her lessons, take her punishments, if any, and generally abet and promote all such whims, fancies, and eccentricities as might be found compatible with scholastic life.

Loney's proposal elicited but little surprise. It was, every body felt, a natural thing, and merely fell to Loney, as it were, in the line of duty, no other slave being eligible for the office required. So, gravely kissing her mother, as though she were bound on some remote and perilous mission, Louisa sought her sister.

To the unspeakable amazement of the whole house Miss Mulcaster received the unexpected representation not only with clemency but with pleasure. She had been in search of a new idea. She was a little wearied of always having her own way. "School!" School was the very thing she had been wanting. (Loney assented.) When should they go? To-day?

In about three months Mrs. Mulcaster made her final selection of a school. There were but seven pupils, and the terms, owing to the carriage and ladies'-maids, were somewhat high; but the opportunity of two vacancies with Mrs. Lofthouse was not to be let slip, and thither, accordingly, the young ladies repaired.

About this period George Gosling quitted Eton and went to a German university; and, with the exception of a few weeks, during which he and Mildred did not meet, was not again in England until the decease of his father summoned him, at the age of twenty-two, to take possession of Gosling Graine and the oldest baronetcy in Britain.

Prepared as George was to find his little wife grown into a lovely woman, he was absolutely startled by her excessive beauty, and scarcely less so by the extraordinary facility with which she seemed to have acquired accomplishments not often perfected in an ordinary lifetime. Her governess, Mrs. Lofthouse, had managed, with excellent tact, to win the child's love and confidence from the outset, and, becoming warmly interested in the beautiful but undisciplined little genius that had come under her care, labored so successfully to develop her singular gifts that when, at the end of four years, the young lady, duly completed, made her entry into society, she at once carried it by storm.

George Gosling, returning to England just as Miss Mulcaster made her triumphant sally from the ambush of Mrs. Lofthouse's, hastily enrolled himself among her slaves, and, skillfully using the opportunities afforded at certain seasons by the vicinity of the country residences, soon distanced his many competitors, and became an affianced husband.

It was an unwise proceeding of the rejected lover, as he rode mournfully under the yellowing trees, to trace back this history. Before it was half finished his stolid resignation had melted quite away. "Not win her, after all? And who—who, then—" He looked round, as if to assure himself that he was not riding in a dream. Not so happy. There were the familiar paths and trees. He passed the famous larch-tree, pride of The Hale, one hundred and thirty feet from crest to root.

"Steadfast old boy!" said George, giving it an envious lash with his whip as he passed, "Quiet, jade," to his startled mare. "Will you dance? Ho, then, for a rattling gallop! Ho for a frantic leap! Going—going to be married!" he shouted, waving his hat in the air as his mare bounded forward. "But ho, the bride! Where's my bride? Hurrah, my ladies! Who will be Dame Gosling? Stay—I have it. I will have my fancies—my caprices, too. Home! home! And, as I am a living man, the first woman I speak with—marriageable and consenting—shall be my wife! I swear it—I swear it! Yes, by this living face of nature!" He pulled up, took off his hat, and turned his excited face to the sky. "And may my pledge, if broken, bear the penalty of a violated oath! I will ride home, and the first woman I meet shall be my wife. Conditioned always"—his heart gave a half-hopeful thrill—"that she will not relent. And, by Heaven, I will put that to the issue!"

The next moment he had wheeled his horse and was speeding toward The Hale. As fortune would have it, Mildred was coming out, flower-basket and scissors in hand. Gravity—a rare visitant—always became Mildred. She was grave now, and when, as George, dismounting and leading his horse, came to meet her she lifted up her violet eyes with not well-pleased astonishment, the young man thought he had never till that moment fully realized the true character of her loveliness.

"Returned?" she said, the smooth brow slightly contracting, but expanding again as she noticed his agitated face. "Heavens! what is the matter?"

"You ask that?" said George, bitterly. Then he added: "Miss Mulcaster, I have returned to tell you what I have already done in acquiescence with your decision. In losing you I lose all that constitutes the worth of human affection. Henceforth it is a matter of indifference to me what objects cross me or associate their interests with mine. So listen, you who for two years owned yourself my affianced wife. My heart, Mildred, recognizes no degrees of content. If you will not be my wife all women are the same to me. I have sworn, in the face of Heaven, that if you persist in this destruction of my hopes I will return by the way I came and take to wife the first woman I may see—no matter of what station—willing to accept what you have cast away."

Mildred gazed at him for a moment, as if considering whether he were in jest or not. Then she burst into a silvery laugh, and clapped her little hands like a pleased child.

"An excellent idea! George, George—what a romance it would make! May I tell mamma?"

"You do not believe me, then?" said the young man, with heightened color.

Mildred's manner changed:

"Believe that you would so far forget what is due to yourself, your friends, your renowned ancestors, of whom you are so proud—believe that, had you actually formed a resolution so preposterous, you would have been guilty of the additional folly of using it against me, as a weapon of insult and menace!"

"Farewell, Miss Mulcaster," said George.

And he rode away.

When Mrs. Mulcaster and her younger daughter returned from their drive they perceived at a glance that something had ruffled the tranquillity of the spoiled sovereign; and, by dint of respectful cross-examination, at length elicited the startling truth. George was dismissed! George—the old playmate, friend, accepted suitor, betrothed husband—banished to the Siberia of distant civility, without hope of recall.

Perhaps for the first time in her life Mrs. Mulcaster experienced a burning desire to box her darling's ears. The latter had never been at the pains to conceal her aversion to George's unlucky name, but none dreamed that it was so deeply rooted. Sacrifice an amiable, honorable man, whom she unquestionably liked (not to mention sixteen thousand a year!), for a name—a word! Dismiss the familiar George into the region of ordinary acquaintance—perhaps alienate him altogether—perhaps goad him into some foolish alliance, such as, in his passion, he had hinted at!

"Child! child!" cried Mrs. Mulcaster, breaking all allegiance, and wringing her hands in despair, "what—what have you done?"

The child evinced on this occasion a less imperious bearing, and made a far more feeble fight than might have been expected of her. Still, the necessity of defending her prerogative induced her to vindicate with some warmth her title—so long allowed—to do precisely as she pleased. She really could not understand the unprovoked attack thus made upon her, and by those from whom, of all others, she had a right to look for solace and support. Two to one (Loney had not opened her lips) was usually considered unfair odds, and, but for a sense of duty, she would decline a controversy conducted on such principles.

What was the duty? Why, the duty she owed her sex, which was that of her assailants, to check the proud pretensions, the cool self-sufficiency, of those who preferred their suit just as if such a thing as refusal was not to be dreamed of.

Consented? Well, yes, in a manner, she had. But that was beside the question. She was saying, when interrupted by clamor, or was going to say, that really any young lady who, at her own expense, administered a wholesome rebuke to such pretenders deserved well of her sex, her country, and her family—not, at all events, to be chidden like an infant by those to whom she fled for suc—for suc—succ—succor in her m—mise—misery; concluding with a burst of tears, which completed the business, and caused the much-injured beauty to be soothed, entreated, idolized, for the rest of the day.

Speculation now set in.

"But whom," resumed Mrs. Mulcaster, "can George marry? Suppose him serious in this mad idea, it is the merest chance in the world that he should meet with any woman of respectable station before reaching home. Suppose it were a village-girl, gathering fagots! Imagine a gipsy! You may laugh, but, take my word for it, George Gosling is the man, of all others, to adhere to a resolution once made, however intrinsically absurd. Ridicule would not deter him. His regard for a pledge, or promise of any kind, is almost fanatical. Let me see. At his own lodge he is happily safe. There are only the old people. Sally Downey's gone to service. There would have been a chance for Sally! And she was a plump, rosy little woman. I've seen him chat and laugh with her."

"Perhaps," said Miss Louisa, unguardedly, "George recollected that Sally was the usual portress."

"He did nothing of the sort," said Mildred, decisively. "I wonder, Loney, you dare to make so unworthy a suggestion."

"It was a foolish observation, my love," said her mother. "Your sister, I am sure, already regrets having made it."

"No, I don't," said Loney, hardily.

"Hush, my dear. (Footstool nearer to your sister. So.) Now then, who is there at Gosling Graine?"

"No visitors at all," said Louisa. "As to the servants, if you can possibly allude to them, they're almost all oldish, and—and fattish—the cook enormous! Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, is laid up with rheumatism. But really, dearest mother, we may spare ourselves these grotesque conjectures. That George will do his best to keep his wicked vow, or whatever he chooses to call it, I think very probable. But his safety lies in the respect of those about him. Not one of the household would be so forgetful of all decency, so wanting in duty, as to regard such a proposal as any thing more than a boyish jest!"

Mrs. Mulcaster coughed gently. She had seen something more of the world and its ways than her daughter. That look of manifest uneasiness provoked the petted Mildred.

"I do think, mamma—it is positively cruel in you!" she said, in a fretting tone.

"'Cruel,' dear? In *me?* To do what?"

"To make so much of such utter nonsense. You must see how it annoys me; yet you pursue the subject."

"Pursue, my dear! I did not say one word," pleaded poor Mrs. Mulcaster. "I appeal to Loney."

Loney came gallantly to the rescue.

"Mamma said nothing, Mildred. It was I."

"I am obliged, Louisa, by your flat contradiction," said Mildred, with dignity. "But I never said mamma had spoken. Her looks, however, were eloquent; and I repeat—"

"Mildred, Mildred," said her mother, "this is too bad! Is it not, Louisa?"

"It is unkind and unfair," said the latter, warmly, "and I—"

Mildred burst into tears.

"Louisa, Louisa!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulcaster, turning fiercely on her ally. "How dare you address your elder sister in that tone? Do, I beg, restrain that impetuosity of temper! There! Wipe the pretty eyes. Come, now—compose yourself. Hark, love! A visitor!"

Mildred started, and became composed.

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A few moments, and Colonel Lugard was announced. He had been taking his evening ride, and, as was his frequent wont, dropped in for a chat with his fair neighbors.

In the course of conversation the Colonel observed:

"By-the-by I have had what I might almost call an adventure! I was cantering up to the Grange to have a word with Gosling. Good fellow, George. Rides capitally to hounds. I wish he'd take them himself out of the hands of that mere horse-jockey, Screwtop! As I was saying, I was riding up the park, when my horse made a furious swerve. It needed the old dragoon grip to avoid measuring my length on George's turf, so startled was my usually steady old hunter at what he had seen. And what do you think it was? A young lady, Miss Mulcaster! Yes, Miss Louisa, a beautiful young lady! We had come suddenly upon her, seated between two trees, and either her surprising beauty, or else a scarlet thing that covered her head and shoulders, had thrown my horse into the consternation I have described. I had managed to drop my whip in the manœuvre; but even before my groom, Will Crooke, could ride up the young lady had stepped gracefully forward and placed it in my hand. Her hood fell back as she did so—and, by Jove!" The Colonel stopped, as if quite overcome by the remembrance.

"Who upon earth could she be?" said Mrs. Mulcaster, looking at her daughters.

"Who, indeed?" resumed the Colonel. "She was plainly, nay, humbly dressed. I should call her of the cottage class, for I noticed that her hand, though well-shaped and critically clean, was not especially white, as if it had not disdained rough work. Her manner, however, was perfect. A precious old churl she must have thought me: for so much was I taken aback by her singular beauty that I merely clutched my whip, grunted, and jogged on. I wish I had stopped. I wish I'd gone back. If Will Crooke hadn't been behind me I think I should."

"Very well, Colonel," said Mrs. Mulcaster. "I am coming to call upon Mrs. Lugard to-morrow, and it will be my painful but imperative duty to place her on her guard."

"It will be a most neighborly precaution," replied the gay veteran; "and, in order to assist your admirable scheme for the promotion of domestic harmony at Brambridge, I give you authority to add, that it is my fixed resolve to find out, by hook or—more probably—by Crooke, who this damsel is."

"Did you see Geo—Sir George Gosling?" asked the lady of the house.

"I did not see Sir George Gosling, my dear lady. They told me he had ridden over hither, and would possibly not return to dinner. I thought it quite possible," added the Colonel, with a sly glance at Mildred.

Shortly thereafter the visitor took his leave.

Mrs. Mulcaster, who had been watching her eldest born with stealthy solicitude, now sat down beside her on the sofa and took her passive hand.

"How pale you look, my own darling!" she began. "That wicked George! I declare I can not forgive him: vexing my pretty rose!"

"I am going to bed," responded the flower addressed. "Come up to me, some of you, in two hours, and see if I require any thing. Knock softly, and if I don't answer, go away."

And her majesty withdrew.

But she did not go to bed. Mildred sat looking in her glass for half an hour. It was a habit she had, holding these *tête-à-tête* with herself. Howsoever, on this occasion the parties did not agree. She rose pettishly, went to the window, and leaned forth. Restless and out of sorts as she was, the calm face of nature, preparing for repose, seemed to rebuke with its serenity the selfish passions that seethed within her perplexed bosom. Conscience, suddenly awaking, began, in accents stern and inexorable—more distinct, as it seemed, in the vesper-hush—to accuse her in such wise that her willful heart gave way. She began, culprit-like, to palliate her doings.

"I was mad," she found herself murmuring, as in miserable extenuation. "I was not mistress of myself. The resolution came"—(from the days of Eve temptation has always "come")—"on the sudden. If I had reflected—reasoned. But I never can reflect. Besides," she continued, gaining courage in her self-vindication, "I am not sure that, after all, I was so very wrong. Gosling! Lady Gosling! Too absurd! Perhaps I expected that *he* would have reasoned with me. I think I remember being angry that he didn't. Then, to be threatened! Stay, though, did he threaten? Good Heaven! if he should do it! Who can this girl be, cast in his way at this unhappy moment? What shall I do? What *can* be done? Fool that I have been! false to my word, to my peace; for now I *know* that I loved him, and, in refusing him for his detestable name, I have but proved myself a truer Gosling than he!"

With something between a giggle and a sob the beautiful head sank down, and the voice lost itself in genuine tears.

When the obedient Louisa, followed by a maid bearing tea and other restoratives, came, as commanded, to her sister's chamber, a startling change had come over the spoiled one. She was affable, not to say humble, thanked and caressed her sister as she had not done since their school-days—sent her love and duty to dearest mamma (who received the latter consignment, at all events, with profound astonishment), declared she was well—better, in fact, than usual—and begged to be left quite alone.

CHAPTER II.

Gosling Grange had been all that day since the meridian in a considerable stir. Mrs. Turnover, the cook, had received an unexpected visit from her niece, Esther Vann, a young lady holding the lucrative post of unremunerated nursery-governess in a poor but respectable family some few miles distant.

Esther was little more than seventeen, but had, like Bellario's representative, a mind "more elder than her years." A richer rose-bud than Esther never brightened a cottage-garden. What might have fallen to Esther's lot, had she been born in a higher station, we can not say. As it was, she merely won all the hearts with which the course of a quiet, humble existence brought her in contact. She had known no schooling beyond what was attainable in her native village: all she knew besides, and that was not a little, being due to self-education and industry.

Esther was already known at the Grange, and her unlooked-for appearance at a moment, too, when the master's absence left every body more at liberty, created a complete jubilee; all the domestics, save Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, who was an invalid, vying with each other to make welcome their bright young visitor.

"If ever I see such a blessed creetur in my life!" said Dolly, the dairy-maid. "She have no more pride than my hold slipper!"

Certainly the object in question—frayed at the edges, cracked in the sole, and exhibiting an orifice at the toe—could have small excuse for the vice referred to.

"She's well enough for the matter of that," said Mrs. Turnover, with affected indifference.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Gertrude Cornish, the house-maid, "but I don't think you're as proud as you justly ought to be. Being as she howes to you her tip-top hedication—which she's fit to kip a school herself—why, you ought to be double proud of such a consekence."

"I done my best for to putt her in the way," said Mrs. Turnover, modestly, "but she 'ave 'elped herself wonderful since. So I thought it were better for to let her alone."

"S'pose she'll marry soon and stock a dairy-farm," observed Dolly, to whom this was the very climax of ambitious hope.

"She might have married a doctor," said Mrs. Turnover, "but I wouldn't hear on it. An 'eelie, sicky young man, and hadn't no patients but himself, which, my dear, it didn't pay."

"A doctor!" cried Gertrude. "She might marry a duke! Werry likely will."

The hardihood of this prophecy almost took away Mrs. Turnover's breath, but, recovering, she proposed that, master being absent, they should adjourn to the great hall, there to meet her niece, on the latter's return from a ramble in the woods, in order to show her the family pictures adorning that apartment.

Almost as they entered it the pretty girl, fresh and rosy from her scamper, made her appearance and told them of her meeting with Colonel Lugard. They then proceeded to examine the hall, which contained, besides the pictures, many family relics, some fine suits of armor, and other objects of interest.

"What werry broad toes they seem to 'ave 'ad in those days!" remarked Dolly, examining one of the suits.

"S'pose wearin' harmor giv' bunions," was the conjecture of Mrs. Turnover.

Esther suggested that, as steel and stockings might not act comfortably together, it was not impossible room was allowed for the intervention of a shoe.

"Harmor's wuss than nothin' at all, nowadays," observed the cook. "Cannons, guns, and pistils does it; don't they, Esther?"

Miss Vann responded that, in her opinion, a gentleman provided with a light field-piece, a rifle, and a revolver, might prove a troublesome opponent, even for a human iron-clad.

Mrs. Turnover, who was of full habit, though hardly, as Miss Mulcaster had affirmed, "enormous," now took a little repose in an arm-chair, after which the party proceeded to inspect the pictures, Mrs. Turnover continuing her services as cicerone.

"'Sir Hildebrand de Gosling, 1427'—that is, it were him, but he's rubbed out all but his dog," said the guide.

"Law! what a pity!" said Dolly.

"Which, Mrs. Mapes told me, it on'y makes him the more wainable," continued Mrs. Turnover. "'Leftenant-General Sir Hedered Gosling, twelfth barrowknight.' Wasn't he a 'ansum man?"

"Why is he a-turnin' of his back to the fightin'?" asked the captious critic, Dolly. "That ain't like a soldier."

Esther hinted that the artist might have experienced some difficulty in arranging that the general should, at one and the same time, give his attention to the battle and his face to the observer.

"'Sir Gilbert Gosling, banker and citizen,'" announced their guide. "Stay then a bit 'ere."

"'Thrice Lord Mayor of London,' which explains the phenomenon," said Esther, laughing, and exhibiting two dimples which lay in ambush in her rosy cheeks.

"And now we comes to the ladies," resumed Mrs. Turnover. "'Dame Winifred Dorothea de Gosling.' 'Miss Hellibea Gosling.' I've heerd say this un was the beauty of the base, wasn't never married, lived single all her life, and died a old maid."

Dolly sighed. The cook's way of putting it gave the calamity treble force.

"Poor young creetur! and she so pretty! Cut off in her prime!"

"'Died 1737, ætat 92,'" read the cook. "Well, *that* ain't so wonderful! Eat at ninety-two? Stop, though. What's 'etat,' Esther?"

Her niece was absorbed in contemplation of a portrait at another part of the hall; but she heard and answered the appeal.

"'Aged,' dear."

"Come, that wasn't so bad," said Mrs. Turnover. "If she couldn't get a husband in ninety year it wasn't worth trying no longer, so my lady giv' in."

"I shouldn't like to die an old maid," observed Dolly. "Should you, ma'am?"

"Being a widow I can't be expected to realize any thing so frightful, you see," responded the lady addressed. "If you means to ast me, would I marry again? then I makes answer that I've turned it over in my mind—and my conclusion are, I would. It was my dear husband's last wishes and words. 'Barbary,' he ses, squeedgin' my hand, 'I han't selfish, marry again—marry whensoever you're ast to. If you could make fifty men as 'appy as you've made me, why make 'em. Don't marry a baker, nor don't be' nothin' to say to a night-porter. Has to a pleaseman—cut 'im dead. It makes irregular ours. To 'ave your husband breakfasting when you're at supper, and wisey-worsey, is far from comfortable. I should prefer my old perfession. Adoo,' which," added the good lady, wiping her eyes, "he were a hare-dresser."

"A what, ma'am?" asked Dolly.

"Cut and dressed 'air," explained Mrs. Turnover. "Yes, sich was his conclusive obserwations" (Mr. Turnover's final remarks, as reported by his lady, might have filled a moderate volume), "and sich, ladies, is my feelins. I'm in no hurry, but if master marries any body as isn't—isn't to my mind—as I'm very much afeerd indeed he will—then I don't mind sayin' that I should except the first respeckful offer as is made me. Where's Esther got to?"

"What pictur's that she's looking at so long?" asked the dairy-maid.

Mrs. Turnover waddled a little way in the direction of her niece, and came back laughing.

"It's the pictur of master, took by Sir Philip's orders, three year ago. It was hung in that dark corner 'cause it looked so new. She thinks it's one of them old Goslings. We won't tell her yet."

As they approached the girl started from her reverie.

"Aunt, aunt, who was *this*? If ever there were a real hero Gosling, here he is! Tell me, tell me quickly, something about him. Soldier? Statesman? Poet? He must have been one of these. What a brow! And oh, what expression!" continued Esther, clasping her hands in a sort of rapture. "Dear, brave eyes! you look as if every thing vile, pitiful, dishonest, must wither up before you! Aunt, look you, I would trust this man before the whole world. Look at that mouth, sweet, yet resolute. Strong will, too. I should not like to argue with you, Sir George de Gosling, if that be your name. For, in the first place, I know you would be in the right; and, in the second, that you would invariably get your way. If ever I loved man, it would be you!"

"My dear, my dear!" said Mrs. Turnover, hastily. "Remember, you are talking to a young gentleman!"

"To a young gentleman who flourished only five centuries ago," said Esther, smiling. And she pointed to a date "1370" scratched on the frame.

"That's master's mischief now!" said Mrs. Turnover, aside to Dolly. "I remember his saying he wouldn't be the only live 'un of the lot, and I see him, one day, scratching with his knife on the picture-frame."

"That's the beauty of it, aunt," said the pretty Esther, sadly. "I can say just exactly what I please to this dear darling of my heart, and not be forward at all! I could, should, and would have loved him if I had flourished in his time. Do you hear *that*, Sir? And, if he had loved me back, I would have been the most devoted wife that ever Gosling married. I do think he's smiling, as if he understood and believed it."

"What upon earth is the girl talking about?" began her perplexed aunt. But she was interrupted by an exclamation from the house-maid, who was at the window.

"Here's somebody galloping up the avenue!" answered the latter.

Mrs. Turnover waddled up.

"Gracious me, if it ain't master! Why, he said he shouldn't be home to dinner. Perhaps he's only rode back to dress—he do sometimes. Come along, Esther dear. La'! how he's a-tearin' along! Where's Mr. Fanshaw? Oh, he's out, I know. Gertrude, call William—or you, Dolly—quick!"

"William's run over to the village," said Dolly.

"Then Gertrude must stay and open the door," said the cook.

But Gertrude had disappeared.

"Dolly, Dolly! You must," said Mrs. Turnover.

"*I!* I durssent," said the shy dairy-maid.

The horse's trampling was now heard, and presently a violent tug at the hall-bell.

"What shall I do?" cried Mrs. Turnover. "Wherever are all the men?"

"Why not open the door yourself, *dear?*" suggested Esther, quietly.

"I can't do it, this figure," returned her aunt, struggling with her apron-strings. "You go, child." (Here there was another peal.) "Hark! What a flurry he be in!"

"*I!*" said Esther.

"Yes, you. 'Tis the 'riginal of the very pictur you was looking at. Master hisself."

"What?" ejaculated Esther, becoming scarlet. "But the—the date."

"That he done hisself."

"Aunt, do you call this a joke?" said Esther, hiding her burning face in her hands.

"Nonsense, dear! Run you and open the door."

"Not if he stood there till his feet grew into the stones," returned the girl, haughtily; and with the step of a queen she quitted the hall.

Mrs. Turnover opened the door.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A splendid sausage is exhibited in the Rue Montmartre, which is meant to keep pace with this age of luxury. The price is 100 francs, and a splendid piece of poetry (doggerel?) describes its qualities.

Classical.—If a pig could talk in Latin what would he say? Why, doubtless, "*Porka verba!*"

Briggs has a faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for nothing. He kicked a dog.

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a falsehood," said he, "for if I move I'm sure that I'm alive."

A Passing Thought.—The great difference between the young and the old is this: the young have the world before them, while the old are behind the world.

A few Sabbaths since a teacher of a Sunday-school was engaged in questioning his pupils upon the subjects connected with their previous studies of the Bible. At length, turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked, "What did Adam lose by the fall?" Pat for a moment was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened, as he interrogatively replied: "An' was it his hat, Sir?"

A doctor who has been trying to establish a practice in Wisconsin says that the village is so extremely healthy that a man was murdered there recently for the purpose of starting a grave-yard.

An Edinburgh clergyman, of a rare and genial genius, was one day seen gazing at the Carlisle mail as it came thundering down the bridges. "What are you thinking of?" said a reverend brother. "I'm thinkin' that, next to preachin' the everlastin' Gospel, I would like to drive the mail."

"The password is Saxe—now don't forget it, Pat," said the Colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was Marshal. "Sacks! Faith and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered howl, replied, "Bags, yer honor!"

Scientific Intelligence.—At the next Meeting of the Zoological Society a paper will be read "On the Tears of the Crocodile."

How to Make Good Jam.—Crowd twenty fashionably-dressed ladies into one street car.

"A pinch of snuff,
That horrid stuff?
Take it? No, indeed, I *won't*.
Such, Sally, dear,
Was my idea,
Until my husband said, 'You *sha'n't!*'

"'You sha'n't!' to me!
Fiddle-de-dee!
Of course I take it on the sly.
You know, dear Sall,
For 'sha'n't' or 'shall,'
What husbands say is—all my eye!"

No Place Like the City.—The Man who has a Stake in the Country writes to say that he is longing to get back to a Chop in Town.

A Canadian newspaper contains the following plaintive advertisement: "Will the gentleman who stole my melons on last Sabbath night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as the melons are a rare variety."

Thirteen objections were once given by a young lady for declining a match; the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth the suitor himself.

A newspaper editor inadvertently wrote, about a woman who had not been buried with proper observance, the following sentence: "She was buried like a dog with her clothes on." Next week he saw his mistake, and corrected it thus: "She was buried with her clothes on like a dog." The third week, exasperated with the previous blunders, he had it thus: "Like a dog with her clothes on she was buried." He gave it up.

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which being observed by a Yankee sitting near by, he bawled out: "I say, friend, don't make that ar hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve to death!"

Deacon Brown lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: "The fact is, Deacon, that I may swear a great deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us mean any thing by it." The Deacon alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.

"Oh, I am so glad you like birds! What kind do you most admire?" said a wife to her husband.

"Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of seasoning, about as good as any."

The young married couple who thought they could live on love and moonlight find there is some virtue in baked beans. For taking the romance out of young folks marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit.

Uncle Sam. "I'd like to have you fix this Coat for me, Mr. Johnson. I've worn it now about sixty-nine years, and it's getting rather too small. But it's a good one yet. Couldn't you fix a sort of Amendment to it?"

A. Johnson. "No, I'd rather not; I'm not in the Jobbing line now."

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THE "ATLANTIC" BASE-BALL CLUB OF BROOKLYN, AND THE "ATHLETIC" OF PHILADELPHIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES H. WILLIAMS, BROOKLYN, L. I.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

THE "ATLANTICS," OF BROOKLYN.

THE "ATHLETICS," OF PHILADELPHIA.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Children, it will never do to tell the grown-up readers of *Harper's Weekly* all the work that was done that summer by our three little spades; and as I can not tell you without telling them, this must be my last chapter. Many other things that I might say about weeds, and seeds, and earth-worms, and caterpillars, must be kept for "The Three Little Spades" when it comes out in book form, which I hope will be soon. And so, as I can not go through the summer with you just now, the best thing I can do is to jump at once to the end of the summer and finish with that.

Summer was passing softly away, like a sweet dream; vanishing silently out of sight, hiding herself before the frost should come. There had been no frost yet, and the three gardens were in full bloom; asters, and zinnias, and heart's-ease, and amaranthus—there was a splendid show. The children thought they were as happy as they could possibly be, when suddenly an event took place which proved that when people are gardeners there is no end to their happiness; or rather, that it stretches on in such a long perspective that it is quite impossible to guess where the end is.

The event was this: Mr. Vick sent the children his Catalogue of hardy bulbs for fall planting and spring blooming. Absolutely sent it to *them*, for themselves—a new, fresh Catalogue, with a pink cover, and with such flower pictures inside that Lily nearly screamed with delight at the sight of them. Sam had brought it from the post-office after tea, and now in the lamp-light the three young heads clustered together above its pages. "A double hyacinth!" "A parrot tulip!" "Crocuses!" You could hear such exclamations every few minutes, but smothered and spoken softly, so as to disturb no one else. The children talked hardly above their breath, even in their wonder and admiration.

"But oh dear! what's the use after all?" said Lily at last. "We haven't got any money! I guess Mr. Vick didn't know that."

"I'm very glad he sent it, though," said Clover; "I like to know about things. I think it was so kind of him, Lily. But what are 'hardy bulbs,' I wonder? That's on the cover."

"Hardy bulbs," said Mr. May, looking up from his paper with a quizzical face, "mean, in this case, only tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, snow-drops, and such trifles."

Such trifles! Clover and Lily looked at each other, and Primrose heaved a sigh that came from the very lowest corner of her heart.

"They're to be planted right off," put in Jack, peering over at the Catalogue "and then they stick up their heads through the first snow, and are covered with flowers immediately. That's being hardy bulbs."

"Jack, Jack!" remonstrated his mother. "You are certainly a hardy boy."

"They're so ungrateful and grasping, these girls, mamma," said Jack. "Here they've had flowers upon flowers all summer, and now they're crying for hardy bulbs!"

"We're not crying for hardy bulbs!" said Lily, indignantly.

"Come here, Prim," said Mr. May, throwing down his paper; "let me see your eyes."

Now Prim's eyes were certainly not tearful as she raised them for her father's inspection, but wistful they as certainly were. Jack had some reason for declaring that they were full of crocuses and snow-drops.

"I don't see the drops of any sort," said Mr. May, smiling. "Prim, would a dollar's worth of hardy bulbs make you quite happy?"

Prim laughed—there was no need to say a word more.

"Here it is, then—or rather, here they are," said her father, as he once more took three dollar bills from his pocket-book and laid one before each of the children. "Now if Mr. Vick happens to have an endless variety of Catalogues what will become of my purse?"

"Papa—don't!" said Clover; "I did not mean to ask for a thing more, indeed, papa! Please take these back."

"On the contrary, I please to leave them there," said Mr. May, with a laugh. "My dear, you did not ask, it's my own pleasure. I want to see what new wonders will bloom out in those fairy-land gardens."

"Well, I didn't mean to ask, either," said Lily, "but I wanted it dreadfully."

"Mamma, what are bulbs?" said little Primrose.

"A bulb is a kind of thick, fleshy root, shaped like an onion."

"And if they're planted in the fall what do they do all winter?" pursued Primrose.

"They lie in the earth and wait, Prim," said her mother, pushing back the soft locks of hair from the child's forehead. "Wait till the winter is over and gone, and then with the first soft airs of spring they begin to appear; shooting up their fresh green leaves first, and after that the glory of their blossoms."

"Oh, here are *such* hyacinths!" said Lily, from the Catalogue. "'Deep blue, and tall;' and 'white, and low;' and red, and every thing. And tulips—'gold striped tulips.' It's enough to make one crazy! Papa, there's nothing like you in all the world!"

"Not even a gold striped tulip?" said her father, laughing. "I'm afraid a dollar won't go far among such wonders, Lily."

And in truth it was harder work to make out these lists than those seed-lists of long ago; for many of the bulbs, as Lily said, considered themselves worth a good deal. To be sure, a dozen snow-drops might be had for twenty-five cents, and some of the tulips were but ten cents apiece; but then it was as hard for the children as for some older people quite to withstand the fascination of a higher price; and there was an irresistible attraction toward those dignified bulbs of which only two or three could be bought for a dollar.

"I dare say they think themselves cheap at that," said Lily; "but I don't. Now see—if I get a tall, blue Prince Frederick hyacinth for forty cents, and a low, red Princess Royal—"

"A low Princess Royal!" quoth Jack.

"Be quiet!" said Lily, "a low, red Princess Royal for seventy cents—no, that won't do at all."

"I *shall* begin with the little things first," said Primrose. "I want some snow-drops."

"Oh, well, you can have 'em," said Lily; "but if you begin with the little things, you'll have no money left for the big ones. I can tell you that."

"How would it do to get one dear thing first," said Clover—"one of the very expensive ones, you know, just to see what it's like; and then spend the rest of the dollar in others?"

"That's a beautiful plan," said Lily. "You begin, Clover."

"I think I must have one hyacinth, and one tulip," said Clover, pressing her hands on her flushed cheeks. "I'll take this yellow hyacinth—La Pluie d'Or—the rain of gold, you know; that must be splendid."

"Oh, magnificent!" said Lily. "But that's only thirty cents—not very expensive."

"But my tulip is," said Clover—"'Dorothea Blanche—very beautiful new white.' It's forty-five cents."

"That makes seventy-five cents," said Lily, quite lost for the moment in Clover's arrangements. "Dear me, how much you'll have!"

"Then with them," said Clover, in the same absorbed way, "this Milton—'rosy purple.' That goes well with my yellow hyacinth."

"Ten cents more," said Lily—"eighty-five."

"And then, one Persian iris—fifteen cents. That's it exactly. You see the iris is 'a magnificent border plant.'"

"There's no picture of it, is there?" said Lily. "Dear me, I wish I could make out as good a list. But here's one tulip at any rate—white, striped with rose—Marriage de ma Fille. I wonder if that's pretty?"

"Extremely—sometimes," said Mr. May, with a mocking tone. But Lily was deep in her Catalogue, and scarcely heard him.

"I guess I won't take that, after all," she said. "I'll have the Grand Duke of Russia, all red and yellow; then, he must have the crown imperial, that's red striped, and fifteen cents—that's thirty-five; and my blue hyacinth is thirty-five more."

"Which blue hyacinths?" said Prim. "This one—A la Mode. I guess that must have grown at Grundy Castle."

"Well that's only seventy cents," said Clover; "and you haven't taken any very expensive ones after all."

"No, let me see," said Lily, studying the Catalogue. "I guess I'll have to leave them to you and Prim—I want so many things. What shall I do with my thirty cents?—get one more hyacinth—or three tulips? Here are some little ones, the earliest of all, but they've got no names. I'll tell you—I'll have a Narcissus!"

"Oh, get this one—the Hoop Petticoat," said Primrose.

"Can't," said Lily; it costs fifty cents. I'll get Butter and Eggs—that will do just as well, and be nice when spring comes. Eighty cents—and then one of these blue grape hyacinths over here—ninety cents."

"Those blue grape hyacinths are the Blue Bells of Scotland," said Sam.

"Are they?" said Lily. "Now, ten cents more. I think I'll have a white tulip, too, among all these blue and yellow things. Here's a good one—La Reine; rosy white, and just ten cents."

"Now, Prim," said her father, who had been listening with great interest to the two first lists, "come here and sit on my knee, and let us see what sort of a choice you will make. You can write, and I will look over your shoulder. What comes first?"

"A white lily, papa," said Prim, writing it down. "And a brown parrot tulip; and a blue flag—fifty-three cents, that makes. And I must have one hyacinth, you know," said Primrose, turning back to that part of the Catalogue. "This one, papa—rose mignonne. And then six crocuses."

"Named or unnamed? The named cost twice as much as the others."

"But I like 'em so much better!" said Primrose. "I want the Cloth of Gold, and the Cloth of Silver, and the dark-blue King William, and the striped Captain Cook, and the light-blue Passetout, and the white Pigeon."

"How much does that come to?" said her father, smiling.

"Let me see, papa. I said fifty-three cents, and rose mignonne is thirty, that's eighty-three cents; and six crocuses are twenty cents more. Oh, papa! that's three cents too much!"

"I'll stand the three cents," said Mr. May, looking with much loving amusement at the intent, earnest little face.

"But that wouldn't be fair, papa."

"Then you shall give me some of the crocus flowers when they come out. I bespeak a dark King William and a striped Captain Cook."

Primrose laughed and looked very happy, and the three lists were at once inclosed in an envelope, ready for the next day's mail.

"I suppose," said Mr. May, standing on the rug and looking at his wife, after the young ones had gone to bed, "that you would as lieve have our hardy bulbs display their colors in the children's gardens as any where?"

"Could not be a better place," she answered, smiling.

Whereupon Mr. May sat down and wrote another order, and put it in the same envelope; and the children in their little beds never even dreamed what he had done.

In due time the bulbs arrived, beautifully packed in a little box, and at first the children did not notice how much too large the box was for *their* small lists. But when they began to pull out the little packages from the loose seeds in which they were stowed, and to read new names on this one and that one, they were almost beside themselves. Each bulb was separately wrapped in soft paper, with a nice printed label; and when they had said a few times, "That's yours, Clover," or "That's Prim's," then the word was, "Whose is this? and this?" And their father, standing by and laughing at them, said, "You will have to divide." Then they knew all. But even Mr. May was surprised, after that, by a whole package of snow-drops, for which nobody had sent, but which Mr. Vick had put in "just to please himself," Lily declared.

"Papa, what could make him do it?" said Primrose. "Did you tell him I wanted 'em, and hadn't any more money?"

"No, I did not tell him that," said her father, laughing. "But some people, you know, do more, and some less, than they are asked. Now Mr. Vick likes to do more."

"Well, I wish every body did," said Primrose; "it makes people so happy!"

"But oh, papa," said Lily, "just listen to the colors of our tulips! Clover's been making a list of them. Listen, mamma. Now, Clover, read."

And Clover read:

"Gold striped; purple; gold lac (whatever that is!); white; red, with a yellow edge; rosy white; white and red; blue; orange striped; golden yellow, striped with bronze; red striped; puce and white (what's puce, I wonder?); white, striped with rose; and copper, striped with violet."

"And then we've got red and blue and yellow hyacinths, and snow-drops, and six crocuses, and a Narcissus, and a white lily, and a Persian iris. It's just like the *Arabian Nights*!" cried Lily; "and we shall be as happy as the day is long!"

"Or as the spring is," said her mother, with smiling eyes, that were yet for a minute as wistful as Prim's own.

THE END.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

On one of those delicious Indian Summer days which October brought to us last week the Committee and Trustees of Woodlawn Cemetery, with over a hundred invited guests, made an excursion to that new burial-place. To accommodate this party a special train left the Harlem Dépôt about half past one in the afternoon. The day was perfect: the soft, fresh air, mingled with that mellow haziness so characteristic of the season, the ever-changing view of the brilliant-hued forest-leaves, the pleasant company, and the courteous attention paid to the guests, made the ride a very pleasant one.

Woodlawn Cemetery is situated on the line of the Harlem Railroad, about six miles above Harlem Bridge, and is about an hour's ride in the cars from Twenty-sixth Street. On reaching Woodlawn Station we found that every arrangement had been made for the convenience of the party. Refreshments were served throughout the afternoon in the Lodge at the entrance, carriages were in waiting for the use of the visitors, and information on all points easily obtained.

The main entrance to the Cemetery, only a few steps from the station, is by a high, wide stone bridge, arched over a deep ravine, and a running brook which forms a beautiful little pond below. The gate and lodge, surrounded by a grove of forest trees, are on elevated ground: and the terraces which border the Central and Northern avenues on one side are not only ornamental, but give, on entering the inclosure, an immediate sense of quiet seclusion which is peculiarly appropriate. The Cemetery contains over three hundred acres, comprising a beautiful range of woodland hills, overlooking the valley of the Bronx River, and commanding numerous and picturesque views. Although the first interment was made here less than two years ago, great progress has already been made in tasteful adornment. The introduction of rustic seats and arbors, which were scattered here and there throughout the grounds, attracted our special notice as being a very pleasant feature. Many of the lots are surrounded with flourishing hedges of arbor vitæ—indeed, hedges of some kind are far more numerous here than iron fences—and certainly have the beauty of simplicity. There are two large receiving tombs on the Central Avenue, near the main entrances, with suitable arrangements for temporary use.

A drive through the principal avenues gives one a general idea of the natural advantages of the site, and of the plan of the grounds. Greenwood is an unsurpassed and beautiful *City of the Dead*. Woodlawn—as lovely as possible in its own way—is a quiet, rural burial-place. After passing a couple of hours most pleasantly at Woodlawn, we returned to the city, feeling that this new cemetery, both from its beauty and convenient location, will commend itself to many of our citizens as an appropriate spot for the resting-place of the dead.

The most extensive abattoir in this country has recently been completed at Communipaw, a little over a mile from the dépôt of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. This structure was commenced about four months ago, and is a gigantic work in every sense, consisting of six distinct buildings, with a sufficient number of spacious feed and sale pens adjoining, and all other needful conveniences.

A Maine journal has a glowing account of two new passenger cars which have been put on the Eastern Railroad within a short time. Improvements in cars and saloons are more often managed with an eye to show than to comfort, but there seems to be one excellent feature about these cars—they have three floors, between which are layers of saw-dust to deaden sound, and conversation can be carried on without difficulty while the cars are in motion. This is a real improvement which we should be glad to see adopted on all our railroads.

On Thursday of last week a meeting of a somewhat novel character—a "Fall Reunion" as it was termed—was held at the New England Church in West Forty-first Street, near Sixth Avenue. A few months ago a new Congregational Church was organized here—and this was, as it were, the christening of the infant enterprise. The house was well filled, and the exercises were of a social character, consisting of music by the choir of the church, assisted by friends, and addresses by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, Rev. J. T. Duryea, Rev. S. H. Tyng, Rev. Lyman Abbott, acting pastor of the church, and others. Mr. Beecher was greeted with special enthusiasm, and spoke in his usual happy vein on the elements needful in a true Congregational church—good-nature, cheerfulness, sociality, and congregational singing being prominent ones. All the addresses were marked by a kindly welcoming spirit towards the infant church. The music was under the care of Mr. C. A. A. During, and several of the pieces, particularly the "Bird Song" and the choruses by the choir, were warmly applauded. The latter part of the evening the lecture-room was thrown open and refreshments served: and the hour passed quickly in social greeting and pleasant interchange of thought and feeling.

The Brunswick *Telegraph* is astonished to learn that at a church, in a neighboring town, *four* silver quarters were recently found in the contribution box.

Professor Agassiz says that the strip of "highlands which divide the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence from those flowing into the Atlantic" is the oldest land in the world.

If some unseen individual could pass around from house to house about ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, he would be likely to hear a list of excuses for not attending church, something like the following:

Overslept myself. Could not dress in time. Too cold. Too hot. Too windy. Too dusty. Too wet. Too damp. Too sunny. Too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Look over my drawers. Put my papers to rights. Letters to write to my friends. Mean to take a walk. Going to take a ride. Tied to business six days in the week. No fresh air but on Sundays. Can't breathe in church, always so full. Feel a little feverish. Feel a little chilly. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner. New bonnet not come home.

The Cincinnati *Times* gives the following, which will amuse those who are fond of reading Dutch:

Scene at the counting-room of a morning newspaper. Enter a man of Teutonic tendencies, a considerable the worse for last night's spree.

Teuton (*to a man at the desk*). "If you please, Sir, I vants de baper mit dis mornings. One vat hash de names of de beebles vat kills cholera all de vile."

He was handed a paper, and after looking it over in a confused way, said:

"Vill you pe so good ash to read de names wot don't have de cholera any more too soon just now, and see if Carl Geinsenkoopenl after hash got 'em?"

The clerk very obligingly read the list, the Teuton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile the great excitement. When the list was completed the name of Carl Geinsiein—well, no matter about the whole name, it wasn't there. The Teuton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed:

"You don't find 'em?"

Clerk. "No such name there, Sir."

Teuton (*wringing him warmly by the hand*). "This ish nice; this ish some fine; that ish my names. I pin trink ash never was, and py him, I vas 'fraid I vas gone ted mit cholera and didn't knows it. Mine Got! I vos scart."

A LEGEND OF CORPUS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"And have you ordered your gyp to come to my rooms when the 'bus calls?" I said to my friend Wilkins, who had come to wish me good-by; "you have not much time."

"Yes, it will be here in a minute, and upon my word I shall be uncommonly glad to get out of Cambridge: the courts look like damp cellars, and I have not seen a soul pass through them all the afternoon, except the doctor, to see you, poor old fellow—and what did he say?"

"Well, you know, he made me undo my waistcoat, laid one finger on my rib, which he tapped with another finger. 'Sounds very dead; and now take a long breath,' says he, holding down his head to listen. 'Ah!' he added, when that horrid sort of stitch caught my breath half-way, 'you have a touch of pleurisy, and must be very careful.' 'Can't I wrap up and get up to London?' I said; 'there's not a soul going to stop this Christmas. I shall die of ennui.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I know it will be slow enough, but traveling in a fog like this, with your lungs in their highly inflammatory state, would be certain death; you had better turn into bed at once. Any fire in your bedroom?' 'No, not even a fire-place; I shall have my bed brought in here.' 'Very good idea,' he said; 'where is your bed-maker?' 'In Jones's gyp-room, I expect. Didn't you hear something break just now underneath? You can generally tell where Mother Car is by those sort of noises, you know; men call her Juggernaut's Car, because she crushes every thing that comes in her way; besides, you know, she ain't unlike an Indian idol in the face, color on the nose put on so thick.' Just as I had finished, and the doctor was giggling, trying to be as convivial as I could, though upon my word, Wilkins, I could have sobbed, if I didn't think it would hurt my side, in comes Mrs. Car.

"'So this is the old lady,' said the doctor.

"'Which it is,' said she, 'and begging your pardon, if so be as you are the doctor, I should like to know what you thinks of him, Sir; for, as I said just now to Betsy (that's my help, as does number two stair-case), Betsy, says I, if my second-floor ain't a sickening just as did Mr. Avis the senior wrangler, who kept in his room, and never would wear flannel shirts, and died honored by all, being the promise of his college, and leaving me his bath and china, my name ain't Car, nor yours Betsy.'

"After the old hag was winded she shut up, and we told her to have Betsy up, and bring in the bed, as you see it here.

"'Ah!' said she, 'if you don't look the very moral of poor Mr. Avis, with the same pale face and red spot on your cheek, lying in the same bed, in the same place, who left me that keepsake of a bath, which being lent to number three, ground-floor, Old Court, was inadvertently shot by a saloon pistol, and leaked ever since, number three being so gentleman.'

"Now have not I a pleasant prospect for Christmas-day? Every one down and this old wretch telling me most horrid stories. Still it is more cheery here than in my bedroom. Just poke the fire."

Wilkins got up and poked the fire.

"Oh! old fellow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry for you; keep your courage up; I shall be back the day after Christmas, and then I shall come and read

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Paley in your room. But here is Edwards to say the 'bus is here. Good-by, good-by!"

As my friend left me I felt more desolate than I had ever before felt in my life. I was far too distant from home to think of returning for the few days I could spare from reading for my degree, so had accepted an invitation to London, where I was to have escorted two pretty cousins to all sorts of concerts and balls. I had looked forward to my visit with great pleasure, and it was a bitter disappointment. My relations lived in Cornwall, so it was quite out of the question that they could come down to me. The weather was such as is only to be seen in Cambridge; the thick fog choked up the courts, which seemed to contain the thick damp air like boxes; all the rooms were empty, and there were no lights burning to give a look of life to the ivy-covered court. The grass-plot was covered with dusty patches of thawing snow, and the university bells, which were ringing for Christmas, came like a muffled peal ringing for a funeral through the thick atmosphere. The kitchens were shut up after one o'clock, and the head cook was to be seen, for the only time in the year, clad in ordinary apparel. The streets were full of men, looking like a degenerate class of university men. The same short, shooting, and long Noah's Ark coats, the same boating hats and ribbons; as Wilkins said, it was like a terrible dream; you crossed the street over and over again, believing that you saw a friend, but immediately recoiled back again when you found it was but his gyp in his old things. The time of the university was gone, gyps and shop-boys were the ruling power, and the unfortunate university man who remained up during Christmas was withered by the contemptuous glance of the servants and shop-boys, who looked upon him as an intruder, or any how as a man without a friend, and therefore to be despised.

The streets, lit by the lamps, which had to be lit before three o'clock, looked sad enough, but some of the colleges were terrible. King's College Chapel, with its four corner towers, looking like some hideous mastodon or other antediluvian animal, lying on its back, with its four legs lifted up into the misty air, and the screen running along the streets like ghastly skeletons of mysterious beasts that the huge animal now lying supine on his back had devoured and was vainly endeavoring to digest.

The big Court of Trinity was sad beyond description, vast, damp, and mysterious. The fountain in the middle trickled with a terrible monotony, only broken by an occasional drip of snow water from its roof, and a large icicle hung and dripped from the nose of the king above the gate. But the hideous climax of desolation was on the Bridge of Sighs which joins the new court to the old buildings of St. John's. Large masses of ice floated slowly along the river, and the cold evening air sighed in the iron frame-work, and made the passer-by gather his coat tighter round him and quicken his pace, shuddering at the terrible gloom of the prim black buildings, dripping corbels, dark mysterious river, and the atmosphere of desolation around him.

Perhaps the most cheerful college room in the university that Christmas-eve was mine, sad and desolate though it appeared to me. The fire burned brightly, and the mustard-plaster which Mrs. Car had put on my chest helped to keep me warm. The doctor had said that I must not be left alone. Mrs. Car had a party at her house, to which several bed-makers and my washer-woman had been asked. I hear it went off very cheerfully, as my illness caused a pleasing topic of conversation.

"A delicate man was Mr. Maitland always, and to think of him a-rowing yesterday, which to me is madness, seeing instead of putting on great-coats on that pisonous river, they strips as eels without their skins. An inflammation at this time in these rooms, always damp, is most dangerous, and he too is face the moral of poor Mr. Avis." This led to all the college funerals that any of the party remembered being talked of. Mrs. Car began with poor Avis. "Raving to the last," she said, "poor senior wrangler, that X = y—z and such like un-Christian remarks, to which I said, 'And oh, Sir, to think as you be a-dying;' to which he said, and I still shudders as I thinks of it—'Therefore MX = BI, quod erat dimostrandum,'* them is the very words; and he died seeming content like, that being so proved."

Of course I did not hear any of this, but Betsy the help, who came into my room directly after the tea was over, full of the exciting topics that had been discussed, repeated them all for my edification.

Betsy was to sit up with me, and as I could not sleep, I encouraged her gossip, which amused me.

"And who else died here, Betsy?" I said.

"Oh, many a one, Sir. Mr. Baker, number two, took p'ison, so at least Mr. Cannon the coal-porter avers, but lor, Sir! none of 'em had such a tale as I had, but I did not tell it, seeing bed-makers take precedence over helps, and it was not my turn when I had to come to you, Sir."

"What was it, Betsy?" I said, feeling almost inclined to laugh at the little demure woman sitting bolt upright opposite to me, her face drawn up with a look of importance and mystery I had never noticed before.

"Well, Sir," she said, and though I shall give the story nearly word for word as she gave it me, I shall simplify some of the sentences which were somewhat involved, and not inflict Betsy's H's and omissions on my reader.

"Well, Sir, I must tell you, though only a help myself, my family for three generations have been connected with this college, my mother being college washer-woman, and my grandmother before, and a better one for getting up surplices there never was, at least so my poor mother used to say. It is many years ago now since my grandmother was bed-maker here; I remember her as a child, an old woman, clean and most respectable to look at, as all our family ever were, sitting in the chimney-corner at home: she was then nearly ninety, and had been pensioned off fifteen years, but had as good a memory as ever, and many was the tales she used to tell me about the *gents* she did for. Of course you know, Sir, college isn't now as it was then. The room we are sitting in was part of the Master's old house, and that is the reason why the fire-place is covered over with that curious oak-carving. This room, so my grandmother used to say, was one of the bedrooms; through that paneling across the staircase was a door leading to a long passage which the Master in old times used when he wanted to go to the college-library, which you know has been pulled down.

"Well, Sir, when my grandfather was first made bed-maker, Dr. A. was master—a great scholar by all reports, but one who bore his head rather too high.

"The young gentlemen did not like him, no more than did the college-servants; for the smallest faults gentlemen used to be sent down, and servants dismissed. Among those most liked by the servants and the young gentlemen in general, was a Mr. Bond, as handsome a man, my grandmother declared, as ever came up—over six feet two, with black curly hair, an eye like a hawk, and a laugh that did one good to hear.

"The college servants would have done any thing for him, as he spent his money like a prince, gave suppers, and never asked about perquisites, and had a cheery word for every one; and that is, after all, what they like better than any thing.

"There was nothing Mr. Bond couldn't do. He kept two horses, hunted in pink, rowed better than any one else, sang songs of his own writing, and made love; and this leads to the sad part of my story.

"Well, Sir, never being at lectures, and giving wine parties, when the noise used to be so great that it could be heard in the street, was not the way to make him a favorite with the Fellows and Master. If he was loved by servants and young gentlemen, he was hated by the tutors and Master, the latter especially; for one night after having gated several gentlemen, his door was screwed up, and painted pea-green. Who did it, no one for certain knew; but the Master and every one believed it to be Mr. Bond.

"Dr. A. had a daughter, the loveliest girl ever seen; grandmother used never to tire of talking of her blue eyes, bright golden hair, and tall, slight figure; Miss Dorothy was her name.

"Her mother had died when she was a child, and the poor young lady had a solitary time of it from all accounts. The doctor was too much taken up with his books to give much time to his daughter, and too proud (for he was well born) to let her associate much with the other young ladies in the town; and so the poor girl lived a dreamy solitary life, always looking out of the window into the court-yard, or wandering listlessly about the old home, exploring all its corners and passages.

"There was no college chapel in those days; the young gentlemen used to go to St. Bennet's Church. The Master had a high pew there for his family, which was generally only occupied by Miss Dorothy, who used to come (as grandmother would say) fluttering in by herself like a pretty bird, and hide her blushing face behind the red curtains, for all the young men could not help looking at her as she came in, she was so pretty, and what is more, she knew it.

"Mr. Bond, from all accounts, was not a very religious young gentleman, but not one single chapel did he ever miss; and this, I believe, saved him from being sent down on several occasions, when he got into some mad scrape. The bed-makers used to say that he went to look at Miss Dorothy, but when they first spoke to each other they did not know, though sure it is they used to meet each other. I dare say, Sir, you will wonder how my grandmother came to know as much as she did; but you see, Sir, there was a great deal of talk at the time, and when Miss Dorothy was taken ill my mother acted as nurse, it being vacation-time, and so won the sweet young lady's confidence that she used to tell her every thing, and seemed happier talking to her about the sad story than at any other time.

"I told you, Sir, that across the landing there was a private passage to the library; the key was kept in the Master's study, and no one was allowed to use it but he.

"The first time Mr. Bond ever met Miss Dorothy was when the Master's door was screwed up. The Master sent for Mr. Bond, suspecting him, though unable to prove any thing against him. The young lady and gentleman met on the staircase. Miss Dorothy had often noticed Mr. Bond from her window, and seems, Sir, to have taken such a fancy to him that every hunting morning, which was Wednesday and Friday, she was at the window to see him walk through the court, looking like a prince in his red coat, and get on his splendid black horse, Eagle. I remember the name, for when my father started his donkey and cart to take the clean linen home, my grandmother begged him to call it Eagle too.

"Miss Dorothy, as I said before, was timid as a bird, and very shy, when she met Mr. Bond on the staircase. Trying to get quickly out of his way, she would have fallen, being tripped up by the stair-cloth, if he had not put out his hand and caught her.

"This was the first time that a word had passed between them, and it was only an expression of regret at her clumsiness on the one side, and pleasure on the other that he had been able to save her from a fall. Still this meeting soon led to others.

"Miss Dorothy used to ride. Mr. Bond met her first as if by accident, but in time met her every day, feeing her groom handsomely each time not to reveal that his young mistress had any other companion than himself. For some time these rides went on well enough, till one day who should they meet but the Master himself. He was driving with the provost of King's in a close carriage, and pretended not to recognize the couple.

"However, when he got back he sent for the groom and dismissed him on the spot. Then he sent for Mr. Bond. Miss Dorothy was coming crying and pale as death out of her father's study when she met him.

"'Bless you, my darling,' he said, as she passed him. 'It is all my own fault; cheer up; I ought to have spoken to your father before; he can't object to me as a son-in-law. I am rich and well-born, so don't cry, my pet.' Then he went into the study, and she into her room.

"The Master was white with fury when Mr. Bond entered the room.

"'Sir,' he said, 'you are no gentleman; you are a disgrace to the university. I shall expel you.'

"'And what for?' asked Mr. Bond, doing his best to restrain his passion at the insulting tones of the old man.

"'What for, Sir? why, for insulting me: it was you who fastened up my door, you who dared to ride with my daughter.'

"'The first of those charges you are not in a position to prove, Sir,' said Mr. Bond, quietly; 'and the second, I fancy, would hardly be deemed a reasonable cause for expulsion by the university authorities, who must ratify your sentence.' There was truth in this, and the Master knew it. 'But,' continued Mr. Bond, 'I humbly beg your pardon. I have acted most wrongly; I should have spoken to you before. Your daughter loves me: may I make her my wife? and indeed, Sir, you shall never repent having committed such a jewel into my keeping. For God's sake, Sir, forgive us. You were a young man once, indeed, indeed—'

"'Quiet, young man!' shouted the Master, who had set his mind on Miss Dorothy marrying a distant cousin, a nobleman who was then undergraduate at Trinity, and had shown her considerable attention. 'Quiet! I care not for the honor you would bestow on me: leave me, Sir, and never let me hear of either of you two speaking to each other again, or it will be the worse for both of you.'

"Mr. Bond left him in a towering passion. 'You have no right to separate us, nor shall you, by Heaven, Sir! I am in a position to support a wife, and your child is of age. Good-by for the present, Sir!'

"'Send Miss Dorothy here,' said the Master, as the butler returned from showing Mr. Bond out. The young lady came, blushing and crying.

"'Oh, dear father, forgive us both; he loves me so much, and he is so good and noble; we did not intend to keep it secret from you any longer; do, dear, good father—it will break his heart and mine too.'

"'Child,' said the old man, savagely, 'get up at once, and no more folly. You shall never speak to Mr. Bond again. Promise me never to see him again.'

"'Oh, father, I dare not promise you that. God knows I would do any thing else to please you, but it would be death to me and to him also. Oh! have pity, he loves me.'

"'Loves you, fool!' said the Master, 'don't flatter yourself; a man so devoid of principle as he is has told many a girl the same story; he has been making a fool of you for lack of better amusement. I despise the man. Get up!' Here he laid his hands roughly on her shoulders. 'Go, little fool!' She rose to leave the room, pale as a statue, without saying another word. 'Stop,' he cried, as she reached the door. 'Child, swear never to speak to that bad young man again.'

"'Never, father!' cried the girl, her eyes flashing with passion. 'You have no cause to speak evil of Mr. Bond. He is good and noble, and I love him. I will not promise you this.' Without waiting for an answer she sailed out of the room.

"But her self-possession did not last long; she ran up stairs and threw herself on her bed (in this very room, Sir), where, when her maid came to find her, she was still crying as if her heart would break.

"'Oh, miss,' said Nancy, as she came in, 'what is the matter? you a-crying your eyes out, and the Master furious. And, oh! I'm ashamed to tell you what he has told me to do, it is cruel like; you are not to leave the house all the week till Tuesday, when you are to go to your aunt in Wales.'

"'So I am a prisoner, am I? and you are to be my jailer. My father is kind and considerate. Get me some tea.'

"Then Miss Dorothy got up, set her things straight, and determined not to show her sorrow to her maid; but Nancy told my mother it was no good, the poor child went on terrible about her father and Mr. Bond, and never got a wink of sleep all the night.

"Next morning she thought she would try once more to overcome her father's resolution, but he was incensed at her display of temper the evening before, and refused to see her.

"Miss Dorothy was allowed to go into the little patch of garden where the stables used to stand. Next morning when she went out to get a breath of air, and to look at her horse, as was her custom, she found the groom who had been dismissed packing up his things to leave.

"'Oh, I am sorry you are going to leave, Williams, and I am glad I have met you to say good-by. Here's a little present for you.'

"Williams touched his hat as he took the sovereign. 'Bless your pretty face, miss, don't care about me. Mr. Bond's taken me on to look after his hunters, and miss' (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, though there was none within hearing), 'my new master bade me give you this 'ere, and I am not to go till I has an answer, "No," says he, "not if your old master blows your brains out."'

"Dorothy took it trembling up into her room; it was only a few lines beseeching her for the love of Heaven to let him see her once more. She had once told him, he wrote, that she had discovered a way from her father's house to the college library; as she was forbidden to leave the house, would she meet him there; it was their only chance.

"She took a pen, and wrote a line promising to be there the moment the bells ceased to ring for evening service. As the bells ceased ringing Miss Dorothy left her room, and went to the study: the key was in its old position, and she took it. As she passed by the window she saw her father crossing the court-yard in his surplice. It was some time before the passage-door would open, at last the latch lifted, and, hardly daring to breathe, she walked to the library door. Not daring to open it at first, she knelt down and listened: the place was as still as death. In a few seconds' time she heard the door open and a heavy foot-step on the floor, then a voice humming a familiar air.

"Without waiting longer she timidly turned the key and entered the room. What passed between the two I never heard, but the interview was interrupted by the sound of some one on the stairs. Miss Dorothy started.

"'We shall be detected, George,' she said. Still he held her.

"'Promise, love,' he said, 'or I shall die.'

"'Yes, I promise; God forgive me,' answered she. Then she closed the library door, and ran back to her room. Nancy was there arranging a dress, and started as her young mistress entered, she looked so lovely, with her cheeks still flushing with the hot kiss her lover had imprinted on them, and the excitement of the meeting.

"As the clock struck nine Miss Dorothy stole down stairs, the hall door was open, and she was soon out of the college gates. There was no gas in the courts and streets in those days, and the porters who saw her hurry across the court took her for one of the bed-makers. Wrapping her cloak round her, for it was a cold November night, she hurried along the street, nor did she stop till she reached the end of Parker's Piece, where a *fly* with two horses was waiting.

"Williams the groom was there, but no one else.

"'He should have been here before, miss; clocks are striking quarter past. Get in, miss, you will catch your death of cold.'

"'No, thank you, Williams, I shall see him sooner if I stop here. Oh, dear! I wish I had not come. It is too late to go back?'

"'Go back! why, bless you, miss, he will be here in a minute. Look there, ain't that him? No, he was to come alone.'

"'Oh yes, alone,' said she, shivering and beginning to cry. 'How wicked I am!'

"'Quiet, miss, for Heaven's sake. Get into the *fly*; it's the proctors, I can see their bands, you will be suspected.'

"She sprang in, and Williams lowered the shutters. The proctors were there in a minute; they had seen a woman's dress, and were suspicious.

"'Who have you there?' one asked, as he came up.

"'A lady, Sir, if you have no objection.'

"'Any one else?' asked the other, 'no member of the university too, I hope; my man, it is a suspicious place, please to open the door.'

"The door was opened, and they looked in. Miss Dorothy sat back, and pulled the veil over her face. The moon was shining brightly, and in the proctor she recognized Mr. Hardy, the senior fellow of Corpus, who had once paid her great attentions, and who might have won her heart if she had not met Mr. Bond.

"'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, raising his hat, but not recognizing her. 'You must forgive the liberty I have taken, but we are forced to be very careful.' Then he closed the door and walked off.

"'What's the next move, miss? I fear som'at's up,' said Williams, looking in as the clock struck eleven. 'No doubt he's gated, and can't get out. When did you see him last?'

"'About six o'clock,' said the poor young lady, sobbing. 'Oh, Williams, he can't have deceived me!'

"'Bless ye, no, miss, he ain't one of that sort. Why, miss, I knows for certain he'd die for you: still, it's precious queer. Says he to me at three this afternoon, "let the fly be ready." "Says I, "Yes, Sir; but shall I see you before night?" "Yes," says he, "I'm just a going to say a few words to your young missus, and then I shall see you." But he never came, so I follers former orders and comes up here. But, dear heart, cheer up, them great gates is shut, and the porters won't let him out. But what had we better do now, miss?'

"'Oh, take me back, take me back!' she cried. 'Oh! I wish I had never come. I will ask my father to forgive me; he spoke unjustly and cruelly of George, still I am very wicked. Oh, drive me back!'

"'If I were you, miss,' said Williams, 'I should not go back to college; there's no cause, as I sees, that the Master should know any thing about it. He thinks you safe a-bed, next morning you slips in with bed-makers, and no harm comes of it.'

"'Oh, Williams, but then where can I sleep to-night?'

"This question puzzled him, and he scratched his head in silence. At last he said, 'Well, miss, s'pose you sleeps in this 'ere vehicle; I'll keep watch on the box; eh, miss?'

"'Oh no, Williams, you know you would die of cold. I must go back; perhaps he will forgive me.'

"Williams went to fasten some piece of harness preparatory to starting; in a minute he returned, and lowering the window, looked in again.

"'Bless you, miss, what a fool I was not to think of it afore: why, miss, you see if you goes back it must be through the porter's lodge, as the other entrance shuts early. A deal of gents may be in the court. You will not like to go by yourself; s'pose you come to my sister's, eh?'

"'Oh no, Williams; I should die if I met any one in the court. Thank you for thinking of Mrs. Giffard; she was my nurse, and I know would have pity on me.'

"Well, Sir, you know my grandmother's name was Giffard, and she was sister to Williams, he being my mother's uncle. Mother said she was then only ten years old, but remembered the night Miss Dorothy came to our house.

"She and her father and mother slept in the same room. They had been in bed about two hours when they were awoke by a knocking at the door. My grandfather sprung up and looked out of the window.

"'Why, bless me, wife,' he said, 'if there ain't that brother of yours. What on earth is up now?

* Betsy must have meant "demonstration."

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Coming in a minute, lad,' he said, as George again thundered at the door, 'you'll wake the whole street.'

"Grandfather threw his wife's shawl over his shoulders and ran down stairs. In less than a minute he was back again. 'For Heaven's sake, old lady, get up; here's a pretty go, poor beautiful young creature, and perished with cold.' Then he turned round to my mother, who was sitting up wondering in bed, and told her to go to sleep. This my mother pretended to do, but was far too excited and curious to do more than close her eyes. Her father and mother were soon both down stairs, and the sound of a tinder-box being struck, and a fire lit, soon reached her ears. In another hour's time her father returned alone to bed, and in the next room she heard her mother trying to pacify some one who was sobbing loud enough for her to hear through the partition. After a time all was quiet again, and she did not wake till her father rose; he was one of the butterymen at Trinity.

"Then she got out of bed and listened: there was more crying in the next room; she went to the bedroom door and looked out, and saw a tall young lady, very beautiful and pale as snow, pass hurriedly along the passage, followed by my grandmother.

"Mother says she never saw a lily of the valley without thinking of Miss Dorothy, as she looked then, so frail and trembling, with her white face bent down.

"The Master had discovered his daughter's flight, and was beside himself with passion. Grandmother knew this the night before, and was not so much surprised that Miss Dorothy had come to her house at that late hour as she would otherwise have been. She was Mr. Bond's bedmaker, and going to his rooms about chapel-time she had noticed his portmanteau locked and lying on his bed, but had seen nothing of him. He had not slept in college, and no one knew any thing about his whereabouts. There was nothing else talked of in college but the disappearance of Mr. Bond. That Miss A. had intended to run away with him, thanks to the discretness of my grandfather and the Master's servants, was never generally known: at last, like all other wonders, it ceased to interest any one. All knew Mr. Bond was a mad young gentleman, and cared for no one: what more likely than he should have betaken himself to his home in the north for a week's change, and had not cared to consult the college authorities on the subject? Still to Miss Dorothy, my grandmother, and others, there seemed some mystery which they could not fathom. Nancy, the lady's maid, who slept in a little room out of her mistress's, had sat up till past three, waiting for her return. Twice in the middle of the night she started up, hearing something like a cry of distress coming seemingly from the college library. At first she thought it only a dream, for she was anxious and nervous about her mistress, but the next time she felt that it was more than a dream, and woke one of the maids, who sat up the rest of the night, Sir, by this very same fire here, Sir; but there was no more sound, so Nancy believed it to be a dream, till what was discovered afterward proved it to be no fancy. Well, Sir, I need not tell you that the Master was furious about Miss Dorothy; at first he threatened to turn her out into the streets, but his pride prevented him doing this, as all the university would have known his disgrace, so he wrote off to

A LEGEND OF CORPUS—"YES, I PROMISE; GOD FORGIVE ME."

his sister in Wales, begging her at once to come and take her back with her, and in the mean time strictly forbade her to leave the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the Master's house ran along the west side of the old college library, and there were two small oak-paneled rooms at the end of the east corridor, which were separated from the rest of the house. In these rooms Miss Dorothy was confined; they were well suited for the purpose, for there was but one means of escape, and that was actually through the Master's study, which had a door opening on to the further end of the passage.

"Poor child! she was miserable indeed, and Nancy her maid hardly liked to leave her alone for a minute, she was so low and nervous. One evening Nancy had to go out into the town, and Miss Dorothy was left alone.

"It was getting dusk, and the solitude of the dark old room frightened her. It seems that the library was connected with her bedroom by means of a small door opening in the panel. This door was not visible from the library, as it was covered by another thicker door, which was covered with books, and was not distinguishable from the rest of the walls. Miss Dorothy had noticed the door in her room, a door which had not been used for years, and of the existence of which I believe the Master himself was not aware. As she wandered about the room, feeling too nervous to sit still, her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned key lying in the corner of an oak cupboard. Taking it in her hand, she determined to try the door on the opposite wall that she had watched the morning before.

"Grandmother happened to be that evening in the housekeeper's room, when suddenly she heard a piercing cry—a cry, she says, she can never forget, so full of horror was it.

"She started to her feet, and just at that minute Nancy dashed into the room. 'Oh! did you hear it?' she cried. 'Come with me, come with me.' All three started off, pale as death, and met the Master, who had heard the scream, hurrying in the same direction. They opened the door, Mrs. Brown the housekeeper bearing a light. On the floor, pale and rigid as marble, lay Miss Dorothy, the door in the panel open, and just in front of her, and across her feet, lay Mr. Bond, his hands stretched out and clenched, rigid and cold as a statue, as if to embrace her, his once handsome eyes staring lustreless out of their sockets, and the marks of corruption already on his beautiful face.

"Miss Dorothy was taken back to her old room here, but only survived her shock two days.

"An inquest was held on the body of Mr. Bond, and the verdict returned was accidental death. It seems that the poor young gentleman, knowing that as an undergraduate he had no right in the library, after Miss Dorothy had left him, seeing one of the book-shelves swing back, had retired behind it. It was the librarian who was entering, the shelves of the door were empty, and he filled them with the large volumes that lay on the table, and then left the room.

"When the room was empty Mr. Bond no doubt tried to leave his hiding-place, but the door closed with a hasp, and the heavy books that had been placed on the shelves rendered all his attempts to force it open vain, and what is more, excluded the air, for the doctors all agreed that the cause of death was suffocation. The door the young lady opened corresponded with the door in the book-case, and when the double doors were closed there was just room for a man to stand up between them. The body, which was in a standing position, fell down at the wretched lady's feet as she opened the door in the panel.

"And this, Sir, is the story as my grandmother used to tell it, and many were those among the servants who rejoiced when the old library was pulled down; unearthly noises and screams, it was said, were often heard there; and indeed, Sir, there were several who declared that they had seen Miss Dorothy herself more than once in her shroud, kneeling and lifting up a skeleton hand before the door which had made a living tomb for her love."

As Betsy finished her story I looked round my room, and a shiver ran through me; nor could I sleep one wink, thinking of the sweet young lady who died in the very room where I was lying, and never shall I forget that Christmas-eve and Betsy's tale.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—SKETCHED BY J. IVES PRASE.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

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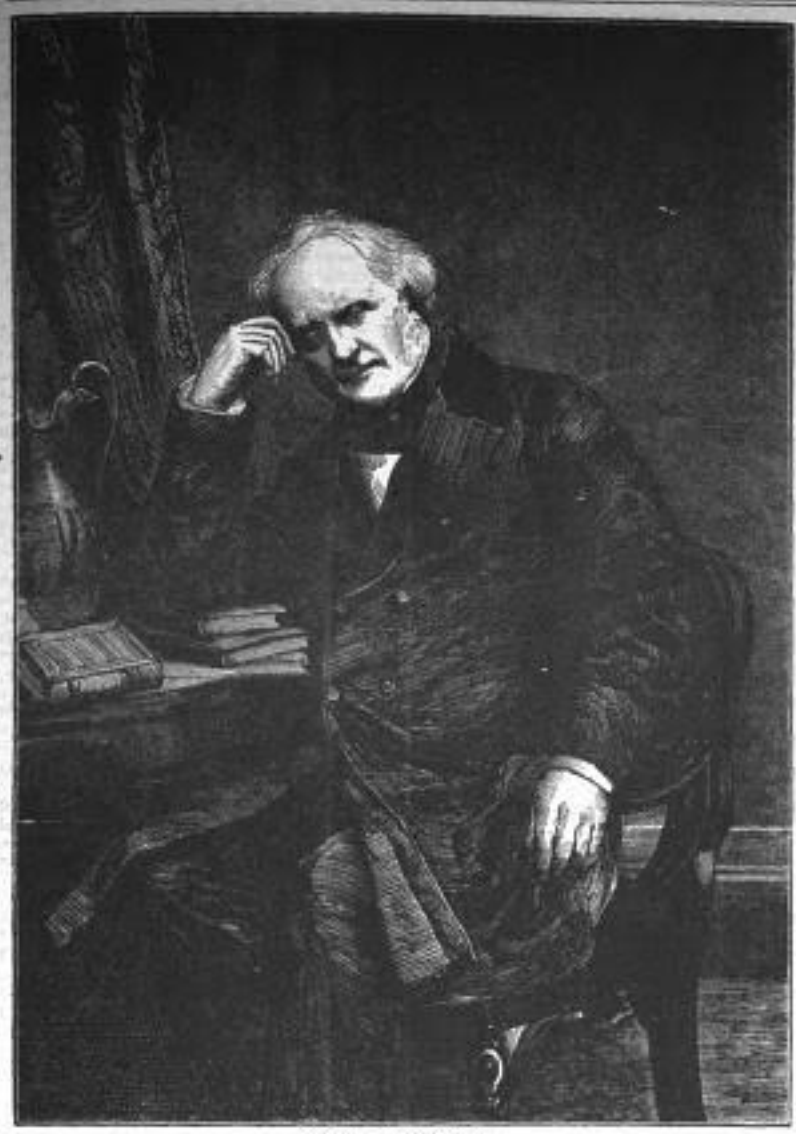
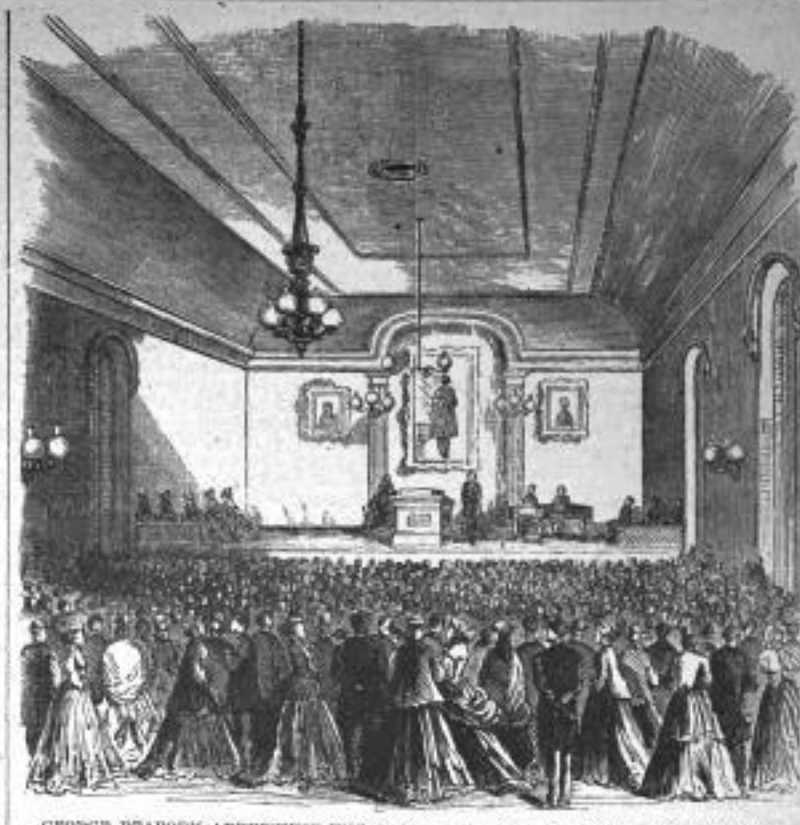


GEORGE PEABODY, Esq.



GEORGE PEABODY ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SOUTH DANVERS, MASS. [SKETCHED BY J. W. TRYGG.]

THE PEABODY INSTITUTE.

WE give on this page a portrait of GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., the eminent American banker in London, and public benefactor, accompanied by a poem; also sketches of the exterior and interior of the Peabody Institute at South Danvers, Massachusetts, and of the snuff-box presented to Mr. PEABODY by the Lord Mayor and citizens of London.

The Institute is a brick building, ornamented with freestone. It was erected in 1853, and was Mr. PEABODY's gift to his native town. It was dedicated in December, 1854. The library on the first floor contains 12,000 volumes. On the second story is the lecture-room. In an ante-room there is an original portrait of General HARRISON, painted in 1840. The portrait of Queen VICTORIA, seen to be presented to Mr. PEABODY, will be deposited within the Institute in a fire and burglar proof vault. The gold snuff-box (about 5 inches long by 3½ wide, and 2 deep) is kept in the library for public inspection.

On the arrival of Mr. PEABODY in this country from England last spring he was tendered a reception by the citizens of his native town, South Danvers. This at the time he declined; but in accordance with his own wish, on October 15 he met the school children of the town. The Hall of the Institute was entirely filled with children; all the schools in town, eight in number, were represented, and between eleven and twelve hundred scholars were present.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Mr. PEABODY entered the Hall, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. DANIELS, Mrs. ERSKINE SETTON, and the Board of Trustees; and as he ascended the platform the children rose in a body and greeted him who had done so much for their welfare with waving handkerchiefs, to which Mr. PEABODY responded by waving his own in return; on seeing which a shout of welcome arose spontaneously from the scholars.

Mr. PEABODY delivered the following appropriate address to the children who had assembled to greet him:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Nearly two generations have passed away since I left this my native town, with probably less education than even the youngest among those I now address, and with no prospect of future success in life beyond that of any boy now before me who possesses good health, industry, and perseverance, with a heart and mind determined to make pure principle his guide.

"My course is well known, and, I fear, too much appreciated by our whole country; but praise, even but partially deserved, tends to stimulate to extra exertion, both physically and morally, particularly the young; and I hope and pray that every one who is now within the sound of my voice may experience, as I have, the truth of these remarks, and derive that pride and satisfaction which are sure to attend all those who conscientiously strive to do right and benefit their fellow-men. All of you, my young friends, should aim at a high mark in this respect, and undoubtedly many of you, members of both sexes, will arrive at distinction in society.

"But neither my regard for truth nor past experience will justify me in promising any one of you that great success which has ever attended me; scarcely one in any age attains to it; and I feel most sensibly that it is only by the guidance and blessings of my Heavenly Father from early life to my present advanced age that I have been enabled to accomplish so much for the purpose of laying the foundation for the physical comforts of the needy, and the promotion of knowledge and morality for the present and future generations."

"As you advance in life you will find that years will appear short in comparison to those occupied by your studies at the present time. This is my second visit to my native land for thirty years, and the period appears brief to me; time and generations pass most rapidly. Two years ago last week, on a beautiful autumnal day, I addressed, from the front of this Institute, the scholars of the Danvers schools, numbering, I think, over seventeen hundred, and I then said to them, 'I would bid you remember that but a few years will elapse before you will occupy the same position toward your own children which your parents now hold toward you. The training you are now receiving, therefore, is a precious talent, for the use or abuse of which each one will be on a future day called upon to give an account.' This language, my young friends, I wish equally to apply to you now, as I then applied it to them. Where are now that assemblage of nearly two thousand scholars? In this short space of time I doubt whether fifty of them occupy the place of scholars here to-day.

"Many of them have become husbands and wives, and nearly all have entered upon the duties, the cares, and anxieties of more mature life. You have taken the places which they occupied in 1856, and by the great centennial celebration of the birth of our glorious Union, in 1876, they, your fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, will have taken another step forward on the stage of life, and you will take the places they now fill.

"Be prepared for that important change while your present high privileges of learning remain open to you. On the 9th of October, 1866, I did not anticipate the pleasure of being here at this time, but God has graciously permitted me, living beyond the allotted limit of threescore years and ten, to return and enter upon the realization of hopes and plans which I have entertained for many years.

"And to endeavor to show my gratitude for His goodness and watchful care by taking further and wider action in extending to the inhabitants of my native town, of my native State, and my native country, not only for the present generation but to those who will appear and act upon the stage of existence in future ages, the means of mental culture and moral improvement.

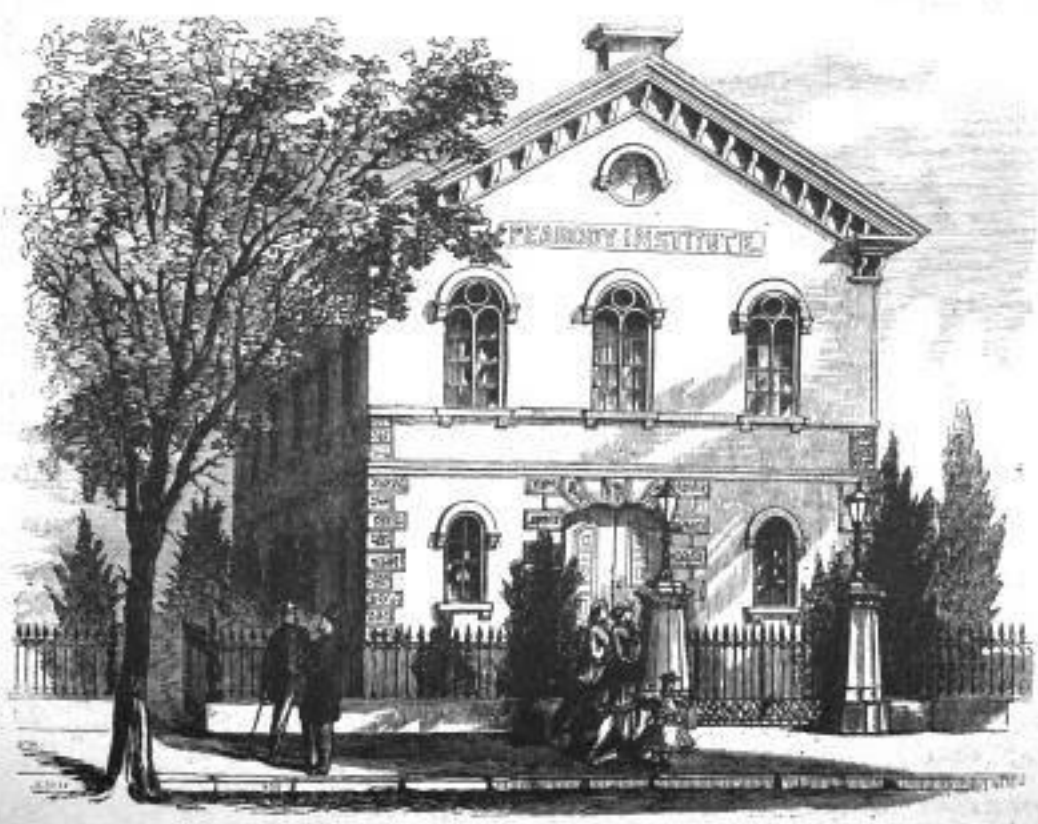
"At my advanced age I can not expect again to meet you, collectively, and it is to me a saddening thought, for though since I addressed your predecessors at the time I have mentioned I have met many assemblies of children, and to some I have spoken, founded on a long experience, words of simple advice and caution; yet in none on either side of the Atlantic can I feel so deep an interest as in the children of the schools of South Danvers. They seem intimately associated with thoughts of my childhood and early youth; they take the same lessons, they occupy the same play-grounds, and their feet tread the same paths over which I once trudged to school.

"With such feelings, therefore, I earnestly exhort you, my dear young friends, to strive by your present advantages to prepare yourselves for a life of usefulness in the responsible positions which you are to fill; to honor, and, if necessary, protect and support your parents; to never depart from the path of honor and integrity; and, above all, 'remember your Creator in the days of your youth, and when you are old He will not forsake you.' Farewell! Farewell!"

GEORGE PEABODY.

WE mourned the old chivalric times,
Their virtues, with their glories, dead—
Life stricken wholly from romance—
"And what is left to us?" we said;
Up through the land the murmur rose:
"Oh for the days that are no more,
When love of God wrought love of man,
And all were human to the core!

"The great Arthurian days we mourn,
And all the lapsing years that wrought
Change after change, yet evermore
Some varying phase of splendor caught;
Still noble deeds, still gentle lives,
Till every knightly heart grew cold,
And Valor's sunset-radiance lit
The tourney of the Cloth of Gold.



THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, SOUTH DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. TRYGG.]

THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. TRYGG.]

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"The poetry of earth is dead:*
What lesser grief should we bemoan,
With Science in the place of Faith,
With quicken'd brains and hearts of stone?
Our noblest triumphs mock our skill,
We link the Continents in vain—
It only tends to sordid ends,
And whets the appetite for gain."

So from our lips remonstrance fell,
When through the land a rumor went—
"The old heroic fire revives—
Its pulsing fervor is not spent!
The record of the glowing past
Shows in its dim and doubtful page
No deed like that which greets the eyes
Of this debased, prosaic age.

"For, lo! a Queen of sovereign sway,
Of zoneless empire, quits her throne,
Stooping to welcome one who comes
A stranger, nameless and unknown:
No comely youth in knightly guise
Shining at ruffled beauty's knees—
A silvered head, a homely form—
No more the queenly woman sees.

"No more; but in her heart there glows
The memory of a noble deed,
Of succor to her people lent,
Of princely aid in sorest need.
And gracious is her tearful smile
As forth she thrusts a trembling hand,
And bids him in her name receive
The homage of her grateful land."

Homage to Goodness! Queenly meed
Of generous thanks to simple Worth!
Thus does the old chivalric soul
Survive in us of later birth;
Nor doubt its promptings in the heart
Of him—his nation's noblest son—
The largess of whose liberal hand
A sovereign's thanks has rightly won.

Never did truer beauty clothe
The radiant limbs of courtly knight,
Than clothes that brow serenely smooth,
And fills those eyes with gentle light.
To latest times that homely form,
And that familiar, kindly face,
The holier memories of men
Will with a tender beauty grace.

Where'er that honored name is heard
The tears will gleam in woman's eyes;
The hearts of men will stir and creep,
And blessings to their lips will rise.
Though Science join'd the sunder'd worlds,
It needed yet what he has done—
A noble action, meekly wrought,
Has knit the hearts of both in one.

Yes, and as, far above the glow,
When all the West is fierce with flame,
A faint star brightens to the night,
Deep'ning about it—so his fame,
Surviving all the transient bloom
That makes the passing present bright,
Will shine, and still resplendent shine,
An orb of ever-gathering light.

ST. ROCH, QUEBEC.

To the north of the Rock of Quebec, and in the very shadow of the steep old cliff, lies the suburb of St. Roch, which, previous to the disastrous conflagration of the 14th October, was a closely-packed agglomeration of houses, occupied by some 20,000 inhabitants. The present writer, having resided for some time at Quebec, can realize the scene of desolation now presented by this district, which has been almost exclusively inhabited by French Canadians of the poorer class. Ship-carpenters, riggers, and mechanics in the various branches of skilled industry connected with the ship-builders' craft here had their homes; for the River St. Charles—commonly known at Quebec as the "Little River"—winds close by the northern edge of the suburb, and it is on the banks of this narrow but deep stream that the principal ship-yards of Quebec are situated. There are few more picturesque views than that to be had from the high cliff near Mount Pleasant, where the road winds down Savagean's Hill to the flat, marshy tract beneath, called the *Rijou*. It is from this point that the sketch looking over the suburb is taken—a point just below where the martello tower stands upon the edge of the cliff. Here, while St. Roch yet stood intact, it was pleasant to stand and look down upon the dense mass of buildings that stretched away to where the "Little River" empties its waters into the great St. Lawrence. Beyond this stretches the Bay of Quebec, sweeping in deep indentations along the Beauport shore to a point where the eye rests upon a deep cleft in the precipitous bank, and a short way above the opening of this cleft the magnificent Fall of Montmorency hangs sheer down like a silver scarf tossed against the dark-brown rock. From the point just referred to, however, Montmorency is not visible, being shut in from the spectator by the western bank of the cleft. Further away there extends a serrated ridge of blue mountains, which form the horizon beyond the beautiful Isle of Orleans, a glimpse of which, dotted with white villages, is visible in the middle distance. Nothing can be more lovely than this scene on a calm autumnal day, when the bright tints of the foliage on the nearer mountains lend the charm of color to the landscape.

Many years ago it was the fortune of the writer to view the scene just described under circumstances of a visitation similar to the one by which St. Roch has just been desolated. It was about midsummer when the great fire of 1845 took place; and the spectator who looked from the cliff near Mount Pleasant, over the burned district, would not be likely soon to forget the contrast presented by its blackened and smouldering gables and chimney-shafts with the sweet and tranquil landscape that lay beyond. Charred skeletons of timber framework every where, and the summer air, poisoned with the sickly odors arising from the scorched carcasses of animals that had perished in the flames. Thousands of homeless beings wandering amidst the lost lines of streets, vainly seeking, in many instances, to discover the exact localities of their obliterated dwellings. Relief soon came in from many quarters, however, and it was not long before St. Roch arose from its ashes in fresh and improved form. Much of it was now built of brick, and massive churches and convents of gray stone reared their steep roofs here and there above the more lowly structures. St. Joseph Street was by far a finer street than any in the more aristocratic portions of Quebec; but although the red of the brick was the prevailing hue as one gazed down from the heights over the suburb, yet the whole quarter was interspersed with nests of wooden houses, and it was chiefly owing to these tinder-boxes that the late fire early gained such headway that no human exertion could avail to check it. The pressure upon the destitute *habitans*, now left again homeless in St. Roch, is heavier by far than it was after the calamity of 1845. Then they had much of the summer before them, wherein to arrange for shelter while their houses were being rebuilt. Now the inclement—nay, savage—winter of Eastern Canada is close at hand. In the neighborhood of Quebec the trees are bare of their leaves already, and the summer birds have flocked away to more hospitable climes. In four weeks at furthest the ground will be shrouded with snow. Tents will be of little avail then for the protection of the sufferers; and it will require almost superhuman exertions to provide them with substantial shelter in time to save them from terrible hardships. The great wealth of the various religious *fabriques*, however, will enable the priesthood to do much toward alleviating the sufferings of the unfortunate citizens of St. Roch.

* "The poetry of earth is never dead."—KEATS.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A VERY beautiful Monument of brown freestone has been erected in the public square in front of the Episcopal Church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to the memory of the brave soldiers who went from that town and laid down their lives in the recent war against the Rebellion. The Monument is 24 feet high (exclusive of the 3-feet foundation), was built by J. G. BATTERSON, Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut, and cost $2000.

On the front, or south side of the Monument, are the coat-of-arms of Massachusetts and the shield of the United States; and above this, on the shaft, are a spear and flag and two swords crossed. The whole is surmounted by an eagle, most beautifully executed, with wings outspread, as if just taking its flight.

The inscriptions on the Monument read as follows. On the south side:

To
Her Sons,
Beloved and Honored,
Who died for their Country
In the Great War
of the Rebellion,
Stockbridge,
In grateful remembrance,
Has raised this Monument,
A.D. 1866.

On the north side:

To Bravery and Patriotism.

On the east and west sides are the following names of soldiers from that town who died in the service:

2d Mass. Inf.—Major William D. Sedgwick, Adj. Gen. 6th A. C., Joseph Rathbun, Michael Mullany, Thomas Dailey, John Dier, William T. Mix.
37th Mass. Inf.—Thomas M'Cabe, John W. Newton, John O'Brien, Cornelius Miller, Stephen Kirby, Frederic Mills.
1st Mass. Cav.—James W. Clary.
37th N. Y. N. G.—Lieutenant Marshall B. Brewer.
49th Mass. Inf.—Godfrey Woltinger, Wells Fuller.
54th Mass. Inf.—Luther Willard.
5th Mass. Inf.—Captain Edson T. Dresser, Sergeant Henry S. May, Sergeant John Crosby, Charles Jones, John O'Neil, Charles Rathbun.
9th Conn. Inf.—Harry H. Watson.
20th Conn. Inf.—Sergeant-Major John S. Root.
1st Conn. H. A.—Henry Brace.

On the four sides of the shaft are also inscribed: Wilderness, Gettysburg—Antietam, Chancellorsville—Spottsylvania, Petersburg—Donaldsonville, Andersonville.

The services appropriate to the dedication of this beautiful Monument took place on Wednesday, the 17th inst., at 11 o'clock. HARRY D. SEDGWICK, Esq., of New York, delivered the address. WILLIAM PITT PALMER delivered a poem.

BASE-BALL MATCH IN BROOKLYN.

WE publish on page 692 portraits of the "picked nine" of the two celebrated Base-Ball Clubs—the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn and the "Athletics" of Philadelphia. These Clubs played a very interesting match game in Brooklyn, on Monday, October 15, which resulted in a victory for the "Atlantics," who scored 27 against 17. This Club is thus far the Champion Base-Ball Club of America. In our illustration the portraits of the "Atlantics" occupy the fore-ground of the picture.

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BECAUSE they are the best *appetizing medicine* at present known.
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BECAUSE they *strengthen the nerves*, clear the brain, and cheer the animal spirits.
BECAUSE in case of an attack of spasms or bilious colic, they are the best thing that can be administered on the instant.
BECAUSE they combine the three properties of a tonic, an alterative, and a nervine in their utmost purity and perfection.
BECAUSE they are a specific against Ague and Fever and all intermittents, and with all their potency as a preservative and a remedy, are as *harmless as water from the mountain spring*.

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Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS," a Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would now have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

GENERAL STROTHER will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.

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*** The POSTAGE on the Magazine is now 24 cents a year, and on the Weekly 20 cents a year, payable quarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

*** Subscriptions from the British Provinces of North America must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, and 20 cents for the Weekly, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires, as entered on our books. In remitting a subscription, it is desired that the Number with which it is to commence should be stated. The name of the subscriber, and full address, including County and State, should be distinctly written: Thus—"Renew subscription to [Magazine or Weekly] commencing with Number ——. John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

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The Magazine and Weekly are always stopped when the term of subscription expires. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

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STARTING OF

The Great American Tea Company.

The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on those articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 20 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50.

The following "Club form" is the most convenient for such orders:

SEVENTH ORDER FROM THIS CLUB.

MADISON, IND., Sept. 10, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.:

I received by express this morning the last lot ordered. It gives very general satisfaction. I will have to order more frequently than I have been doing to keep up a supply. I shall not wait for Club names, but order in advance. Send C. O. D.

Respectfully, JAMES DONNELLY.

20 lbs. Oolong	at $1 00	....	$20 00
20 lbs. Imperial	at 1 25	....	20 00
10 lbs. Gunpowder	at 1 25	....	12 50
5 lbs. Young Hyson	at 1 25	....	6 25
5 lbs. U. Japan	at 1 25	....	6 25
Total			$65 00

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church.
Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

NEW BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED

BY

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,
110 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

VOL. IX. OF BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE SCIENCE OF WEALTH, a Manual of Political Economy, by AMASA WALKER.

THE AMERICAN LAW REVIEW, Vol. I., No. 1.

To be Published in November:

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS PORTRAYED. A Biblical Essay, by Dr. David Schenkel, Professor of Theology at Heidelberg. Translated from the German by W. H. Furness, D.D., with Introduction and Notes.

WALTON'S ANGLER. A reprint of Major's Edition, with over 50 woodcuts and 12 steel engravings.

NEW MUSIC.

COME BACK TO ERIN, by Claribel, price .... 35c.
THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, by Virginia Gabriel . 40c.
TWILIGHT DREAMS WALTZES, by that celebrated composer, Chas. D'Albert: for violin, 15c.; piano, 35c.
MABEL WALTZES, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
GUARDS WALTZ, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME,
208 Bowery, N. Y.

MADAME DEMOREST'S BENOITON PATENT DRESS LOOPERS, in Silk, Enamel, Jet, Pearl, etc. Price, 50 cents to $2 per set. These Loopers are very ornamental, convenient, and universally approved. Mailed free. 473 Broadway.

THE NEW LIGHT.

Atmospheric Kerosene Lamp.

No Smoke. No Smell. No Chimney.

Gives double the light of a chimney lamp, and consumes less oil. This is no humbug patent burner affair, but a lamp peculiar to itself, and the only one ever invented that will produce a pure white flame from common kerosene or coal oil. The right for the sale of this invention can be secured in every county; and parties purchasing supplied with lamps and fixtures at manufacturing rates. A rare chance for persons of large or small capital to make money. H. DANFORD, Salesroom No. 3 Courtlandt St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish. Sells everywhere, city and country. Large profits to Agents. Particulars sent free. C. E. Brown, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK.

The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Agents supplied, $2 per doz. W. S. WEBSTER, 515 Broadway, N. Y.

Remember the Little Ones;

THE

DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN

OF OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

Grand Charitable Fair

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

Home and School for the Maintenance and Education of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1866 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union. Its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 150; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth St., New York) now occupied must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the Public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection:

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FOSTER, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. JOHN H. FOOKSHER, Treasurer.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. JNO. H. WHITE, Manager.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.
Major-General JAMES F. HALL.
JNO. H. WHITE.
G. P. B. HOYT.
J. H. FULERTON.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, October 3, 1866.

Whereas, Messrs. Thomas & Co., as Managing Directors of a Charitable Enterprise, have made due application to T. M. Egan, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Ninth Collection District of the State of New York, for permission to hold a "FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL," and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of such Enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to the said Messrs. Thomas & Co. to hold said FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL exempt from all charge, whether from special tax, or other duty in respect of such FAIR AND FESTIVAL.
(Copy.) THOMAS HARLAND, Acting Commissioner.

The following Card will be fully appreciated by the Public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"*To the Managing Directors of the Festival:*

"Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 19th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, New York, Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$20,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	10,000
1 corner House and Lot, Avenue E, Jamaica, N. Y.	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,500
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
500 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $5	5,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,995
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a registered letter at our risk, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	42 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
or to
N. H. DAVIS, General Agent for the Home and School, } 616 Broadway, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have just Published:

I.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. By J. Ross Browne, Author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," "Land of Thor," &c. With illustrations by the Author. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 00.

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FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Romola," &c. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 75.

III.

ALL IN THE DARK. A Novel. By J. S. Le Fanu, Author of "Uncle Silas," "Guy Deverell," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

It relies for its charm upon the delicacy with which it suggests the natures of two loving women: one a gentle, whimsical Aunt Dinah; the other her young companion, Violet Darkwell. The delicacy of the author's touch in depicting the tenderness and quaintness of Aunt Dinah's character is equaled by his sketch of the beauty of young love in Violet Darkwell. This is a book which deserves to be reprinted many times in years to come.—*Examiner.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Works by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CASTORS attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL sizes with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each revolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

MADAME DEMOREST'S UNEQUALED ROSEATE BLOOM and LILY BLOOM for the complexion. Price 50 cents each. Sold at all the Drug Stores, or sent post-free. No. 473 Broadway, N. Y.

$1,000,000 Worth

OF

Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware,

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches each $125 00
200 Silver Watches each $20 00 to $50 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases, each $5 00 to $8 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address

A. H. ROWEN & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

$30,000 IN GREENBACKS.

Send for our circular and GOLDEN ENVELOPES, drawing articles of value, and a chance of drawing $30,000. Two envelopes for 50c., or 5 for $1. Address Manufacturers' Association, 197 Broadway, New York.

ARRANDALE & CO., 167 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR, and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, October, 1866.

CURL YOUR HAIR!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

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A Collection of the most beautiful Scotch Ballads, with Piano Accompaniments, Compiled and Arranged from the very Best Sources and Latest Revisals of the Author's Works. Price, Boards, $2 50; Cloth, $3 00; Cloth, gilt, $4 00. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

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No Knife or Poison used. Mailed and warranted for 50 cts. Address N. S. SNELL, Watertown, N. Y.

"**How 'tis Done.**" Whiskers in 6 w'ks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. 100 great secrets. Free for 25c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

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$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

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For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

Agents Make $20 per Day

On $10 capital with MERRILL'S WARREN CHAMPIONS. Address H. WAYVELL, Box 4180, Chicago, Ill.

ENVELOPES explaining 50 frequent phonographic short-hand signs, as [for it, for the, &c.], which may be used with great advantage in correspondence and all private writing. 10 for 10 cents, postpaid. Address A. J. GRAHAM, 544 Broadway, New York.

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Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
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Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our personal attention.

ROBINSON & OGDEN,
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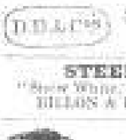
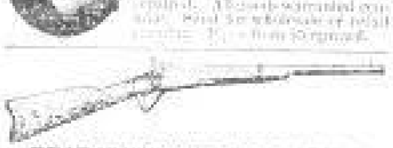
See Advertisement Inside.

STEEL SHIRT COLLARS,
"Snow White," by mail on receipt of 50 cents.
DILLON & FOGGAN, 18 Nassau St., New York.


At Reduced Rates. POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $6 upward.



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Manufactured by the
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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequaled for symmetrical operation, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been ordered and in considerable force in this and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlets and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

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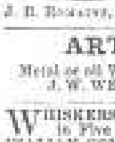
Government Securities of all kinds, Railroad Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on Commission.

SURE PILE CURE.


Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted everywhere. Sent by mail on receipt of $4.
J. B. ROBERTS, Manager, 575 Broadway, New York.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS,
Metal or all Wood. Send for a Pamphlet.
J. W. WESTON, Patentee, No. 706 Broadway.

WHISKERS.—WE WARRANT a Heavy BEARD in Five Weeks to those who use RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price by mail, 50 cents.
RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP
WITH
SAPONIFIER.

Only 3 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Be particular in asking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions are attached to every package. All that is required is an iron kettle holding one or two gallons. For sale at every grocery store.

1866 Fall Fashions.

J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or Double Spring) SKIRTS. The LATEST STYLES are most VERY LIGHT. They combine Comfort, Durability, and Economy with that ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD SKIRT of the Fashionable World.

AT WHOLESALE by the EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS of PATENT,
WESTS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
97 Chambers and 79 and 81 Reade Streets,
NEW YORK.
Also at WHOLESALE by the LEADING JOBBERS.

Our Young Folks.

This Monthly, begun in January, 1865, has already won the reputation of being "the best Juvenile Magazine published in any land or language." Prominent Educators, distinguished Clergymen of all denominations, and the Press generally, have commended it in the highest terms. Its contents are always thoroughly interesting and healthy, at once variously attractive and useful.

Among its contributors are the most eminent American writers, and it is profusely illustrated from designs by the best American artists. Full-page Illustrations are now given in every number. An ample department of Evening Entertainment and Correspondence makes OUR YOUNG FOLKS a real family resource.

TERMS: $2 00 a year in advance. Three Copies, $5 00; Five Copies, $8 00; Ten Copies, $15 00; Twenty Copies, $30 00; and a copy gratis to the person procuring the club.

Every Saturday.

This popular Weekly reproduces promptly for American readers the best and most readable portions of European periodicals. These embrace Serial Tales, Short Stories, Essays, Biographical and Descriptive Poems, Sketches of Travel and Adventure, Literary Intelligence, and popular papers on Science. Translations from the admirable French periodicals are a prominent feature.

Among the authors represented in EVERY SATURDAY are many of the most noted and popular writers of Europe. EVERY SATURDAY contains weekly 32 double-column large octavo pages.

TERMS.—Single Number, 10 cents. Yearly Subscription, $5 00 in advance; $4 00 a year to subscribers for any other periodical published by Ticknor & Fields. Monthly Parts, 50 cents a number. Yearly subscription, same as for Weekly Parts.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS'
STEEL PENS.
TRADE MARK: JOSEPH GILLOTT. WITH Designating Numbers.
HENRY OWEN, SOLE AGENT. MANUFACTURERS' WAREHOUSE, 91 JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

LIEUT. F. M. GILLILAND, of Paducah, Kentucky, who was confined for eleven months in the Libby Prison, and was there attacked by Dyspepsia in its worst form, and so debilitated that he could not walk one square, states that he has been entirely cured by COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Let the suffering try it.

Stammering

Cured by Bates' Pat. Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d St., N.Y.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. CAPITAL PRIZE, 30,000 DOLLARS.

KELLEY'S GRAND NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT will positively take place at the WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 17, 1866, on which occasion 250,000 Prizes, valued at HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, including $100,000 in GREENBACKS, will be presented to ticket-holders.

A CARD.—We announced that the North American Prize Concert would be given on the 29th of September; but the time set we found to be too short to complete a work of such gigantic magnitude; and we were compelled, in justice to ticket-holders, to extend the time to November 17, at which time it will positively take place. For fifteen years we have been engaged in the gift business, and we point with pride to the reputation we have won for honesty and integrity. Many of the prominent citizens of Chicago will bear us out in the statement that we never have made any promises to the public which we have not scrupulously fulfilled. In spite of all opposition, we still live, and shall prove to the public that the *North American Prize Concert* will be given at the time advertised, and all the prizes advertised will be distributed *fairly*, impartially, and *without reserve*.

Arrangements for the drawing are completed. The checks, 500,000 in number, are ready.

The plan of drawing adopted is the following: Duplicate numbers from 1 to 500,000 are placed in a wheel: the first number drawn out takes the highest prize, the next the second highest prize, and so on, until the whole 250,000 prizes are drawn.

We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them at once. All orders for tickets up to Saturday, 17th November, will be promptly filled.

NUMBER OF TICKETS ISSUED, 500,000. PRICE, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

1 Gift in Greenbacks	$30,000
1 " "	10,000
1 " "	5,000
1 " "	4,000
1 " "	3,000
1 " "	2,000
20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each	20,000
20 " " 500 "	10,000
20 " " 100 "	2,000
20 " " 50 "	1,000
300 " " 20 "	6,000
1000 Gifts in Greenbacks, $5 each	$5,000
1 Gift, Residence in Chicago	5,000
10 Gifts, Lots in Chicago, $600 each	6,000
40 " Pianos, $500 each	20,000
20 " Melodeons, $150 each	3,000
100 " Family Bibles, $20 each	2,000
200 " Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
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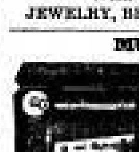
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 515.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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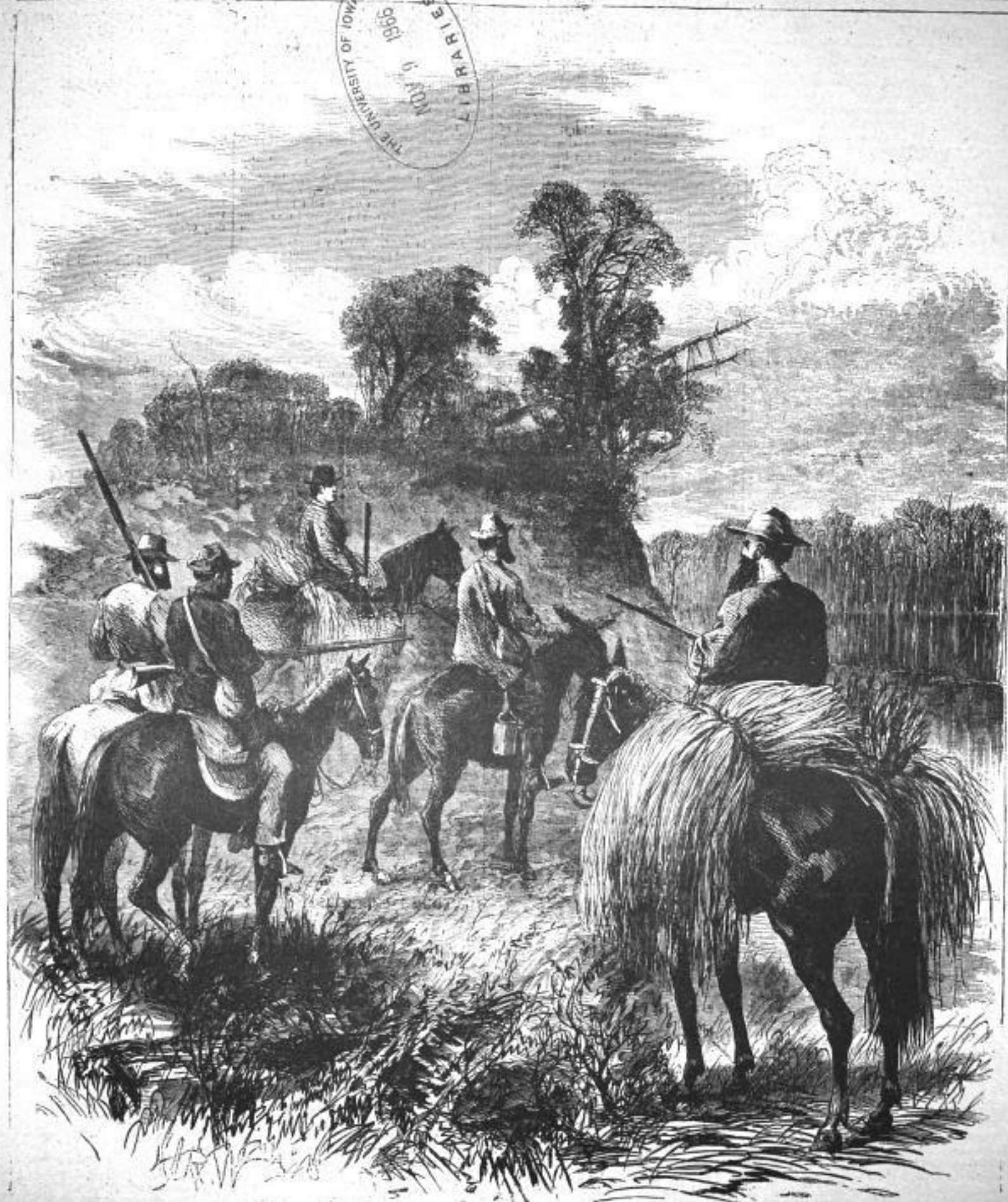

ARKANSAS TRAVELERS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 706.]

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ARKANSAS TRAVELERS.

In regard to the picture of Arkansas Travelers on our first page our artist, Mr. Waud, says:

"Being desirous of making a perfectly truthful representation, I have refrained from adding a fiddle to the outfit of either of these gentlemen, although, out of respect to the time-honored custom of Arkansas travelers, the temptation was great. The little group is sketched just as it appeared. They are calculating the chances of crossing a bayou and cedar swamp. On what enterprise they were bound deponent hath no knowledge; and being rough-looking fellows, armed with the long rifle, no intimate acquaintance seemed desirable. It is not fair, however, to judge from appearances, and they were probably good citizens enough as times go; certainly the presence of the bundles of corn-fodder which some of them carried gave no evidence of their intention 'to live off the country.' If they were bound on a hunting excursion they have the artist's best wishes, out of a powerful fellow-feeling for the sport."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 10, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S MANIFEST.

The most important recent political publication is the letter of Mr. O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, to some of his former constituents. Its importance is not due to its authorship, for Mr. Browning is not a gentleman known to the country; and although he was for a time Senator in Congress, he did not succeed in making his opinions necessary for the public guidance. The significance of his letter is that it speaks for the President, who read and approved it. It is therefore a Presidential manifest. It apprises us of the spirit in which he receives the popular judgment to which he has incessantly appealed.

Unfortunately the letter abounds in platitudes. It gravely announces that our Government is worth preserving—a truth of which the people who have carried on the late war may be supposed to have some glimmering consciousness. But mere platitudes are harmless. When, however, the Secretary of the Interior proceeds to argue he is simply dogmatic and feeble. He tells us that the Legislative Department of the Government is the only one from whose encroachments serious danger is to be apprehended for our institutions. In this he differs from Jefferson, who considered the Judiciary the menacing department, and from the loyal people of to-day, who see in the conduct and claims of the Executive the plainest public peril. If Congress were not restrained by the Constitution, says Mr. Browning, what might it not do? The President also is restrained by the Constitution, but what has he not done, and tried to do? If Mr. Browning had been born a Spaniard of the thirteenth century, if his father had been his mother, there really is no knowing what would have been the present price of sweet-apples. Inasmuch as Congress is created by the Constitution, and acts in obedience to it, it is rather useless to speculate upon its possible action if there were no Constitution.

We are further instructed that our system is destroyed if the States are not respected in their appropriate spheres. That is indisputable; nor does it admit of much debate that twice two make four. But the constitutional limits of State rights—the national authority in composing a prodigious war—these are our present questions. Mr. Browning leaves us to infer that one of the sovereign rights of a State—for like Mr Seward he falls into the bad habit of speaking of State sovereignty, a thing which has no existence—is to exhaust every effort to destroy the Union, and upon its failure to resume all its national relations without the smallest security against a similar effort, except the fact that the first has failed.

Mr. Browning objects to the disabling clause of the Amendment, without the slightest reference to the fact that the disability may always be removed by Congress, either in special cases or altogether, as good policy may prescribe. He says that it is an unparalleled proscription, and that it is not to be supposed that the educated—by which he means the late rebel—class of the Southern States will submit to it. This is an echo of the Doolittle Philadelphia address. But the New Orleans *Picayune* says that there are plenty of able men at the South who are not disabled by the Amendment, and the Charleston *News* is of opinion that there is no way of return to national representation but by submission to the Amendment. And what, after all, is this despotic and inhuman provision? It is simply that those who in order to overthrow the Government have violated an oath to support it shall not hold office until Congress is satisfied that they safely may. It provides that a man caught in an attempted murder shall not have a knife presented to him with the respects of the intended victim. This may be an outrage greater than any since the days of Philip II. of Spain. But there are minds to which the late rebellion and its Andersonville and other methods were not altogether an airy jest and gallant tournament, and to which the conditions now offered to the offenders are the most clement ever recorded. The Administration theory apparently is that there are several millions of criminals at the South who owe their lives to the law. But as it is impracticable to hang men by the hundred thousand, that the only alternative is to give them greater power as legislators.

The President, it appears from this letter which he has read and approved, does not regard the result of the elections as indicative of public opinion upon the Amendment. We are sincerely sorry that he is so deluded. He has read the speeches, platforms, and papers of the political parties very carelessly if he has not seen that the whole canvass has turned upon the Amendment. Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa have spoken to that point and to no other. They have not, indeed, expressed themselves upon impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration, which Mr. Browning insists is the real question, for the question of the contest has been the policy of Congress or of the President. That of Congress has been triumphantly sustained, and that policy has been indicated not only in the Report of the Committee and the proposition of the amendments, but in the admission of Tennessee. If the President has not seen it, it is but another illustration of his blindness. The truth remains nevertheless, and if the Southern States see with him, who does not see at all, they will surely stumble to their own sorrow.

But we find one passage of this letter which is valuable. It is that in which the action of the President toward Congress is foreshadowed. Mr. Browning denies that the President has ever done any thing to encourage the assertion that he would try to force rebels into Congress; and, by implication, the Secretary says that the Executive will not fail to treat Congress as the representatives of the people, however wrong he may consider its conduct toward the unrepresented States. This is by far the most important remark the President has made—for it is really his. It denies upon his part any intention to do any thing but protest. That is his constitutional official right, and the right of every citizen. If the Secretary's letter had been confined to that statement, and published as approved by the President, it would have been a valuable public service; and as we have no doubt it was written for the express purpose of saying that, our regret is the greater that the statement should have been drenched with such prolix fallacies and follies.

HIGH PRICES.

It is again asserted that the Government has been selling gold. Mr. M'Culloch and his subordinates, after the fatal blunder of May last, assured all inquirers that the Government would not sell any more gold. To that determination they adhered at a time when the operators of the Gold-Room had cornered the market, and gold was worth one half per cent. a day. They did not depart from it at the time when gold was above 150, and the mere rumor that the Government was selling would have put down the price 5 @ 10 per cent. But now, when gold is 146 @ 147, when there is no scarcity of specie for the payment of customs, and on the eve of the disbursement of $24,000,000 in gold for interest on the public debt, the Department is understood to be a seller once more. Explain the phenomenon who can. Wall Street is baffled, and profanely remarks that the Treasury moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

It was understood among those who are supposed to enjoy the confidence of Treasury officials that Mr. M'Culloch's newest theory was to accumulate in the Treasury a fund of specie sufficient to enable him, at some not very distant day, to resume specie payments upon a part if not the whole of his demand obligations. For instance, if he had paid off his compound legal tenders and exchanged the bulk of the first series of Seven-Thirty notes for long bonds, he might, it was said, with $100,000,000 of gold in the Treasury, resume payment on half the existing legal tenders, dividing them for the purpose into classes by date or numbers. If this succeeded, a still smaller accumulation of coin would enable him to retire the remainder of his legal tenders, or to make them equivalent to specie. And, with the large excess of specie revenue over expenditure, the scheme seemed feasible enough. But if the Treasury is going to continue to sell its surplus coin, it is clear that this theory will never work.

So far as we can judge, the country is getting tired of high prices. Almost every thing which we eat or drink or wear or use in any way is dearer now than it was during the war, when gold was 250. Some portion of the advance is due to the existing heavy taxation. But by far the greater portion is the fruit of the general unsettlement of values resulting from an irredeemable paper-currency, which enables manufacturers and dealers to gradually advance their prices without check from the public. The only true standard of value being removed, all commercial values become capricious; if all the dealers in eggs should combine to refuse to sell eggs under a dollar a piece, we should after a time submit to the extortion, and the consumption would not materially decline.

Let us take three articles of common use—beef, butter, and milch cows. Before the war we in New York used to pay 15 @ 20 cents for the best beef, 25 @ 30 cents for butter, and $35 @ $60 for the finest milch cows. When they rose in price during the war the butchers and dealers were ready with an explanation. It was mainly owing to the interruption of our trade with Texas and other Southern cattle-growing regions. The rise in butter was in good part due to the advance in gold, which, being 250, rendered butter a good article of export. Well, the war is over; we have unrestricted intercourse with Te as; gold is down to 146; and yet we are paying 30 @ 35 cents for our beef, 60 @ 65 cents for butter, and $150 @ $250 for milch cows. It can not be pretended that we eat much more beef or butter than we did in 1860, or that the country produces much less than it did in that year. The increase in the demand can not be any greater than the increase in the supply. Why, then, should prices have doubled? The reason is simply that an irredeemable paper-currency has unsettled all values, and that drovers and dealers, having begun to advance prices in order to pay themselves for the taxation to which they are now subject, discover no obstacle to further successive advances, to which the public submits after a moderate demur. Competition, which may generally be relied on in such cases to check attempts at extortion, fails to work in this case, because the great prosperity of the country affords a market for all; and the vast bank expansion has actually—for the time—abolished the needy class.

Take the case of buildings. An authority in this trade calculates that it costs 10 @ 20 per cent. more now to build in New York than it did when gold was 250. Iron and a few other articles which can be imported are cheaper; but lumber and labor are both higher than they were in 1864. Yet the supply of labor has been swelled by the disbandment of half a million of men, and by an unexampled immigration; and building is far from active. Lumber is no scarcer than it was, and we do not see that the demand for it can have increased much. It is the same story. Carpenters who used to think themselves well off when they got $2 a day now strike for an advance from $4. They tell you that the cost of living has more than doubled. It has increased, no doubt, not only in consequence of the depreciated currency and increased taxation, but much more from the increased profits demanded by dealers of all kinds; and the carpenters, in their turn, think that when prices are rising they may just as well have an advance of 75 as of 50 cents. The only true standard thrown away, there is no reason why prices should stop any where.

A daily journal has been looking into ladies' hats. Every fashionable reader is aware that the price of one of the modern hats—which are so diminutive and gossamer that you can hardly tell when they are on the head or off—is $40 @ $60. A sensible lady bethought herself that she would buy the materials and make her own hat. She made a very pretty one at a cost of less than $15. The *modiste* would have charged $50 for the same article. The difference was the extra profit which the *modiste* deemed it necessary to charge in order to pay the extra profit charged by the butcher and butter-dealer, who had to charge enough to pay the extra profit charged them by the drover and farmer, who had to charge enough to meet the extra profit charged them by the country store, which had to put on something extra to defray the extra profit charged by the New York jobber and the manufacturers, and so on throughout the list. Every body, in a paper-money era, wants more than a fair profit, and charges accordingly. Nothing will check the universal rage for exorbitant profits but the competition which will follow a tightening of money.

With these facts before him, and a country groaning audibly under oppressive taxation, it will be interesting to note what Mr. M'Culloch will have to say to Congress next month.

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

There is some talk in the newspapers about a new heroic foreign policy to be adopted by the Administration. Payment in full is to be demanded of England for the *Alabama* piracies, and the French claims in Mexico are to be guaranteed, the Republican Government in that country recognized, and permission given to it to cede certain territory to the United States.

If this is intended to affect the elections it is too late. If it means war with England the Administration miscalculates, for this country does not wish war with England, and is perfectly capable of seeing the national disgrace of answering Lord Stanley's late friendly suggestions with a threat. The British Government is by no means a model, and British opinion was stupidly hostile to this country during the war. But the question of the *Alabama* claims is, in the present state of international law, peculiarly a subject for wise and amicable arbitration, toward which the disposition of both countries evidently inclines. It is not in the least a matter for the Captain Bobadil statesmanship which mistakes bluster for bravery and threatening for firmness. It is desirable for every nation that the principle which shall hereafter govern neutral action in such cases as that of the *Alabama* shall be determined in friendly council, and the Government of the United States will greatly err if it proposes to adopt any curt and offensive method of settling a point of general interest, which would remain exactly as it is even if war should be invoked.

As for Mexico, if the proposition be that the United States shall pay France and be indemnified by a slice of territory, the Administration must show the necessity of enlarging our present domain and the advantage of buying off Louis Napoleon. Why should we interest ourselves to secure his debts, which he has just failed in trying to settle by measures based upon jealous hostility of this country? The French-Austrian empire in Mexico is visibly crumbling. We have never recognized any government in that country but the Republican. Let us continue to do so, and if that Government asks for a loan to pay a debt which menaces her if not paid, and offers us the security of territory, let the question be generously considered.

Upon all such questions, however, the Administration can merely propose. It is for Congress to determine—a fact which should be carefully remembered; for Congress is not likely, we believe, to permit the friendly relations of the United States to be foolishly imperiled. It is, however, always surprising and mortifying that so few of the intelligent members of Congress protest against the bold Buncombe of the resolutions often offered upon these subjects. At the present time the fewer foreign complications we have the more speedy and satisfactory will be the solution of our domestic questions. Any proposition tending to foreign entanglement must therefore be regarded as intended to divert the public mind from the great duty of the hour.

THE EXCISE LAW.

One of the chief private arguments against the Union party during the campaign, although it has not been very publicly urged, is that it is a party whose tendency is to make it difficult to get drunk. The Excise Law of the last Legislature prohibits the sale of liquor on Sundays. But that law is more liberal than we have ever had in the State, or than there is now in any other State. It is not new except in its liberality. The law of 1857, which is still in force in the State outside of the city of New York, forbade selling upon Sunday; and although the law was by its terms applicable to the city as well as the country, the protection of the Liquor Dealers' Association, and the easiness of the Excise Commissioners and of the courts, caused it to be generally disregarded in the city.

The prohibition of the sale on Sundays was intended to preserve public order, not to promote private morals; and a very few figures will show how well it did its work. It was enforced only during May and June, and has been suspended since the 4th of July, in consequence of the decision of Judge Cardozo that it was unconstitutional. Now the Sunday arrests for the four weeks of May, 1865, were 508; those of 1866 were 257; those of June, 1865, were 575; in June, 1866, they were 255, being a reduction, in growing proportion, of about one half during the months of the enforcement of the law. Since the Cardozian decree the comparative figures are these: the Sunday arrests in July, 1865, were 779; in July, 1866, they were 748; in August, 1865, they were 584; and in August, 1866, they were 580. If the Court of Appeals should sustain the law the sale of licenses will yield more than $1,000,000, and save so much taxation to the city. But the Ring, which delights in free rum and high taxes, is naturally opposed to a law which tends to public order and economy; and was the more willing to nominate Mr. John T. Hoffman because he had declared against the law.

It is not a pleasant thing to say, but it is the strict truth, that Mr. Hoffman is the candidate of the "conservatism" of the grog-shops on the one hand, and on the other of the "conservative" dining-rooms in which sympathy with the rebellion was feasted during the war. He is the candidate of that "conservatism" which fostered slavery, the source of our troubles, and invoked the assistance of the British Minister to end them.

THE RETURN OF THE FAIRIES.

Since the Arabian Nights there has been no good genius like Mr. George Peabody. Like a meteor, he leaves a golden track behind him. He sends princely fortunes hither and thither. He buttresses colleges with coin, and with his autograph calls institutes into affluent being. He gives two millions of dollars to build houses for the poor in London. He tosses a hundred and fifty thousand to Harvard College. Before Yale can look jealous he appeases her with a like sum; and reaching Baltimore, his song of *Cara hogah* is a gift of half a million. How many country churches, organs, libraries, halls, he spills by the way nobody can tell. But there seems to be no limit to his liberality. What a sublime balance he must have at his banker's!

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Issue of November 10, 1866. Vol. [illegible] — No. 45

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We fancy him buying apples of the old women at the street corners and paying in C greenbacks, refusing the change. He drops a thousand-dollar note into the plate at church. Indeed, nothing is extravagant when we read of this Pactolian purse of PEABODY forever flowing. His benefactions gleam among the morning news like a bird of Paradise among lions. Every reader is surprised with a fine glow of expectation. If it comes to the Arabian Nights —who knows?—why should not *I* be the lucky porter? asks the pleased and speculating reader.

Lately reading the romance of "Codlingsby" we were struck by this passage: "She had three necklaces on, each of which would have dowered a Princess; her fingers glistened with rings to their rosy tips, and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand piano on which it leaned.........'My lord's pipe is out,' said MIRIAM, with a smile, remarking the bewilderment of her guest, who in truth forgot to smoke; and taking up a thousand-pound note from a bundle on the piano, she lighted it at the taper, and proceeded to relllume the extinguished chibouk of Lord CODLINGSBY." There seems to be a touch of extravagance in this passage until you read of Mr. PEABODY's last in the morning or evening paper. Then it becomes commonplace literature.

Of course the good fairy who chooses now to appear as an amiable London banker, no longer young, will choose what guise she will. But she can not really conceal herself. We presume that Governor SWANN and the authorities of Baltimore knew perfectly well that they were receiving and honoring the fairy godmother of Cinderella, and that the Connecticut Professors were fully conscious that they had received a letter from that benign being who could make good little girls talk pearls and roses. As for the fairy mouth itself, it can not open but amply-endowed institutions of learning drop softly out. It is a touch of kindly humor that this generous spirit which is in its very nature immortally young should select the form of a venerable and respectable merchant through which to work its beneficent will. But its pleasure must be respected, and since it deigns to be known as GEORGE PEABODY, as GEORGE PEABODY it shall be honored.

"SEZ GUV'NER ORR, SEZ HE."

GOVERNOR ORR, of South Carolina, authorizes the *South Carolinian* newspaper to deny that he is in favor of the Amendment, or that he will recommend its passage to the Legislature. This is not surprising. Mr. ORR is a politician. He was a ringleader in the rebellion. He was a Senator in the rebel Congress. He was one of those who, despite his oath to support the United States Government, took up arms to destroy it. And he is consequently one of those whom the Amendment would disable from holding his present office or any other. It is not surprising that he opposes it.

But had Mr. ORR frankly comprehended the situation, and proposed to the South Carolina Legislature to ratify the Amendment, how long does he think it would have been before Congress removed his disability? Mr. ORR prefers to fight on—to resist the inevitable. Is there, then, no one of the old leaders who will say to his neighbors: "We believe our cause was just; we put it to the decision of the sword, and we have lost. Now, then, the Amendment is naturally disagreeable to us, but we certainly can not expect the people who have sustained the Government to believe our cause just, nor can we be surprised that they require security for the future by embodying the fair results of their victory in the organic law. Let us honorably accept the judgment we invoked, and adopt the Amendment."

When we hear this tone from the States lately in rebellion we shall have reason to believe that there is acquiescence in the result of the war. But the acquiescence which consists in demanding increased political power as the result of unsuccessful rebellion is an acquiescence which is not very likely to deceive Yankees. Governor ORR is not in favor of the Amendment, but the loyal people of the country, including General GRANT, are. Which does the Governor think most likely to prevail?

MR. LINCOLN'S POLICY.

WHILE the loud orators of the party which opposed the war and vilified Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON are now urging the support of Mr. JOHNSON on the ground that he follows the policy of Mr. LINCOLN, it is worth while to understand what President LINCOLN's policy would have been—for, whatever his action during the war, he died before he could develop a policy of restoration.

The Hon. CHARLES A. DANA, Assistant Secretary of War during the latter part of the LINCOLN Administration, made, in a recent speech, a most important statement, showing precisely what President LINCOLN's opinion was. "I can affirm," says Mr. DANA, "that, previous to the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN, the reconstruction of Virginia was considered by the Cabinet, and a printed document was prepared setting forth the plan of reconstruction to be adopted in regard to that State. That printed document never became official, but it met the hearty approval of Mr. LINCOLN. That plan of reconstruction provided for the calling of a Convention to amend the Constitution of the State of Virginia, and states most positively that all loyal citizens, whether white or black, should be allowed to vote. And it further stipulated that rebels should be denied the right of suffrage. That plan was Mr. LINCOLN's idea of reconstruction."

This is conclusive, even if Mr. LINCOLN's letter to General WADSWORTH, and his sympathy and sense of national duty toward the colored men who had borne arms for the Union were not universally known. It is, indeed, abstractly impossible that the restoration policy of Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON should be the same. The dominant characteristic of Mr. LINCOLN was a clear sense of justice, while it is plain that Mr. JOHNSON considers the colored race an impertinence and a distraction. The point of view of the situation was essentially different in the two men, and their policy must inevitably have differed. It is not conceivable that Mr. LINCOLN would have deserted the Union party; that he would have been supported by the Copperheads; that he would have removed from office the stanchest friends of the Government during the war to make room for its bitterest enemies, as in the case of the Brooklyn Post-office; that he would have compassed the slaughter of Union men in New Orleans; that he would have insisted upon abandoning the freedmen to the exclusive care of an angry population; or that he would have resisted an amendment to the Constitution so reasonable and generous as that proposed by Congress.

Mr. SEWARD, we are told, declares that Mr. JOHNSON is merely fulfilling Mr. LINCOLN's policy. But a policy is a public, not a private, affair; and every man who understood Mr. LINCOLN's character and views, and who is familiar with his acts, is as competent as Mr. SEWARD to form an opinion upon the subject. What that public opinion is the elections show.

MR. SEWARD TO SIR F. BRUCE.

SOME months ago, when a band of marauders crossed the Canadian line and killed two or three Canadian citizens under pretense of making war upon England, the Government of the United States instantly and properly took the necessary measures to prevent our soil being made the base of predatory and murderous incursions upon a neighboring territory. That the people of that territory had done otherwise and had encouraged destructive raids upon us was a reason why honorable men should despise them, but it was no reason whatever for conniving at the violation of our laws and for justifying one crime by another.

Some of the raiders have been sentenced to death, and the United States Government, by the Secretary of State, now informs the British Minister that it will make careful scrutiny into the legality and regularity and justice of the trials, and communicate its opinions upon the subject. It further recommends the British Government to adopt a policy of tenderness and forgiveness toward the Fenians.

Every Government should doubtless see that none of its citizens are unfairly dealt with, and to urge a generous policy toward offenders is always commendable. But we presume that the Government does not suspect any irregularity in the Canadian trials, and does not believe the condemned to be unjustly accused. The President and the Secretary are doubtless glad that an opportunity was offered before the election of appearing as the interceding friends of the Fenians. We believe, however, it is very well understood that the condemned are not to suffer, and we have no doubt that the Canadian authorities will perceive that pardon in this instance is better than punishment. But the offense of the invaders is none the less glaring, while in sentencing them to death the Canadian courts justly judge the character of the St. Albans raid from their own side of the line.

COLD AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

"A GREEN Christmas makes a fat church-yard," is an old English proverb, expressing the supposed fact that a mild, open winter is of course unhealthy. But statistics show that this very common supposition is incorrect. By comparison of different winters it has been found that the colder is the weather the greater is the mortality. And this result of cold is seen most in the two extremes of life—in the young and the old—the middle-aged being best able, from their confirmed vigor, to resist its depressing influence. Cold is, in fact, one of the prominent causes of disease. Let us see how it operates.

If on going out in a clear, cold day we have a fine glow in the fresh air, we feel that the cold is a source of vigor to us—that it promotes health instead of impairing it. Why is this? It is because, from the circumstances of the exposure, the cold air, acting upon the sensations, awakens a reaction in the system. It is in this case a stimulant, and an agreeable one. Now, it is when this reaction does not occur that the cold is injurious to health, and it is by its depressing influence. It is simply in this way that it is so largely productive of disease.

We will suppose a very common case. A student who is obliged to be economical sits in a room that is not sufficiently warmed, and is scantily clothed when he goes out into the air, so that he is, for much of every twenty-four hours of all the cold season, chilled, though only slightly. He is suffering from a continuous depression of the vital energies, which will inevitably undermine the constitution and sow the seeds of disease. Such a course is quite as injurious as the enervating course of those who go to the other extreme, subjecting themselves continuously to too high a degree of temperature. When we are sitting still in the house we should aim at keeping such a temperature of the apartment as will make us comfortable. And when we expose ourselves to cold we should aim at maintaining the same comfortable condition, either by shutting in the heat generated in the body by a suitable amount of clothing, or by wakening a proper reaction by exercise, or by both conjoined. The robust can secure this result with much less clothing than the feeble and delicate, who should be very careful in relation to outdoor clothing. The modes of dress of children and females have often been exceedingly faulty in this respect, and many a life has been sacrificed in obedience to the behests of fashion.

The hardening, as it is termed, which some attempt to accomplish, is always a failure. The depression occasioned by the inuring to cold adds to the evil that it is intended to remove. So far from invigorating it renders delicate and feeble. We have known students to ruin their health by an habitual use of scanty clothing, with the delusive idea of hardening themselves. In one sense the system may, it is true, in this way be accustomed to bear the cold—that is, the sensations produced by it may come to be disregarded in a measure by habit. But there is no real gain in this. The only true hardening is in accustoming the system to react under the impression of cold. To do this more or less help is needed from exercise and clothing. With care on this point exposure to cold is a prominent means of invigoration.

It is often said that our well-warmed houses are far from being an improvement on the open fireplace arrangement of former times so far as health is concerned. This is only true where ventilation is neglected, and too high a degree of temperature is maintained. With proper regulation of circumstances the diffusion of heat throughout the dwelling is decidedly promotive of health. It may bring no injury to the robust to dress in cold rooms; but any such continuous exposure of the delicate and the very young to cold, when they are not in such action as will maintain the proper temperature of the body, must impair vigor. Discomfort is always injurious. Many a delicate female has been rendered consumptive by the depression of the daily discomfort of dressing in a pinching cold atmosphere, who would have escaped this malady if she had not been subjected to this exposure.

A large cause of disease among the poor is the daily depression of vital power from their poorly-warmed apartments and the inadequate clothing which they wear out of doors. It acts in concurrence with those other depressing causes which operate upon them—defective ventilation, emanations from filth, scanty food, and the discouragements of life. The diseases of the poor generally most clearly indicate the presence of the element of depression in the action of the causes that produce them.

Too great heat will enervate the system, and so render it very susceptible to the influence of cold. If one is shut up in a small room heated by a stove, the temperature is very commonly too high—far above that which is needed for comfort. This is in itself injurious, relaxing the system, and inducing debility; but besides this direct result it enhances the depressing influence of cold in the frequent exposures to it both indoors and out. The poor, and even those who are well-to-do, as it is expressed, subject themselves often indoors to changes from a high temperature to pinching cold. The liability to such alternations is always a difficulty with contracted accommodations. With the most careful and judicious management it is not easy to regulate properly the temperature of small apartments; and carelessness, with the ill-proportioned and ill-adjusted arrangements that are so commonly found, makes an entire failure of it. And when you add to the alternations from overheating to shivering in the cold at home the exposures to cold without with the scantiest clothing, you can see how largely cold must operate in inducing disease in the poorer class, especially in the small apartments of the tenement houses of our cities.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

LEAVE the flag with us who loved him,
Whom the Copperheads assailed,
As he stood, our chosen leader,
When the storm of treason rose.
'Tis the flag that waved above him
As the ship of State he sailed—
Freedom's last and grandest pleader,
Struck to earth by Freedom's foes
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

Leave the flag with us who bore it
Under Lincoln's watchful eye;
At his call we sprang to battle
When the walls of Sumter fell.
On the bloody field we bore it,
With the hosts of treason nigh,
Where the cannon's sullen rattle
Was our dying comrades' knell.
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

Leave the flag with us who saved it,
Standing close by Lincoln's side;
Not with those whose lips defamed him
Till death hid him from their view.
He smiled on us as we waved it
Where its colors were denied,
For our friendship never shamed him—
We're the Country's boys in blue!
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

INDEMNITY FOR BRITISH PIRACIES.

THE New York *Times* of October 24 has the following from its Washington correspondent: "In regard to our affairs with England, growing out of the depredations during the late war of the privateers *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*, Mr. Adams, our Minister to the Court of St. James, was some time since instructed to make a peremptory demand for indemnity for the losses sustained by our commercial interests. To this demand Mr. Adams received an evasive reply. He was immediately instructed to repeat the demand. He did so, but no definite response has yet been received. The British Government is now putting out feelers in its various organs, showing its disposition in the matter. From these it appears that it is willing to submit the claims to arbitration or to a Board of National Commissioners. Our Government will accept no arrangement of this sort, but will insist on a prompt and full payment of the claims. This is our situation as contained in the instructions under which Mr. Adams is now acting."

NEWS ITEMS.

Brevet Major-General George W. Getty has relinquished the command of the District of Texas, which is assumed by Brevet Major-General Heintzelman, Colonel of the Seventeenth United States Infantry.

On October 25 the Stonewall Cemetery, at Winchester, Virginia, was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, a leading feature being the interment of the bodies of General Ashby and his brother, Captain Ashby. Ex-Governor General Wise delivered the address. The Virginians are making systematic efforts to gather the remains of the rebel dead from the various battle-fields, to reinter them in cemeteries, and the performances at Winchester will shortly be repeated at Fredericksburg and Petersburg.

Official returns have been received from the counties of Pennsylvania, and the vote for Governor at the recent election foots up: General Geary, Republican, 307,369; Heister Clymer, Democrat, 290,096; Geary's majority, 17,273. The total vote is the largest ever cast in Pennsylvania, and aggregates 597,465. At the election in 1863 the total vote was 494,365—Republican 269,496, Democratic 215,740, and the Republican majority was 15,000. At the Presidential election in 1864 the total vote was 572,707—for Lincoln 296,391, for M'Clellan 276,316; Lincoln's majority 20,075. Since 1864 the Republicans have gained 10,994 votes and the Democrats 20,180, the aggregate increase in the State being 31,164.

Captain James L. Fisk, who has taken a large train through to Montana over the Northern route, under date of Helena, Montana, September, writes that more than 3000 emigrants have been killed by the Indians this season. At a recent battle on the Yellow Stone, seventy whites were killed, and the whole route, known as Bozeman's Cut-off, is strewn with fresh graves. Captain Fisk had no trouble with Indians over the Northern route.

On the 23d of October the Vermont Legislature elected United States Senators as follows: To fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Collamer, Hon. L. P. Poland; to fill the unexpired term of Senator Foote, Hon. George F. Edmunds; for six years from the 4th of March next, Hon. Justin S. Morrill.

General Sheridan has written a letter advising, as the true policy, that the Liberal Government under Juarez be supported, and all violations of the neutrality laws by the Imperialists and others be promptly dealt with.

It is reported on good authority that Governor Wells and Judge Howell, who claims to be President of the Constitutional Convention of 1864, are about reconvening that body, and that they have ordered elections of delegates to fill vacancies. The Governor says that he has assurances from leading members of Congress that he will be sustained by force if necessary.

Colonel Lynch and Rev. John M'Mahon, the Fenian prisoners, have been tried at Toronto, Canada West, and are sentenced to be hung.

The work of boring the Hoosac Mountain, in Western Massachusetts, is going forward at three principal places—on the easterly side, near the Deerfield River, at the top, and on the west side. The shaft on the top is 317 feet deep, from the bottom of which the bore is extended east and west. The distance already drilled is about 1000 feet. Nitro glycerine is used in blasting, and found more effective than gunpowder. The progress made in the cut is from 14 to 24 feet per week. The total distance gained is more than a mile. Three miles of solid rock yet remain to be tunneled.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have reduced the tariff on messages 50 per cent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 23:

(VIENNA.)—The Vienna *Presse* of to-day says that Baron Von Beust is very likely to be the Foreign Minister.

(LONDON.)—Lord Clarendon is seriously ill.

October 25:

(BERLIN.)—The treaty between Prussia and Saxony has been fully ratified. Pursuant to its provisions Saxony is to pay ten million florins. The Army of Saxony has already been dissolved.

The Baden House of Deputies has rejected the proposed alliance with Prussia.

(PARIS.)—Rumors are current that changes in the French Cabinet are imminent. The threatened rupture is caused by the Emperor's insisting on the negotiation of a large loan.

It is now said that the French troops will leave Rome in December.

(VIENNA.)—Field-Marshal Benedek, of the Austrian army, has been placed on the retired list.

October 26:

(PARIS.)—The condition of the Empress Carlotta is described as being hopeless.

The Emperor Maximilian will probably return in the Austrian frigate which was recently dispatched from Trieste by the Emperor Francis Joseph.

It is said that twenty war steamers will leave for Mexico in November to bring home the entire French force now in that country.

October 27:

(LONDON.)—The project submitted by France and England to the Spanish Government for the settlement of the Chilian difficulty has been approved by the Queen and her Ministers.

(FLORENCE.)—An arrival from Candia states that another great battle took place on the 17th instant. The Greeks report that the Turkish army was repulsed.

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THE "GREAT EASTERN" PICKING UP THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE OF 1865.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

TESTING THE RECOVERED ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE OF 1865.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

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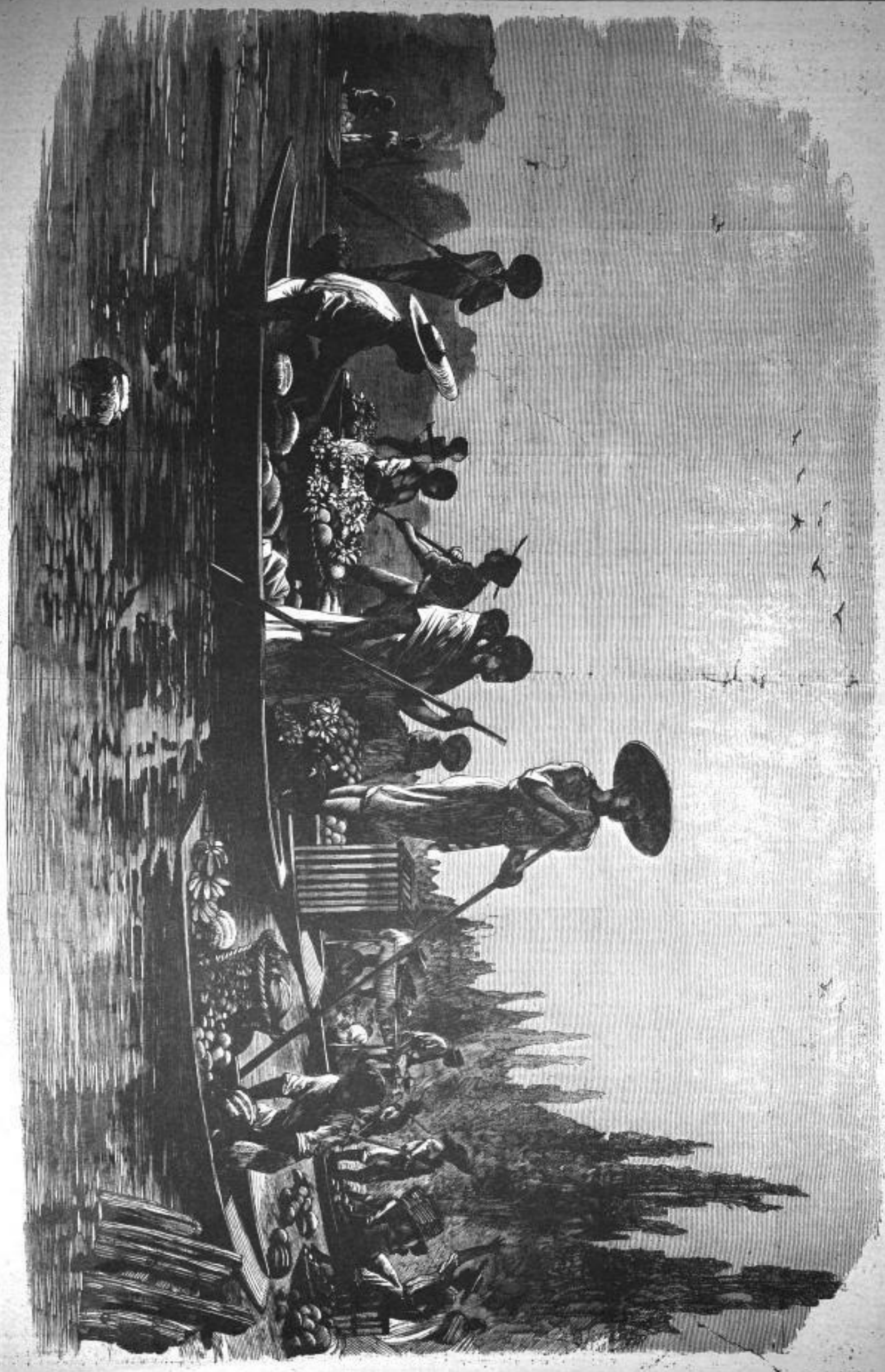

MEXICAN INDIANS BRINGING FLOWERS AND FRUITS TO MARKET BY THE CANAL FROM LAKE CHALCO.

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THE WIFFLES AGAIN;

OR, THE WAY OUT.

How to get out of it! That was the question with which Georgiana Wiffle occupied her days and nights. Perhaps you remember Miss Wiffle, mentioned in a late issue of *Harper's Weekly*, and the unprincipled stratagem by which she imposed on an unsuspecting druggist. I have been asked if she paid the druggist. Of course she did, and till that happy day arrived walked three blocks out of her way to avoid his corner. Meanwhile, as I have said, the Wiffles were ravening for a dinner, and went about broiling imaginary chops, and looking hungrily at empty platters and gridirons.

The Wiffles rented the upper half of a house. The lower part was occupied by Mrs. Kahn, the round, rosy wife of a grocer in prosperous circumstances. Mrs. Kahn broiled ham for breakfast, roasted chickens for dinner, and fried fish for supper, and these appetizing odors beset the Wiffles continually, and made their hunger more poignant. If Mrs. Kahn could ever have seen the Wiffles sitting down to their dry bread she would have found an excuse for sending more than the odors of her table up stairs; but Mrs. Kahn stood just a little in awe of the Wiffles, and in her wildest imaginings could never have figured those genteel women, so evidently ladies, as hungry. So she broiled and roasted and boiled, to their unspeakable aggravation, and set about cooking a beef-steak, unluckily, just as Miss Wiffle set herself about four little verses on the "Drift of Life."

Miss Wiffle had not even yet received the check for "At Low Tide;" but it is necessary to take editors as well as time by the forelock. As Georgiana commenced operations Mrs. Kahn commenced also below, trotting briskly about, and humming cheerily to herself as she laid the steak on the gridiron. It smelled so deliciously that Georgiana could not write a word. The Drift of Life is a fine subject, but you can not butter it, and pepper it, and turn it over, and move it about a little, that the fat may crisp and not brown; and Miss Wiffle knew as well what Mrs. Kahn was doing as if she had been clairvoyant. She tried to fix her attention on the slate, which served her for paper till she could buy foolscap. She wrote her title, "The Drift of Life," in large capitals, with a flourish under it, and, on second thoughts, added her *nom de plume*, May Lillian; and then, glancing up, found her sister Harriet looking at her.

"I declare," said Harriet, solemnly, and laying down her work, "it is almost more than I can bear! How can people eat continually?"

I have not detailed these circumstances with intention of offering an excuse for what Miss Wiffle did next. This is a photograph, not a fancy sketch, and I am responsible only for the accuracy of my statements, not for the moral make-up of my characters; neither do I believe that we have a right to make roaring lions of ourselves, and go about the world seeking whom we may devour. Suppose Miss Wiffle's butcher could have fathomed the guile under Miss Wiffle's quiet face! What would have been his opinion of his fellow-mortals from that time forward? Could the dinner thus procured for the starving Wiffles have balanced the butcher's loss of confidence in his race? He never guessed, honest man! that Miss Wiffle had left her pocket-book at home because there was nothing in it, and the confiding and friendly pat with which he shut down the cover of her little basket should have smote on her heart, only that druggist business had left her conscience a trifle crisp.

Mrs. Wiffle, however, stood aghast, and "I do believe it is hardening," declared Harriet.

"I presume it is," returned Georgiana, recklessly. "Put the steak on the fire, and I will take another turn at it," and down she went to Mrs. Kahn.

"Can you spare a little butter, Mrs. Kahn? When I was out I—"

"Dear heart, yes!" cried Mrs. Kahn, delighted, and so the Wiffles had a dinner.

That afternoon they were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement, for Mattie, watching for Georgiana, who had gone to the post-office, announced that she was coming back with a brown envelope, and that she had waved it as she turned the corner. Mrs. Wiffle peered out between the blinds, and then ran away to Harry's room, because, she said to herself, "if we are disappointed again I know I shall cry." Harriet sat down, trembling very much, and pretended to be surprised when Georgie opened the door. You see it is only people who lead monotonous lives who affect scenes and demonstrations. Those who deal familiarly with strong emotions slur them over with an affected indifference, and deaden them, as far as possible, by leaving them unuttered, or life would be past bearing; but Mattie, who was only a little minor, and not yet arrived at feeling, on her own account, burst into a clamorous shout of, "There, mother, I told you so; she has got it!" That brought Mrs. Wiffle from the bedroom. Then Georgiana drew out ten dollars in triumph, for the grocer had cashed the check in one-dollar notes, and piled them in an imposing manner on the table. Mrs. Wiffle began to reckon.

"One dollar and a half for the—"

"Dear me!" cried Harriet, petulantly, "why could you not let us feel rich for five minutes, mother?"

"One dollar and a half to the butcher," pursued Mrs. Wiffle, calmly; half a dollar for Harry's lemons and sugar, one dollar for the druggist; and, as we have to buy butter to repay Mrs. Kahn, and matches, and salt, we may as well call it four dollars."

"Four dollars from ten leaves six," put in Georgiana, sharply, as if something had hurt her. "We must lay aside at least two dollars for Harry."

"I thought I was to have shoes," observed Mattie.

"I met Miss Gregory yesterday, and she almost asked me for that fifty cents," added Harriet.

"I used our last flour yesterday," commenced Mrs. Wiffle, "and the coal—"

"We are in worse plight than before," interrupted Georgiana, sullenly. "I can not get the 'Drift of Life' in print, at the very best, before two weeks. Mrs. Duveyray will not return till next month, and there is no work yet. I stopped at the shop this morning. I can not get credit as I did before, or people will suspect. What are we to do? When people are unable to live in a groove, I suppose it is a clear indication that they are to get out of it. How are we to get out of it?"

Looking over this paragraph, I see that in the heat of writing I have dropped out a secret; a secret which I kept in reserve, because I was a little ashamed of it. There might be a show of gentility in the little poems, and the fine sewing for Mrs. Duveyray being very fine, and done very privately, was not wholly vulgar, though deplorable. As I proceed, however, I can not help saying to myself that I should have preferred to write a story that dealt entirely with the aristocracy, if I knew any thing of them; for even if I had not pronounced the words shop and work how am I to get on in a domestic history that reckons up the Wiffles to their last cent, unless I frankly admit at once that Georgiana earned on the average four dollars a week by sewing for a ladies' furnishing establishment, and so contrived to cover their rent and firing? And now that we understand each other, let us go back to the Wiffles discussing how to get out. Here are the methods discussed:

A Boarding-house.—Dismissed, because they had no furniture, no money to buy it, no money to pay the rent in advance, and no one who would act as security, or lend them money.

Teaching.—Dismissed, because they had no money to rent a room, buy its furniture, and advertise, while teachers in public schools must be graduates of the city schools, and the vacancies were to the applicants in the proportion of one to fifty.

Governessing.—Dismissed. Georgiana, as the prop of the family, could not be spared. Harriet, besides educational deficiencies, was equally indispensable for the domestic service, as Mrs. Wiffle was infirm and much of the time confined to her bed.

Other Branches of Samstressing.—Dismissed. Neither of the ladies understood mantua-making, or millinery, and Georgiana made as much money by her sewing and her verses as she could have done by operating on the machine.

Removing to the Country.—Dismissed. No money for moving expenses, and no work when there.

The trouble evidently was with that abstraction Fate, who had given a woman a man's responsibilities.

"What a pity that we could not freeze up for a few hundred years or so, and come out on better times, when somebody has made a place in the world for working-women," said Georgie, sighing. "If I were a young man, exactly as clever as I am now, there would be an opening for me in business, and a few years would see me a thriving merchant, or something of the sort, and the Wiffles family would take bread and butter as a matter of course, and not as a thing to be agonized about. Being women, we are doing the best possible now, and need hope for nothing better. I wonder how many butchers and grocers there are in the city. I shall be obliged to try them all, you know, in the course of time."

"Hush," said Mrs. Wiffle, "some one at the door!" and at this juncture came in Mr. Weltie.

You may not know Mr. Weltie, though he is a member of a firm in fair standing in Worth Street; but if you have a good-looking, unmarried, imperative daughter in your house, make no doubt that a man exactly similar visits her. He is a gentleman a little beyond thirty. You know all about him. Where he commenced business, and what he is worth, and you mention the last item with respect. He is a moderate man, inclined to safe, conservative views. He is fine friends with your little boy, and if he wanted any body in your family he would be quite welcome, always excepting the unreasonable Maria, to whom he offers a persistent devotion that she metaphorically tears in pieces and throws in his face, declaring, in answer to your remonstrances, "That if he does not like the treatment why does he come there, she should like to know?"

Why indeed! Not an unmarried neighbor of Georgiana Wiffle that did not indignantly ask that question concerning Mr. Weltie, partner in the firm of Weltie, Maple, & Co.—a man that owned his own house and his horses. They, the unmarried aforesaid, would not have turned their backs on Mr. Weltie, or scornfully refused his invitations, or talked over his head, or pretended to fall asleep, as one entirely worn-out by the length of his visits!

Now all these things Georgie did, and, notwithstanding, Mr. Weltie continued to adore Miss Wiffle.

Mrs. Wiffle rose at once to welcome Mr. Weltie. Georgiana started as if she had a shock.

"Does 'a way out' ever come walking in?" she asked Harriet, in a low voice. "We were looking for one, you know;" and rising, graciously offered the new-comer her hand. Harriet looked bewildered; so did Mr. Weltie. When had she condescended so far before? Several good openings for snubbing Mr. Weltie presented themselves, and when Georgiana passed them by Mrs. Wiffle began to look seriously at her daughter. Miss Wiffle looked seriously also, but not at any one in the company. She was taking a mental survey of their extreme and hopeless poverty. How was Mattie to be educated? Harry would always be ailing. Mrs. Wiffle grew daily more infirm. She had no prospect. She prospered as well as a woman without genius and friends had a right to expect. In fact Miss Wiffle had decided already, when she flashed out that quick question at Harriet, but she pretended with herself that it was still an open question, and asked herself should she take this way out, if life would be bearable with that man? She had her romance like other girls. Her dreams of a perfect love. Was she strong enough to put the romance and the dreams away under seal, and trust her own promise that the seal should never be broken?

Mr. Weltie did not know why Georgie looked at him, and was civil; but he was flattered that she was civil at all, and gathered courage to propose a walk. Mrs. Wiffle and Georgiana accepted the invitation, while Harriet staid at home with the children, and the elements were good to Mr. Weltie, and got up a shower of such proportions that the ladies, being near Mr. Weltie's house, were obliged to shelter there.

Bachelors' houses are apt to be damp and ghostly, and Mr. Weltie's house was no exception to the rule. Leave out the kitchen and his little library, and a more dispirited set of rooms, moped in linen and darkness, were never seen. But then, such a house! marble mantles, and Brussels carpets. And privately lifting one of the linen covers, Mrs. Wiffle ascertained that there was brocatelle beneath; while Mr. Weltie, bustling about for a slight collation, and apologizing for deficiencies, remarked that he kept his silver in the bank.

Hereupon, all unconsciously, Mrs. Wiffle looked at Georgie with an unconscious appeal in her careworn face that made the girl wince, and yet grew in complaisance toward the delighted Weltie.

When a young lady has already elected to be woo courtship becomes an easy matter. Mr. Weltie wooed Georgiana with bouquets and silks, with Delmonico's and Dodworth's, with much driving about in carriages, and continual arrival of costly packages in brown paper. The neighbors looked on enviously. The Wiffles beamed, though they were sorely embarrassed and driven to their wit's end for flour, coal, sugar, butter, and dinners generally, in the midst of Georgie's silks and jewel-cases; but there was a way out, for Georgie had told Mr. Weltie, with dignity, "that though she did not love him, she could respect him, and for the sake of her family was willing to marry him," and Mr. Weltie had eagerly taken her at her word. If Miss Wiffle shuddered, and thought about Stamboul, and Circassian girls, and hated the things Mr. Weltie brought her, and saw spots and stains on the whiteness of her bridal robes, no one else was troubled by such unpractical fancies. Mrs. Wiffle looked ten years younger. Harriet grew actually gay. Harry could go to the sea-shore, and Mattie rejoice in new shoes and frocks. A number of people, who had suddenly recollected the Wiffles, declared every where that Georgiana was a sensible girl, and would do well for herself. Shall we throw stones after their carriage, or bid them God-speed, and admit Georgie's excuse: "What other way was there out?"

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THE time occupied in the ride home had wrought no change in George's resolution; but it had shown him sufficient of the danger and perplexity of the course he had determined on to suggest some slight cautionary measure. He resolved, therefore, to proceed, without halting, straight to his own dwelling, where, admitted as usual by one of the male domestics, he would retire to his chamber or study, and enjoy a season of reflection, with the consolation, at all events, of being in a position still to exercise some liberty of choice. The idea of present security was thus yet dominant in George's mind, when the door at length opened.

"You have not hurried yourself, I hope," he began. But the fatal words were still on his lips when George became conscious that he was standing face to face with his portly cook!

The young man literally staggered, as if he had received a blow, and his face became deadly white. Collecting himself, however, he gave his horse to a groom, who came running up, and entered the house.

Mrs. Turnover, executing an apologetic bob, or courtesy, was beating a hasty retreat, when her master's voice recalled her.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Turnover, come with me a moment."

He went into a side apartment and sat down. His agitated face alarmed the cook.

"You're ill, I'm afeerd, Sir George. Shall I make you any thing? Cup o' tea: little drop o' sperrits?"

"Nothing. Sit down, if you please."

"Sir!"

"Sit down."

Mrs. Turnover obeyed.

"Tur—Mrs. Turnover, by-the-by, what is your other name? I forget," said her master.

"Barbary Hann, Sir."

"Barbara Ann," his voice trembled.

"Sir!" said the good lady, getting more and more uneasy.

"Barbara" (Mrs. Turnover started), "don't be surprised or annoyed at what you are about to hear."

"Certingly, Sir George," said the cook, getting up to courtesy, and subsiding again. "'Owever, if 'tis about the butter, I've—"

"It has no especial reference to butter, or any thing of that description," said her young master. "Barbara, I give you warning—"

"Warning, Sir!" ejaculated the cook, in consternation. "Whatever 'ave I done?"

"A warning, truly," said her master, with a dismal smile, "but not exactly to—no, Barbara, not to leave me. Listen. I am perfectly serious, perfectly resolved, and I shall presently require of you as serious and as resolved an answer to the perhaps unexpected question I am going to put to you. Without at present entering into fuller explanations, are—are you w—willing, Barbara, to—become—my—wife?"

Mrs. Turnover gave utterance to a slight scream, and leaned back in her chair, which creaked, sympathetically, as though exhorting the sitter to take heart. Her first idea was that Sir George had returned home in that peculiar condition, originally invented by the police, and defined in their reports as "been drinking"—that is, while not wholly deserving the jovial adjective "drunk," ripe for any of those little aberrations to which drinking leads. But, remembering his temperate habits, this idea speedily gave place to a worse—namely, that he had gone suddenly mad.

Now the good cook had both heard and read that the prevailing mode of dealing with lunacy at the present day involves a pretended coincidence in, and promotion of, any remarkable fancy. Demeaning herself accordingly, Mrs. Turnover, with a coolness and presence of mind that really astonished herself, returned a soothing answer.

"You're werry good, Sir George" (poor creeter!), "and a werry natural thing" (George started) "it were of you to wish for to give me such a nice little surprise. But—but I don't think you're quite your own quiet self this night. There, now, there! Don't, like a hexcellent gentleman, hexcite yourself. P'raps you're a bit flustered like, with riding so sharp home. You feels that, too," continued Mrs. Turnover, in persuasive accents, "and, at this werry individigial moment, I see you whisperin' to yourself—Barbary's right. I'll lay down for 'alf an hour, and 've a cup o' tea, and then enjoy any further conversation comfortably."

"Thank you," replied Sir George. "You're a kind-hearted creature, and you mean well. But, Mrs. Tur—that is, Barbara—understand, I pray, without more words, that I am as sane, as sober, and as heartily in earnest as ever I was in my life. Come, does that satisfy you?"

"O' course it do, Sir George. Unappy creeters! It's what they all says," added Mrs. Turnover, aside. "Never did I see a saner gentleman than him's a settin' there. In hearnest?—why, o' course you are. What was your Turnover's last words, Sir George, when sinking?"

"I don't remember—I never heard," said the baronet, absently. "Words?"

"'Put every confidence in the superior sex,' he sez. 'Trust 'em. They knows what they're about, and if they does mislead you, why, they're sometimes werry sorry, which makes,' he sez, 'all square.' Whereas, Sir George, I puts trust in you, and werry grateful feels for your kind preference," concluded Mrs. Turnover, rising as she spoke, in the hope of putting an end to the embarrassing conference.

"Listen to me, Turnover," said the young man, gravely. "On the supposition that I am mad, you affect to indulge what seems to you an extraordinary fancy, and to receive it as something perfectly natural; nay, to be expected! This is nonsense. Having taken the matter in its insane aspect, suppose you try it now in its reasonable one. Granted the step I propose to take is unusual, and may be judged of by the world in a manner not flattering to my self-esteem, there are reasons which outweigh such considerations. I once more distinctly place before you, Barbara Ann Turnover, heretofore my servant, the opportunity of becoming my wife."

"I thought I should ha' dropped," said Mrs. Turnover, subsequently, "when, repeating it so steadfast, as though actually eating the banns, master putt out his hand, kivered with rings, and smiled as sweet as a angel. While I were hesitating and wiping my head on my apron he came forward, impatient, and said: 'Come, my good Barbara, I have giv' you a unfair surprise. Go now, for the present, and think over what I have proposed. I don't require you for to kip it,' he sez, 'anyways secret. You will let me know to-morrow morning—yes, to-morrow—to-morrow—' His voice got choky like, and he sot hisself down again, kivering his white face with his hands. 'Which I courtesied,' concluded Mrs. Turnover, "and, upset as I were, didn't I go, as fast as ever I walked in my life! But I didn't get no further than the staircase, for there I stumed to forgit whear I was, and all about it."

George had raised his eyes in time to witness that precipitate movement of retreat Mrs. Turnover has herself described. It recalled so vividly the action of a frightened goose that he could not repress a bitter smile.

"She will do justice to the name in one particular at least!" he muttered.

He was in the act of rising to go to his chamber, when a loud, singular sound, such as, if a pony ever uttered an audible laugh, might be produced by that animal, echoed from the staircase, followed by a wail and sobs so unmistakably human that the young man rushed out to inquire their source, and beheld the poor cook on the upper steps in high hysterics. Before he could summon assistance the distressful accents had reached other ears, for somebody—it was a young person George had never before seen—came bounding from an adjacent apartment to the rescue. For a second their eyes met. George had only time to note that the face, though somewhat haughty in expression, was of singular beauty, and further, that a crimson flush mounted, unnecessarily as it seemed, to the stranger's brow, when other help arrived, and the young master of the house discreetly withdrew.

"What noble features! and, by Jove! what a complexion!" was his comment. "That blush alone was perfection. Ah, nature, who can paint like thee? Who is the girl, I wonder? Not of these parts, surely. No servant, I am sure. Perhaps a seamstress of Ulra's. Perhaps—"

He fell into a strange reverie, standing so long with one boot off and leaning on a chair that he positively started when, rousing himself, he looked at his watch. Night was coming on, a fact of which he was further apprised by the appearance of Mr. Fanshaw, the butler, bringing candles, and a request to know if he would be pleased to take dinner.

Sir George declined the superior meal, but ordered coffee to be brought to his room, and prepared to write. Thereupon Mr. Fanshaw, after a slight and purposeless beat about the room, and a wistful but stealthy look at his master, withdrew.

George had caught the look in his mirror.

"They all know it, then, by this time!" was his correct conclusion.

When Mr. Fanshaw reappeared with the coffee George forced himself to inquire for Mrs. Turnover.

Either the good lady anticipated the query, or Mr. Fanshaw was good at improvisation, for he at once replied:

"Mrs. Turnover's duty, Sir George; she 'are laid down for a few minutes, Sir George, and feels quite charmin', Sir George."

The suitor uttered something between a cough and a groan, and turned steadily to his writing.

He was occupied with one letter full half an hour. The pen traveled swiftly, but the journey was apparently in vain, for at the end of several pages George suddenly stopped, glanced back hastily at what he had written, and tore the whole to atoms.

"To her, to-morrow," he muttered. "To-night I am distraught. Poor Clara!"

Poor George! may be added. For it is no easy matter to communicate in an entirely satisfactory manner, to the most attached of sisters (especially if she be the wife of a haughty earl) that you are about to be affianced to your cook.

"It is too late for the post, I suppose?" said George to the butler, who entered at this moment.

"Not if 'tis sent immediately, Sir George," was the reply. "Dawes can take it at once, Sir George; he's at the stable gate now, Sir George, with the dog-cart, Sir George."

"The dog-cart? Why?"

"Going to take Miss Esther, Sir George."

"Who is Miss Esther?"

"Miss Vann, Sir George. Mrs. Turnover's niece, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw, promptly.

"Mr. Dawes does not consider it necessary to await my orders, it would seem," said the young baronet, with unwonted tartness. "Be good enough to desire

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him to put up the dog-cart instantly. I have no letters to-night."

"And, and the young la—, person, Sir George? 'Tis too far for such a girl to walk at night, and all alone, Sir George."

"Who wants her to walk? She can sleep here if she chooses."

Mr. Fanshaw quitted the room.

"Not badly managed," thought George. "Two things gained. I must keep down this disposition in my household to treat me as they please. This will be more than ever necessary now. And I shall perhaps also see how the morning roses bloom. How pretty she was!"

The butler reappeared.

"I beg pardon, Sir George; Mrs. Turnover is quite agreeable, Sir George; but Miss Esther herself insists on walking home, Sir George, nor we can't prevent her, Sir George."

"Present my compliments to Miss—what name did you say?—Esther—and request her, as a favor, not to put me to the pain of sending a lady from Gosling Grange, even in a carriage, at this hour of the night, when twenty chambers are at her disposal. Dawson will receive her orders in the morning, at any hour she pleases."

"Yes, Sir George, very good, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw, evidently approving the amended message, and went his way.

George thought of Mildred till he went to sleep. A revulsion then occurred, and slumber, which has a tyranny of its own, decreed, and somehow contrived, that he should dream of Esther Vane.

CHAPTER IV.

In the mean time there had been proceeding, in the apartment occupied by Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, a grand council, or divan. Stretched upon a couch (for she was, as has been stated, a victim to rheumatism), Mrs. Mapes, excited by the astounding intelligence which had reached her, looked less like an invalid than might have been expected, and took an ample share in the deliberations. Truth to say, these were almost exclusively of a conjectural character, and had reference to the enigma present to every mind, and expressing itself there, in the simple terms "how ever master can mean to make such a fool of hisself as this comes to!"

The heroine of that eventful day—Mrs. Turnover herself—was seated in a chair of state, close beside the presidential couch, surrounded by her admiring, not to say wondering, friends, while Esther sat apart, pale, sad, bewildered, hardly able to believe that what she saw and heard was not a foolish dream. Compelled to yield to Sir George's proposition, she was content to let it be thought that the restraint put upon her movements had slightly affected her temper, and made her disinclined to take part in the debate.

"And you are *sure*, my dear soul, he ain't mad?" said Mrs. Mapes, affectionately (for she didn't like her), placing her hand on the podgy paw of Mrs. Turnover.

Some hours, it will be remembered, had now elapsed since Sir George's return, and the observant reader, aware how readily the human mind adapts itself to the most unexpected contingencies, will not be surprised to learn that Mrs. Turnover began to be a little annoyed at the circumstance of every body at once jumping to the conclusion that nothing short of insanity could explain their master's choice. She therefore replied with a little acerbity, that he might have been mad, for aught she knew; but, at the same time, he evidently know'd well enough what he was a doing on.

"Don't be angry, my dear creature," said the mild housekeeper. "We don't think it strange, we that know your value, that you should have a handsome offer. But master's seen so little of you, so very little, hasn't he? What ever can be his reason?"

"To be sure, he've seen a good deal more of you," retorted Mrs. Turnover. "But it don't seem to have made any difference, in a matrimonial pint o' view."

"He might have heard what a heartless creetur you be," said Gertrude, going in betimes for serious flattery.

"It's not a suddling thing," remarked the laundry-maid. "Depend upon it, this has been a long time shimmering in his mind. He wanted to be quite sure of his feelins. It's eckard, when a man see slap he loves you, and then finds he don't. That's why master was so long speakling out."

"Well, at all events he done it effectually at last," said Mrs. Turnover, hardly knowing whether the last speech could be taken in a complimentary sense or not.

"There's no gneesin' o' men. They hides their feelins so," said Gertrude, who squinted, had a snub nose, and from whom mankind in general had managed to conceal their feelings most successfully.

"Did you notice any sintims of affection at bedd times, such as when he was a-bordering dinner, or paying your wages, and that, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Fanshaw, whose presence in the lady's room was tolerated in consideration of the importance of the occasion, and on condition that he did not sit down. "Come! did he never make no excuse for to squeedge your hand?"

"I—I don't remember as he ever did—no, I am positive he never did," said Mrs. Turnover, after due reflection.

"Or was you ever sittin' by him permiscus any wheres, when he's nudged you, or pinched your bel-bo?" pursued Mr. Fanshaw, whose ideas of wooing seemed exclusively muscular.

"Never," said the lady.

"Praps he's heard as you're 'titled to some money!" suggested a voice in the distance. But this spiteful idea was scouted.

"It ain't hardly be my figger," said the cook, frankly. "N' more it couldn't be my face, for I've changed a bit since Turnover first kep company with me at Habbot's Haen. I were pretty then."

"Why, what alre you now, ma'am?" put in the unblushing Gertrude. "Look at your heye, and your 'air. I've heard tell it used to be sot upon."

"Law!" said Mr. Fanshaw. "Is that good for the hair?"

"Turnover was as proud as a peacock of my curls, just as if they was his own," said his relict, with a sigh. "His last words to me, huttered just as his voice was failing, was these: 'Barbary,' he see, 'give me some drops.' We giv' 'em. Then he goes on, 'French is good 'air, specially for middle-aged frosts and puffers. North German makes good working wigs; but Swish is best of all,' he see. 'I've paid,' he see, graspin' my hand, 'as much as three pound seven, ay, and three pound twelve, for Swish light brown, after baking. But into any thing like pomes, for substance, glosh, and fibre, I never yet did put a numb!—Adoo.'"

"Well now, to business," said Mrs. Mapes. "What shall you say, my dear? Of *course*, if master's offer's serious, you accept it. The only question then is, is it serious?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is," said Mrs. Turnover, resolutely. "Make yourself quite easy as to that. When a gentleman asks you in plain words whether you'll be his wife, I suppose he means to ask whether his wife you will be."

Mrs. Mapes admitted that the phrase might be regarded as convertible; but, as a final conjecture, would submit to the general suffrage, whether it were not possible that the young master's desire to retain permanently near him a person so skilled in her peculiar vocation was the real motive of his choice.

Mrs. Turnover thought within herself that the object might have been attained on somewhat cheaper conditions; but she made no reply.

"Well, *I* always fancied there was some one else master fancied," said the housekeeper.

"You mean—hum—down there, the Hale," said Mr. Fanshaw, darkly.

Mrs. Mapes nodded. Esther suddenly felt herself becoming interested in the conversation; but it was not pursued in this direction, and, feeling weary, she bade the party good-night, reminding them that she had to be stirring early.

"Master's made a mistake," said Mr. Fanshaw, in an undertone to the housekeeper, during the little movement caused by Esther's exit, "and took the wrong number of the family!"

Mrs. Mapes smiled, and the council, too much interested in their subject to think of separating at present, returned to the discussion.

"Don't you feel all in a twitter, ma'am?" inquired Dolly.

Mrs. Turnover responded to the effect that "twitter" time was past, and all she was conscious of was a sort of heavy settlin' down.

It occurred to some of the circle that this state of things would shortly become more applicable to the other party to the projected alliance.

It being now universally assumed that Sir George's suit was to receive a favorable answer, the next consideration was *how* it should be conveyed; and on this point Mrs. Turnover, after a little coquetting, frankly avowed herself at fault, and invited co-operation.

"*I* should do it respectful but cordiwal," said Mr. Fanshaw.

Assent, qualified by an unspoken impression that, on such a subject, Mr. Fanshaw should have permitted the ladies to speak first.

"Pop upon him when he leaves his room," proposed Gertrude. "He'd take it kind."

"I think I wouldn't be so forward," said the housekeeper.

"Send word you couldn't come for orders about dinner, being that you was hupset," said Dolly.

"I think I wouldn't be too backward," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Meet him promiscus, and say you've loved him these twelve long year, and is it come to this?" was the daring counsel of Martha, the kitchen-maid.

"I won't do nothin' o' the sort," said the honest-hearted cook, indignantly. "Besides, a precious fool you'd make me out to be, spoonin' on a little boy in full-down collars! Catch me saying it."

"You must give master his answer, child," said Mrs. Mapes, in full enjoyment of the difficulty. "Come, now, rouse yourself, and think about what you're to say."

"I won't say nothin'," said the cook; "I'll—I'll write."

But this craven resolution was received as it deserved, with manifest disfavor. Nevertheless the lady was firm. She would reply by letter.

"And slip it under his door," was one suggestion.

"Or pin it on the breakfast 'an," was another.

"Or lay it in a hopen tart," was a third.

It seemed that the idea of sending such a letter in the ordinary way was not to be dreamed of.

"Well, now, about the letter," said Mrs. Mapes, settling herself comfortably. "I suppose you don't want any assistance there."

(In other words, "I know we shall have to do it for you; so now for some fun!")

Mrs. Turnover declared that she would be greatly obliged for any suggestions.

"The last words Turnover *was* to me, so as to be understood distinct," added the good lady, deliberately, "was these: 'Never, Barbary, never be above hearing advice that's freely offered. The best of that sort generally is, that you needn't follier it. Adoo!'"

Far from being deterred by this last qualification, the council plunged at once into the discussion, and a consultation ensued, in which every body, except Mr. Fanshaw, took part at the same moment. That gentleman, remarking that the subject was becoming delicate, took his departure.

Numerous were the forms of love-letters adduced as precedents, and many interesting quotations—chiefly, it would seem, derived from valentines—imparted a poetic character to the debate. But none of these exactly hit the point. It is not every day that a young baronet of ancient lineage, aged twenty-five, proposes to his cook, of fifty.

"This will never do," said the lady-president, getting rather weary of the bootless clamor. "Suppose I write down what each or any one has to propose, and we can correct the letter afterward."

The proposition was adopted. Paper and ink were produced, and Mrs. Mapes, whose right hand was fortunately effective, commenced the epistle thus:

"'Honored Sir—'"

"I don't know about 'honored!'" said Mrs. Turnover. "Don't it read distant?"

"I thought we were to write the letter first," said the housekeeper. "Now, then—'Honored Sir—'"

"'Being as you wished an immediate answer,'" suggested Gertrude, and stopped, exhausted.

"'To your unsum proposial,'" said Dolly, rushing to the rescue.

"'Made to your unble servant, Barbary Hann Turnover,'" prompted Martha.

"That'll do capital!" cried Mrs. Turnover, thinking the letter finished. "Who's got a seal?"

"I don't think that would satisfy any body," said Mrs. Mapes. "Do you accept, or don't you?"

"'Which,'" said the lady chiefly interested, making a great effort—"'which, if you rally think it's for your 'appiness—'"

"'Happiness'—yes?" said the lady-president.

"'Why, you know best,'" said the laundry-maid, timidly.

Mrs. Turnover nodded approval.

"Shouldn't you add something about not being fully prepared—you know, unexpected—that sort of thing?" asked the housekeeper.

"'Took by surprise,'" resumed the inexhaustible Dolly.

"'In my hapron and all,'" put in Mrs. Turnover.

"'I might have sinmed—have sinmed,'" said Gertrude, and again collapsed.

"'More cooler,'" suggested Martha.

"'Than orkenstances required,'" said the laundry-maid, timidly interrogative.

"'But, for the future, you sha'n't—you sha'n't—have no—no—'" hesitated Dolly.

"'No call to complain,'" said Mrs. Turnover, desperately. "There, that'll do. I signs it."

"Oh, Mrs. Turnover, ma'am, there's something forgot," said Dolly.

"Forgot?"

"They usually, so they tells me" (Dolly blushed), "sends a lock of 'air."

"Bless my heart, do they?" cried the lady.

"Yes, and yours is so beautiful thick! Let me cut off a bit. There, don't be shy, ma'am," said Gertrude, playfully.

"Well, here, hundernealth, wheer it ain't so gray," said Mrs. Turnover, hitching up her cap.

An iron-gray lock being presently secured and tied—to avoid dangerous contrasts—with white thread.

"Now, listen," said the lady in the chair; "here's the letter." She had made some improvements in the spelling, but retained the sense intact:

"'Honoured Sir,—Being as you wished an immediate answer to your handsome proposal made to your humble servant, Barbara Ann Turnover, which, if you really think it's for your happiness, why, you know best. Took by surprise, in my apron and all, I might have seemed more cooler than circumstances required; but, for the future, you sha'n't have no call to complain.

"'Yours to command,

"'BARBARA ANN TURNOVER.'"

"Well," concluded Mrs. Mapes, "will it do?"

"I don't like 'honored Sir,'" said Mrs. Turnover, returning to her former criticism. "It reads cold, and besides, ma'am, he didn't ask for an immediate answer, nor I never said he did."

"Very good, my dear. I cut that out," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Now she needn't put her name there, since 'tis signed at the end," remarked Dolly.

"That's out," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Now, ain't this rayther queer; 'if you rally thinks it's for your happiness, ansetterer,'" said Gertrude. "O' course it's for his happiness, and o' course he know'd it so to be. 'If' sounds hunbelieving."

"Truly, ma'am," said Mrs. Turnover.

"That's out," said the lady with the pen.

"Mrs. Turnover, ma'am," said the laundry-maid, humbly, "I ask for information. Don't it seem as if 'took by surprise' meant to reproge him?"

"Good gracious, child! Reproach! Not for any sake!" exclaimed the lady, much disturbed. "Out with it, please, ma'am, quick!"

"It's out," replied the president. "Now about 'the future?'"

"If I were Mrs. Turnover, little enough I'd promige about that," said Dolly, darkly. "Past yet see how he beyaves himself."

"Perhaps you're right, child," said the cook. "The very last horrible words poor Tur—"

"There, that's out," interrupted Mrs. Mapes, and she laid down the pen.

"Go on, if you please, 'm," said Mrs. Turnover.

"That's all."

"Why, bless me! what's gone of the letter?" ejaculated Mrs. Turnover, looking at the document in some dismay.

"There's nothing left but 'yours to command,' the name, and the hair," said Mrs. Mapes.

There was a subdued giggle in the assembly at this unexpected result of their labors, but Mrs. Mapes, who was becoming sleepy, comforted them with the assurance that nothing in the world could be better than what still remained. The hair, and the "yours to command," at once ascertained that the offer was accepted, and that Mrs. Turnover purposed to be a dutiful spouse.

This appearing satisfactory, thanks were presented to Mrs. Mapes for her "able conduct in the chair," and the council separated to their respective apartments, leaving Gosling Grange under the guardianship of the ever wakeful ancestors, who frowned and smirked below.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In an article which recently appeared in one of our daily journals it was stated that last year, during the "ball season," at least one thousand balls were given in New York city; and that it was probable the number would reach twice hundred during the five regular months of the coming season. This is exclusive of the innumerable soirees, private parties, and other convivial gatherings where dancing is practiced. It was also estimated that an average of one hundred and fifty persons would attend each one of those balls; giving a total of 150,000 persons. An additional estimate was made something as follows: that if, out of the above number, 20,000 gentlemen attire themselves as fashion dictates, and attend half a dozen of those balls, their expenditures would amount to the enormous sum of $5,700,000; and if but 5000 ladies expend on their ball-dress what would be regarded as a reasonable average by many fashionable ladies, we should have an additional sum of $1,450,000. This gives a grand total of $7,125,000—an amount sufficient to build more than 3500 comfortable houses for the poor, at $2000 each, or to supply something like 20,000 poor families with food and fuel during the dancing season!

Whether such considerations as these will have the effect to turn any of the above-mentioned seven millions into benevolent channels, or whether any of the 150,000 dancers will wisely conclude that all species of gymnastics are more healthfully practiced at other times than at the "wee short" hours of night, we can not say. We trust, however, that a recent revolution in fashions, just reported from Paris, will prove a financial advantage—and that ladies will be content with the diminished quantity of material put into ball-dresses, and not be foolishly ambitious to add the cost of the formerly fashionable trains to some other portion of their dress.

We are forgetting, by-the-way, to enlarge upon the latest fashions—a matter we had in mind on first taking our pen. For the question of dress is a very perplexing one; and though an unfortunately large number devote undue care and thought to the subject, there are many who desire to bestow upon personal adornment only such attention as is fit and proper. Both classes, however, wish to keep somewhat "posted up" in regard to the changes of fashion.

The Paris journals state that the Court dress-maker has actually made ball-dresses with short skirts—a great innovation, since trains have so long been regarded as essential to a fashionable evening toilet. It is said that the Empress wishes trains to be worn on all ceremonious occasions; but that she will encourage short skirts for dancing as trains are so inconvenient.

This shortening of ball-dresses will probably lead to the same operation with dinner-dresses and evening toilets of all descriptions. Trained skirts in the streets are now absolutely suppressed in Paris.

Turkish skirts are now made very simply; they have either a plain ruche or three narrow quilled flounces round the edge. A pretty addition to an evening dress is a basque cut out round the edge in six scollops. This basque is entirely closed in front, and is trimmed with buttons; it is usually made in some heavy material, and particularly in velvet. Black and white lace peplums are intended to be worn over rich silk, satin, and velvet evening dresses. Sleeves are very short in evening dresses, but bodices are not cut so low as they were a few months ago.

Paletots for the approaching winter season are all lined, even cloth ones; consequently thick cloths are not used. Young girls will wear out of doors exceedingly short velvet casques—indeed so short that they look nothing more than house-jackets. They are trimmed either with bead braid or fringe, and they never fail to have the long reins or streamers appended to the back.

A graceful style of arranging the hair for evening is formed with four small rolled headdresses which taper one above the other, and leave the ears perfectly uncovered; in order to separate these small headdresses, either a narrow gold cord, or an equally narrow velvet ribbon of some bright and becoming color is used; the *chignon* is a row of thick curls pinned up at the ends, which is covered with a fine net made either of gold, silver, or hair. A bow of velvet with long flowing ends is added at the top of the *chignon*, but if gold cord has been used to separate the headdresses, then gold cord and tassels are substituted for the velvet bow.

The Commissioner of Statistics in the State of Ohio reports that the number of marriages for the year ending July 1, 1866, is full twenty per cent. above that in any previous year, making the aggregate increase in the State six thousand over any previous year. This is a pretty decided indication that the young men who served in our army were wearied with excitement and the loss of home comforts, and desired when they were discharged from service to possess a home of their own.

A Washington journal records a climax of "matrimonial coincidences." A short time ago a gentleman residing in Philadelphia celebrated his "golden wedding," his eldest daughter's "silver wedding," and at the same time the wedding of his youngest daughter. Relatives were present from Indiana, Ohio, and Germany. Such a triple celebration is truly remarkable.

An exchange, in comparing the children of nowadays with those of olden times, speaks of our first parents in the following antique strain:

"We talk about Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very 'happy condition,' but one thing they missed—they were never children. Adam never played marbles. He never played 'hockey.' He never drove tandem of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond, or played 'hall,' or rode down hill on a hand-sled. And Eve—she never made a play-house; she never took tea with another little girl from the tea-table set out with the tea-things. She never rolled a hoop, or jumped the rope, or pieced a baby-quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played 'blind-man's buff,' or 'puss wants a corner,' or 'hurly-burly,' or any of the games with which childhood disports itself. How black their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came welling up in their hearts."

The following extract from an English letter will afford food for thought to many a person who has searched vainly through this great city for a nice clean place where a good dinner can be served at a trifling cost; and, moreover, this same extract might be easily "digested" by some benevolent individual in this country.

"A man of benevolence and wealth in Glasgow has opened a large number of establishments where meals, simple but sufficient, are provided at a very small cost—breakfast for seven cents, and dinner for—well, wait till I tell you. I entered, determined to make actual trial of the ordinary bill of fare prepared for the working-man, paid my money for the usual plain dinner, and sat down to a little table. The dinner instantly laid before me consisted of three courses. Course first—A bowl of pea-soup, well made and hot, which I ate with good relish, being fond of the dish. Course second—Corned beef and three mealy potatoes. The beef was tender and not too salt, and the potatoes just as they should be. Course third—Plum-pudding, sauce and toothsome, plentiful in raisins, without being heavy. There was a dinner not to be despised by any hearty man, and it cost just nine cents. So much for purchasing and cooking food in large quantities. The proprietor manages to make his outlay return him the ordinary interest on his money."

A California paper, in commenting upon the great temptation to profanity in that country, gives the following incident:

"An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning this talk, anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soapsuds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath and the taste of soap, which together produced the desired result."

By all means go to the Paris Exhibition; especially if you like chocolate. The latest announcement is that one "kiosk," whatever that may be, will be "wholly devoted" to chocolate. In the centre will be the cacao-tree. A person thoroughly understanding the subject will explain the process of gathering the bean, of drying, and of preparing it. Another will enlighten the ignorant as to how it is crushed, pounded, and mixed with sugar and flavoring condiments. Making bonbons and tablets will be done by machines in constant work; and, finally, visitors will be enabled to appreciate the merit of the system employed by imbibing cups of chocolate, which will be handed around by young women. We deem it a matter of importance to have that chocolate carefully tested, and its merits made public; therefore we shall try it—if a cup is handed to us!

Among the curious discoveries of modern times is one which has just been made in Milan. It seems that in one of the faubourgs of that city was a statue of St. Madeleine, which, from time immemorial, miraculously poured its tears on infidels and heretics. After the success of the Italian revolution it wept copiously. But at length it happened that the venerated monument needed repairs, and it was necessary to remove the statue, when, behold, it was found to contain a little reservoir of water, which was heated by means of a furnace concealed in the base. The water, in evaporating, rose to the head of the statue, where it condensed and reached to two little tubes of the eyes, when it escaped and ran drop by drop over the cheeks. A very ingenious arrangement that! We wonder if some contrivance for weeping by steam could not be introduced into society generally. It would be a great convenience sometimes to ladies who depend on tears to move hard-hearted papas or miserly husbands.

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THE INTERNATIONAL SUSPENSION BRIDGE, TWO MILES BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.—Photographed by Rockwood & Co., [illegible] Broadway, New York.—[See Page 718.]

RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE GENESEE RIVER AT PORTAGE, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Rockwood & Co.—[See Page 718.]

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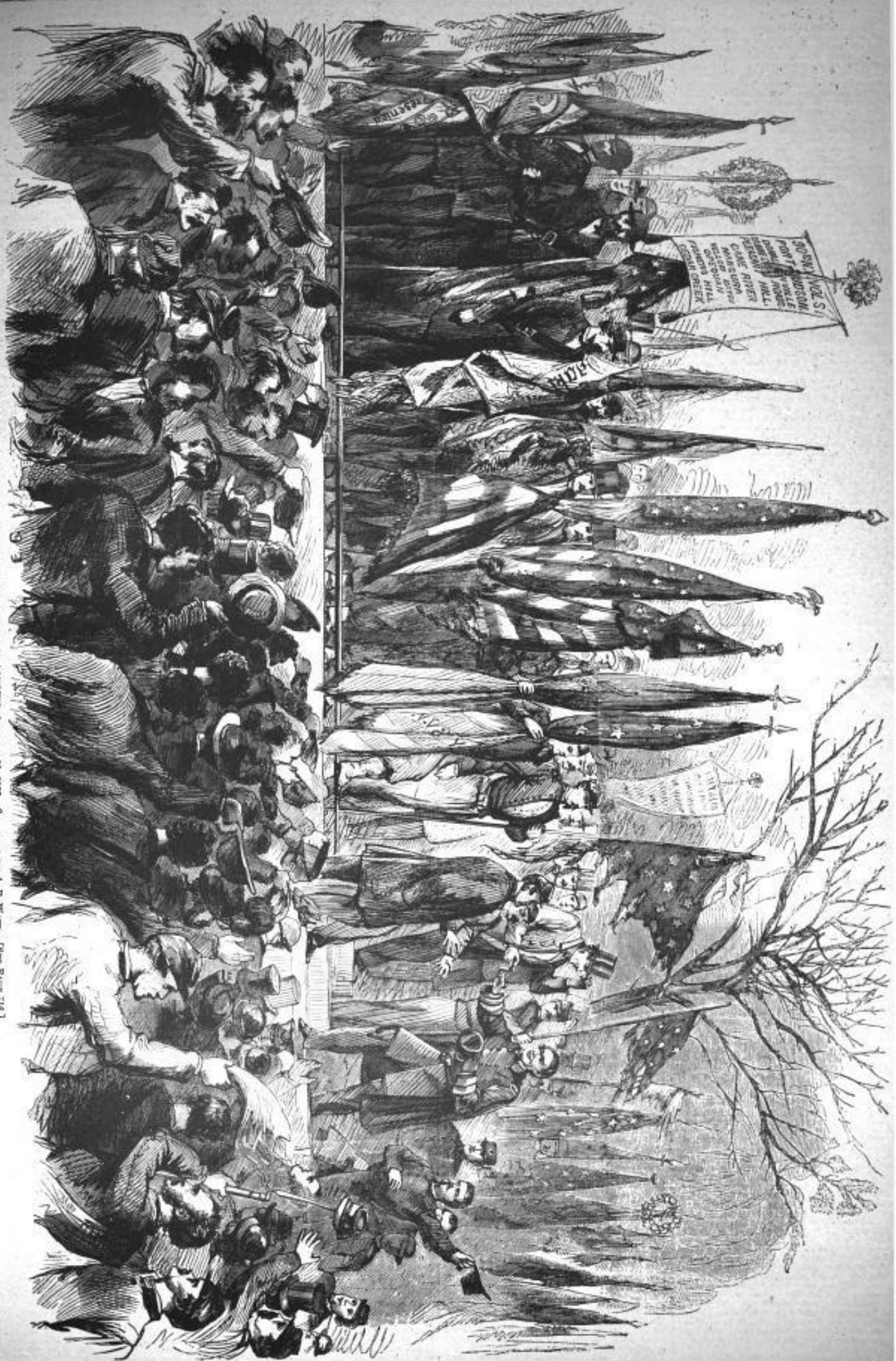

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO THE VETERANS OF BROOKLYN, OCTOBER 25, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. B. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 716.]

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ESTELLE.

I.

MY mother died when I was very young, and after her death, my father having no settled home, I was sent to receive my education in a convent, where I remained almost entirely till I was seventeen. My life there was, on the whole, a very happy one, for, if I knew little of the pleasures of the outside world, I knew also little of its sorrows. I was very fond of the sisters, and had several bosom friends, "girl like," among the pupils. It was rather dull during the holidays, as very often I was the only one who had no home to which I might go, and I was left entirely alone with the sisters; but they were so kind, that, although years have elapsed since then, I always recall with pleasure that period of my life.

My father died unexpectedly when I was about seventeen, and, as my education was then considered finished, I went to live with my aunt, Mrs. Verecroft, who was my father's sister. My Aunt Verecroft was a widow, and she had only one child, my Cousin Estelle. Estelle was then, I fancy, about five or six-and-twenty, very beautiful, with large flashing dark eyes, dark hair, tall and well developed, with the air and carriage of a princess.

I felt very lonely the first night I arrived at Gundringham, a large old-fashioned house, situated in one of the midland counties. It was built in red brick with deep mullioned windows, and was surrounded by a richly wooded park, with a river winding away in the distance, forming altogether a pretty landscape. My aunt, who seemed to be a very gentle, quiet woman, received me most kindly, but my Cousin Estelle, after the first salutations were over, scarcely noticed me at all. I think she looked upon me as a child, and I dare say I appeared to be one to her, and being quite fair, with blue eyes, and altogether petite, I fancy I looked younger than I really was: at all events, I overheard her saying that I might, perhaps, be considered pretty, but I seemed more babyish in looks and manners than even my years warranted, which she supposed was the result of my convent education.

There was one other person whom I must not omit to mention, as he made up the family party at Gundringham, although he was not there when I arrived, and this was Cousin Geoffrey. He was no relation to us really, being a cousin of my aunt's husband, Mr. Verecroft, but he was always called Cousin Geoffrey, so I fell into that way of addressing him quite naturally with the rest. He was not supposed to live with them, my aunt told me, but that he was constantly there, and that at her death the property would become his, as it was strictly entailed, and he was the next heir.

I was very glad when Cousin Geoffrey did come, for Estelle hardly took any notice of me, and my aunt was a great deal in her own room, and even when she was not she sat quite quietly in an arm-chair working or reading a book. The real management of every thing seemed to fall to Estelle, and I think in her heart my aunt would have been afraid to interfere. Cousin Geoffrey took quite a load off me the first day he arrived. He was about seven-and-twenty, tall, and very good-looking, with a certain careless freedom of manner that seemed to oblige people to let him have his own way whether they would or no: even Estelle was different to him. I did not know what power he had over her, but he certainly influenced her as I did not think any one could have done, and she deferred to his opinions and consulted his wishes in a manner that surprised me; and she was softer, too, in her manner to him than any one else, and I noticed her eyes would follow him when she thought no one observed her. Cousin Geoffrey was very kind to me; he helped me to arrange my collection of wild flowers, and sometimes he took me out walking, and he never on any occasion seemed to overlook me as the others did.

There was a good deal more bustle at Gundringham after his arrival, and to me, who had lived so quietly all my life, it seemed an endless round of gayety; but I suppose it only seemed so, for I heard Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey saying it was very stupid, and they hoped something would happen soon to enliven them. Some guest or another dined nearly every day, and, as I seldom talked myself, I enjoyed listening to the conversation about the neighborhood and whatever happened to be going on. I don't think any one thought about me at all. I had a high white dress, so I put it on every day for dinner, though I was not told to do so. Estelle was always most beautifully dressed herself, and appeared to be very much admired, but somehow I fancied she cared more about Cousin Geoffrey's opinion than any one else's.

She and Cousin Geoffrey used to go out riding. Estelle looked particularly attractive on horseback; the tight-fitting habit showed her figure, and she rode exceedingly well, and after those rides it struck me that she always came back looking bright and happy. My aunt said they had been brought up together, she and Cousin Geoffrey, so that naturally they liked each other's society; at all events, they seemed very intimate.

About a fortnight after Cousin Geoffrey's arrival my aunt asked me if I should like to go to a ball, as there was to be one given in the neighborhood, and that they were invited. I hardly knew what to say. Estelle, I thought, looked as if she did not want me to accept, but it was finally settled by Cousin Geoffrey, who said, decisively, that of course I was to be introduced some day or another, and that this was a very good opportunity; and so it was arranged. A few days after we drove into Allington, a town about five miles off, for Estelle to select dresses. Cousin Geoffrey went with us, but declined going into the milliner's, saying, gayly, that he hated seeing the raw materials, and that he could only judge of the effect when the things were worn. We watched his handsome face and figure going leisurely down the street, and then we went in by ourselves to Madame Mackenzie's. The milliner seemed to know Estelle, and I felt quite bewildered by all the lovely things she drew out of cupboards and boxes for her inspection. After a great deal of talking and choosing, a pink silk with white lace was settled upon, and Estelle was leaving the shop without even remembering me at all, when I ventured to ask if I was not to have a dress also. So she stopped, and told Madame Mackenzie, hurriedly, to make me something—whatever she liked, only it was to be white, and quite plain. When my dress did come home, I thought it looked very pretty, although it was only white tarlatan, and I felt quite childishly anxious to put it on, as I had never worn a low dress before.

At last the night of the ball arrived, and at about eight o'clock I went up stairs and plaited my hair quite simply, as usual, and then rang to have my dress fastened, as I found that I could not do it for myself. Both my aunt's and Estelle's maids were engaged, so one of the other servants very kindly offered to do her best, and succeeded, with some difficulty on her part and a good deal of patience on mine. I had no ornaments, except a string of pearls for my neck, which had belonged to my mother; but I was rather pleasantly surprised at my own appearance in the looking-glass.

Just as I was thinking of going down stairs a knock came to my door, and a hand put down upon a table close by it a beautiful bouquet and one large white rose. It was Cousin Geoffrey's hand, and a voice said, "The rose is for your hair;" but before I had time to speak the door had shut again, and he was gone. I took up the rose. I don't think I have ever seen such a rose since, and the perfume of it lingers in my memory still. I felt my fingers tremble with pleasure as I fastened it in my hair, at the thought that I was not forgotten after all.

When I went down my aunt said we were late, and that Cousin Geoffrey had gone on. We waited some time for Estelle, who presently sent a message, desiring us to get into the carriage, as she was coming immediately. How beautiful Estelle looked that night! When she came down stairs she had forgotten her fan, so she stood waiting for it, and trying to button her gloves, just under the hall-lamp, so that I had a good view of her, and I thought pink silk and white lace the most magnificent costume, especially when contrasted with Estelle's masses of black hair.

When we arrived at the ball, which was given in the Assembly Rooms by some officers who were quartered at Allington, I felt quite bewildered by the lights and the music, and I kept close to my aunt as we passed up the grand staircase, which had a guard of honor stationed on either side. Nor did the ball-room reassure me; it all seemed like the fairy land I had read about, and I felt that I must be the enchanted visitor to some genii's palace. Presently I was startled by Cousin Geoffrey asking me to dance. I hesitated for a moment, with a kind of uneasy conviction that Estelle would not like it: he seemed to understand my thoughts, for he pointed to Estelle, who was quite at the other end of the room, leaning on the arm of some grand-looking man with a mustache, and a uniform all covered with gold lace; so I put my hand into Cousin Geoffrey's arm, and he led me into the middle of the room, and then he put his arm round my waist, and he seemed to float rather than dance to the most lovely music I had ever heard. When he stopped he said, "You dance very well, little Mabel, and you look very well."

I tried to thank him for his flowers, but he only laughed, and danced off with me again. I felt my cheeks flush with pleasure, I was so unused to flattery, and I had received none since I left the convent; and the praise of the sisters was not often given to any thing but my lessons, work, or general conduct.

When the dance was over he took me to get some ices, and then I went again and sat by my aunt. I did not expect to dance any more. I thought it very kind of Cousin Geoffrey to have danced with me at all, when there were so many beautifully-dressed people in the room, and I thought him especially good-natured when he brought up some officer for the very next waltz, saying something about his wishing to be introduced. Of course he could not have really cared to be introduced to me, but I was very glad not to be sitting still, although I did not like dancing with him nearly so much as with Cousin Geoffrey. After that several other partners were presented to me, and I had so many engagements that Cousin Geoffrey said, later in the evening, quite gravely, that he should be offended if I did not mean to dance with him again. I know it was very foolish, but I thought he was angry, and I could not help the tears coming into my eyes; but he only laughed, took my card and put his name down, and then went off to Estelle.

I enjoyed that other dance with Cousin Geoffrey very much, and then he took me in to supper, and after that we went home. I could not sleep that night, I was so haunted by the ball. Estelle had not come home with us, but had returned to stay for a few days with some friends in the neighborhood, which my aunt told me she was often in the habit of doing, and that she should send her some clothes in the morning. I think I was glad, and especially the next day at breakfast, when Cousin Geoffrey told my aunt that I had been christened the "White Rose," and that, "after all, little Mabel had produced quite a sensation:" for I knew Estelle would not have been pleased, although she would have thought that Cousin Geoffrey was only saying so to please me.

After breakfast, when, as usual, I was going out into the garden, there being in it a favorite summer-house, where I spent a great deal of my time arranging and drying plants, or reading, Cousin Geoffrey stopped me, and asked if I should not like to go out for a ride. I hesitated for a moment, for, although I felt that I should like it very much, I was rather afraid, never having been on horseback.

"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," he said; "I will promise not to let you come to any harm."

I felt myself color at his guessing my cowardice, and I was ashamed that I had let it be seen; so I said at once that I should like it exceedingly, but that I feared my aunt might not. He shook his head, and promised to make it all right, if I really did wish it; and on my reassuring him he went straight and asked her, and brought back her consent.

Then I remembered I had no habit; this perplexed him, but he sent for the housekeeper, and finally a cloth skirt of Estelle's was produced, which I wore with one of my own winter jackets. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed that ride. At first I was naturally a little timid, but Cousin Geoffrey reassured me, and led me insensibly from thinking of myself at all by telling me all sorts of amusing stories, and pointing out all the objects of interest in the country through which we rode.

I had been out so little since I arrived at Gundringham, and, indeed, so little any where all my life, that every lane we went through had a charm for me which I could not find words to express; and if I ever fancied that my horse was getting restive, there was Cousin Geoffrey's hand upon the bridle-rein, and his dark gray eyes smiling down into mine. When we came home he said, if I liked, we should ride again the next day, and I eagerly acquiesced: nor was that all the pleasure I had in store. In the evening my aunt was tired, and went early to bed, and Cousin Geoffrey and I went out walking. Generally his evenings were spent with Estelle, so that I had got quite used to wandering about by myself, and it seemed so nice having a companion.

There was an avenue called the Lovers' Walk, which ran by the side of the river. It was some way down the park, but I often went there and took my books or work, and sat upon some rustic benches which were placed against the trees, knowing that I should not be disturbed, and it was to this spot that Cousin Geoffrey and I bent our steps that evening.

We staid there till it got quite dusk, and then we returned to the house, and Cousin Geoffrey said that he was my guest, and that I was bound to amuse him; so he took me into the music-room and asked me to play. No one had asked me to play since I had left the convent, and I felt that I would rather do any thing than try for the first time before Cousin Geoffrey, but I did not like to refuse. At first my fingers trembled so that I could hardly go on, but at last I felt my courage growing, till my old love of music came back so strongly with the familiar sounds that I forgot even Cousin Geoffrey, and on looking up some time after I saw, with surprise, that he was sitting with his face buried in both his hands. I closed the piano softly and went to him. I wondered if he had been listening, or if he had fallen asleep. No, not asleep, I felt sure, for there was an expression of pain in his face when he looked up. "I have tired you," I said. But he shook his head. "Then you have not liked it?"

"Yes, little Mabel, I have liked it very much—perhaps too much." And he got up, and wished me good-night quite suddenly.

We rode the next day, and the next—indeed, every day that week, till Estelle's return. I was sorry when Estelle came back. Gundringham was no longer the same place to me. Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey rode together, and I was nearly always alone. I missed Cousin Geoffrey so much, but I don't know if he even thought of me. Sometimes I fancied he did; but Estelle never offered to take me any where with them, and I knew he would not ask her.

One day when I was sitting alone in the music-room, my aunt having given me leave to practice as much as I liked, Cousin Geoffrey came in. He was waiting for Estelle, who had gone to put on her habit and hat. I stopped playing at once.

"Why don't you go on?" he said.

"It was nothing you would like," I replied.

"Perhaps I might like any thing you played," he said.

I shook my head.

"Little Mabel!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "were you ever in love?"

The question surprised me very much, but I replied "No" at once.

"Do you think you could be?"

He had come nearer, and was looking at me intently, so intently that I felt myself color, and at that moment Estelle came into the room. There was an angry flash in her eyes: I was sorry Estelle was vexed. I thought, perhaps, she fancied we were talking about her.

The next day Cousin Geoffrey asked me to ride, and I was so glad that I ran up stairs quite eagerly to put on my things, but I could nowhere find the cloth skirt. Estelle passed my door at the moment, and I ventured to ask her for it, although I saw by her face that she was vexed about something.

"It is a pity," she said, coldly, "that my habit won't fit you, for I have given that skirt to the gardener's wife to make jackets for her boys." And then, without another word, she swept past on her way down the passage.

I was so disappointed that I felt inclined to cry as I went slowly back again to Cousin Geoffrey. That was the first time that I had ever seen Cousin Geoffrey's handsome face look really angry; but it did so after I had explained my difficulties.

"Never mind, little Mabel," he said, "you shall ride in spite of every thing; wait for one hour, and I will come back to you."

At the end of an hour he returned, triumphantly holding up a dark gray skirt.

"You must be a conjuror," I said, as I took it from him.

He laughed. "A conjuror who has time, a good horse, and a willing friend, can work wonders."

I ran up stairs and put it on: when I came down again Cousin Geoffrey was waiting to lift me on to the horse, and as we rode away we saw Estelle standing at her open window. She smiled and nodded to Cousin Geoffrey, but I thought her eyes had the same angry flash in them which I had observed the day before.

We had a lovely ride: I remember every detail of it so well, for it was the last. I was not quite sure if Cousin Geoffrey was out of spirits or not, but he was just the same to me—if any thing, more tender than usual. He never spoke to me of Estelle, and it struck me that he avoided the subject on purpose: but he was always amusing, and had a great deal to say on various kinds of interesting subjects. That day was marked by two other events; one was, that after our return home, when I was walking in the garden, I came quite suddenly upon Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle. They were talking very earnestly together: indeed, so earnestly that I don't think they even saw me, and I walked away at once in another direction; but I could not help hearing Estelle say:

"It's all very well for you to say so, Geoffrey, but I can not bear it much longer."

I wondered so what Estelle had to bear!—Estelle, who was so grand and indifferent—Estelle, whose slightest wish seemed to be law throughout the entire Gundringham establishment.

The other event occurred later, and came upon me as a terrible enlightenment.

There was a dinner-party that day, and Estelle went away with some of the guests for one of her little visits, and I went up stairs to bed early with a vague feeling of happiness. I opened my window and leaned out. Cousin Geoffrey and I should have some more pleasant days alone together: we should ride, walk, and do so many little things which were impossible when Estelle was there. I had not lit my candle, so that I could not be seen. It was a very hot night, but dark, as there was no moon. Presently I heard footsteps on the gravel-walk beneath. I could not distinguish whose they were, but two fiery cigar-ends glowed warm and bright through the darkness. The figures stood for a second directly under the window, and I heard something about the White Rose. That was Cousin Geoffrey's name for me, so it attracted my attention. I leaned forward, but nothing more was said till a minute after, when, just as they were turning the corner, the other voice replied:

"Bah, that *must* be imagination. I tell you I know for a *fact* that Geoffrey Verecroft is to marry his cousin Estelle in six weeks."

I started back. I felt as if I had been stunned. Why had it never struck me before that Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle might marry? Perhaps it was that I was so inexperienced about love and lovers that Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey had been lovers all this time without my ever knowing it. The idea pained me intensely. I think it was that I was afraid Estelle would not make him happy, and I felt, too, something like indignation that Cousin Geoffrey had never told me himself. Perhaps he thought me too childish to be trusted with his secret—a secret that all his other friends seemed to know. I had never felt so miserable as I did that night; all my anticipated pleasure had vanished, and I went to bed and lay awake, saying to myself over and over again:

"Geoffrey Verecroft is to marry his cousin Estelle in six weeks."

II.

THE next day I avoided Cousin Geoffrey. After breakfast I went up stairs to my own room, and did not go down again till I had seen him get on his horse and ride off, and then I went to the music-room. I had not been there more than a quarter of an hour when Cousin Geoffrey came in.

"Mabel," he said, "I came back, for I thought perhaps you would like to ride with me."

"No, thank you," I said, quite coldly.

He looked surprised. "Will you tell me why, little Mabel?"

"Because I had rather not," I replied.

He did not ask me again, but he looked hurt, and went out, shutting the door after him. In a few minutes I heard his horse's feet pass the window, and he was gone. It only took me a moment to say what I had said, but it took me all the rest of the day to repent it. I hoped that I should see him at dinner, but I was disappointed, and quite accidentally I heard during the evening that he had sent a message to say that he had been persuaded to remain for a few days somewhere—at the same place, I fancied, where Estelle was staying. That night, when I went to bed, I was so miserable, so much more miserable than I had ever been in all my life, that I cried myself to sleep, and found my pillow all wet with tears in the morning.

For the next three or four days I was entirely left to my own devices. My aunt was always more or less of an invalid, and I only saw her occasionally. I think I fretted more than was good for me: at all events I was very unhappy. One afternoon I took up a book and went out to sit in my favorite avenue. It had been oppressively hot all day, and the cool, shady trees were very refreshing. I laid the book on my lap and began to think instead of reading. I don't know how long a time passed, but when I did look up I was startled by seeing Cousin Geoffrey standing before me. I felt so guilty, for I knew that there were tears in my eyes, and I saw that he noticed them.

"What are you unhappy about, little Mabel?"

I laid my hand upon the book, as if to imply that its imaginary sorrows had been the cause.

He took it from me, and smiled as he turned it toward me. It was an illustrated botany. I felt my cheeks grow crimson.

"Never mind, little Mabel," he said; "let us take a turn." And he took my hand and drew it within his arm.

"You are come back," I ventured to say.

He nodded.

"For good?" I added.

"That is to be proved. If you mean to remain—yes."

I did not know what to make of Cousin Geoffrey that afternoon, but I knew that I felt very glad to have him back again. We walked up and down almost in silence, and then he said something about its being late, and we turned in the direction of the house, and I then found that Estelle had come back also; so, in reality, except that the house seemed more cheerful, I saw very little of them. The next day my aunt sent for me, and asked me if I should not like to be Estelle's bridemaid, for that she and Cousin Geoffrey were going to be married. I thought that I would much rather not, but I did not like to refuse, so it was settled, and an order given to have my dress got ready. I believe several other young ladies had been selected by Estelle, but I did not know any of them, and Estelle never mentioned the subject to me herself.

After that day the whole house seemed in a constant bustle of bridal preparation. Estelle's trousseau was evidently intended to be as magnificent as money could make it, and I supposed every thing else was to be on the same grand scale. A great many guests were expected, and I heard rumors about a ball. I wondered if Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle were very happy. I did not think they looked so. Cousin Geoffrey was pale, and he was much quieter than usual, and Estelle's face had an anxious, restless expression.

One day, about a fortnight before the wedding, my dress came home. It was very pretty, I thought—some clear white material with a broad lilac silk sash, and a wreath of white and lilac lilies. I fancied perhaps my aunt would like to see me in it, so I put it on and went to her room to show myself. As I was returning I met Cousin Geoffrey, and he started so on seeing me that I thought he did not recognize me, so I said:

"This is my bridemaid's dress, Cousin Geoffrey. Do you like it?"

"Your bridemaid's dress!" he repeated. And he shaded his face with his hand, as if the light were too strong.

"Yes," I replied; "did you not know that I was to be your bridemaid—yours and Estelle's?"

"God grant, little Mabel," he said, hastily, "that I may be able to bear it." And without another word he turned away abruptly and left me.

I went back to my own room and laid my finery in a drawer. I felt somehow as if I had vexed Cousin Geoffrey. Perhaps he did not like my mentioning his marriage, as he had never done so himself; and I certainly thought that for the rest of the day he avoided me.

A day or two after this my aunt sent me with a message to one of the lodges, and, happening to look out into the high road, I was surprised at seeing Cousin Geoffrey apparently in very earnest conversation with a foreign-looking man, who wore a dark beard and mustache and very shabby clothes. I did not know that Cousin Geoffrey had seen me at all, but he overtook me before I reached the house.

"Mabel," he said, hurriedly, "don't mention that you saw me with a stranger just now. I have reasons for not wishing it to be known."

Of course I promised.

"Thank you," he said. "I knew I could trust you, little Mabel."

I thought his manner very singular, more so than I had ever known it, and he left me the moment we reached the hall-door. The next morning my aunt told me that he had left Gundringham, and would not, in all probability, be back before the wedding-day. I certainly thought it unkind his not having wished me good-by, but there was so much I did not understand that I had almost ceased to wonder.

The bridal preparations still went on, and, to all appearance, Estelle was as brilliant as usual. She received numbers of visitors, and took the greatest apparent interest in every thing, but somehow I thought she was not happy. There was a wan, anxious look in her face that I could not understand. Was she not going to marry Cousin Geoffrey—and somehow I felt she loved him—and was not Gundringham her own home now for life?—what more could she want?

The Verecrofts were a very old Roman Catholic family; they had been so for centuries, and there was a chapel attached to the house. I had always been used to saying my prayers in the chapel during my convent life, and at Gundringham I continued to do the same thing. Going down by myself quite early one morning, I was attracted by seeing some faded flowers which I recognized as having been worn by Estelle the evening before. I took them up, and the thought flashed across me that Estelle visited the chapel after the rest of the household had gone to bed. I did not think Estelle was religious, so that I was the more surprised.

The same night, about twelve o'clock, I crept softly down stairs, and gently opened the chapel door. Estelle was kneeling before a shrine of the Virgin Mary. There was a perpetual light burning, so that I could just dimly see her figure, her back being toward me. Her hands were folded on her breast, and she swayed backward and forward as if in great grief, while every now and then something like a moan came from her lips. I shut the door again, and went back to my own room, but I could not sleep. What was the mystery which was hanging over Gundringham and the Verecrofts, the mystery of which I, although I lived in the same house, knew absolutely nothing?

The next day Estelle seemed the same as usual, and so a week passed by. One evening I was walking in the avenue, when I was startled by hearing footsteps: it was about eight o'clock, and the avenue being a long way from the house, a kind of nervous terror took possession of me.

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"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," a voice said; and in the stranger I recognized Cousin Geoffrey.

"Cousin Geoffrey!" I exclaimed, "here—and at this hour—"

He took my hand, and said, gravely, "I wanted to see you. I have waited to see you all the afternoon, and I fancied you would come here this evening."

I wondered why Cousin Geoffrey wanted to see me, and I felt as if something were going to happen.

"Little Mabel," he continued, "I know I can trust you—I have trusted you, and I have come here to-night, because I want you to do something for me. Will you promise to do it, and ask no questions?"

I promised. I should have promised to do whatever Cousin Geoffrey asked me. He drew a sealed packet out of his breast-pocket.

"Will you give this to Estelle?" he said. "Will you give it to her to-night, when she is in her own room and alone?"

I took the packet in my hand. It had no direction. "For Estelle," was simply written upon the cover.

"I dare not stay any longer," he said, "and I can offer no explanation now, but I promise, 'God willing,' that on some future day you shall know the reason for my strange visit here to-night. Heaven bless you, little Mabel!" And, before I had time to say another word, he was gone.

I went home directly: I felt afraid of being out alone; my life had begun to seem haunted and unreal. I carried the mysterious packet about with me till bedtime, and then I waited in my own room till I thought Estelle would have dismissed her maid, and at about twelve o'clock I went to fulfill my promise.

Estelle's room was in exactly the other side of the house to mine, hers being in one of the wings, and mine in the other. Strange as it may seem, I had never been inside Estelle's room; she had never asked me. I knocked softly at the door, and, in answer to the "Come in," I entered. What a strange room I thought it! Gundringham was a very old place, but this room looked older than any other part. The walls and bed were hung with faded tapestry, and a curious oak wardrobe stood against the wall; but the most striking thing of all was a large and beautifully carved black crucifix, beneath which was a prie-dieu, the black velvet covering of which seemed worn away by being constantly knelt upon. Estelle was sitting by the fire-place, in which, although the night was hot, the embers of a fire were smouldering. She was wrapped in an embroidered cashmere dressing-gown, with all the masses of her raven hair hanging over her shoulders. She started on seeing me, and said, in a tone of great surprise:

"You, Mabel, and at this hour?"

I closed the door behind me, and bolted it.

"I have come, Estelle," I said, "because I promised to give you this letter, and to give it to you when you were alone."

She seized the packet with trembling fingers, and hurriedly broke the seal. I watched her reading it, for I did not like to go away till she had spoken. I never saw any face change as Estelle's did. It not only turned white, it became absolutely gray and livid. Her teeth chattered as if from extreme cold; and, when she did look up, her eyes were dilated, as if she had been horror-stricken. She moved her hand to her head as if to recall her senses, and then for the first time she seemed to remember me.

"Who gave you this?" she said, pointing to the letter.

I told her how I had received it.

"And you know nothing of its contents?"

"Nothing," I replied.

She came across the room and stood before me.

"Mabel, you must never mention to any living being what you have seen here to-night; do you promise?"

I promised.

"Now you may go."

"Estelle?" I exclaimed, "can I do nothing for you?"

Something like a mocking smile came across her ghastly lips as she said: "Nothing; you have done your work, Mabel, and done it well." And she waved her hand in the direction of the door.

I looked back as I went out: Estelle was still standing pointing to the door, and I thought her hair looked unnaturally long and black, contrasting as it did with her ashy face, and involuntarily I shuddered with an undefined feeling of terror as I crept back to my own room.

I could not go to bed. I was fascinated to watch Estelle's window, which, being in the opposite gable to mine, was well in view. Her lamp never went out, and all night long I saw her shadow passing to and fro. What was the mysterious letter that had been so fatal in its effects? What was the mystery hanging over the Verecrofts and Gundringham?

The next day I heard that Estelle was ill, but that no one was allowed to go near her except her own maid, who was a Frenchwoman. My Aunt Verecroft sat and cried in her arm-chair, and all the bridal preparations were suspended. I wondered and wondered till I felt my brain turn giddy, but I arrived at no conclusions. Cousin Geoffrey never came, and was never mentioned, and no other visitors were admitted. The wedding-day came and went by. I supposed all the guests had been put off; but whether it caused any surprise I don't know.

Every day I heard that Estelle was ill, and sometimes I thought she would die, and that unknowingly I had been made the instrument. At last, one evening, my Aunt Verecroft told me that she and Estelle were going away for a time at all events, and that she wished me to remain at Gundringham under the care of the housekeeper.

"I shall write to you, Mabel," she said; "and, in the mean time, I wish you not to go beyond the park gate, and to receive no visitors."

Of course, situated as I was, I could only promise obedience, but I felt more lonely and miserable than ever; and when I saw myself in the glass I looked so pale and frightened that I thought the sisters would hardly have recognized the little Mabel Lyndhurst, from whom they had parted when she left them to go into the world only a few months before.

The next day when I got up I found that my aunt and Estelle had gone. A fortnight after I received a letter from my aunt, who told me that Estelle had decided upon becoming a nun.

III.

I can hardly recall all the weary, miserable weeks and months which passed away before I saw any of them again. I had no companions, and nothing to do, so that I wandered about the place till I felt myself becoming full of sickly fancies, from which I could not get away. One was, that I could see Estelle's lamp burning in her room every night as I looked out of my window, and the shadow pass up and down; of course it must have been fancy, for I found that no one ever went into that room, Estelle having locked it and taken the key away with her. The trees, too, seemed to moan and shudder in the strong autumn winds, and throw their weird arms about till they assumed strange, fantastic shapes, and the dead dry leaves would go whirling down the walks as if pursued.

I was obliged to remain a great deal indoors, as sometimes, for days together, a dull heavy rain would patter down upon the windows, and going out became quite impossible. The housekeeper, under whose care I had been left, was very kind and respectful, but she was also very old and deaf, consequently no use as a companion. Most of the other servants had been sent away, so that we were nearly alone in the house, she and I. Sometimes (for she had always lived with the Verecrofts of Gundringham) she would tell me stories of those she had known in her youth—Verecrofts who had long been dead and sleeping in the chapel vault, and whose portraits now only remained. They were not cheerful stories, but I fancy she liked dwelling upon any thing that could be made horrible or a mystery.

My Aunt Verecroft had forbidden my going beyond the park gates; but to this rule there was one exception, and that was on Sunday. On Sunday the old housekeeper and I attended service in a little chapel belonging to the village about half a mile off. One Sunday, just before Christmas, as I was kneeling in the pew belonging to the Verecrofts, I happened to look up suddenly, and was startled by seeing Cousin Geoffrey sitting just opposite to me, only on the other side of the church, and watching me intently. For a moment I fancied that it was one of my mistakes, but I saw that the housekeeper had observed him also. I can't describe my intense joy. I felt as if I must burst into tears, and I did not realize till then how very miserable I had been before. I had hardly patience to wait till the service was concluded.

Cousin Geoffrey was standing at the door, and looking out for us.

"I have come back, little Mabel," he said. And he drew my hand within his arm, and we went home together across the park.

"No, not indoors," I entreated, when he reached the house, so we turned again and walked straight down to the old avenue.

"Little Mabel," said Cousin Geoffrey, "you look pale and unhappy?"

I could not help it any longer. I burst into tears. How sweet it was to be soothed by Cousin Geoffrey. How often I had wept for whole hours, and there had been no one even to notice it. Still I tried to stop my choking sobs, for I was afraid Cousin Geoffrey might be vexed.

"I am not unhappy now," I said, as soon as I could speak; "but oh! I have been so lonely."

He drew me more closely to him.

"Poor little Mabel, you shall not be lonely any longer. Mabel, do you know why I have come back?"

I shook my head.

"I have come back to ask you to be my wife. Little Mabel, can you learn to love me?"

I had never thought of it before, but I felt then that I had always loved him. I could hardly realize that such happiness could be for me, but, somehow, I crept into his arms as if they were my natural resting-place.

"God bless you, little Mabel," he said, and grant that I may be worthy of your love."

And it was so that Cousin Geoffrey and I became engaged.

"Tell me," I said, as we walked slowly on, "something of Estelle."

"Estelle has taken the veil."

"Cousin Geoffrey, I want to know something more. Why did you not marry Estelle?"

He looked pained.

"Mabel," he said, "there is a mystery connected with Estelle that I can not tell you now, but which I promise you shall know one day, when the time comes. Can you trust me, Mabel?"

I could not help saying that I trusted him, for I did down in my heart so fully and entirely; but I felt something like a pain, as I remembered that he had loved Estelle. I think he guessed what I wanted to know, and that my face had no secrets from Cousin Geoffrey, for he went on, quite gravely:

"Estelle and I were brought up together, and betrothed when almost children by our parents, with the intention that in future years we should be married. I liked Estelle, and never thought of freeing myself from the bond; and, in a way, Estelle liked me. I went abroad when I was about nineteen, and circumstances occurred to prolong my stay for some years. On my return our engagement was continued, but the wedding was indefinitely postponed. I was quite willing for it to take place, but I think the mutual belief that we should at some future day fulfill our promised relationship made us linger out the intervening time. At last, just before you arrived, all the arrangements were made. I think, until then, I was more anxious for it than Estelle; for although I felt that Estelle liked me better than she had ever appeared to do before, still she had wished to put off the marriage."

I looked up at Cousin Geoffrey. What difference had my coming made?

"I never loved Estelle," he said, "after I knew the White Rose: but I must have married Estelle—I was bound by every tie of honor to do it. What I suffered, little Mabel, God only knows; and my release even came to me in a manner that was too terrible."

"Then something happened?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "a fearful revelation was made to me—what, little Mabel, I can not tell you now, but you shall know it some day, when the time comes. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," I said, "fully and entirely."

Oh, what halcyon days those were! the days of my early engagement to Cousin Geoffrey, before I had got used to being happy, when I trembled for fear something would come, and that I should wake and find it was a dream. Cousin Geoffrey did not stay at Gundringham, but in the neighborhood; still he managed to see me every day, and we walked and rode together, as we had done before. At last my Aunt Verecroft came back, and we were married quite quietly in the little chapel.

My Aunt Verecroft was just the same, except that she looked older, and there was a frightened expression in her eyes. She talked even less than usual, but dreamed away her days with her hands folded, and sitting in an arm-chair. She never mentioned Estelle, and I did not like to do so either. She seemed very anxious that Geoffrey and I should come back and live at Gundringham, but this Geoffrey refused to do till the place became his own, and I was very glad, for I thought I could go back to it better when some of the old memories had worn away.

We went abroad, Geoffrey and I, all through sunny Italy, guided only by our own sweet will, reveling in its lovely scenery and its cloudless skies, its marble palaces and gorgeous scenery. Every thing was so new to me, every thing both in nature and art.

"You have the wondering look of a child in your blue eyes, little Mabel," my husband would say; and I did feel as if I had never really lived before. We came home by Paris. How dazzled I was by all the beauties of that enchanting city! How lovely it was to walk and ride in the Boulevards with Geoffrey, and watch all the gayly-dressed people, and listen to the bands of music playing!

One day, as Geoffrey and I were riding home, we passed a nunnery, and this circumstance reminded me of Estelle. I checked my horse, and, bending down my head, whispered:

"Geoffrey, has the time come?"

And he answered, "Yes, little Mabel, it has. To-morrow you shall know."

All the next morning I watched my husband's face, but I did not like to ask him any questions, for I felt sure he had not forgotten me. In the afternoon an open carriage came to the door, and Geoffrey handed me into it. After giving some directions to the coachman, he placed himself at my side, and we drove off. We left Paris and went out for some miles into the country, out among the fields and lanes, and the waving corn bright with scarlet poppies.

"Where are you taking me to, Geoffrey?" I said.

"Wait," he replied, "and you shall see."

We stopped at last, and he took me out of the carriage, put my arm within his, and led me through an iron gate. It was a little cemetery. There was a tiny chapel in the middle, where a light was burning, and all around were graves—graves marked by wood or marble crosses, bearing their inscriptions to the memory of the dead who slept beneath. Bright immortelles were thrown on some, and natural flowers on others, which had been placed there by the mourners—mourners who even then were kneeling about in different parts of the burial-ground, dressed in their deep black dresses, and shedding bitter tears over those loved ones who would never come back to them again.

Involuntarily I clung more closely to my husband's side, but he led me past all these far away to the other side of the grounds, and there we paused before one little grave. There was no cross to mark the name—no immortelle—no flowers laid there by loving hands—only long dank grass. I looked wonderingly up into my husband's face.

"Mabel," he said, "that little mound of earth covers Estelle's child."

"Estelle's child!" I exclaimed, starting back.

"I told you, Mabel, that I left England for some years, but what happened during that time I never knew till within ten days of my expected marriage. The packet you delivered to Estelle revealed my knowledge of it to her. It came to me quite accidentally through a relation of Estelle's French maid—a man who expected to make money by it. I started at once for Paris, in order to make investigations, and my worst fears were confirmed."

"Poor Estelle!" I said, "if she has sinned, how fearful must be the expiation."

"Poor Estelle!" he repeated. "God grant that she may be forgiven; but there is a crime connected with that little grave which even you must never seek to know. I have told you this, little Mabel, because I love you so dearly, and because there should be no secrets between a man and his wife."

How good and noble he was. I drew closer to him, and my hot tears fell upon his hand. We lingered on for some minutes more, and then he led me away and put me back into the carriage.

We were very silent for all the rest of that day. Estelle's story had sunk deep into my heart. "Surely," I said to myself, "if she has repented, though her sins may have been as scarlet, the mercies of God are infinite."

Some years after, when Mrs. Verecroft died, we went back to live at Gundringham. Estelle had taken the black veil, so she was dead to the world and to us. Her room was never afterward reopened. People used to say a light really was seen burning there, and a shadow passing up and down; but I fancy it must have been imagination, or a tale that had got about in consequence of one of the old housekeeper's stories—stories which are likely still to be handed down to other generations of the Verecrofts of Gundringham.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we can not help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife when on a journey has only one trunk.

To ascertain if your gun is loaded, put your foot on the hammer and blow the muzzle, letting the hammer slip from under the foot and descend with smart force on the nipple. If the gun is loaded you will be notified of the fact.

"Have you read my last speech?" said a vain orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

A sentimental old bachelor says a woman's heart is the "sweetest" thing in the world; in fact a perfect honey-comb—full of cells. Beware.

A story is told of the meeting of a joint-stock company at which the chairman proposed the customary vote of thanks to Heaven for the successful operations of the society during the past half year. The motion was on the point of being carried by acclamation, when a cautious shareholder rose to move as an amendment, that the vote should be deferred until the amount of the last year's dividend had been ascertained.

On Sterne's entering a coffee-room at York a conceited fellow, staring him full in the face, said he hated a parson; upon which Sterne said, "And so, Sir, does my dog; for as soon as I put on my gown and cassock he commences to bark."—"Indeed!" replied the offender; "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, Sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look upon him as one."

A gentleman resident in Edinburgh, whose personal dimensions were somewhat similar to those of Falstaff, was in the habit, when traveling by coach, to secure half the inside of the vehicle for himself. Having a new servant, he sent him one day to book him for a neighboring town. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence: "There weren't two inside places left, so I took one in, and another out."

"Is your house a warm one?" asked a man in search of a tenement of a landlord. "It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently," was the response.

"MATCHLESS MERIT!"—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

CAN THERE BE HARM IN KISSING?

The waters kiss the pebbly shore;
The winds all kiss the hills;
The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud
For the odor it distills.

The dew-drops kiss the rose at morn,
The cereus dew at eve;
The fern and flower, in circling clasp,
Their mystic beauties weave.

The moon-beams kiss the clouds at night;
The star gems kiss the sea;
While shadows dreamy, soft, and light,
Are kissing on the lea.

The zephyrs kiss the bedding pink
That blooms on beauty's lip,
And rader blasts, though cold and chill,
Its ruby nectar sip.

The winds, the waves, the bedding flowers,
The laughing, merry rills,
Are kissing all from morn till eve,
And clouds still kiss the hills.

Even heaven and earth do meet to kiss
Through tears of sparkling dew.
In kissing, then, can there be harm?
I don't think so—do you?

A lady, meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live any where now," replied the girl, "I'm married."

At a printers' festival lately the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news."

A tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Poole for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole: List, list! oh list!"

The Democracy recently held a meeting in Dresden, Ohio, which was attended by quite a number of the faithful from Zanesville, who requested a reciprocal delegation of Dresden Butternuts to come down the week following to swell the crowd at a mass meeting to be held in Zanesville. On the day appointed for the meeting at Zanesville some eighteen coppery citizens of Dresden marched down to the boat; and on consultation it was thought best that they should provide themselves with provisions for the trip, as there would probably be a great crowd at the meeting, and victuals would be scarce. A collection was made, and fifteen dollars were raised. A committee of two was sent back to town to lay in supplies, who in due time returned with fourteen dollars' worth of whisky and one dollar's worth of crackers. This was brought aboard the boat and tested by all hands, and declared to be good. "But," exclaimed old Phil B——, "boys, what in h—ll did you get so many crackers for?"

As the steeple of a church was being painted recently the attention of a little girl was attracted by the staging put up about it. She appeared unable to comprehend it; but finally, after a moment's reflection, said, "I guess it is the crisalipe!"

A whisky-drinking Irishman was brought before a magistrate named Porter, charged with being drunk and disorderly. The magistrate committed the delinquent to prison for a month, telling him that would give him time enough to cure whisky. "Yes, faith," was the prisoner's reply, "and Porter too."

It is related of Sydney Smith that once, on entering a drawing-room in a West End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he "supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I saw a model husband in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem;
A moral man, to skeptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherish'd was—his own;
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate
While Jane put on her things; nor speak one word
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a burnt goose.

A gentleman calling on his butcher to order something for dinner, was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton. "Why," said he, "would it not be better to have a bridle, as I should then certainly stand a better chance of getting a bit in my mouth?"

What is fashion?—Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

"THE LOVE SUBSIDE"—Twelve!

CONVOLVULUS SEASIDEIENSIS.

"THIS DELICATE ANNUAL HAS BEEN SEEN IN GREAT ABUNDANCE THIS AUTUMN ALL ROUND THE COAST. IT FLOURISHES BEST IN EXPOSED SITUATIONS, AND DURING INCLEMENT, WINDY WEATHER."—*Vide "Jolly Gardeners' Chronicle."*

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MEDALS PRESENTED TO THE VETERANS OF BROOKLYN.

ACCIDENT AT CHICAGO ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 21, 1866.—SKETCHED BY W. H. ADAMS. (SEE PAGE 717.)

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS IN BROOKLYN.

THE presentation of Medals to Veteran Sailors and Soldiers of King's County, at Brooklyn, October 25, was an occasion of much interest. We give an illustration of the presentation ceremonies on page 713.

Governor FENTON and Staff and a large number of invited guests were present, including Admiral BELL and Staff, General NEWTON, General VODGES, General DE LACY, and other military men. The members of the Board of Supervisors, the various judges, and many leading clergymen of Brooklyn were present.

The persons present were introduced to Governor FENTON, who cordially greeted them. At the close of this ceremony Admiral FARRAGUT was announced, and received with applause. The veteran was introduced to many of the gentlemen present.

Dr. VINTON called upon Governor FENTON to make a few remarks, when the Governor said that he was glad of an opportunity to visit the prosperous city of Brooklyn, and to extend his acquaintance with her citizens. In introducing his military family among them, he was grateful for their warm reception.

Admiral FARRAGUT was called upon for a speech, and said he would follow the example of the Governor, and be brief. He had understood that the occasion was meant as a compliment to the veterans of Brooklyn. As he was not a soldier of this district he esteemed the honor of this warm reception more highly.

The procession was then formed. The avenues through which the troops moved were thronged with spectators. Flags were displayed from windows and balconies, and the veterans were greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs all along the route.

The military looked well, and the procession was very imposing in respect to numbers. There were over one hundred carriages in the line, and about eight thousand troops. The column marched from the City Hall at about twelve o'clock, moving through Remsen Street to Henry Street, through Henry Street to Atlantic Street, through Atlantic Street to Hanson Place, through Hanson Place to Fulton Avenue, through Fulton and Gates Avenues to Clinton Avenue, and through Clinton and Myrtle Avenues and Cumberland Street to the Park. On reaching the Park the Governor and Staff took a fine position in the centre of the east side of Fort Greene, where he reviewed the procession.

After passing the Governor the troops entered the Park at the northeast gate. On the centre of the hill a large platform was constructed, from which the prizes were to be delivered. The police kept a large space open in front of this platform, in the centre of which the veterans took position.

The other troops marched around the brow of the hill, and halted at various elevated points. Notwithstanding the fact that a cold wind was blowing there were from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators present, who remained until the close of the ceremonies.

The view from the platform was very imposing. It took in several thousand troops, and a greater number of citizens. The review occupied over an hour. At its close the Governor and Staff proceeded to the stand in front of which the veterans had gathered, and the medals were presented to those entitled to receive them. In order to avoid delay they had been put up so as to deliver to the respective captains under which the men had served.

The medals were presented by Mayor BOOTH, and were received by ex-Mayor WOOD on behalf of the veterans, who made a fine and eloquent speech.

The members of the committee had a beautiful gold medal made for Admiral FARRAGUT, which was presented to him at the dinner.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—BARBECUE AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

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FALL OF BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

We illustrate on page 716 the terrible accident which happened at Chicago on the night of October 22. The event is thus described by the Chicago *Tribune* of October 23:

An appalling calamity befell a portion of the city during the violent storm of last night. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a terrific crash resounded ominously over the whole of the central portion of the city.

It proved to be the fall of a huge brick structure in process of erection near the corner of Madison and State streets. It was one of those hastily and cheaply-cobbled-together pieces of architecture which are a disgrace to any city. The gale last night, though not excessively fierce, proved too much for this fragile mass of uncompleted mason-work, and the whole edifice caved in and fell like an avalanche, carrying death, and tortures worse than death, to the homes of many families who lived in the surrounding tenements.

Such a scene of devastation and misery as presented itself immediately after the edifice fell it would be difficult to describe. Almost from M'Vicker's Theatre, on Madison Street, round the corner and along State Street for some distance, making a very considerable section of a square, the frame tenements which had stood there were so completely flattened and crushed that the upper stories were on a level with the sidewalk. The sidewalks were entirely uprooted from the ground, and the outer edges stuck out in the form of an abatti. Clambering up to these swaying planks, one had to slide down an inclined plane to the horrible mass of ruins in the centre. The police were summoned, and from every station they soon began to muster in large force. The fire-bell pealed forth its alarm, and the department were speedily on hand. The citizens, too, came to the spot in crowds, attracted by the alarm from the Court-house. Then the work of excavation began in earnest. The inmates were dragged forth from their living graves, some terribly mangled, some only cut and scratched, and some entirely unscathed. Every one was of course eager to help, and the real difficulty with the police was now to keep the volunteers from overcrowding the scene of action. Body after body was carried out, most of them fortunately alive, and again the search was prosecuted, until about two o'clock it was supposed that the great majority of those who had been buried were recovered.

How so many escaped being crushed to death will seem little short of miraculous to every one who views the ruins. Yet such hair-breadth escapes are often heard of in such accidents.

The building which has been the cause of all this devastation was being erected by Mr. SWARE as a wholesale store. It appears that the walls of the new block were but sixteen inches thick, much too thin for the great height to which they were carried up, and during Sunday they were found to have bulged out in an alarming manner—so much so that the opinion had been expressed that they would fall before morning, and the families in the adjoining buildings had retired with a considerable feeling of apprehension.

TROUTING.

SCRAMBLING over boulders,
Grambling over "falls,"
Rambling through green meadows,
Where the May-fly calls;
Tumbling out by daybreak—,
"Madam" in a pout—
Gracious! this is pleasant,
Tripping after trout!

Violets by the brook-brink,
Sweet as "Stella's" eyes;
Bluebirds flood the morning
With a glad surprise:
Off before your mother
Fairly knows you're out—
Goodness! ain't it jolly
Tramping after trout!

Tripping over mosses,
Slipping over stones,
Creeping through morasses,
Chill'd through blood and bones;
"Dipping" into spring-holes,
Ripping something out—
Goodness! but 'tis pleasant,
Whipping after trout.

Stumbling over saw-logs,
Where they've made a jam;
No one can say this stream
Isn't worth a dam:
Water, "cold as *blazes*,"
Foams your feet about;
Catch your death of—"Whist, man!
Did you see that trout?"

Ply him gently—kindly—
Horse-hair is but frail:
There's a speckled "beauty!"
Crook's hooks never fail.
Twenty ounces, plump, Sirs
(Heft him if you doubt);
Silver, gold, and garnets—
What can match a trout?

Lightly drops the "hackle,"
Blithely sings the stream,
Brightly burst the foam-bells
Like a poet's dream.
Splash! There goes a "lunemer!"
Whir!—and he is out!
What school is so charming
As a school of trout?

Now you spread your luncheon
'Neath a spreading tree;
Never son of "Walton"
Half so glad as "we."
Berkshire skies above us,
Berkshire hills about,
All the pools a-sparkle,
Bright with speckled trout.

Clambering over cascades,
Where the senses reel;
'Stonishing the "natives"
With a well-fill'd creel:
Whipping out the "*half*"-acre,
Who at "*palmers*" flout,
Maybe 'tisn't pleasant
Angling after trout!

Soon you hook your "fifty"
('Tis a *fact* you're on)—
Soon you join "The Colonel,"
Who declares he's *one!*
Soon you reach your cottage—
Kiss *the Madam's* pouting
Lips (still in your dole-age):
And so ends your trouting!

Rattle-snakes! and 'skeeters!—
Wet feet and burnt faces!—
Who says anglers' *lines* are
"Cast in pleasant places?"
Try it in "*Green*" River;
But, before you trust it,
Just ask Mr. Editor
What *he* thinks about it!

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

Our latest news in regard to the Candian insurrection is a telegram from London of October 2 which conveys the intelligence of the defeat of the Turkish army by the Christians after four days of heavy fighting.

Four months ago the Christians of Crete demanded justice according to the laws of the Ottoman Empire, and asked for the execution of the privileges conferred on them by the Hatti Humayoun. The phase of the movement is passed. They now assert the inalienable right of nations to enjoy political liberty, and in virtue of this right they have declared Crete independent, and decreed its union with the kingdom of Greece.

A virtual declaration of war on the part of the Christians took place on the 12th of August. The population of several districts about Mount Ida published a decree establishing a "Sacred Battalion" of 400 veteran soldiers to fight for the cross, and appointed a chief to command it. Several revolutionary proclamations have been subsequently published in different parts of the island. At last, on the 24 of September, a number of leading men from the Eparchies, in the western part of Crete, met and signed a document decreeing the perpetual abolition of the Turkish authority in Crete and its dependencies, the union of the island with Greece under George I. as King of the Hellenes, and intrusting the execution of the decree to the valor of the people, the assistance of all Greeks and Philhellenes,

CANDIAN INSURGENTS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CRETE.

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and the intervention of the great protecting and guaranteeing Powers of Europe.

The first engagement with bloodshed took place on the 29th of August, not between Hellenes and Ottoman soldiers, but among the Cretans themselves. The Mussulmans of Selinos and the Christians had a skirmish, in which it was said that the Turkish troops took no part; but this was perhaps only the first spark to the train which has since lighted up the Greek fire for a general conflagration.

It is to the mountainous character of the island that the insurgents probably owe their present security; for, besides being traversed throughout its whole length by the lofty range running parallel to the south coast, there are other ranges dispersed over the whole surface. In the centre of Crete is Ida, more modernly known as Mount Psiloriti, 7690 feet high. The other loftiest summits are toward the west, in the Sphakian or white mountains, where the heights are covered with snow for three parts of the year. The highest elevations there are about 5000 feet. The greater part of these mountains are clothed with forests of olive, chestnut, walnut, and pine trees, oaks, and cypresses. They contain a remarkable number of caverns and grottoes, including that famous classic labyrinth, the extensive and intricate natural excavation at the foot of Mount Ida.

Crete is unquestionably an island worth winning, if it can be won either by writing about it or even by fighting for it—which is a thing the Athenians seem less inclined to undertake. In size and population Crete is little inferior, and in fertility and position far superior to Corsica. Its forests have not yet been all destroyed by repeated conflagrations, like the trees which once covered the mountains of Greece. The population exceeds 200,000, of whom upward of 60,000 are Mussulmans of the Greek race, and who speak only the Greek language.

Our illustration is taken from a sketch of an insurgent encampment in the mountains, where, with that defiance of fatigue and that indifference to luxury which are such prominent characteristics of the people in a time of national tumult, the men are waiting for intelligence from the main body of their irregular army, amidst the mossy rocks of that chain from east to west, the culminating point of which is Mount Ida.

FISHING UP THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

We give on page 708 two sketches taken by Mr. Robert Dudley on board the *Great Eastern*; the first representing the *Great Eastern* at the moment of raising the cable, while another shows the interior of the electricians' testing-room on board the ship, with the group of gentlemen anxiously watching the process. The following narrative, which is from Mr. Dudley's own pen, will be read with much interest:

"For nearly two weeks—from August 17, when we reached the grappling-ground in mid-Atlantic, until September 1—had hope and disappointment alternated in the hearts of those who, hovering like the kite above the quarry, watched and waited to secure the prize that lay 2000 fathoms deep below. The claws of grapnel after grapnel had felt along the dark bed of the ocean in search to grasp the truant rope; and on one memorable occasion they not only secured the treasure, but held it firmly until the eyes of those who eagerly hung over the bow bulwarks saw the veritable cable dragged slowly out of the water, giving for once and all (even had no subsequent triumph been won) the coup de grace to all the doubts, the questionings, the denials, the scientifically irrefragable proofs that to expect ever to raise the lost cable to the surface was to look for the working of an impossibility. The cable had been seen, but it had been again lost. The huge ship, though under most skillful handling, and obedient as she had proved to the directing hand of her ever-watchful commander, had been the sport of unaccountable currents, driving her just where she was not wanted to go. The elements had been adverse, and the mighty sea had so tossed and foamed as to render vain all efforts to continue the work; and still had Canning and Anderson hoped, almost against hope, that a more propitious time might come; that, late in the season as it was, we might yet be favored with calmer and brighter weather, were it but for a day or two. 'Weather—calm weather!' that was the hope-word. And well was their indomitable perseverance rewarded. That day or two was given; for on the last day of August the sun shone out; the pulse of the ocean, though still beating high, was rapidly calming down; the wind was lulled; and as the grapnel went down, bright and high hope followed.

"No need to write now how during that and the following day this hope trembled, fluctuated, rose, became assured, and found its climax in certainty; that story is known, though it would be indeed difficult for any description to convey a full idea of the anxious watching for the appearance of the cable on the night of September 1. A hope almost painful in its intensity seemed to be felt by all, as from midnight until two o'clock the bows of the great ship were filled with earnest, eager faces; her forward bulwarks alive with gazers seeking to pierce the darkness of the shadowy sea below; the long, ceaseless swell sometimes revealing more of the straining grappling rope as it dragged its slow but sure length over the bow sheaves, and so along over V wheels and past the recording dynamometer to the huge drums that were so well performing their Titan task. Slowly but surely it came on, and as the wire grappling rope was succeeded by the strong chain upon which hung the grapnel, truly the interest was breathless, one's heart seemed in one's mouth; scarce a sound was heard from the entranced watchers; the rapid words of command from Captain Anderson far forward by the wheels sounded clear and sharp in the night air, and as the grapnel, holding in a vice-like grasp the sea treasure, emerged still more slowly from the long rolling waters, it was in almost whispered eagerness that the words passed from mouth to mouth, 'It is there! it is there!' We were restrained, perhaps, by recollection of the former time, when, on the 17th of August, the sight of the old friend called forth a ringing welcome of hurrahs; or it may be that the solemn night and the half revealing, half-concealing mystery of moonlight made unconsciously their quiet influence felt. And so we hung breathless, as it were, upon the cable's rise, and a long hour it seemed, while the various and most necessary measures were taken for securing the cable by means of rope and chain-stoppers from which strong hawsers passed over the side V wheels in the bows. At length all was secured, and the cable freed from the grapnel, which, hauled in on the port side, was carried off past us by two sailors, though not without much examination and interest expressed for the faithful servant; and now the cable itself appeared over the centre wheel. How it was scrutinized by such light as the moon and ship's lamps afforded! How it was followed in its course along the platform toward the drums by many fond admirers! For my own part, with others, I made my way, in accordance with an invitation from Willoughby Smith, to the electricians' room (the 'Test-room,' to speak more technically). Here, after another hour's preparation, during which time the cable had been carefully passed round the drums of the picking-up machinery and a sufficient length drawn in on board, the severed end was received. And now, in their mysterious, darkened haunt, the wizards are ready to work their spells upon the tamed lightning. Not 'unholy spells' are these, or secret; for, though the wizards' den is but of limited dimensions, they have not been averse to the presence of a few visitors. Mr. Gooch is looking on; Professor Thomson, be sure, is here, a worthy 'Wizard of the North;' Cyrus Field could no more be absent than the cable itself; I think, too, Canning, hard at work, as he is, forward in the ship, must have dropped in just for a moment; Clifford, Lewis, Captain Hamilton, Deane, Dudley—all have in their several ways a great interest in every movement of Willoughby Smith and his brother (and able assistant) Oliver; and, when the core of the cable is stripped and the heart itself—the conducting wire—fixed in the instrument, and these two electricians bend over the galvanometer in patient watching for some message from that far-off land of home to which the great news had just been signaled; then the accustomed stillness of the test-room is even deepened: the ticking of the chronometer becomes monotonous. Nearly a quarter of an hour has passed and still no sign! Suddenly Willoughby Smith's hat is off, and the British hurrah bursts from his lips, echoed by all on board with a volley of cheers, evidently none the worse for having been 'bottled up' during the last three hours. Along the deck outside, over the ship, throughout the ship, the pent-up enthusiasm overflowed; and even before the test-room was cleared the roaring bravos of our guns drowned the huzzas of the crew, and the whiz of rockets was heard rushing high into the clear morning sky to greet our consort-ships with the glad intelligence.

"Then came the splicing of the recovered cable with that coiled in one of our tanks, and the very delicate operation of passing the cable round from the bow to the stern of the ship. This successfully accomplished, the order was given, 'Full speed ahead!' and we soon had our screw clear and the cable streaming out in the wake of the ship; and so, by eight o'clock in the morning (scarcely any one, I think, had 'turned in' that night) we were safely paying out again, and the ship's head was once more toward the shores of Newfoundland."

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The International Suspension Bridge, of which we give an illustration on page 712, is two miles below Niagara Falls. It connects the Great Western Railroad of Canada with the several railroads of New York. The bridge is a single span of 800 feet in length, elevated 230 feet above the Niagara River, which runs beneath it at the rate of 25 miles an hour, with breakers dashing from 10 to 20 feet high. During the season of travel the *Maid of the Mist* makes trips from the village of Suspension Bridge to the foot of the Falls. It was from the deck of this vessel that Church made the sketch after which his celebrated painting of Niagara Falls was made. The view from this point is the most magnificent which can be obtained.

The Suspension Bridge is supported by four wire cables 9½ inches in diameter, with an ultimate capacity of sustaining 10,000 tons.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTAGE, NEW YORK.

The railroad bridge across the Genesee River at Portage, on the Erie Railroad, which we illustrate on page 712, is unsurpassed by any wooden structure of the kind in the world. It is built across a deep defile, into which the Genesee enters at this point, upon thirteen stone piers set in the bed of the river, the stone being built sufficiently high to avoid all danger of freshets. The bridge itself is a huge mass of timber, rising to the height of 234 feet, and is 800 feet in length. It was completed in 1858, and is undoubtedly the finest wooden bridge in the world. It is said to be so constructed that any timber in the bridge can be removed and replaced at pleasure. The Genesee Valley Canal passes under the bridge.

The scenery at this point is wild and picturesque. The Genesee River enters the ravine only to seek lower and still lower depths. Directly below the bridge, and in sight of the cars, is the first fall, a half horse-shoe, about 40 feet high, and a quarter of a mile farther to the north is another fall, one of the most beautiful cascades in America. The fall is 80 feet high, and when the water is low the appearance is that of a most exquisite veil of lace thrown out in front of a black rock.

BARBECUE AT AUGUSTA.

The illustration which we give on page 716 represents a scene very characteristic at the South. The special occasion for the barbecue which we have illustrated was a desire on the part of the citizens of Augusta, Georgia, to do honor to Generals Steadman and Fullerton, sent by President Johnson to investigate the Freedmen's Bureau.

Barbecues are very frequent at the South in times of political excitement. The negroes also have their barbecues, generally at the close of their labors in getting in the cotton crop.

The Colton Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

"Remarkable for delicacy, freshness, and purity."—Burnett's unrivaled Cologne Water, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE POPULAR INDOOR GAME.

"Carom Croquet Board."

"Brooks's Carpet Croquet."

Send Stamp for Illustrated Circular.

D. B. BROOKS & BRO., Boston, Mass.

D.D.&C° NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.&C°

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

Dundas, Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality. Such as:

Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 115 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

Permanent and wide-spread Success is the best evidence of the goodness of

Brandreth's Pills.

They should be in every family, ready for use on the first symptoms of disease occurring. This method will often save life. Remember, the

Cholera must be treated as a Poison,

and your safety demands that it should be got rid of without delay. Colds, rheumatism, asthma, pleurisy, diarrhœa, colics—in fact, all sickness—is the consequence of active impurities in the blood. These being removed, the health is restored at once.

Observe my name in the Government stamp in white letters. Sold by Druggists. B. BRANDRETH.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. Adams Press Company, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents, H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK. The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Ag'ts supplied, $3 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, October, 1866.

$1200 per Year paid to Sewing Machine Agents by W. H. Hunterson, Cleveland, O. Send for particulars.

BINOCHROMATICS.—Ag'ts wanted. $5 a day clear profit in selling, manufacturing, or teaching. (Business easy and light.) Any person can do it. Instructions sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. Address A. THOMAS & CO., 264 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHISKERS.

Dr. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York.

STARTING OF

The Great American Tea Company.

The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized The Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these eight profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.	OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.	IMPERIAL, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.	ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.	GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50.

EVIDENCE AFTER EIGHT MONTHS' TRIAL.

Treasury Department, Fourth Auditor's Office, *July 31, 1866.*

Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Gentlemen,—Accompanying this I send you our regular monthly Club List, which you will perceive is still increasing in proportions. We have now tried your Teas and Coffees for upward of eight months, and have come to the conclusion that we get as good an article from your house, and at about half the price that we would be forced to pay our merchants here.

I congratulate your Company at the great success that has crowned its efforts in its endeavor to lighten the burden of high prices borne by our laboring people; and also congratulate our Club upon its good fortune in procuring these luxuries of life at prices so fair and reasonable. Hoping you will continue to receive a liberal share of public patronage, I am, Sirs, very respectfully yours,

L. CASS CARPENTER.

2 lbs. Japan	H. H. Knight	at	$1 25	$2 50
1 lb. Green Coffee	H. H. Knight	at	35	35
1 lb. Japan	Miss Duffy	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	Miss Allen	at	1 50	1 50
1 lb. Japan	M. Affee	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	W. S. Waller	at	1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Imperial	L. D. Roberts	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb. Japan	C. Becker	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Green Coffee	C. Becker	at	35	35
5 lbs. Rio Coffee	W. Mirty	at	28	1 40
4 lbs. Green Coffee	W. Stichan	at	35	1 40
2 lbs. Oolong	S. R. Brown	at	1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	S. R. Brown	at	1 10	2 20
1 lb. Gunpowder	D. S. Holland	at	1 25	1 25
3 lbs. Green Coffee	D. S. Holland	at	35	2 00
5 lbs. Oolong	Mrs. Dooley	at	1 00	5 00
1 lb. Imperial	Mrs. Dooley	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	—— Trewitt	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	—— Snead	at	1 50	1 50
1 lb. Imperial	—— Snead	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Mixed	J. A. Donal	at	1 00	1 00
3 lbs. Green Coffee	J. A. Donal	at	35	1 05
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. J. M. Gill	at	40	1 20
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	S. J. Gass	at	40	80
1 lb. Japan	S. J. Gass	at	1 50	1 50
2 lbs. Japan	R. Goodhurst	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial	R. Goodhurst	at	1 50	1 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	R. Goodhurst	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb. Young Hyson	R. Goodhurst	at	1 50	1 50
10 lbs. Rio Coffee	—— De Mowbray	at	28	2 80
5 lbs. Oolong	—— De Mowbray	at	1 00	5 00
1 lb. Oolong	H. Pitts	at	1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Souchong	H. Pitts	at	1 00	2 00
1 lb. Japan	B. Musser	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	J. D. Sarhden	at	1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. B. Parkman	at	40	80
10 lbs. Green Coffee	D. M. Lawrence	at	35	3 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	A. Watts	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Ground Coffee	A. Watts	at	40	40
2 lbs. Green Coffee	J. Cox	at	35	70
5 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Ramsay	at	1 00	5 00
4 lbs. Imperial	—— Putney	at	1 25	5 00
5 lbs. Oolong	—— Putney	at	1 00	5 00
3 lbs. Oolong	A. Thomas	at	1 00	3 00
1 lb. Oolong	T. H. Brooks	at	1 00	1 00
Amount carried forward				$79 70

Amount brought forward				$79 70
1½ lbs. Young Hyson	T. H. Brooks	at	1 25	1 88
1 lb. Ground Coffee	T. H. Brooks	at	40	40
1 lb. Ground Coffee	F. Dutton	at	40	40
1 lb. Oolong	F. Dutton	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	A. S. Sturtevant	at	1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Souchong	J. F. Burr	at	1 20	2 40
1 lb. Japan	J. M. Adams	at	1 25	1 25
½ lb. Gunpowder	J. M. Adams	at	1 25	63
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. Colness	at	40	2 00
1 lb. Japan	R. Kenny	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	J. Cook	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	J. Cook	at	1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	S. A. Thomason	at	1 25	2 50
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	S. A. Thomason	at	40	1 20
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	F. H. Campbell	at	40	2 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	F. H. Campbell	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	G. S. Tinsett	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Ground Coffee	G. S. Tinsett	at	40	40
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	M. Cross	at	40	80
1 lb. Souchong	M. Cross	at	1 20	1 20
1 lb. Oolong	S. M. Wooley	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Ground Coffee	S. M. Wooley	at	40	40
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	W. H. Bartell	at	40	80
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	M. Burnett	at	40	80
1 lb. Oolong	J. K. Brady	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	E. Goodrich	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	E. Goodrich	at	1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Green Coffee	E. Goodrich	at	35	70
5 lbs. Ground Coffee	L. Carpenter	at	40	2 00
1 lb. Imperial	L. Carpenter	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	L. Carpenter	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	M. St. Clair	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Imperial	M. St. Clair	at	1 50	1 50
2 lbs. Gunpowder	F. Armstrong	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	F. Armstrong	at	1 00	1 00
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	F. Armstrong	at	40	2 00
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	M. Burnett	at	40	80
6 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. Doyle	at	40	2 40
1 lb. Imperial	R. Doyle	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	R. Doyle	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Souchong	—— Edson	at	1 20	1 20
2 lbs. Oolong	R. Call	at	1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	D. Green	at	40	80
1 lb. Souchong	J. H. Robinson	at	1 20	1 20
Total				$131 36

The following "Club form" is the most convenient for such orders:

SEVENTH ORDER FROM THIS CLUB.

Madison, Ind., *Sept. 10, 1866.*

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.:

I received by express this morning the last lot ordered. It gives very general satisfaction. I will have to order more frequently than I have been doing to keep up a supply. I shall not wait for Club names, but order in advance. Send C. O. D. Respectfully, JAMES DONNELLY.

30 lbs. Oolong	at $1 00		$30 00
16 lbs. Imperial	at 1 25		20 00
12 lbs. Gunpowder	at 1 25		15 00
5 lbs. Young Hyson	at 1 25		6 25
5 lbs. U. Japan	at 1 25		6 25
Total			$83 00

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

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$5 SEWING MACHINE $5

First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CROSSCUT attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each revolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 3 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

[From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the disease alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

TO THE

DEBILITATED

AND THE

DECREPIT.

For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty Restorative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and reinvigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer in the Valley of the Monongahela writes thus to Dr. Hostetter: "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started a second crop of life and spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful Tonic, and it is administered with great success, in marasmus or wasting of the flesh, to young children. In fact, it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

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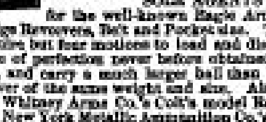
Manufacturers of the Celebrated Ballard Breech-Loading Rifles, Military and Sporting Styles.



These Rifles carry a ball varying from one half oz. each to 120 to the lb. Material and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

SOLE AGENTS

for the well-known Eagle Arms Co.'s Cartridge Revolvers, Belt and Pocket size. These Pistols require but four motions to load and discharge, a degree of perfection never before obtained. Are sure fire, and carry a much larger ball than any other revolver of the same weight and size. Also Agents for the Whitney Arms Co.'s Colt's model Revolvers, and the New York Metallic Ammunition Co.'s Copper Cartridges of every style and size.

Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds. Illustrated circulars furnished when desired.

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The Light in the Window, by Virginia Gabriel . 40c.
Twilight Dreams Waltzes, by that celebrated composer, Chas. D'Albert; for violin, 15c.; piano, 35c.
Mabel Waltzes, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
Guards Waltz, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME,
208 Bowery, N. Y.

SNELL'S CORN CURE.

No Knife or Poison used. Mailed and warranted for 50 cts. Address N. S. SNELL, Watertown, N. Y.

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SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

New York, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General Ulysses S. Grant, President.	Mrs. E. Clifford Wadsworth.
Mrs. Chas. P. Daly, Acting President.	Mrs. Nelson Place.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. Fremont, 1st Vice-President.	Mrs. W. Beebian.
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Mrs. Harvey G. Law, Manager.	Mrs. James Gillies.
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Mrs. Jno. H. White, Manager.	

New York, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General Van Vliet.	Major-General James F. Hall.
Major-General Francis C. Barlow.	Jno. H. White.
Brigadier-General John Cochrane.	G. P. B. Hoyt.
Brigadier-General William Hall.	J. H. Pulleston.
Brigadier-General Rush C. Hawkins.	

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE,

NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1	*Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1	Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1	corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1	House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1	House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1	Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1	Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3	Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1	Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1	Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1	"Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,500
1	Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15	Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15	Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1	Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20	Silver plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100	Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000	Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens	7,000
250	Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500	Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000	Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
	The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemen's Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,775
	Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazin[e]

For November, 1866.

Contents:

THE CIDER MILL.
THE WORK-HOUSE, BLACKWELL'S ISLAN[D]
THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.
VENICE.
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XV. [...]
IDA: HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHME[NT]
MANASQUAN.
THE LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHI[RE]
AMONG RELATIONS.
MY SISTER MARCIA.
PICKED UP AT SEA.
SISTERS.
THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.
THE DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.
LOOKING UNDER THE BED.
THE SWEETEST DAYS.
OLD TIMES AND NEW.
THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENT[S]
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the Thirty-[third] Volume of Harper's Magazine. The Co[nduct]ors believe that in variety and interest it has bee[n ex]ceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrange[ments as]sure that this interest and value will be fully [main]tained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be comm[enced] "The Virginians in Texas," a Tale by Geo[rge] Harrington, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle [of Se]cession." This tale was written just before the [break]ing out of the late Civil War, but its issue was [post]poned in consequence of the events of the time. [The] Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describ[es the] life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who [with] his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." [The] tale is of special interest at the present time, [setting] forth what Texas was before the war; what it [might] now have been but for the war: and what it ma[y] become notwithstanding the war, when liberty [is se]cured, law maintained, and industry restored [to] the Union.

General Strother will continue his "Per[sonal] Recollections of the War;" and the various d[epart]ments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the [Edi]tors or by Contributors, will be maintained in [such] manner as to merit a continuance of the favor [which] the Magazine has received for almost fifte[en] Years.

Terms for Harper's Magazine and Weekly, 1[867].

Magazine, One Copy for One Year.... $4 00
Weekly, One Copy for One Year.... 4 00

An extra copy of either the Weekly or the [Maga]zine will be supplied gratis to every Club of Five [Sub]scribers at $4 00 each, in one remittance, or Six C[opies] for $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each Volume [con]taining the Numbers for six months, will be furn[ished] for $3 00 per Volume, and sent by mail, postage [paid]. Bound Volumes of the Weekly, each Volume con[tain]ing the Numbers for one year, will be furnishe[d for] $7 00, freight paid.

, The Postage on the Magazine is now 24 ce[nts a] year, and on the Weekly 20 cents a year, pa[yable] quarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office [where] received.

, Subscriptions from the British Province[s of] North America must be accompanied with 24 [cents] additional for the Magazine, and 20 cents for [the] Weekly, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will fi[nd on] each wrapper the Number with which their sub[scrip]tion expires, as entered on our books. In renew[ing a] subscription, it is desired that the Number with w[hich] it is to commence should be stated. The name [of the] subscriber, and full address, including County [and] State, should be distinctly written: Thus—"[...] subscription to [Magazine or Weekly] commen[cing] with Number —. John Adams, Jackson, Pike [Coun]ty, Ohio."

In changing the direction, the old, as well a[s the] new address should be given: Thus—"Change ad[dress] of [Magazine or Weekly] from John Adams, Jack[son], Pike County, Ohio, to Mary Adams, Franklin, [Alle]ghany County, Pennsylvania."

The Magazine and Weekly are always stopped [when] the term of subscription expires. It is not nece[ssary] to give notice of discontinuance.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence wi[th the] Numbers for June and December of each year. [Sub]scriptions may commence with any Number. [When] no time is specified, it will be understood tha[t the] subscriber wishes to begin with the first Numbe[r of] the current Volume, and back Numbers will be [sent] accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly commence wit[h the] year. When no time is specified, it will be u[nder]stood that the subscriber wishes to commence [with] the Number next after the receipt of his order.

Back Numbers of both Magazine and Weekl[y can] always be supplied.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order [or] Draft upon New York, payable to the order of *Ha[rper] & Brothers*, is preferable to bank notes, as, should [the] Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be rene[wed] without loss to the sender.

, *Those who wish to renew subscriptions, or to [com]mence with the present Volume, are requested to w[rite] the Publishers at once, in order that the Subscrip[tion] Book may be promptly adjusted.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publish[ers].

Circulation nearly 100,000.

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One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

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Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Ye[ar].

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See Advertisement Inside.

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All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of these Salts make them specific for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use Strumatic Mineral Baths. For sale at every respectable drug store.

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In which a steel spring supersedes elastic bands or straps. Arms & Bardwell Mfg. Co., 28 Warren St.

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Great One Dollar Sale.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
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NOV 13 1966

THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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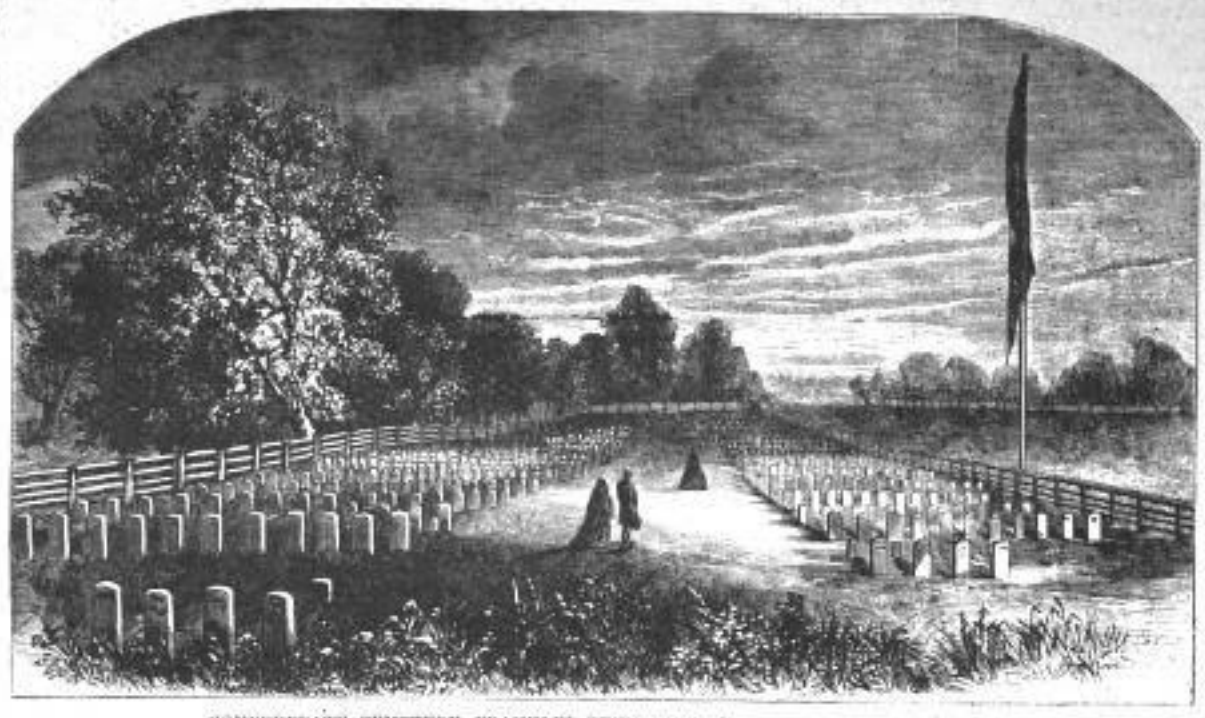
A CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.

WE give herewith a view of the Confederate Cemetery at Franklin, Tennessee—the scene, as our readers remember, of the battle between General SCHOFIELD and the rebels under General HOOD, a little before the great and decisive battle of Nashville. The Cemetery is beautifully situated, about a mile southeast of Franklin, on the farm of Colonel JOHN M'GAVOCK. It contains 1485 graves, and in its general appearance is an improvement upon some of the National Cemeteries which we have had occasion to illustrate.



CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. J. TERRY.]

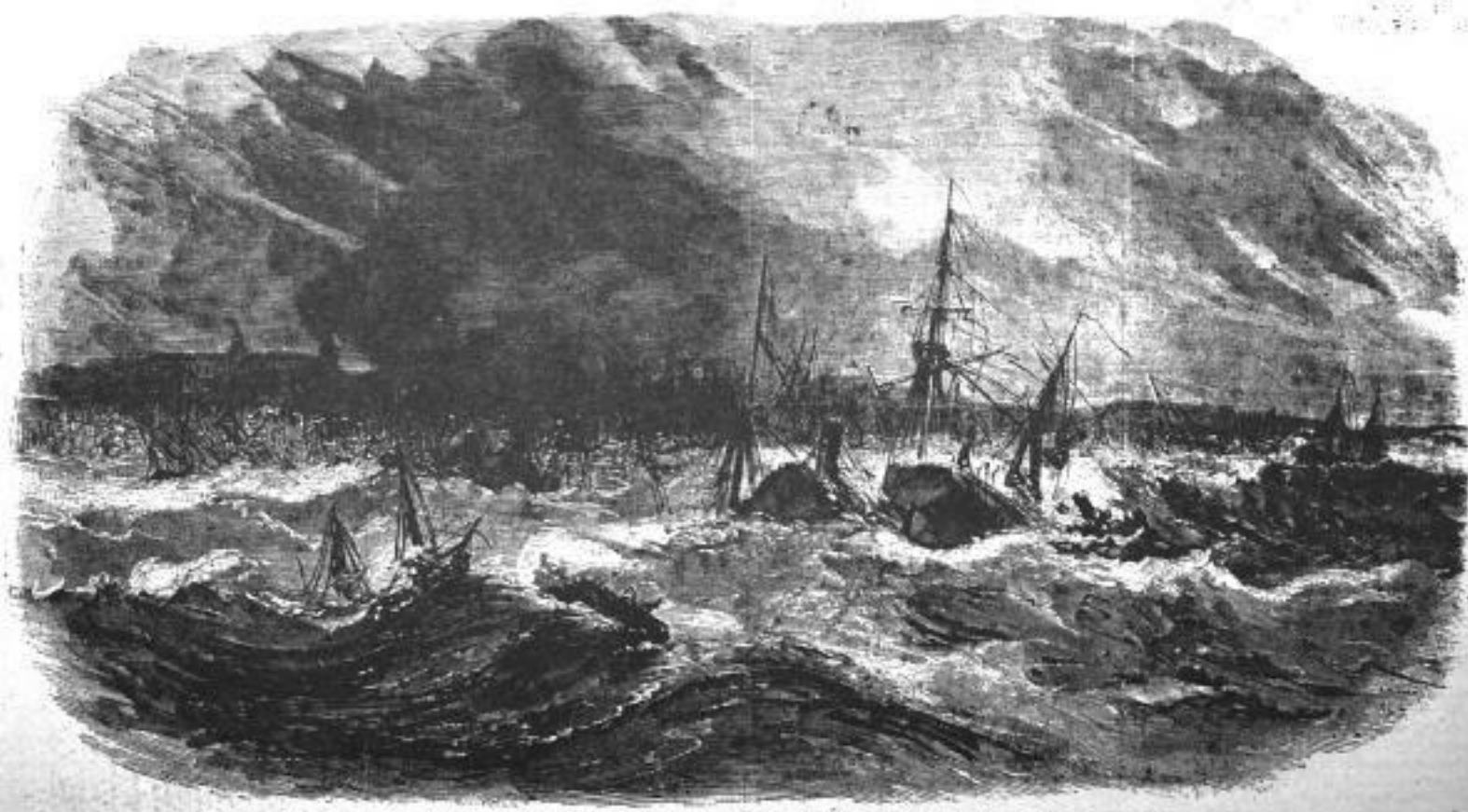
HURRICANE IN THE BAHAMAS.

THE storm at NASSAU, which we illustrate below, was but a portion of the sweeping hurricane that, on the 1st of last month, visited the Bahamas.

At Nassau the storm came on gradually. The day before its violent outburst the gale blew a fresh breeze from the sea, which increased during the night, and the next morning became a regular gale, accompanied with rain. The bar of the harbor appeared a ridge of foam, and the harbor itself, though protected against the main sea, had no shelter from a gale which was every moment increasing in violence. The ships, as far as they could be seen up the harbor, began to sway to and fro. The shipping along the wharves soon began to suffer. Small boats, lumber, and various fragments began to be scattered about on the wharves, and spacious stores and warehouses in the vicinity were unroofed, and the sheets of metal of which the roofs were made were whirled along in the wind and torn up like sheets of paper. Soon the whole thoroughfare was covered with fragments of shipping and stores. Both the violence of the wind and the missiles which it hurled recklessly about made it perilous to walk the streets, and the few foot-passengers out might be seen clinging to lamp-posts waiting for a lull.

About 1.30 or 2 P.M. it was impossible to remain abroad; it was dangerous to take shelter under walls or houses, and totally impossible to remain standing when exposed to the pressure of the wind, which shook every building. The sensation within doors was like the vibrations of a railway-car attached to an express train; the noise of the wind, combined with the sound of the waves, kept up a loud bellowing roar, varied with thunder-like gusts, and were succeeded by a crashing sound which indicated destruction of some kind or other. Green seas were now breaking upon the wharves of the town and Government property, sending their spray over the tops of the houses, and, together with the heavily falling rain and hail, made the air as obscure as the thickest fog, which, as it now and again cleared partially for a few moments, shows some further damage, houses being dismantled in all directions, and the fragments intermingled with branches of trees, swept along at an alarming pace. The trees that remained standing were being rapidly stripped of their leaves. About 3.30 fully a third of the roofing of the Office Quarters came off and fe with a heavy crash in Fleming Square, an shortly after the shingl began flying off the roo of the west range of th men's barracks like feat ers. The pinnacles o Christ Church Cathedr had gone—the flag-stat at Government Hou likewise—and the roof o that building began t show signs of going; ev ery house was in a stat of commotion, the win and rain penetrating ev ery where, doing every kind of damage, and caus ing indescribable incon venience. A lull in th storm occurred about 7.3 or 8 P.M., which fortunate ly enabled those who ha some shelter remaining to offer a share of it t their less fortunate neigh bors. Next morning th whole scene was indeed desolation, the most fa miliar objects were scarce ly to be recognized; some gone entirely. The fine Methodist Church ha fallen, together with many minor buildings the landscape was bleak and dreary, the leafless trees, a dull gray sky with dusky scudding clouds gave quite a wintry aspect, very unusual in a tropical climate.

The United States Consul, Mr. KIRKPATRICK, under date of Nassau, October 9, in addressing the Secretary of State, says the hurricane on the 1st inst. was one of the severest and most destructive that has occurred since 1813. "There is scarcely a house in this place," he adds, "or on the Bahamas, that has not suffered to some extent, while the destruction to the shipping in the harbor and along the coast has been alike fearful. The loss of life, although small here, has been severe on some of the out islands. Out at sea a large number of vessels were wrecked.



THE HURRICANE ON THE BAHAMAS—SCENE AT NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE ISLAND, OCTOBER 1, 1866.

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A RING POSY.

Jess and Jill are pretty girls,
Plump and well to do,
In a cloud of windy curls;
Yet I know who
Loves me more than curls or pearls.

I'm not pretty, not a bit;
Thin and sallow-pale;
When I trudge along the street
I don't need a veil:
Yet I have one fancy bit.

Jess and Jill can trill and sing
With a flute-like voice,
Dance as light as bird on wing,
Laugh for careless joys:
Yet it's I who wear the ring.

Jess and Jill will mate some day,
Surely, surely;
Ripen on to June through May,
While the sun shines make their hay,
Slacken steps demurely:
Yet even there I lead the way.

NOTES FROM A SEA JOURNAL.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

The weather was cold and blustering; we had rounded Cape Horn, and were now rolling along, under close reefed topsails and jib, past the dreary Isle of Desolation. Muffled in their great pea-jackets, the men would walk the decks briskly, occasionally dancing, sparring, etc., to keep themselves warm. I used to amuse myself for hours watching their movements from my post of observation on the quarter-rail, where, rolled up in my Esquimaux coat, I loved to sit and smoke my ivory pipe, made of a whale's tooth.

Not unfrequently some anxious tar would come up from the snug forecastle to take a look at his best clothes, recently washed, and now whipping about on the line extending across the deck.

Alas! the poor clothes, incapable of keeping themselves warm by exercise, were all frozen as stiff as pasteboard; so that their owner must carry them to the galley in his half benumbed fingers, and thaw them by the stove if he wished to have them ready for Sunday.

The captain's wife was aboard; she was a neat little body, with hair combed very smooth, kind blue eyes, brisk manners, and a sweet voice. The rough fellows—every man of them—liked her, and I believe would have gone through fire and water to serve her; for she was always sending forward something nice for them to eat, and there was no end to the unexpected watches below which were accorded them through her influence. On pleasant days—there were few of them lately—she would bring up her sewing, and sit near the binnacle chatting to the man at the wheel, and taking his part by coaxing the skipper, in her own peculiar way, whenever he was disposed to find fault with the steering. I remember one delicate lad of sixteen, with brown hair and a white, gentle face, who was saved many times from the blows of a "rope's end" by the "little lady." She seemed to take quite a fancy to this boy, who hadn't a single chum aboard the ship. In fact he was so reserved, so devoted to a few old books which he had brought with him, that there was no chance for the men to cultivate his acquaintance. He seemed well disposed, however, never interfered with his shipmates' business, and was always ready to give away a part of his allowance to the man who was not satisfied with his own.

Well, as I said, the "little lady"—so we called her—seemed to like the lad. Not one of the officers dared to say a cross word to him when she was near. She felt for him a sort of motherly interest, I think, because he had nobody but her to watch over and protect him; but he—alas, poor boy!—he had some of the feelings of a man, young as he was, and so loved and cherished her with his whole soul.

One cold, moonlight night, while he was steering, she brought him a pair of mittens which she had made with her own pretty hands. One of these soft hands he kissed by some uncontrollable impulse as he took the mittens; but he soon had reason to repent of his temerity. The captain saw that kiss; furious with jealousy, he raved like a madman.

"What!" cried she, "jealous of poor little Derrick?—of a mere boy?"

"Ay, ay," he replied, grinding his teeth, "but I don't believe this is the first of your 'billing and cooing' with him."

"How ridiculous!" answered the little lady; and by every art in her power she endeavored to soothe her angry lord.

For the first time since her marriage she was unsuccessful. The captain ordered her into the cabin, and shut her up in her own room.

And now it fared hard with poor Derrick. Day after day, night after night, with but little intermission, he was kept hard at work by the cruel skipper. Thinner and paler grew the lad every hour. I believe the absence of the woman he loved affected him fully as much as his hard tasks; for he would often glance toward the quarter-deck, robbed of that gentle form, and breathe heavy sighs.

Many of us remonstrated with the captain; but he heeded us not, and went on overworking the boy. Soon the sufferer was reduced to a mere skeleton—a walking shadow—and then the skipper relented a little. His victim was permitted to go below once in a while to rest himself. He kept pining, however, and was finally unable to leave his bunk. The men were not surprised one morning when the mate, entering the forecastle, looked at the sharp white face, the damp brown hair, and said that the boy was dying!

Then the captain, struck with remorse, sent for his wife.

What strange power is there in a woman's hand? The moment the little lady's touched the invalid's brow he seemed to revive.

A week later he was able to go about the decks.

One evening about a month from that time, during a heavy gale, the captain's foot slipped while he was on the lee rail, and he fell into the sea, but contrived to cling to the main chains. There was his wife, half distracted, begging somebody to save her husband—endeavoring to save him herself, periling her own life for his, but without success.

It seemed as if the captain must soon let go his hold. The men were all aloft, and could do nothing in time to save him.

Derrick, who had been steering, now bounded into the waist, fastened around his body a rope, one end of which was attached to the ship, and plunging overboard, succeeded in holding his captain until both could be lifted from their perilous situation by the crew.

The skipper received his half-fainting wife in one arm, and with his disengaged hand clasped that of the boy.

"God forgive me for my jealousy!" he cried. "You are a noble lad, Derrick; and had I allowed you to die my own fate must have been sealed a moment ago."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

CONGRESS.

THE Congressional elections of the autumn have been another and a noble vindication of the principle of our Government, and a prodigious warning to any officer of the Government who ventures even to seem to erect the one-man power against the popular conscience and conviction. The grossest insult ever offered to the American people was the declaration of the President that he might have made himself Dictator, and the most stupid political blunder was the assertion of the Postmaster-General that the officers of the United States Government were the eaters of the President's bread and butter. Both of the remarks were rhetorical, doubtless; but they stirred that righteous, popular indignation which is the salvation of the Republic. For the first time Congress was publicly derided by the Executive. And what is Congress? It is the people of the United States representatively assembled. The Congressional elections have been the prodigious, threefold protest of the people—first, against the assumption of the President to have a policy in a matter entirely beyond his authority; second, against the fatal incompleteness of the conditions he proposed; and third, against the Executive audacity or stupidity which dared even to hint at military subversion of the Government. The elections of 1864 were not more significant than those of 1866.

And now that the Union majority in Congress is *fully* determined, and that there is no question of its overpowering ascendency, it is natural to ask what Congress is likely to do. Will it impose severer conditions of restoration? Will it impeach the President? Will it pass a high tariff? Will it adopt a peremptory tone toward England upon the *Alabama* claims? Will it be a rash or a wise Legislature?

The Congress that meets in December is not, indeed, the Congress that has been just elected, but it is composed in great part of the present members, and the elections have been a distinct popular approval of the general Congressional policy. But we are not of those who suppose that the elections have given Congress *carte blanche*, authorizing it to do whatever eccentricity or extravagance may propose; and we are very sure, from the experience of the last session, and from the general tendency of human nature, that the policy of Congress will be neither timid nor rash, but will fairly represent the general good sense of the people, which is carrying the country swiftly and safely through its present perplexities. Those who persistently reason of the people of the United States to-day as if they were the French Revolutionists of 1793 will probably see nothing but a reign of terror in the assembly of "a Radical Congress." But such persons have neither faith in popular government nor in any other principle which requires confidence in the public good sense. When a New York mob hangs and burns colored men and children these persons think they see the inevitable result of a free popular system. But when the American people wages tremendous war for Union and Liberty the same persons can see no reason to believe that the American people know what they are doing.

But they did know then, and they do know now. The new Congress will be like the late Union Convention in this State. There has never been a Convention so harmoniously radical, and never one whose action was so sagacious. It could have done any thing. It could have said any thing. To the most radical sentiment it was like tinder to a spark. But its good sense was as conspicuous as its profound conviction. The very consciousness that it was unchecked by any opposition, and that it was really acting for vast national ends, toned its warm temper to a moderate speech, and its wisdom disappointed its sincerest enemies. It will be the same with Congress during this session as it was during the last. The President and his friends have tired the language with abuse of Congress. But what did Congress do? What Radical leader did it follow? Congress completes the conditions upon which alone the President approved the restoration of the rebel States; and while it honored, as all faithful citizens must, the fidelity to liberty and justice of men like MR. SUMNER and MR. STEVENS, the Congressional policy was indicated by men like MR. FESSENDEN.

Unless in the Maryland difficulty or some other matter the President shall exasperate and alarm the country, we do not believe that in the present condition of public opinion he will be impeached. MR. BINGHAM and General BUTLER and MR. BOUTWELL will doubtless reflect that the strong feeling against the President has been in great degree placated by the elections. So long as there were doubt and fear as to the condition of the public mind and the President's opportunities and intentions there was naturally extreme bitterness toward him. But as it appeared that the public sentiment and resolution were unshaken, the Presidential chances and designs, whatever the latter may have been, dwindled so as to become mainly matters of curiosity. Nor do we anticipate at this session of Congress the proposition of any severer conditions of restoration than the adoption of the Amendment. The precedent of Tennessee will undoubtedly be followed. If any unrepresented State ratifies the Amendment she will resume her place in Congress.

The experience of the last session in regard to the tariff will not be lost upon Congress. The Union party as such takes no ground upon the subject. It is neither a Protective nor a Free-trade party, while it does, without question, favor a tariff for revenue during the present exigency. But the attempt to frame a protective tariff during the last session was direct aid and comfort to the President in his plan of demoralizing and destroying the party. The alienation of a certain portion of the party in the early summer was greatly due to the extremely unwise and inexcusable course upon this subject of some prominent representatives. Their policy could be repeated only with the same result, and at a time when Union is the most sacred, patriotic duty of the party.

The tone of Congress in our foreign policy ought to be dignified and moderate. The only disturbing questions are the position of France in Mexico—a question which is conclusively answering itself, and which needs no rhetoric or bravado from us—and the *Alabama* claims, which can equally dispense with BUNCOMB in their settlement. All that is necessary is, that Congress shall apply the same vigilant good sense to the foreign affairs of the country which the members individually devote to their private affairs. And it will be of the utmost service in the saving of time, money, public vexation, and national honor if those members who may be classified as the sensational members should be held by the whole country at their just value, and not regarded as especially representative of any body but themselves, or of any purpose but their own ambition.

The country has indicated the policy of restoration. It has expressed its confidence in Congress, and it remains for Congress to work rather than to talk.

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Issue of November 17, 1866. Vol. 6 — No. 47

THE END OF AUSTRIA IN ITALY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily News* writes, on the 19th of October, from Venice: "There was a trampling of feet along the narrow passage beside my hotel at four o'clock this morning. As the footfalls grew fainter and fainter there was a hoarse word of command and a hurrying forward of the rearmost files. Then there was a dead silence again, and we had the last of the Austrians in Venice."

What a ghostly end is here of one of the most cruel tyrannies known in history! How impregnably intrenched in the very heart of Northern Italy this tyranny was may be seen in the graphic pictures of the famous Quadrilateral or military square of fortified cities, published in another part of this paper. This was the point at which the iron hand of Austria clutched and held Italy. The records of the old Venetian Council of Ten can not be more tragical than those of the Austrian rule. The dull, steady oppression has almost ruined a nation, and has nothing to show but a few military roads. The traveler in Lombardy for the last generation has never been able to escape the perception of the nightmare that brooded upon the land. The young men lounging and listless, frivolous or secretly conspiring, the Austrian eye and hand every where, and every where hated; superstition and ignorance and frivolity encouraged because they tend to enervate and demoralize; these things no observer could help seeing.

It was one of the wicked arrangements of the "settlement of Europe," upon the fall of NAPOLEON, which disposed of countries according to the ambition of rulers, and not in obedience to the wishes of the people. But that settlement, so cordially hated by all lovers of national liberty in Europe, was not only overthrown by the Prussian arms at Sadowa, but its destruction has now been formally ratified by the popular vote of Venetia. The question was simply, "Do you wish to live under the Constitutional Government of VICTOR EMANUEL, King of Italy?" and the whole male population of adult age voted. The vote was enormous, and almost uniform in its result. In the city of Venice, out of 30,000, 26,180 voted, and almost all affirmatively. In Padua 8000 votes were cast. In the country district of Udine the people marched to the polls with the priests at their head, and 7170 persons voted out of a total of 7700 electors. In the city of Verona there were 16,075 votes, and only one in the negative. At Udine there was but one negative out of 5473 votes. Chioggia and Rovigo more than 10,000 affirmative votes and no negatives were thrown. At Vicenza two negatives out of 6810 votes.

There was never so unanimous a vote, and Italy now enters with all her heart upon her new career. The Pope is the only essentially disturbing element, and surrounded by a free and constitutional Italy, it is not possible that the Pope can long sit upon his temporal throne. Whether he will choose to remain upon his old ground merely as supreme head of his Church, or emigrate to some island where he can still be political lord paramount, the immediate future will disclose. Austria can no longer defend him upon his throne, and poor old Spain, which can hardly stand, proposes to him that they shall combine their weakness and try to hold each other up. It will be a mummy trying to prop a falling statue. Meanwhile the ocean telegraph will at any moment bring us news of the entry of VICTOR EMANUEL into Venice, and then it will be for Italy to show by the energy and sagacity of her legislation that she was wholly worthy to win the victory which restored her unity, but which is due to other arms than hers.

FLATTERING THE FENIANS.

IT seems to us that honorable men can have but one opinion of the Fenian foray into Canada, and consequently but one opinion of the attempt to excite hostility against the President for his action in the matter. It is, indeed, the one energetic, praiseworthy, and thoroughly American act of his administration. The laws of the United States were deliberately defied by a mob which sought to make our soil the base of a murderous and predatory assault upon a peaceful neighbor. It was not only defiance, but contemptuous defiance, and the President instantly and irresistibly stopped the whole enterprise. It is foolish to say that he had encouraged the Fenians before he opposed them. He received a deputation of them, and at their request liberated JOHN MITCHELL; but he was very careful to say no more than that the release was a compliment to the large "section of our countrymen with whom he was previously identified." It was the usual subservience of a Democratic politician to the Irishmen, and it was not as a Fenian that MITCHELL was released.

That the President's action was prompt and decisive the moment that overt acts were committed shows that his sense of official duty properly transcended his inclinations as a politician. He did not hesitate to take the risk of alienating that part of Irish sympathy which is Fenian, and which MR. STEPHENS, the Head Centre, numerically estimates at 20,000. This was a course in which the President was fairly entitled to the most generous and cordial support of all lovers of the honor of the national name; and the utter immorality and indecency of party-spirit could be shown in nothing more than in the efforts of some of our political friends to turn the matter to their own ends. The most extraordinary spectacle of the late canvass was General WALBRIDGE extolling the lower wards of the city of New York as the seat of an enlightened press, of which MR. GREELEY and M. BENNETT were the fraternal Castor and Pollux—the whole being intended to obtain Fenian votes for MR. GREELEY. That MR. GREELEY is a true friend of the laboring man is unquestionable; but this method of electioneering must certainly strike every honest man with disgust.

Every fair means of gaining votes should be constantly and vigorously practiced; but every unfair method, although it may carry an election, loses a cause. The danger of our general politics is the kind of corruption upon which the Democratic party relies in the city of New York. It is the spirit which panders to ignorance and vice, and if ignorance and vice succeed the recoil is tremendous and disastrous. Could there be any thing more pitiful than the appeal to an ignorant foreigner for his vote, upon the ground that the President was his enemy because he had faithfully executed the just laws of the land? Besides the enormity of the appeal in itself, there is the perilous folly of supporting the theory that an American citizen is an Irishman. If an inhabitant of this country is a foreigner and undertakes to make war from our soil against a friendly power, the law deals with him very promptly. But if he be an American citizen his offense is even greater, and his pretense that he is acting as a citizen of some other country is an insult to all of us.

When Irishmen, or the people of any other country, leave their land and come to live among us, they must understand that they are to obey the laws. If their sympathy with the sorrows of the friends they leave behind inspires them to help them strike for their liberty, let them return and help them. But an Irish Republic

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which establishes its head-quarters in New York, and murders a few innocent Canadians by way of making war upon England, is not an Irish Republic which commands the respect of honorable men; and to attempt to propitiate its supporters by complaining of the President for enforcing its laws is a betrayal of the authority of law and a blow at public morality.

JOHN BRIGHT AND ENGLAND.

MACAULAY used to say that the next great convulsion in his country would be the contest between Parliament and the People, as in 1645 it was between the Parliament and the King; and the speeches of JOHN BRIGHT seem to announce the approach of that contest. His present movement is the most significant political event in England since the revolution of 1688. It is the suggestion of an actual, although not necessarily a forcible, revolution. English statesmen and political philosophers hitherto have agreed in recognizing the balance of classes as essential to British stability. The objection of certain liberal papers, like the *Spectator*, to Mr. GLADSTONE'S bold claim of the suffrage, a few years since, for every innocent and intelligent man, was that it tended to throw all political power into the hands of one class, and thereby to destroy the sacred class organization. This was also the argument of Mr. LOWE, in his famous Parliamentary speeches which Mr. BRIGHT constantly and bitterly reviles. Mr. LOWE made his speeches offensive by declaring that the class to which this controlling power was to be given was the most ignorant and vicious class in the country.

JOHN BRIGHT says that the government of the balance of classes has failed; that its historical tendency is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer; to concentrate the ownership of land in a few hands, and to exclude the great body of the population from political power. He proposes that an appeal be taken from the governing class to the nation, and that the nation govern itself. This means nothing less than the disappearance of King, Lords, and Commons—the end of a monarchy, and the erection of a republic. It sends a shiver through the kingdom, where traditions are sacred by reason of their moss and mould, if there be nothing else to endear them. It sets all England to thinking of MIRABEAU and the Tennis Court, and the flight to Varennes; and already one quivering letter-writer thinks that JOHN BRIGHT may yet cause the London mob to cry *à la lanterne*, and to take to hanging Mr. LOWE and his adherents.

The striking fact of the situation is, that the movement is confined entirely to the laboring, unenfranchised class. The middle class holds as far aloof as the aristocracy. Indeed, the aim of the middle class in England is to amass money enough to buy land, and so to aristocratize itself. JOHN BRIGHT may be said to head this unenfranchised and landless class, which is the vast numerical majority against all the other classes, the political power, and the impregnable traditions of the monarchy. The foreshadowed contest is tremendous. But Mr. BRIGHT'S demand is not forcible revolution. He asks the governing class merely to consider history and human nature, and to be warned in time. Dogged resistance he wishes them to see is sure destruction. Yielding and yielding more and more they may indeed at last yield the very British system itself, but better that than an earthquake which will shatter every thing. Shall we learn nothing? he earnestly asks. What is the part of common-sense but to see what is unavoidable, and adapt ourselves to it? And what is statesmanship but common-sense making laws?

We rank JOHN BRIGHT'S movement in England, in its ultimate scope, with the vindication of popular government in this country and the prostration of the Austrian empire.

WHY WAS THE "EVENING STAR" LOST?

A SHIP-MASTER who has had more than twenty years' experience at sea in every kind of vessel, and three years upon the Southern coast in the naval blockading service in all seasons and all weathers, writes to give us his views of preventing such accidents as that of the *Evening Star*. Our ships, he says, are as stanch and swift as can be built; and the *Evening Star* was not lost, he thinks, because of her weakness. The storm was not unusual for the latitude and the season, but at the height of the gale "the rudder-chains gave way, or some accident happened to them, and the ship became unmanageable." A similar entanglement of the rudder-chains was almost fatal to the *Great Eastern*.

The great mistake, says our sea-faring friend, is, that "almost all our large steamers have no steering gear immediately connected with the rudder-head, while the chains pass at many angles, and along the length of the ship, and in many obvious ways can be entangled. An extra tiller attached to the rudder-head directly over the main deck, with a pair of relief-tackle ready at all times, which could be worked with a few hands, the course dictated by the officer in charge of the deck, could have been used effectively to keep the *Evening Star* head to the sea; or if not head to, might have kept her before it, and in either position, in all probability, she would have weathered the gale." Our correspondent says that during the blockade many vessels of all classes, which were never intended for sea-service, rode out at anchor many of the most severe gales upon the very worst parts of the coast; but had they been exposed "broadside to, or in the trough of the sea, many of them would have gone to the bottom." Whether the facts upon the *Evening Star* are correctly apprehended or not by our correspondent, he makes a very sensible suggestion, which can be very easily followed.

The loss of the *Evening Star* is attributed, by the report of Captain MEW, who has charge of the enforcement of the United States laws in relation to steamships, to bad management. The hull of the steamer was sound, the machinery in good condition, but she needed another engineer, and instead of her proper complement of fourteen men, she carried but ten, and some of these are reported to have been employed otherwise than as seamen. The force was not enough to handle the ship; the facilities suggested by our friend, a ship-master, were not at hand; no effort was made to get her head to the wind, though her rudder was intact most of the time; and down went the ship and two hundred passengers. The report does not say that a larger crew would certainly have saved the ship, but it does say that she would probably have been kept afloat, and a full crew could have manned the boats, which were large enough for both crew and passengers, and in that way many more lives might have been saved.

The owners and officers of the *Evening Star* certainly owe some explanation to the public of a great disaster for which this report makes them partly responsible.

FIRE!

As all Americans travel more or less, we are all peculiarly interested in making travel safe. Nothing tends to that result so surely as the publication of the accidents and carelessness of management which travelers observe; for when the officers of railroads and steamboats fully understand that any negligence will be promptly reported to the public, they will take good care to avoid all accidents that are not inevitable. The American is a pusillanimous traveler; but John Bull grumbles until his discomfort or his danger is remedied. We lately described a fire upon the *Plymouth Rock* steamer which was happily discovered by a passenger and extinguished before serious harm was done. We have received a letter from the *Occupant of State-room 53*, who was the passenger of whom we spoke, and who makes the following statement, which we commend to the attention of the Company and of all travelers by the Sound boats.

"The boat that night was lighted by lamps having a temporary standard made of wood or pasteboard, and placed on the marble tables without being fastened. This lamp [the occasion of the fire] being the nearest to the engine, owing to the jar of the machinery fell first. Suppose there had been a collision, there would have been thirty fires instead of one to put out. ....Returning East the next night some of the gentlemen who knew of the fire the preceding night *had the lamps tied to the tables with strings and appointed themselves watchmen to see that no more fires occurred.* They saw, although they could not prevent it, some of the hands or passengers smoking cigars around the baggage (freight), which consisted in part of cotton and wool."

No one who travels by the Sound steamers but perceives the perils to which they are exposed. But does not this system of lighting foolishly multiply those perils? How grave they were felt to be in the case of which we have spoken is proved by the fact of some of the passengers forming themselves into a Vigilance Committee. It is quite time, as our correspondent suggests, that we should be on our guard against the abuses that are stealing in upon us to such an alarming extent.

BATHING.

HUFELAND, a German physician who wrote on health at the end of the last century, said that the whole body ought to be bathed in cold water every day, and this has been very commonly repeated by writers on health up to the present time. And yet there are very few, even among those who conscientiously intend to take suitable care of their physical condition, who comply with this injunction. Are they who neglect it altogether in error? It certainly would be a great inconvenience to most of them to comply with it; but still, if the measure be requisite for securing the full health of the body, the inconvenience should be no bar to its employment. That bathing should be used far more than it is by most people there is no doubt; but the question is, to what extent is it required, and in what ways should it be used? We will answer this briefly as well as we can.

There are two objects in bathing. One is to cleanse the skin. This organ (for it must be remembered that it is an active organ, and not a mere covering) is continually discharging a large quantity of refuse matter from the system, in the form of both insensible and sensible perspiration. For this purpose there are innumerable tubes closely set together. It is important that the outlets of these tubes, the pores of the skin, should be kept well open. They are liable to be obstructed, both by the accumulation of some of the matter which passes out of them, and by the lodgment of matter brought to the skin by the air, and in various other ways. These accumulations are removed in three ways—by becoming attached to the clothing in its friction from the motions of the body, by the application of water, and by the washing out of the tubes of the skin by the free flow of perspiration occasioned by brisk exercise.

The second object of bathing is to influence the skin as an active and sensitive organ. We see this in a marked manner when cold bathing is attended with a good reaction. The skin is highly endowed with nerves, and, as a sensitive organ, has an important play in the economy of the system. The impressions that are made upon it, therefore, exert a decided influence upon the great central organs of the body.

You see, then, that as the skin is an active secreting organ it can, to a considerable extent, take care of itself. It is not entirely dependent on bathing to clear away the refuse which is disposed to collect at the outlets of its tubes. The whole of the skin does not, therefore, need to be washed every day as a measure of cleanliness. Only the most exposed portions of it need this. The frequency with which it should be done in other parts depends much on circumstances. We had better, however, err on the side of doing it too much than too little. Not that no harm ever comes from doing it too much, for there is such a thing as making the organ too sensitive, and impairing its functions by too frequent stimulation. Daily bathing, accompanied by friction, may necessitate too active a renewal of that very delicate covering of the skin which we call the cuticle, and so injure the true skin, from whose surface this is constantly forming, the outer portions of it being as constantly thrown off in the shape of very minute scales.

Neither is the skin wholly dependent on cold bathing, as some seem to think, to give it tone and activity. This is only one of the many means of doing this, and, we may add, a subordinate one. Free exercise is one of the most important of these means, giving vigor to all the organs, the skin as well as the rest. This can not be dispensed with. It is absolutely essential, while cold bathing is far from being so, for even a high degree of healthy vigor is often maintained without it, if there be habitual brisk exercise.

Observe that it is as true of bathing with cold water as it is of exposure to cold air, that a good reaction is essential to a healthy influence. If this do not occur the effect is depressing to the vital powers, and tends to produce ill-health and even positive disease. A disregard of this plain fact has led to much injury, especially in the case of persons of delicate health. So popular has been cold bathing of late that its use has been too indiscriminate.

Let us look, then, at some of the points of discrimination which should be observed. The robust can use cold bathing with comparatively little caution, because they have a reaction so readily excited; but even with them it should not be resorted to when the system is much fatigued. For this reason it is generally improper in the after-part of the day. The best time for its use, in relation to securing a full reaction, is toward the latter part of the forenoon, for the system is then in its most vigorous condition. But early in the morning is the most convenient time, and after the rest of the night there is sufficient vigor for a suitable reaction in most persons.

In using cold bathing as a tonic (and it is a capital one), there is no necessity for bathing the whole body. Sometimes one part can be bathed and sometimes another. We have known all the requisite tonic effect to be secured by merely putting the feet into cold water every morning. Neither is it essential that there should be immersion—sponging will do as well. What is required is simply the impression of cold followed by reaction. The benefit that results comes from accustoming the system to thus react on receiving the impression of cold through the nerves of the skin, instead of succumbing under it into a state of depression. It is in this way that cold bathing is so serviceable in ridding one of the disposition to take cold by using it in the summer and continuing it on into winter.

Many persons of delicate constitution, as already hinted, reap injury instead of benefit from cold bathing by the failure to have a reaction. They can ordinarily succeed in obtaining this result, however, if they manage in the right way. It may be necessary to begin with using water somewhat warm, having it cooler from day to day till they get to use really cold water. Or they can first apply the water over a small portion of surface, daily enlarging the bounds of its application as the habit of reaction becomes established. Of course friction may be employed as an auxiliary in securing reaction, the exercise requisite in applying it and the stimulation of the skin both uniting to produce the effect.

THE ARTISTS' FUND WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE artists have wisely resolved to devote one of the galleries at their Seventh Exhibition to *paintings in water-colors*; and so generous has been the response of private owners that so complete and beautiful a collection of water-colors has never been seen in this country as that which has been gathered at the National Academy rooms in which the Exhibition takes place. Our readers are aware that some of TURNER'S finest and most characteristic works are in water-color; and until really good works in this style have been seen it is impossible to know of what force, variety, and exquisite tenderness water-colors are capable. The collection is composed of works by the most famous painters, which will be so arranged that they can be most comfortably and satisfactorily studied; and the Exhibition will unquestionably be one of the freshest and most interesting ever held in the city.

LITERARY.

A LITTLE book just published by LIPPINCOTT, in Philadelphia, "With General Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign, by a Staff Officer," is a peculiarly valuable chapter in the story of the war; for although the author assures us that General SHERIDAN will not know what is in the book until he sees it, and has in no way prompted it, yet it is clear that the writer had the General's fullest confidence, and that his views are those of SHERIDAN. The book is a luminous and graphic account of the part borne by SHERIDAN and his men in the closing campaign. It goes at a hand-gallop, and is the most brisk and breezy reading. Moreover, its frankness, heartiness, and generosity give great weight to all its statements upon disputed points; and it is especially interesting as presenting General SHERIDAN'S view of his own action in relieving General WARREN, who has also published his version of the affair. It is plain, it seems to us, that SHERIDAN felt a want of confidence in success upon the part of WARREN, and knew that his distrust must inevitably paralyze the troops and imperil the victory. Whether SHERIDAN was justified in his feeling can only be determined by the reader upon consideration of the facts; and as related in this little work it is hard to see how he could have done otherwise than he did. The relief was no imputation upon General WARREN'S capacity or fidelity, as was proved by his appointment to an important command immediately afterward. The portraiture of SHERIDAN in this book is very striking and satisfactory. He is evidently a clear, electric man, of marvelous energy and celerity. But his "dash" is not recklessness. It is not a mere gush of fine animal spirits. It is the fatal swiftness of insight and genius. If SHERIDAN is the most romantic, he is also one of the ablest heroes of the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, through direct orders from Washington, has received extended privileges, in being allowed the liberty of the grounds during the day, and the removal of the guards both day and night.

The receipts of Internal Revenue for the month of October, ending October 31, are $28,424,450 29, against $30,457,973 63 for the month of October last year. The aggregate receipts for the four months of the present fiscal year, commencing July 1 and ending October 31, are $125,951,346 14, against $134,181,409 29 for the same period last year.

Memphis, in 1850, had a population of between 12,000 and 15,000. The *Avalanche* states that in 1860 the lowest estimate of the number of inhabitants was 40,000—an increase of 250 per cent. over the census of 1850 in eight years. The general estimate now is that the population will number at least 60,000, some placing it as high as 75,000.

In Nashville colored children are heartily invited to attend the Catholic Sabbath-schools with the other children, and no distinction is made on account of color or previous condition of servitude.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 27:

(PRAGUE.)—An attempt was made to shoot the Emperor Francis Joseph as he was leaving the theatre this evening. The culprit aimed a pistol at the Kaiser, but before the ball was fired he was seized by an Englishman and placed under arrest.

October 29:

(LONDON.)—The latest advices from Candia state that fighting between the Christians and the Turkish army continued, but the accounts of its progress are unreliable.

October 30:

(LONDON.)—The *Times* of to-day again editorially urges the reference of the claims of the Government upon Great Britain for the property destroyed by the *Alabama* to a joint commission to be appointed by the two Powers. The *Times* thinks this would be an act of policy, if not of justice.

(BERLIN.)—King WILLIAM has directed the celebration of a solemn *fête* in this capital on the 11th of November, for the restoration of peace.

October 31:

(LONDON.)—The Turks claim great victories over the Christians in Candia. In a hard-fought battle near Oroses, the Cretans lost 700 men, while the Turkish loss was very heavy. Three thousand Cretans had been drowned in a cave where they had sought a hiding-place and refuge, a tide rising and submerging them. Large submissions were being made by the Christians to the Turkish authority.

(ROME.)—The Pope has delivered an allocution condemning the conduct of Italy, declaring that he is ready to die in the defense of the right, and that in case of need he will seek the free exercise of his ministry in another land.

November 1:

(PARIS.)—The *Presse* says the alliance between Prussia and Russia is a fixed fact.

(ROME.)—The Italian Press denounce the allocution of the Pope against the conduct of Italy.

(PARIS.)—It is said that Count De Montholon has been ordered to return from Washington and repair to Lisbon, and that Count Berthemy will go to Washington and take his place there.

November 2:

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The Military and naval forces of Russia have been ordered to be raised to their full strength.

(VIENNA.)—The Diet of Hungary has been convoked for the 19th.

November 4:

(VIENNA.)—Decrees have been promulgated relieving Mensdorf from the Foreign Military Office, and appointing Von Beust as his successor. The decrees also appoint Baron John Minister of War, *vice* Esterhazy, relieved. The Ministry is without portfolio. Von Beust has issued a circular, wherein he declares himself separated from the past. He says he enters the Austrian service free and unprejudiced. Austria will maintain a true and peaceful conciliatory policy, but will uphold the dignity of the Empire.

(BERLIN.)—The King of Saxony and his family re-entered Dresden yesterday, and were well received by the people.

November 5:

(MADRID.)—The Queen of Spain has made an offer to the Pope of a residence at Granada, and Spanish vessels of war are placed at his disposal in case of emergency.

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The war is renewed in Bokhara, and the Russian forces have besieged and taken the city of Urtarba.

(LONDON.)—A telegram from Tien-Tsin, China, says that the French have declared war against Corea.

RUMORED ABDICATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

The Mexican Minister has received a letter from Vera Cruz, dated October 25, by way of New Orleans, stating that the Emperor Maximilian left the city of Mexico on the 22d instant, resigning verbally in favor of General Bazaine.

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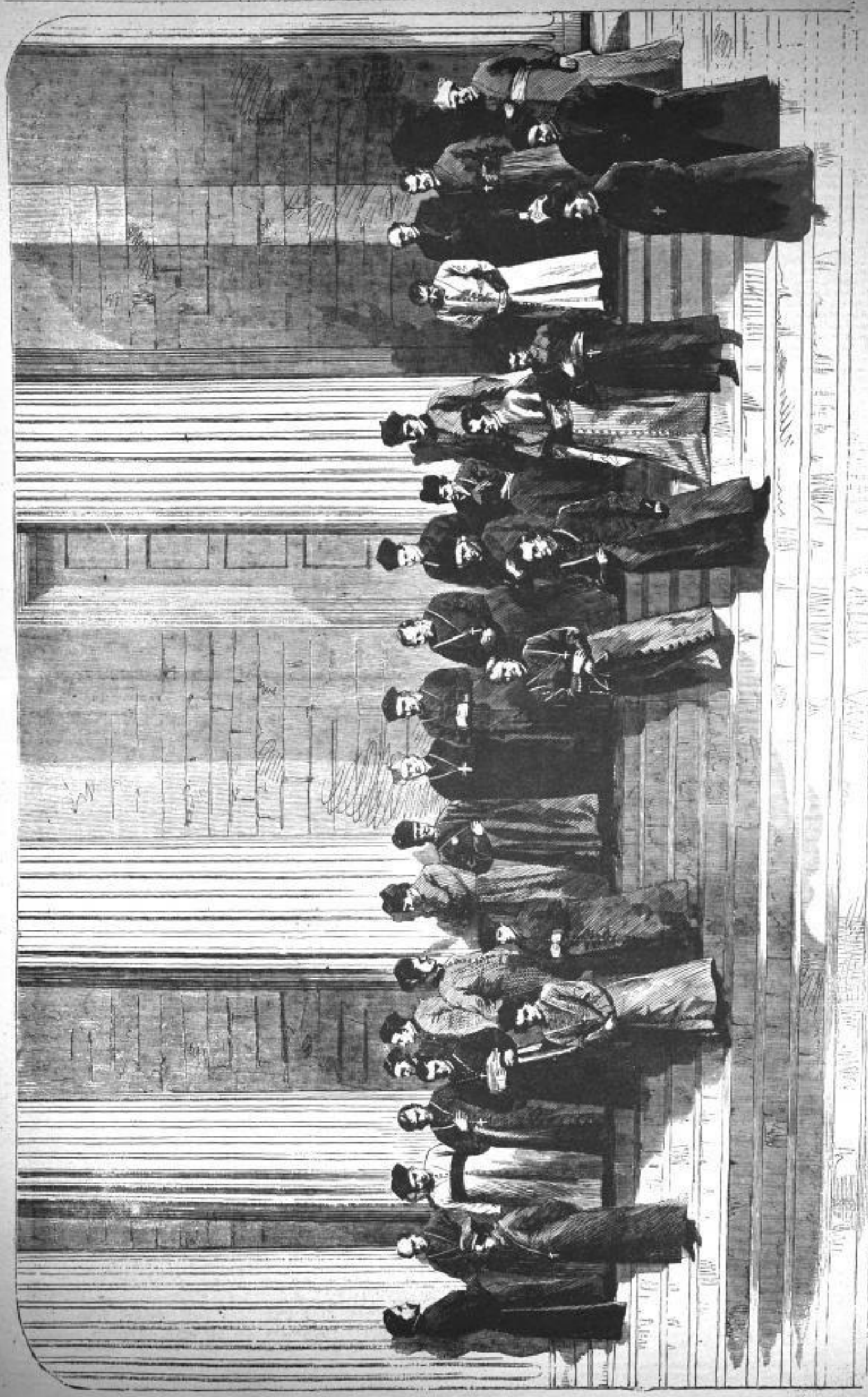

ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE SECOND ROMAN CATHOLIC PLENARY COUNCIL, ASSEMBLED AT BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 7, 1866.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERGMANN BROTHERS, 86 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

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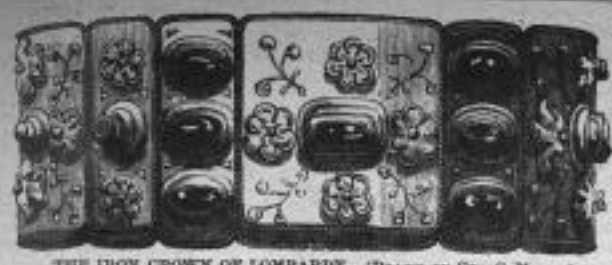

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.—[DRAWN BY GEO. C. MASON.]

VENICE AND THE QUADRILATERAL.

THE transfer of Venetia to Italy, which is now completed by treaty, and will soon be complete as a practical fact, imparts a special interest to the capital city of the province, and to the four fortified cities constituting the Quadrilateral, of which we give illustrations on pages 728 and 729.

VENICE,

for many centuries the capital of a celebrated republic, the first maritime and commercial Power of the world, and one of the finest cities in Europe, is unique, both as regards position and construction, being built entirely on piles, and occupying seventy or eighty small islands, separated by 149 canals, which are crossed by 306 bridges. The chief of the former is the Grand Canal, 100 to 180 feet wide, and bordered by magnificent palaces and churches; it separates the city into two nearly equal portions, which are connected by the bridge of the Rialto, built of white marble, and consisting of a single arch. The streets or lanes are so narrow and intricate as to render the city a vast labyrinth, and, being fit only for foot-passengers, the place of wheel-carriages is supplied by small barges called gondolas, the peculiar form and great number of which constantly traversing the principal canals presents one of the chief characteristics of the city. The largest street, the Merceria, in which are the best shops, is only 15 feet wide; the principal promenades are the square of St. Mark, and the public gardens, which are nearly surrounded by the sea. Among its many squares, the most remarkable for extent, regularity, and beauty of situation, is the Piazza di San Marco (St. Mark), on the south side of the city, at the entrance of the Grand Canal. On the east side of this is a smaller square called the Piazzetta, and at the angle, between these, is the Church of St. Mark. Venice contains a vast number of magnificent churches and palaces, adorned with the paintings of Titian and the frescoes of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The chief edifices are the palace of the Procuratie Vecchie and the Procuratie Nuove, which occupy the greater part of the square of St. Mark, around which extends a vast gallery containing elegant shops and cafés. The former palace of the Doge, built by MARINO FALIERO in the fourteenth century, is remarkable for its architecture and its imposing mass; its interior is decorated with many of the finest works of the great masters. The Bridge of Sighs connects this palace with the fetucer prisons and dungeons of the Inquisition. Among the ecclesiastical edifices the most magnificent is the Church of St. Mark, with its golden ceilings, its pavement of jasper and porphyry, its 500 columns of black, white, and veined marble, bronze, alabaster, verde antique, and serpentine.

In the Middle Ages Venice had a monopoly of the manufacture of glass; but this has greatly declined; and its manufactures are now confined to mirrors, jewelry, artificial pearls, silks, and porcelain. The imports comprise sugar, coffee, and other colonial produce; cotton and woolen fabrics, cotton yarn, and raw cotton; hardware goods, dyestuffs, salted fish, and grain. The exports, silk and silk goods, glass wares, and books.

Venetia attained the height of its prosperity in the fifteenth century. It began to decline at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and its overthrow was completed by the French in 1797. By the Treaty of Presburg, in 1805, it was made over, with the provinces of the continent, to the kingdom of Italy; and was held by the French till 1814, when it reverted to Austria. In 1848 the Venetians revolted against the Austrians, and held the city for several months. The Government of Venice comprises eight delegates, which bear the names of their capitals—Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Rovigo, Treviso, Belluno, and Udine.

Venice is not only an interesting relic of past magnificence, but a great fortress capable of holding back an army from penetrating within her ports and canals, and also able to act as a point of concentration for a force that might assemble here and threaten the rear of a southern army marching against Goritzia or the Tyrol. Around the city there are no less than eighty-two forts, fifty-eight of which are permanently armed, and the remainder would receive their guns on the first tidings of the enemy's preparing to attack. The place is provisioned for four months, and the works are capable of holding out for a still longer period, especially since Admiral TEGETHOFF took the command of the sea, and thus insured the freedom of communication with Trieste. The great high-roads and the railways to Venice approach the city through Mestre, a small unfortified town to the northwest, only important as the junction of the routes from all directions. The railway is continued over the lagunes by a bridge about two miles and a quarter long.

THE QUADRILATERAL.

The sensations with which one regards a nest of fortresses such as the Quadrilateral are very different in war and peace. When the Archduke fought the battle of Custozza

VERONA

was regarded as a port is a storm—a refuge in the hour of need; for his whole army might have sought shelter within the line of her forts if the fortunes of the day had turned against the Austrians, and defeat instead of victory had attended their arms. But now that Italy has achieved her long self-set task, and it only remains for diplomatists to settle the exact terms of the treaty, there is a crushing weight in the parapets, ditches, and detached forts that makes one long for the free mountain air so near in space and yet so far removed in nature from these oppressive fortifications. Josefstadt, Königgrätz, and Theresienstadt are border strong-holds; Olmütz is a great fortress; Venice is a pearl placed in an almost impregnable casket; but Verona is a fortified camp, built to contain a host, which it can shield from sudden attack, and yet suffer to go forth against the enemy without a check upon the mobility of the mass of men. The town contains some 60,000 inhabitants, yet it seems but a garrison of soldiers; some of its fine old churches are turned into hospitals, its theatres into corn stores, and the most perfect Roman amphitheatre in Europe, a contemporary of the Coliseum at Rome, was used as a prison for the Italians taken at the battle of Custozza.

PESCHIERA, situated on the northwest corner of the square, where the Mincio leaves the Lake of Garda, is commanded by heights surrounding it, which gave it the name of the Spittoon. The town is small, containing about 2000 inhabitants, principally engaged in fishing. Peschiera is connected with Verona by a railway. A treble circle of walls and bastions, raised on the surrounding heights, enables the fortress to contain an army of at least 80,000 men, thus giving the commander the opportunity to act on the offensive as well as the defensive. The terrain of the Upper Mincio from Volta to Lonato—to which, besides Peschiera, Valeggio, and Salionzi serve as bases—is extremely favorable for the defensive. The town and barracks of Peschiera are surrounded by strong walls and bastions. These fortifications, however, are now of very secondary importance for its defense. It has been surrounded by a chain of very strong nine in number, which lie at from half a mil mile distance from the town, and about a q of a mile from each other. Fort No. 1 is o shore of the lake looking toward Lombardy. No. 9, on the shore to the north of Peschiera. forts are all very strong; they are of earth with stone containing-walls, and are surro with moats. Peschiera, with this chain of fortr appears to be, like Verona, Mantua, and Venic solutely impregnable.

MANTUA,

at the southern point of the line of the Mincio tant from Peschiera twenty miles, is a town of ly 30,000 inhabitants, and is one of the few for es that inspired even NAPOLEON I. with re It is built on a flat island in the River Mincio, v forms here several small arms and a tolerably lake, that bound Mantua on the north and while the river proper and a wide marsh surr it on the south and west. The fortifications o town itself are of no great importance, and co only of an old wall and bastions. It derive great strength from the forts around it. The er Mincio, widening above and below Mantua, the whole country around being extremely wat would render it very difficult for a besieger to street bridges near enough to each other to s

JAWBONE OF A MASTODON, RECENTLY FOUND AT COHOES, NEW YORK.
SKETCHED BY R. WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

THE GALAGO MAHOLI OF SOUTH AFRICA.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

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the necessary support. The besieged, on the other hand, can change with ease from one bank to the other, and attack an enemy where he is weakest.

Legnago is a small place; about 1000 men suffice to garrison it. The fortifications are, however, very strong, and the place is of importance, as guarding the passage of the Adige, which is tolerably wide here. Immense rice-fields stretch away far to the southwest, and are traversed by but few roads.

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY,

of which we give an illustration on page 725, is an interesting heir-loom, which, by special stipulation, now reverts to Italy.

This crown was used for the coronation of the kings of Italy, and was given, in 616, by THEODOLINDA, Queen of the Lombards, to the Basilica of Monza. It derives its name from the circle of iron incrusted in the interior, and supposed to have been forged out of one of the nails of the cross. The diameter of the crown is six inches, and it is two and a quarter inches wide. It is composed of a kind of jointed collar in gold, and is loaded with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, uncut and interspersed with flowers of gold. Apart from its antiquity, it possesses no other merit than the richness of the materials of which it is formed, and does not manifest any great artistic talents in the Lombard or Italian goldsmiths at the end of the sixth century—the date of the crown. It served at the coronation of NAPOLEON at Milan, when he placed it on his own head, saying, "Dio me la diede, guai a chi la tocca!" words which afterward became the motto of the Order of the Iron Crown.

PRELATES OF THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL.

ON the 7th of October the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore commenced its session. It was a religious gathering of great importance to the Roman Catholic Church, comprising seven archbishops and thirty-nine bishops. The venerable appearance of most of the delegates, clad in robes fashioned after a model eighteen centuries old, had an impressive effect. We may readily believe the *Catholic Mirror* when it says that "the representative character of those who composed the central figures in the Council, their eminence of station, the collected wisdom of those present in all departments of sacred and profane lore—letters truly typified as the handmaid of religion—revered age and experience, united harmoniously with the strength and fire of early manhood; the splendor and richness of decoration, such as our Church ritual requires, blended with the pomp of ceremony; the swelling strains of sacred music, pouring forth in consonance with the Pontifical High Mass; each and all conspired to ravish the heart, and entrance the soul with the transports of divine adoration."

The State of Maryland may well be proud of her Catholic history. Her CALVERT was the great pioneer in the cause of religious liberty. "He was the first," says BANCROFT, "in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a Proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State."

The objects of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore were the re-establishment of discipline, and the general well-ordering of the affairs of the Church in America. It is fourteen years since the First Plenary Council met. These Councils are assembled by express direction of the Pope, who appoints a representative of his authority in the Apostolic Delegate he commissions to preside over them. In this case the Delegate was Dr. M. J. SPALDING, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Our engraving represents the archbishops and bishops assembled in front of the Cathedral, and is after a photograph by BENDANN BROTHERS, of this city. Mr. BENDANN spent two weeks in making a series of pictures—single figures and groups—of the various prelates at the archiepiscopal palace, and the results, apart from the interest attaching to them as portraits, are remarkable as works of art. These and other choice pictures are on free exhibition at the BENDANN BROTHERS' Gallery, No. 56 Fifth Avenue, corner of Seventeenth Street. The BENDANNS deserve great credit for their efforts to elevate their art, and we trust that success will crown their enterprise.

JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., member of the British Parliament for Birmingham, the great agitator in the interest of manhood suffrage, and one of the firmest friends of America and her institutions, is the son of JACOB BRIGHT, Esq., of Greenbank, near Rochdale, and was born in 1811. He is a partner in the firm of JOHN BRIGHT & BROTHERS, cotton-spinners and manufacturers, of Rochdale. Though he had taken part in the reform agitation of 1831-32, Mr. BRIGHT first distinguished himself in political life when, in 1839, he became one of the earliest members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, which sprung out of an association formed in 1838 to obtain the repeal of the corn-laws. In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully contested the representation of the city of Durham, for which, however, he was returned in July following; and he continued to sit for Durham until 1847, when he was first returned for Manchester. He made his maiden speech in Parliament on the motion of Mr. EWART for extending the principles of free-trade, August 7, 1843. During the interval between his election for Manchester and the accession of the first DERBY Ministry to power Mr. BRIGHT's activity in Parliament and on the platform was varied and continuous. In the House of Commons he proposed to apply the remedy of free-trade in land to the state of things which produced the Irish famine. He appealed, unsuccessfully, for the dispatch of a Royal commission to investigate the condition of India; and in 1849 he was appointed one of the members of the once celebrated Select Committee of the House of Commons on official salaries. At Westminster, and still more in the provinces, especially at Manchester, he co-operated with Mr. COBDEN in the movement which the latter sought to create in favor of financial reform, mainly with a view to the reduction of the naval and military establishments. In 1851 he added his vote to those of the famous Parliamentary coalition which attempted to censure Lord PALMERSTON in the Pacifico affair; and in 1852 he took a prominent part in the welcome given to KOSSUTH by the advanced Liberals of Lancashire.

On the formation of the first Derby Ministry Mr. BRIGHT aided in that temporary reorganization of the Anti-Corn-Law League which the acceptance of free-trade by the new Government afterward rendered unnecessary. He was re-elected for Manchester, after a contest, at the next general election. With the accession of Lord ABERDEEN's Ministry to power began the discussion of the Eastern question, his share in which alienated from Mr. BRIGHT many of his former supporters. Mr. BRIGHT denounced the policy of the Russian War with energy; but his protests against it were stopped by an attack of severe illness, and just as the war had been brought to a close Mr. BRIGHT was compelled to forego all public action. He withdrew eventually to the Continent, and the news of the defeat of Lord PALMERSTON on the Canton question reached him while in Italy, in March, 1857. Although he had, of course, taken no personal part in the debate or division which produced Lord PALMERSTON's appeal to the country, yet he avowed his entire approval of the vote of censure which had been proposed by Mr. COBDEN and seconded by Mr. MILNER GIBSON. While offering himself for re-election at Manchester, he was forbidden by his medical attendants to appear on the hustings; and Manchester rejected both Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GIBSON by large majorities. A few months afterward the death of Mr. MUNTZ caused a vacancy in the representation of Birmingham. The constituency invited Mr. BRIGHT to become a candidate, and he was elected in the August of 1857.

Mr. BRIGHT has sat uninterruptedly for Birmingham since, no opposition to his return having ever been attempted. He is now the acknowledged leader of the more advanced school of reformers, and is certainly the most talked-of, and perhaps the best-abused, man in her Majesty's dominions.

A MAMMOTH JAWBONE.

OUR engraving on page 725 represents the jawbone of a mastodon, found recently by some workmen in their excavations at Harmony Hill, in Cohoes, New York. This relic is quite perfect as regards preservation. The right jaw has but one tooth, while the left has three, all in good condition. The extreme length of the jaw is 32 inches, the greatest width at the hinge being 21 inches; it weighs 48 pounds.

Professor HALL of Albany, the geologist, has visited Cohoes, and pronounces the bone to be the jawbone of a mastodon. "The excavation has now been arched over and the work of building commenced; hence we may conclude that the other wonders in that great curiosity-shop of nature, the peat bed, are forever sealed from the public eye.

THE GALAGO MAHOLI.

THIS beautiful little animal is a native of South Africa. Its habits are very nocturnal, feeding chiefly upon insects and fruit. Dr. KIRK met with it on the wooded mountains about Tete, on the Zambesi, and also on the shores of the Nyassa Lake. He says it would leap at least 6 feet in a horizontal direction, as noiselessly as an owl. Mr. FRASER observed this species, or one closely allied to it, at Cape Coast, Western Africa, in a tamarind-tree, at the top of which it had its nest, composed of loose leaves in the forked branch of the tree. The quick and froglike leaps of this pretty little animal are most remarkable for the perfect manner in which the animal alights firmly on the branches, after the fashion of the tree-frogs. Our illustration represents the living specimen which was lately added to the collection of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park Gardens, London.

OUR MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS.

AMONG the various battles, sieges, captures and recaptures, executions and retaliatory executions which now diversify the military annals of Mexico, not the least interesting incident is that which is the immediate occasion of our illustrations on page 732.

The Liberals have of late suffered more serious loss from their mutual dissensions than from MAXIMILIAN's soldiers. In the anarchy which at present exists, with the prospect of an early withdrawal of the French, every ambitious Mexican chief thinks himself the Coming Man, destined to control the country and to bring order out of chaos. And these leaders of factions hate each other more than they hate the French. A few weeks since Colonel CANALES usurped the control of Matamoras, and imprisoned General TAPIA, the legitimate Governor of the State of Tamaulipas. To rescue TAPIA, and to restore to him his legitimate authority, was the object of an expedition undertaken on the night of September 21. The expeditionary force, under command of General FORD, was not large. It consisted of about 175 Americans and 50 Mexicans. A reinforcement of 300 Texan Volunteers was expected, but did not appear in season to participate in the attack. The expedition was to be supported by the gun-boat Chasco, armed with a 12-pound rifle and a smooth-bore howitzer, and manned by a crew of eight men, under command of Captain R. S. Ormon, of New York. The attack was to begin at midnight. The expeditionary force was in camp on the American side of the Rio Grande, a few miles above Brownsville. The night proved stormy, and hours were wasted in collecting the force, so that it was three in the morning before the attack began. The fighting was of short duration. The troops went forward, seized the Plaza, the Department Head-quarters, the Custom-house, and were storming the Jail when, from some unaccountable cause, the order was given to fall back. Only a few shots had been exchanged; none of the advancing party injured. As soon as it was daylight the *Chasco* steamed across to Brownsville, where, as CANALES threatened to open fire upon her, she was surrendered to the United States officials, leaving the United States authorities to decide a question as to who was justly entitled to her, CANALES, a usurper, or the JUAREZ Government. The expedition was mostly made up of Americans. It is claimed by the reports which we have that TAPIA was released. Since the affair of the 21st September General FORD has organized a larger force, with which he intends to make another attack on CANALES.

Our illustrations give a view of Matamoras from the opposite side of the Rio Grande; a view of the outer defenses of Matamoras—Forts Zaragossa and Monterey—where the American-Mexican troops under General FORD were quartered previous to the attack which we have described; a sketch representing the attack on the Government House, CANALES's head-quarters, in which General TAPIA was confined; and portraits of CANALES and his right-hand man, Colonel CERDA.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THERE are a number of simple mechanical tricks which can be, and indeed often are, performed in the parlor and drawing-room, which depend on some amount of practice, as well as a reliance on some mechanical or philosophical principles. Others, known as "jugglers' jokes," are simply absurd, and are occasionally introduced to vary an evening's entertainment, or to distract the attention of the audience. Among the best of these feats is

THE REGAL PROBLEM.

It is said that in the early days of the Royal Institution King Charles II. inquired of the learned fellows how it was that, if a gray mullet was placed in a bucket of water, full to the brim, the water would not overflow? Several learned answers and explanations were given, but the Merry Monarch demanded that they should be submitted to the test of practical experiment. The fish and the vessel of water were procured; some went the fish, bespattering the astonished philosophers and laughing king with the splashing water. A modification of this regal problem may be thus solved: Fill a clean, dry wine-glass with water to the brim, so that apparently a drop more would cause it to overflow. Now, in place of the gray mullet, you propose to place pins in the water. How many do you think could be dropped in without causing the water to overflow? Probably a spectator would say, "Not one; more sanguine individuals would say, "Forty;" others, "Twenty;" but the most credulous would not believe that several hundreds could be dropped in without causing one drop of water to overflow. Nay, by carefully dropping them in, one at a time, point downward, you can continue until the glass is pretty closely packed with the pins, and they are piled high above the surface. This trick depends on the capillary attraction of the glass at the margin, which prevents the water rising where it is in direct contact. The water rises in the centre until it assumes a convexity proportionate to the displacement below. This displacement is more apparent than real, as the metal in one hundred pins, if melted together, would be comparatively small—in fact, equal to the water displaced. The greater diameter at the top of the glass, the larger the number of pins which may be placed in it. Should the brim of the glass become wet the trick will fail.

THE IRON HAND.

This is a mere piece of deception. You tell your audience that by a certain preparation you have rendered your knuckles like adamant, so that nothing can hurt them; in proof of which, raise your firmly clenched hand to strike a marble mantlepiece; but as you bring it down open your fingers suddenly and strike the marble, then close them again. If this is quickly done it will seem as if you had struck your knuckles in the most violent manner.

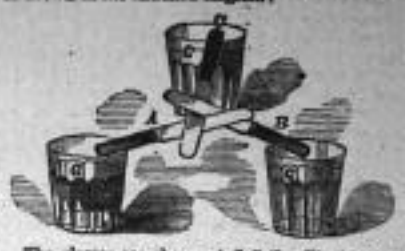
THE SMOKER'S TRIPOD.

This ingenious trick consists in so placing three tobacco-pipes with the bowls downward (as shown in the engraving), each stem resting upon the stem

of its neighbor, close by the bowl, so that it would support a decanter of water or wine, a pot of porter, or other similar weight.

THE BRIDGE OF KNIVES.

This is a pretty feat in mechanics. Three glasses are arranged in the form of a triangle, and three knives are arranged on them so as to form a bridge, as shown in the annexed diagram:



The glasses are shown at *G G G*. The knife *A* is laid on *B*, and *B* on *C*, which also rests on *A*. This cleverly formed bridge is self-supporting.

THE FLYING KNIFE.

To perform this trick with adroitness requires some skill and no little practice. A decanter about half full of water is placed on a square dining-table, about three inches from the edge. A dessert knife is then shown, and the blade is inserted between

the decanter and the table, just sufficient to keep it in a horizontal position. The problem is to introduce the knife into the decanter by one blow of the hand. To do this seemingly impossible feat the handle of the knife must be struck a sharp blow by the index finger of the right hand. This, if properly done, will cause the knife to fly upward and descend into the mouth of the decanter.

Another curious instance of mechanical force, acting in an apparently magical way, is the

MAGIC STROKE.

A stick which has been tapered off from the middle toward each end, if placed with its tapered ends resting on two wine-glasses, may be broke without injuring the wine-glasses, if struck smartly just in the centre. The stick must not be too thick. The firing of a candle through a deal board or a bullet through a glass window are parallel instances of the law of force applied in a similar manner.

SELF-BALANCING.

There are two or three feats performed which depend on the laws of gravitation. I will here briefly describe one of the simplest. A stick is laid across a table, so that one-third of it projects over its edge. You may then undertake to hang a pail of water on it without either fastening the stick on the table or letting the pail rest on any support. This is accomplished in obedience to the laws of gravitation.

The pail of water is hung (as in the foregoing diagram) on the projecting end of the stick, in such a manner that the handle may rest on it in an inclined position, with the middle of the pail within the edge of the table. To fix it in this position another stick may be placed with one of its ends against the side at the bottom of the pail, and its other end (as shown) against the first stick, where there should be a notch to retain it; this prevents either the pail or stick moving. On the same principle a pair of common fire-tongs may be hung on an ordinary tobacco-pipe, care alone being taken to let the fire-tongs incline inward under the table.

These tricks are childish, but, strange to say, they display the principles of the most astonishing tricks. Some years ago an Asiatic juggler made his appearance in London, who performed some extraordinary tricks. Among others, a shawl was suspended between him and the audience for a brief space, and when taken away the old fellow was discovered seated in the air in the following pos-

ture, quietly smoking his hookah. His left arm alone rested on a small bar of iron, which was at-

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tached by an upright rod—as shown in the engraving—to a small stand. Though no explanation was ever vouchsafed of this wonder, it is now known that finely-wrought rods passed through the loose drapery of the Arab conjuror, and formed a seat on which he rested; the centre of gravity being so placed that it enabled the conjuror to keep the apparently impossible position without any extraordinary effort whatever. Some curious illustrations of the same principle have been given by modern conjurors in different ways.

There is a toy called the "prancing horse," and several descriptions of rope-dancers and balancers, which will illustrate the same principle. A good parlor trick is to lift a bottle with a straw; the straw being bent or hooked into a V shape, so that a fulcrum is obtained against two sides of the bottle. It is only necessary to choose a stout straw. Another feat for the parlor is to steep a piece of thread in a strong brine of salt and water, and, when dry, a ring may be tied to it and the string burned, but it will not let the ring fall. Paper is made fire-proof by being steeped in strong alum and water. These tricks will serve to vary the more pretentious and difficult feats of legerdemain.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

The day was very young indeed when pretty Esther, bright and fresh as the morn herself, stole out of her little chamber, and, thanks to instructions received overnight, made her way out into the beautiful gardens for which Gosling Graize had long been renowned. She was to leave at eight, before which hour Sir George seldom quitted his room, and thus the young lady calculated that she might enjoy a ramble in the gardens, if not a short run in the woods, without attracting the notice of her host.

But she reckoned without that host.

She tripped gayly on, across the lawns, up one walk, down another, trying to lose her way in that, to her, enchanted labyrinth, and almost dancing in the buoyancy of spirit which a fair morning, lighting up lovely things, commonly brings to the young. For a moment she sat down on a rustic seat; now she peeped into an arbor; now lingered beside a crystal spring, and caught the liquid diamonds as they glittered forth. Passing up a path shaded with laurel and arbutus, she approached what appeared to be a garden more private than the rest. It was, however, guarded only by a light wire fence. The gate was open, and a flush of roses beyond proved too tempting. Esther glided in. It comprised about half an acre, and was filled with rose-trees. It was the famed rose-pleasaunce of Gosling Graize, pride and solace of many a defunct Dame Gosling, and fruitful source of heart-burning among all gardeners of the district whose hearts were in their office.

Rose-time was past, but a few varieties were yet in bloom, and Esther, whose passion was a rose, examined them with delight. One, just attaining perfection, turned its glowing face toward her. She gathered it tenderly.

"When I die," she said, aloud, "may the last of God's beautiful works I see—except the dear human face—be one of *you!*"

"Who comes into the giant's garden at cock-crow to steal his favorite roses?" said a voice of assumed ferocity, as the speaker, looking as unlike Cormoran or Blunderbore as a handsome youth might, issued from a trellised arbor artfully concealed in an angle of the pleasaunce.

Esther uttered a startled exclamation, and, in catching back her hand, scratched it somewhat smartly with a thorn.

"I am the unluckiest fellow in the world," exclaimed the giant, at once contracting into the ordinary dimensions, "in practical jokes! See, now, what I have done! My savage kinsman, Hurlo-Thrumbo the Three-headed, could do no more than shed your blood. Let me assist you, I beg."

The hand had to submit, and afforded George an opportunity of noticing what we have learned already—that it was a pretty hand, but one that had not spared itself in the battle of life, and now accepted the thorn-scratch with the indifference of a veteran.

Esther thanked him, and murmured some excuse for her intrusion.

"My dear young lady, not a word," said the baronet. "It was by the merest chance—a fortunate one for me—that I rose so early, and wandered hither: a corner precious to my sister, but which I rarely visit. I observe," he continued, "that you called me by my name. Was that a guess?"

"Not quite. I saw you last night, for a moment, on the stairs."

"You knew me then?"

"I—I had been looking at your picture," said Esther, hastily. "But, indeed, I might more properly ask, how do you know me?" she added, laughing to cover her embarrassment.

"I—I had been questioning my butler," replied Sir George, with affected hesitation. "Come, Miss Vann, since the giant has a fancy for retaining you in his den (though without, I do assure you, any culinary purpose), let him do what he may to atone for the detention, by showing you the treasures of his garden."

Sir George looked at his companion. Esther was without a bonnet, and the burnished hair, in its smooth bands, was the sole protection to the little shapely head, well set upon a white and not too slender neck. Her countenance betrayed a rare mixture of firmness and sensibility. Her mouth and chin might have been cut in stone, so inexorable was their expression; while, on the other hand, her ready color, moistening eye, and an occasional quick nervous movement in conversing, betrayed the excitability of a nature that must have attained the self-government Esther usually displayed.

She wore a dress of poor material, with, here and there, a neat though palpable darn, but adapting itself perfectly to her little, faultless figure, and set off with collar and wristbands like the driven snow.

It would seem that Sir George speedily forgot his promise concerning the flowers; oddly enough, Miss Vann appears to have forgotten it also. Certain it is that, without any pretence of visiting the choice parterres, the two strolled on, from walk to walk, in a state of perfect contentment. It would be difficult to say which had been the more surprised. Expecting in Esther a half-educated girl, whom a few polished remarks, made in an easy, patronizing way, would more than satisfy, perhaps instruct, the baronet found himself engaged with one whose information seemed fully equal to his own, in whose taste he could detect no flaw, and whose modes of expression, singularly terse and clear, were wholly free from those conventionalities which are frequently indicative of superficial education.

As for Esther, the more she listened to her companion's discourse, the more overpowering became her amazement that a nature so refined should have been prompted to seek such an association as that which impended! Good soul as she knew her aunt to be, Esther's taste and judgment had long since convinced her that the worthy woman was not above, if indeed she might not be considered a shade below, the station to which she belonged. Could there be some misconception? Or was it an idle jest? The latter theory did not seem to harmonize with Sir George's character and bearing. Was one or other of the parties mad? If so, *which?*

"Why did you look at me in that quick way?" asked George, abruptly, but with a smile.

"*Did I?*" said Esther, caught in the fact.

"Yes, more than once; and as I do not remember," continued George, "that my observations were, in either instance, of a startling character, hence my curiosity. You must have discovered by this time that I am a tame and civil-spoken monster, and can have no serious misgivings on that score. Come, Miss Vann, something prompted that quick movement. You hesitate? Then I proceed to guess. You have been debating in your mind whether there is not in my family a slight taint of—of insanity—"

Esther colored.

"—and endeavoring," continued George, "to detect some evidence of it in my face?"

The blush deepened.

"An eloquent answer," said the young man, laughing. "Now tell me, Miss Vann, is it, or is it not, incumbent on us to observe a solemn pledge?"

"How can you ask?"

"At hazard of every thing?"

"Yes, at—"

Esther made a sudden pause. A thought, suggested she hardly knew how—most probably by a remark she had heard overnight—flashed across her mind.

"He has had a love-quarrel with—with the lady they spoke of at the Hale. This absurd proposal to my aunt was made in pique and passion. Wrong—foolish—cruel to all three!"

"You don't answer me," said George.

"Nor do we need the assurance of a nursery-governess," said Esther, rather spitefully, "that *every* promise should be kept, unless—unless—"

"What?"

"—canceled by its wicked rashness."

"I should have said, a deliberate promise."

"There is a deliberation in passion itself," said Esther. "I spoke, of course, of that rashness which willfully blinds itself to former obligations, inconsistent with the new."

"But if the penalty of such doings attached only to one's self—"

"It would be simply what we deserve."

"Only, it rarely does," said George.

"Rarely," said Esther.

"That's the worst of it," said George.

"The worst," assented Esther.

They walked on in silence for a few moments, following their respective trains of thought.

Esther's: "Poor, rich, unhappy man! A whole life of regret, remorse, and mortification, for perhaps one moment's anger! Two happy, beautiful lives spoiled, a third not benefited, for what happiness could poor dear old aunt find in a position so false as this? What a fate for each! Can nothing be done? Nothing?" And the girl's heart swelled with genuine compassion as she glanced at the fortunate descendant of twenty-five generations walking at her side.

The musing of George: "She would have me pause. Now *why?* From pity? What interest can she have in my individual self to outweigh the advantage, to her, of the connection? Stay, now; is this possible? Can the old wo—" (George shuddered, as he checked the epithet in his mind)—"can she have reflected on the absurd anomaly of such a union, and, by way of experiment, cast this fair temptation in my way? In that case, my vow compels me to accept it. She is not a Mildred" (he sighed), "but, at all events, an Esther, fair, sweet, and, if I am not mistaken, singularly lovable. Not an atom of vulgarity, no false refinement, no pretence. Ah, if it be so. The good old creature!" thought George, glowing with gratitude for the supposed reprieve, "the faithful old cook! The sacrifice is noble. It invests her whole fraternity with a dignity of which one would not have conceived it susceptible. Now, the question is—"

"It is time for me to return, Sir George," said Esther, at this moment stopping short.

"Our progress shall end among these myrtles," said George, pointing onward.

"There will be little made of verbs and pronouns," returned Esther, laughing, "if I am not at home by school-time, ten o'clock." On her turning to go back, like one accustomed to have her own way, Sir George had to yield.

They had scarcely made a step or two, when Esther, seeming to take a sudden resolution, abruptly addressed him:

"Sir George, I wish to do you an essential service. I have heard that you have made an offer of marriage to my aunt. Do you forget that she is your cook?"

"I by no means forget that she has been. If—if she is my intended wife," said George, "the situations are incompatible."

"You reply so frankly that I am encouraged to continue my catechism," said Esther, with the beaming smile with which she was wont to reward a promising pupil. "Do you think she will prove a better wife than cook?"

"Scarcely possible," said George, laughing.

"Do you consider her a fitting wife for yourself? How will your sister receive this news?"

"That alone is my especial affair," replied the young man, in a low voice.

"You are right, Sir," said Esther. "I shall presently have done with my impertinent questioning. Will you answer three times more?"

"According to my usual indiscretion—yes," said George.

"Had you any thought, before yesterday, of making my aunt your wife?"

"None in the least," was the prompt reply.

"Was this condescending offer the only courtship you pursued yesterday?"

"No—I—yes—well, upon the whole, no," said the catechised.

"Last question—it will be long and somewhat circumstantial; but if I am wrong in the smallest particular, you are at liberty to put the whole aside unanswered. Were you not yesterday paying your addresses to a lady of your own condition, whom you believed not averse to them? Had you not some difference with her, ending in grief and anger—at least on *your* side? And was not your proposal to my aunt the offspring of that momentary passion?"

"That may be called a triangular query," replied George, smiling. "No matter. All is true. But the story is not fully told."

"Enough is told," said Esther. "Now listen to the lecture that concludes my catechising. Whatever your motive, *self*, Sir George, was at its root. It was the act of a being naturally reasonable, but who, casting all moral guidance to the winds, willfully commits himself to the current of wrath, not knowing—nor, for the moment, heeding—what wrong or peril it may entail. Because you have become indifferent to the vessel of your own happiness, are you entitled to run down the barks of others? Can this folly compensate for the slight, whatever it be, that you have suffered at your lady's hand? Is it intended for revenge? If she does not love you, there is none. If she does, will nothing less than a life-long penitence satisfy your resentment? What can she have done to merit that? Nay, what has my poor aunt herself done, that her thirteen years' faithful service should be so rewarded?"

"You speak, my dear young lady, as if it were a penalty."

"It is," replied his monitress. "To be dragged up from a station in which she was contented, useful, and respected, to one in which she can only be a mark for ridicule and envy."

"If your aunt partakes these sentiments," said the young baronet, with resignation, "far be it from me to press my claims. Does she?"

"I might reply, 'That alone is her especial affair,'" said Miss Vann. "It is quite possible that she may not yet have fully weighed the incongruities, the endless inconveniences and absurdities, of such an alliance. See, we are at the end of our walk. The last words you will ever hear from my lips shall be honest, if not agreeable. You have insulted—not honored—your old servant by the preposterous offer you have made her. If she does not herself regard it in that light, that is a greater reflection upon your opinions than her judgment. I wish you good-morning!"

"A moment," said George. "The last words I shall hear from your lips? Not so, I hope. Should the marriage take place, we shall be—"

"Strangers," said Esther, almost fiercely. "May this foot wither if ever it passes the threshold of those gates!"

The young man hesitated, and the color rose to his brow.

"Had I had such a counselor before, my course might have been wiser. Even now," he added, "since it is not wholly certain—" He stopped.

"Since what is not wholly certain?"

"That my offer has been accepted."

"Pardon me. As I have said, that is no affair of mine," said Esther, coldly.

"Pardon me," returned George. "It may be. Condescend to hear me for an instant," he continued, noticing her impatience. "You have lectured me with some severity, but not without justice. Though undeserving of such a lot, I would fain, were it possible, retain the privilege to be so lectured when my judgment is disposed to stray. Tell me, Miss Vann—Esther, if I may call you so—should your good aunt view this matter in the same sensible and dispassionate manner as yourself, would you, or in other words, might I—to speak, in short, explicitly, should she—"

"When we arrive at the dominant verb," said the young governess, unable to forbear a smile, "I shall be better able to reply."

"I am not accustomed to stammer at my lessons," replied Sir George. "The consciousness of having made one grievous mistake—"

"Sometimes betrays one into another," said Esther.

"Is it so? Have I, then, no hope?"

"Hope, Sir?"

"Let me, for Heaven's sake, make myself understood. Esther, you who have penetrated the secret of my selfishness, and restored me, I hope, to better reason, will you—should your aunt's refusal leave me free—accept this hand? Worthy of more than I can offer—"

"Worthy of *more!*" interrupted Esther, turning her face upon him, and speaking in a calm, low voice. "Worthy, at least, of more than a love some minutes old—a hand pledged to one person, and offered to another—and a fortune I despise as heartily as I do the infatuation of supposing it a passport to the favor of any woman whose love is worth winning. Good Heavens, Sir! in dissuading you from the folly you were bent upon committing, do you dare to imagine that I would win you for myself? Our conference has been too long. I am obliged to you for your courtesies. Not another word is needed. Farewell!"

She turned, and walked away.

"Another false move," muttered George, as he gazed after her. "Shall I never regain my balance?"

He walked thoughtfully toward the house, taking, however, a different path from Esther's, but had not made many steps when one of the under gardeners, bursting through the belt of shrubs, came running, hoe in hand, to meet him.

"Redditch! what now? What's the matter?" asked his master.

The man thrust his hoe into George's hand.

"Swartz—Swartz—Swartz!" he gasped, breathlessly.

"Swartz! What of him? Collect yourself, man. What do you mean?"

"He's gone mad, Sir George! Raging wild about the garden, snapping savage at every thing he come near! Here he comes, by the Lord!" added Mr. Redditch, with a decided disposition to take to his heels.

A large black object was visible, for a moment, glancing across the flower-beds, and taking a direction which, intersecting at a right angle the path on which they stood, would lead the infuriated beast upon Esther's track.

"Stand behind me," said George. "Keep quite still. I am going to whistle. If he notices it have no fear. A mad dog never regards his master, nor turns to signal."

Mr. Redditch did not seem to relish the experiment, but he stood his ground.

The black mass came bounding into the gravel-walk, some forty yards distant. George whistled sharply, and called:

"Swartz—Swartz!"

The animal seemed to swerve, as though recognizing the summons, but next moment, with a sprawling plunge, dashed himself through the opposing shrubs, and continued his furious way.

Seriously alarmed, George set off at once in pursuit, followed by Redditch, armed, by this time, with a stout stake. At the place where the dog had made his blundering charge through the covert, beads and flakes of foam were plainly visible on the stems. It seemed but too plain that Swartz, a powerful mastiff, had become rabid.

The alarm had already spread. Shouts and cries were heard from the vicinity of the stables, and thither the young man bent his flying steps. All was evidently in commotion.

"Where is he, boy? Where is he?" called out George, catching by the sleeve an excited stable-boy who came rushing forth.

"Oh, Sir, the gun! the gun!" cried the boy.

"To my room. The first you find. Away with you! Is—is Miss—"

But the lad was already out of hearing.

In the stable-yard a singular scene presented itself. Crowded in the stable windows, mounted on ladder, wall, the roofs of dog-kennels, or any other secure position, almost the whole household of Gosling Graize were assembled, watching with intense anxiety the proceedings of Swartz and a little stable-lad, the brother of him who had been dispatched for the gun.

The dog had penned the boy into a corner, and, though as yet without doing him any injury, lay on the ground within a yard of him, his great black head between his paws, wallowing in foam, and his blood-red eyes glaring as if each moment he were about to make a deadly spring. Why he did not, seemed to be the mystery. With the spurning of his hinder paws the animal had thrown up a regular outwork behind him, and it was manifest that this incessant movement was edging him nearer and nearer to his prisoner. As for the latter—a fine little boy about ten, and hitherto enjoying the most friendly relations with Swartz—he sat paralyzed with terror, his blue eyes opened to their full extent, as if fascinated by the danger from which he could not escape. Attempts to drive the dog away had so evidently added to his fury that it had been resolved to leave him alone until fire-arms were at hand.

The young master thought differently. To his generous heart the boy's danger seemed too imminent to admit of a moment's delay. Disregarding the remonstrances of his servants, and taking no notice of a spasmodic shriek emitted, as in duty bound, by Mrs. Turnover, George walked steadily toward the crouching dog, and spoke to him in a tone of quiet, sharp command.

Swartz uttered a low growl, and flung the foam from his vexed jaws, but never took his eyes from his little prisoner.

"Listen, boy," said George; "I am about to take off the dog's attention. The instant his eye is off you, use your legs."

The boy's lips moved in assent.

"Come, Sir, to kennel," said George, and, as he spoke, struck the hoe he carried sharply on the ground close to the dog.

Quick as lightning the brute was upon him, seizing him by the leg. It was an exchange of prisoners, for, hardly less swiftly, the boy had vanished from his perilous position, and was in safety. A loud cry burst from the spectators, and two or three of the men, shamed by the urgency of the occasion, were hastening forward to their master's assistance. But he motioned them back. Though held as in a vice, George's boots had resisted the animal's teeth, and he was as yet perfectly uninjured.

But what was now to be done? A gun had been brought and charged with swan-shot, but none dared use it while man and dog retained their relative positions. Neither was it possible to convey the weapon into George's hand, it being all but certain that the infuriated beast would only quit his present hold to fasten, perhaps with more fatal effect, upon the first who approached him. To complete the difficulties of the situation, the iron portion of the hoe had, when struck upon the ground, become detached from the handle, thus depriving George of all chance of dealing an effective blow at his dangerous assailant.

At this moment Esther, prepared for departure, and astonished at the sudden solitude that seemed to reign within the house, made her appearance on the scene. A few words made her acquainted with the danger that impended over the young master of the house, and the difficulty of interposition. The girl's face became scarlet, then white as snow. Without betraying the slightest apprehension, she approached within a pace of the dog, and, stooping slightly, strove to engage his attention. The animal's rolling eye met hers, and became fixed. He ceased to shake and mouth the object on which his fangs had closed, and George was even sensible of some relaxation of the vice-like hold. Would he spring upon the new-comer?

"For God's sake," began George, trying a last appeal.

"Be silent!" was Esther's only reply, her eye never quitting that of the dog. To the amazement of every body, Swartz now displayed evident symptoms of quailing. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, he detached his teeth from George's boots. Then Esther slowly extended her hand. Swartz shrank back an inch or two, shook the foam from his jaws, and uttered a piteous whine. As if this had been a signal of surrender, the brave girl, without farther hesitation, put her hand between his collar and his shaggy neck, and turned him in the direction of a vacant kennel, close at hand. Yielding to the impulse, Swartz suffered himself to be conducted thither, and secured to the chain. But the excitement was not yet over. In turning, Esther's foot came in contact with the water-can placed there for the usual occupant of the kennel, and upset it. With the bound of a tiger, the dog instantly flew at her; but, checked by the chain, only touched her wrist and hand sufficiently to smear them with the mucous fluid that fringed his jaws.

George had recognized the fatal sign—even if the frightful appearance of the dog, reared on end, and snapping with convulsive fury at fancied objects around, had not of itself been proof sufficient. There was but one thing to do, and no time to lose in doing it. The staple that held the chain was of no great strength, and might yield before the powerful strain. He beckoned to the keeper, who put the gun into his hand.

"Farewell, my brave old boy!" he said, regretfully, and fired.

The foam changed to blood, and Swartz rolled over dead.

"Where is Miss Vann?" asked George, looking round for his young preserver.

"In the 'ouse, I think, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw. "I think she got a little faintyish, Sir George. Shall I tell her you wants to see her, Sir George?"

"Do no such thing," said his master, and walked into the house.

Mr. Fanshaw took a letter from his pocket, and examined it.

"There's somethin' inside of you, I can feel," he muttered. "Now, wot? Shall I give it him now? I ort to. But, somehow, he don't seem in good cue."

And Mr. Fanshaw thoughtfully followed his master.

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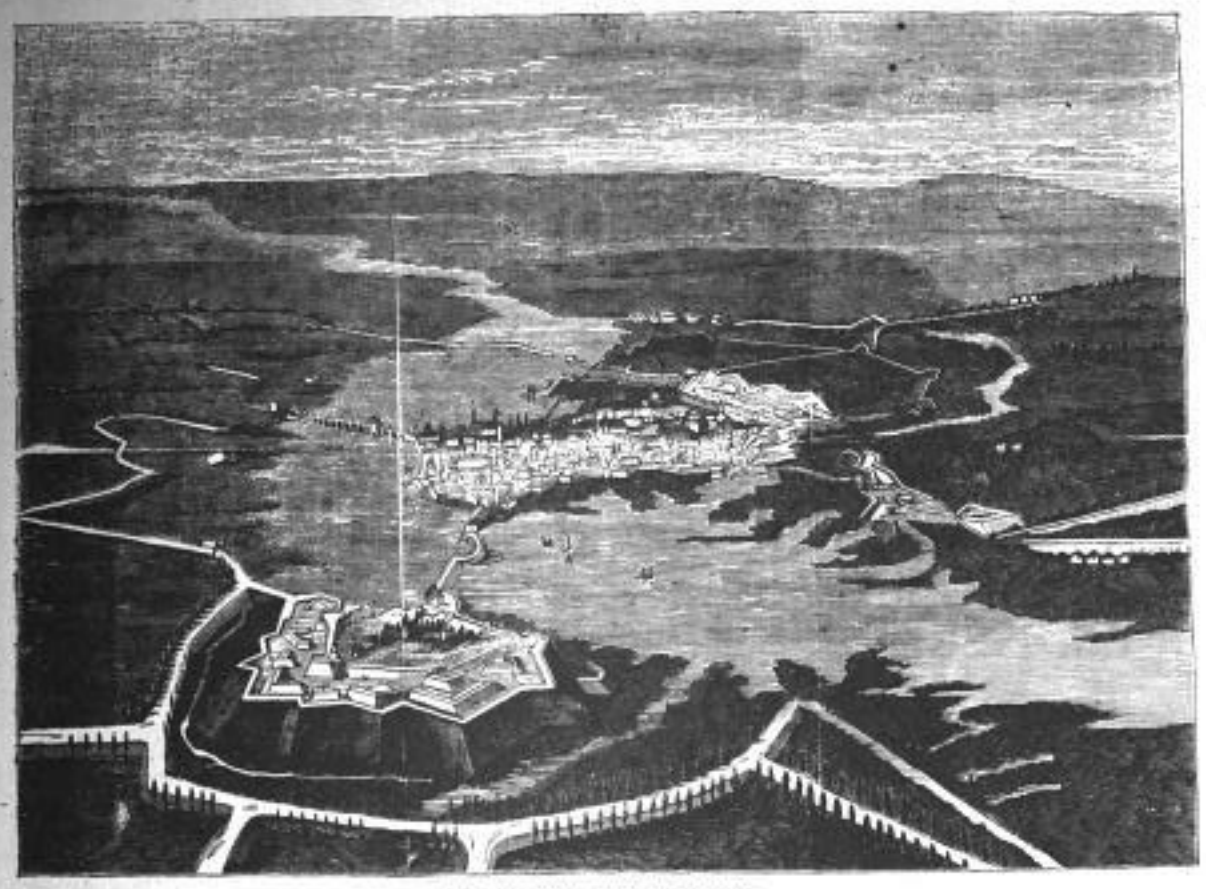
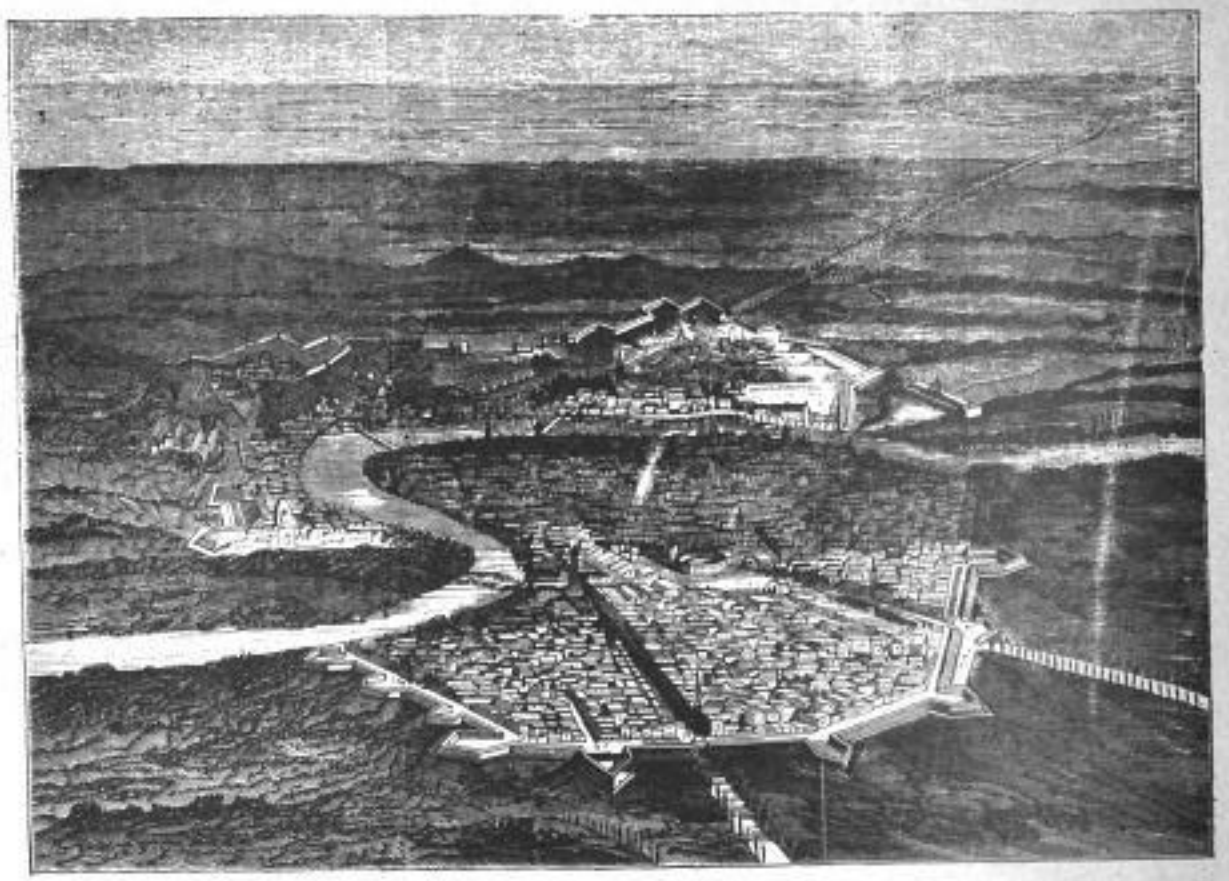


THE QUADRILATERAL—MANTUA.



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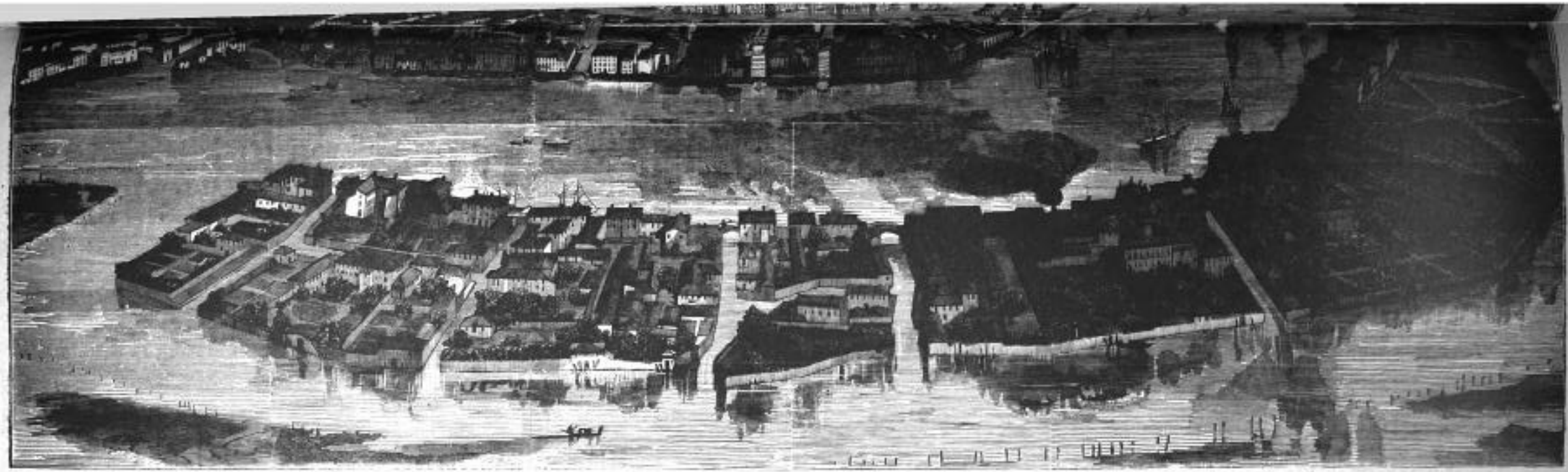
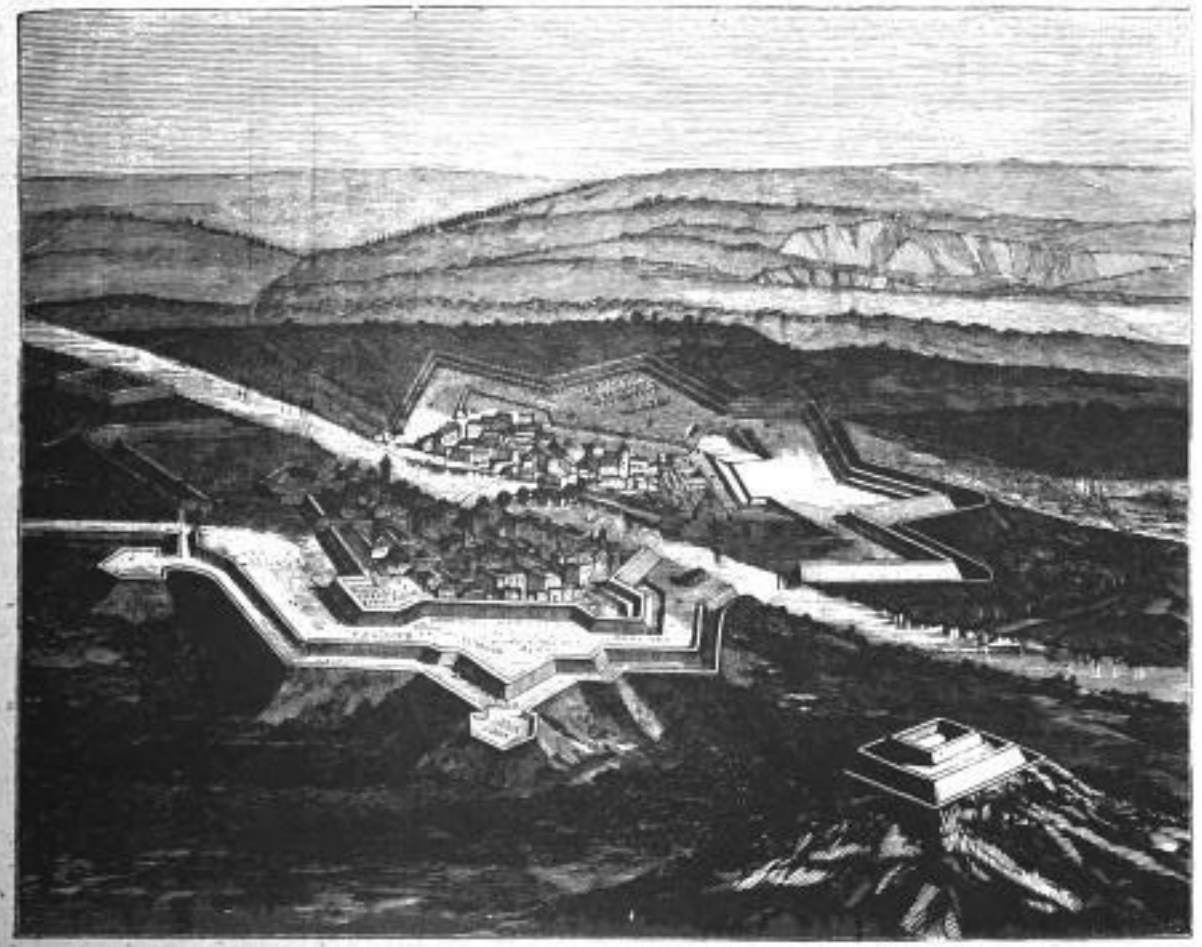


THE CITY OF VENICE.



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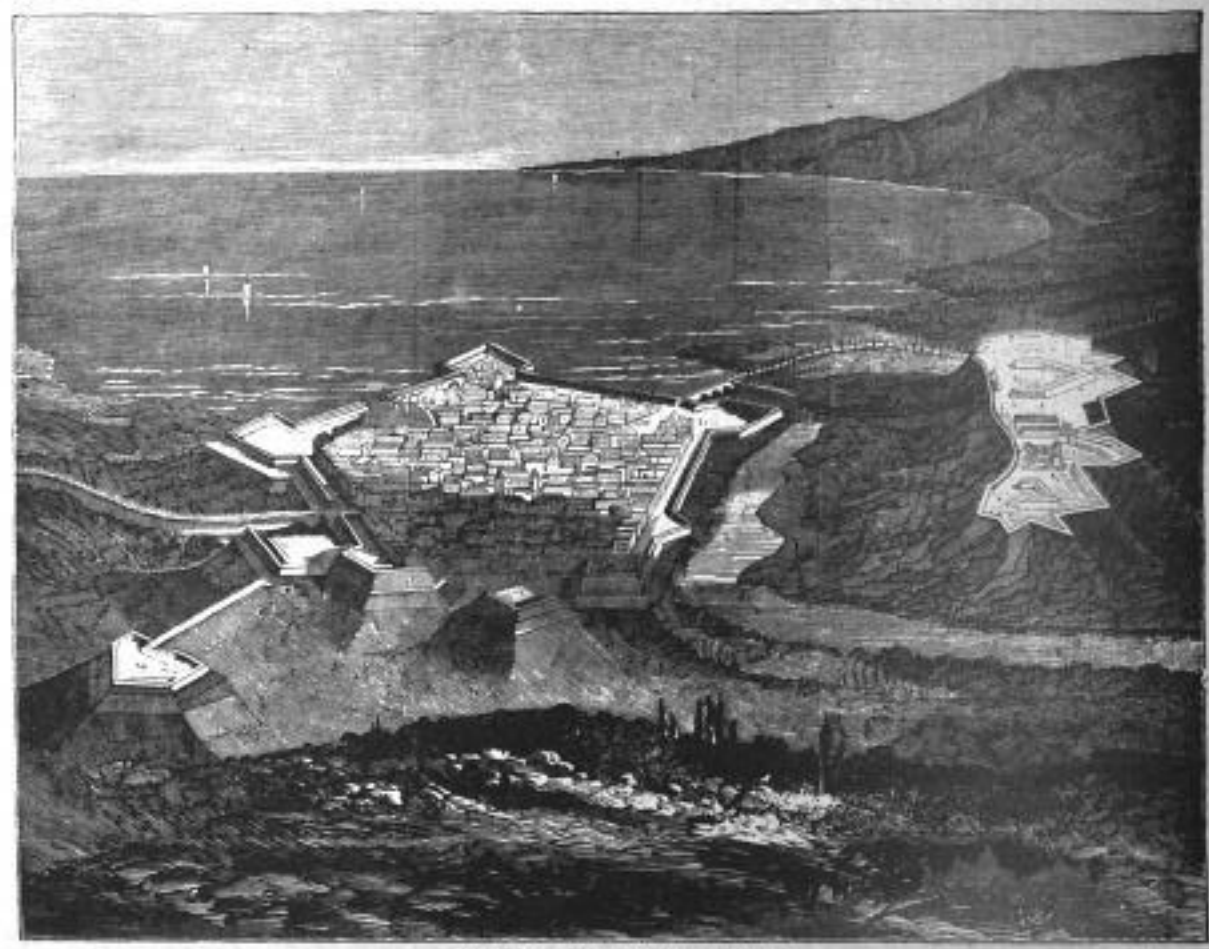

THE QUADRILATERAL—PESCHIERA.

VENICE AND THE QUADRILATERAL.—[See Page 725.]

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AUTUMN DAYS.

Anain the year throws down her golden horn
On thankful harvest field and granary floor,
And sun-forked fruits roll out, and ears of corn,
And buttons roots sweet to the latest core.

What wealth is here! Earth's hidden, rocky veins
Of gold, slow-curdled as the ages passed,
Are pampered when the shining harvest plains
Spread out the store her short life has amassed.

Nor wealth alone. Lest man should grasp the prize
With thankless hands, and hasten to depart,
In holy beauty through his softened eyes
She passes in to sanctify his heart.

Her minstrant glory lightens on the leaves,
Her soft air folds the earth in deepest calm,
Her voice is in the rustling of the sheaves
And dropping fruits—the low, glad harvest psalm.

Her days are full of charity. The sun
Chays warm the purple bubbles of her vines,
And dries her dusty bulbs that, one by one,
Are rolled from their damp beds in golden lines.

Perfect and pure is all the season's good,
Health-giving, tranquil, unto heart and brain;
So may life's harvest draw through heated blood,
And lull to rest its weary toil and pain.

NARCISETTO.

I.

On the afternoon of the 7th of December, 186—, a stylish cab, driven by a young gentleman, drew up at the gate of "The Limes".

The cold was of that ferocious kind which devours most men's good-humor, and makes their faces appear ugly and ridiculous, painting their lips indigo, and with icy flame searching into redness every feature where red ought not to be. But the young gentleman in question appeared to advantage amidst frost and east wind; nor did it seem that his temper suffered any more than his outer man. His large green-gray eyes shone with a wild intermittent lustre, like stars of gleaming aqua-marine. His cheeks were deeply colored just on the right spot; his lips appeared of a crimson exactly strong enough to set off his even white teeth to best advantage, and wore a smile which told of inward content.

The small tiger alighted, rang, and stationed himself under the tall iron-gray's nose. The iron-gray flicked his silver bells, fluttered his blue ribbons, pawed the ground with pompous self-appreciation.

Half a minute more and Narcisetto descended from his cab, showing a brief, tight figure, well-built and comfortable, made up with just carbon enough to keep the inner fire cheerfully aglow; showing too a perfect fit—boots, gloves, and all the tests unimpeachable.

Narcisetto's errand to the Limes, be it known, was important; but as he walked the short paved pathway to the door he looked comfortable—almost careless.

He was shown into the drawing-room, which was pretty but not pretentious, full of proofs that the arranger owned good taste, if not great means. After the youth had waited as it seemed to him twenty minutes, actually shiver, the door opened, and a lady entered.

The lady of the house—Mrs. Arlingford, widow of the late Captain Arlingford (lost at sea two years back in his pretty clipper-built *Sea Spray*, homeward-bound from Hong Kong). She was beautiful. She might be forty, but there was no silver among the gold of her plain braided hair, no wrinkle on her blonde face. Weeds had just now given place to modified mourning, which became her well.

Did she slightly change color, give just a noticeable hint of inward disquietude as she entered? Her visitor thought so, and wondered. But he could not reason on the subject, being a trifle flustered himself. His heart had shied, and now bolted off in a manner almost alarming.

And no wonder. For Narcisetto was come to the Limes, as we have said, on an important matter. He was come, in fact, to make an offer.

But the cardinal back soon fell again into his usual ambie. Narcisetto's being was wont to flow on smooth as a stream of glycerin, and nothing could give turbulence to the soft, easy current for any length of time.

The conversation remained for a while comfortably general and vague. But through it all, perhaps, both speakers were conscious that this kind of thing could not last. Madame seemed, with her great deep eyes, to dive below the surface stratum of the good-humored, boyish talk. Her face—and her companion knew it—was a perpetual note of interrogation. For his part Narcisetto grew mildly puzzled. There was that in my lady's manner which showed (as his quick intelligence taught him) that she not only scented out the true object of his visit, but that her scent, for some reason or other, was preternaturally keen on the subject.

How it came about that the conversational breeze veered from the quarter of light literature and other generalities to that of love we do not know. The change was accomplished.

Its effect upon Mrs. Arlingford was remarkable. Her head sank gradually back upon the crimson chair in which she sat. Her words grew fewer and fewer; her features—fine Grecian features they were—became paler, more statuesque each moment; till at last, when she heard in plain but pretty English the announcement which a strange prescience had all along told her was at hand, when she knew positively that Mr. Harry Beresford was in love with her daughter Lucy, and that he asked leave to make known his attachment to the young lady herself, she seemed on the verge of fainting.

Now that Mr. Harry Beresford, sole son of a wealthy country squire, was a good match or catch for Lucy Mrs. Arlingford knew well. But—

The case of, and what hung upon this "but" will be placed before the reader in these pages.

We will not undertake to say how far Narcisetto was really enamored of Lucy at this time. To what extent a good-natured young gentleman who is deeply in love with himself may be capable of passionate attachment to another we are not able to decide. It is certain, however, that Harry Beresford wished to marry Lucy Arlingford, and that he expected to succeed with his suit.

He was therefore surprised and disappointed at Mrs. Arlingford's reception of his declaration. The manner of that lady, in fact, became extremely embarrassed, and evinced a nervous excitement quite unintelligible to her visitor. It was plain that she struggled to repress her agitation, but her efforts were painfully unsuccessful. There was a mixture of severity and of gentle chiding in her disjointed remarks. She did not refuse, she would not assent to, an interview with her daughter. She smiled sarcastically, then wept. She rose and rescated herself repeatedly.

Meanwhile Mr. Harry Beresford gazed upon the beautiful lady before him with a childish surprise which would have been supremely entertaining to any third person. He wondered whether he had been a fool; strove hard to be, at any rate, perfectly gentlemanly; stole glances at his shapely boyship in the mirror, and puzzled himself as to what could be the objection to him; wishing heartily at last that he were safely out in the frosty air behind his iron-gray, rolling on the open road to the music of silver bells. Love and ladies, he concluded, might go to the antipodes if they were to be so unintelligible as this.

A glass door led from the room to a conservatory, which door was covered this cold weather by a thick crimson curtain. Presently the lady gently and warily moved the curtain aside, motioning to her visitor as she did so to look through.

Nothing could be more puzzlingly dramatic than this gesture. Narcisetto immediately thought of the vision displayed to Faust, and irreverently said to himself, "What can this fair Mephistopheles have to show me?"

But a glance into the conservatory made plain the lady's meaning. The vision was clearly intended to disenchant, not to enamor, like that shown to Faust.

The conservatory was long, and well clothed with foliage. At its further end, near the outer door, stood Lucy Arlingford; but she was not alone. A tall, brawny, the cut of whose clothes and the length of whose whiskers were equally marvelous, was at her side. Her face was turned from the drawing-room; she did not know, therefore, that they were observed. Her knight, also, appeared too intent upon his suit to notice it either.

Lucy's tall figure was planted firmly; but her head was bent down, and a glossy loop of raven hair, resting upon a neck like snow, was all that Harry could see of the neighborhood of her sweet face. There was no divining her state of feeling from this point of view, but Narcisetto readily accepted the interpretation of the scene which he saw that he was intended to put upon it. He colored slightly, and turned away.

"I see," he said, with well-bred considerateness in his tone, "I have distressed you, Mrs. Arlingford, by making a proposal to which you can not assent. I am too late in the field, that is the truth. I hope that you will forgive my ignorance and blunder, and that the fortunate gentleman there—Mr. Adolphus Churchill, I see—is worthier of the prize than I. I shall try to behave properly, and get over this. Will you be my friend still?"

"I will indeed—always."

The youth started at the earnestness with which this was said. Mrs. Arlingford gave him her hand—it trembled, he observed—and he left her.

The jingle, tramp, and roll of Narcisetto's cab had scarcely died away when Mrs. Arlingford, losing more completely than before her wonted womanly calm, flung herself into a chair and burst into violent sobbing.

II.

But a few minutes had passed when the crimson curtain was again drawn aside, and Lucy entered the drawing-room, her vivid face beautifully burning with the fire of some evidently strong emotion.

"Oh, mamma dear?" she exclaimed, not at first noticing her mother's own distress, "how could you leave me there? I thought it cruel—cruel. But you have had visitors. Who has been? That foolish Mr. Churchill is gone now, thank Heaven!—gone for good, as I trust. Oh, mother, it won't do! I can never consent. He is an unreality—a sham. I will not, can not love a dandy, a mere 'clothes-wearing man,' as Carlyle would say."

She knelt by her mother's side as she concluded, and now for the first time saw that Mrs. Arlingford was crying, and that her cheeks were ashy pale.

"Why, mother?" she exclaimed, "what's the matter? Tell me. How cold you are! What has happened?"

"Nothing—nothing," said the mother, rising. "So, Lucy, you have dismissed Mr. Churchill? Well, it is your own business."

"But surely, mamma," said Lucy, throwing off her hat, and displaying a proud plaited coronet of hair in its place, "you would not, could not wish it! Are you crying about this? It is unreasonable—wrong. I will not be forced to marry. I will marry whom I please."

She drew herself up; her brown eyes flashed, her brunette cheek flushed scarlet.

"I do not intend to force you," said mamma, coolly. "We will drop the subject, Lucy. You had better go now."

"I will go, mamma: and you shall not see me again till his matter is settled forever. I will write him such a letter between this and dinner as he will not forget to his dying day!"

So speaking, Lucy quickly left the room, and running up stairs to her own chamber, locked herself in, and began to cry vehemently.

Those two ladies felt miserably unhappy after their sudden little quarrel. Each accused herself, and longed to "make it up" and kiss the other. Lucy wondered whether, after all, it were not her duty to listen to Adolphus Churchill, dandy though he was. Poor mamma's self-reproach was stronger, because better founded.

But there was pride in both hearts, and each lady chose for the time being to be miserable, rather than to say a few soft, compromising words. Lucy was still determined to write the threatened letter. She went to her desk, and hastily penned this note:

"THE LIMES, *December 12.*

"SIR,—When, a month ago, you made me an offer of marriage, I told you, in a manner which you ought to have considered final, that I could never be your wife. You had not the courtesy, however, to accept my 'No,' but have continued to tease me ever since, and have this afternoon again inflicted upon me the annoyance of an interview. Such an annoyance, I am determined, shall not be repeated.

"Since you will not take any gentler hint, I beg now plainly to tell you that I am already in love. If this be an unwomanly avowal, upon you rests the shame for having provoked it.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LUCY ARLINGFORD."

There was dash and spirit in this, Lucy thought, and those were qualities she loved. She folded and sealed the note, then ran down with it to the kitchen, and finding there the little garden boy, she dispatched her missive by him to Adolphus Churchill, Esquire, Beechwood Court, and returned to her room.

She now felt sorry and unhappy, thought that it was the most wretched thing on earth to have a misunderstanding with your poor dear mamma; feared nervously that her mother might perhaps die that night, and leave her in hopeless remorse at having been unkind the last thing; resolved finally that she would go presently and have a complete "make up."

But somehow the "make up" did not come off. Mother and daughter met at dinner in coldness and constraint. "They stood apart, the scars remaining." The evening passed in the same way. Music, which both loved, could not bridge over the ugly chasm. Both wondered whether they were to part for the night without a reconciliation. Each sighed in the hope of softening the other's heart, but neither would own her heart softened.

The bedtime came. There was but a single icy kiss; no warm embrace, no "God bless you, my darling!" or "God bless my mother!" And so they went to separate rooms—for by a tacit understanding they had agreed not to sleep together to-night, as they often did.

It was long before Lucy closed her eyes; she fell thinking of the real cause (as far as she knew it) of this unpleasantness. It was this—she loved Harry Beresford. Narcisetto—she had herself given him the title—had possessed himself of her heart's key. Narcisetto, with his easy, well-bred manners; his clear, sunny intelligence; his bright, boyish good looks; his golden curls, and large, true baby eyes! He was self-centred, something whispered; he was a trifle of a "dandy," too, as well as Mr. Adolphus! She loved him, nevertheless. But for this fact she would have said "Yes" to "Adolphus," or any body else, to please her mother. While this was true, she would not for the world.

Then followed a deep woman's resolve to love Harry with whole heart and soul to life's last day. No one should know it; but this love should be the grand secret reality of her existence. Lucy had determined so far when she fell asleep.

She awoke in confusion and terror. A sound, piercing and prolonged, had traveled to her from her mother's room. She started to the floor. There was another cry—her own name was pronounced.

In the darkness the furniture all seemed out of place to the frightened girl—the distances all wrong. She struck a light at last, and, with little bare feet, ran, half paralyzed with terror, to her mother's room.

She expected to find blood and death when she got there. But as the light of her candle fell upon her mother's bed she saw that her fears had run on in advance of the truth. Mrs. Arlingford was sitting upright, looking pale and bewildered, to be sure, but nothing worse. She had evidently undergone some severe fright.

"Dearest mother, what is it?" cried Lucy.

"Oh, my child, come and kiss me, and don't leave me again. Such a horrible, horrible dream I have dreamt, Lucy!"

"Mother, it is nothing. We have had a misunderstanding to-day, and that has made us both wretched. But it is all over now. I will stay with you and you will sleep calmly."

"Oh, but Lucy, I must tell you. I thought my wicked anger was full of jealousy and vengeance toward you, my only, darling daughter. I thought a strange, horrid passion seized me, and I felt that I must take your life. And I did—oh, Lucy, I did! I saw the blood, and I heard your last faint groan."

The girl embraced her mother soothingly.

"It must have been dreadful for you, dearest mamma," she said. "But never mind now; be calm. It was nothing but an empty, unmeaning dream. This will be a lesson to me not to say any thing to grieve you again. God soothe and comfort you!"

Lucy observed with relief and thankfulness that her mother now wept. She did not try to restrain these tears, but only gently kissed the dear wet cheeks, and as the sobbing became less convulsive laid the head upon its pillow, and stroked that pretty, broad, fair forehead.

"Oh, my child!" said Mrs. Arlingford, presently, "I never felt the want of your dear father as I have done this afternoon. If he were but here! If the cruel sea would but give him up alive! I can not tell you, my child—but if I could lay my head on his bosom, all my pain would melt away to nothing."

How could Lucy help crying now? Her tears fell silently but long, and they were sad yet healthy ones. At length mother and daughter sank alike into deep and calm sleep, and did not wake until the late winter morning looked in through the frosted pane, and familiar sounds of household life banished into the realm of "airy nothings" the night's strange terror and tears.

III.

THE note which Lucy had written to the "rejected clothes-wearing man" had met with a remarkable adventure. Little garden boy, speeding with it to Beechwood Court, had fallen in by the way with farmer Butterfield's bull, which animal was in the habit of going, morning and evening, with his ladies "to be milked," and the Beechwood Road. Garden boy, having an excusable dread of being "tossed," had taken sudden alarm at supposed hostile demonstrations on the part of his taurine majesty, and had made a quick disorderly retreat from the highway through a hedge. In the course of his rapid "strategic" movement the note had been dropped, and the growing dusk had prevented its recovery. The boy, however, had maintained a prudent silence on the subject.

Next day, at about noon, Narcisetto's cab came gayly along that Beechwood road. The young gentleman, to all appearance, had borne yesterday's rebuff well, for he looked just as smiling, comfortable, and ornamental as ever. Not a single indication was to be detected that his moral coat had been stroked the wrong way. He was now driving with characteristic amiability and content to the house of a neighboring squire, on some mission of inquiry, at the request of his calm, patrician mamma.

At a certain point on the road Master Tiger was ordered down to adjust the curb-chain. During the pause, the aqua-marine eyes fell upon something by the way-side which looked like an unopened note.

In a few moments the envelope, addressed in Lucy's writing to Mr. Churchill, was in Narcisetto's hands. He winced slightly, fancying he had really liked Lucy very much indeed, lifted his wide eyebrows, and then drove on. There was only one thing to be done, of course—he must deliver the note himself. But even his steady-going temper plunged at the notion of his "coming Mercury" between Lucy and his rival: for, as the reader will understand, he little guessed what was the true tenor of the communication.

The silver bells jingled up toward the lodge of Beechwood Court. As Narcisetto came near to the sacred portal he observed emerging therefrom a coat, waistcoat, scarf, and other clothes, on the top of which appeared the semblance of a human countenance, decked with long appendages of hair. The clothes, mask, and hair combined, constituted Adolphus Churchill, Esquire.

"How d'ye do, Churchill?" said Narcisetto, in his quick, bright tones. "I've met with something that belongs to you. I suppose it was accidentally dropped. It has the look of having been out-of-doors all night."

"Thanks," said Sir Dandy. "What can it be?"

During the solution of this question Narcisetto moved off.

He executed his commission, drove home, and feeling just a trifle disturbed, went to his smoking-room for solace. He took a cheroot and a magazine, and stretched himself on a couch by the fire.

But he was soon aroused. There came a knock at the door, and he was told that Mr. Adolphus Churchill wished to see him directly.

In some surprise Harry directed that the visitor might be shown into the room where he was. On his entrance Mr. Churchill gave evidence of serious disquietude. He appeared, in fact, to be laboring under an oppressive burden of wrath. But any thing more pitifully undignified than the exhibition of his anger could not be conceived.

Harry looked at him first in wonder; then broke out into a hearty, but not ill-natured laugh. "Why, what on earth disturbs you, old fellow?" he inquired.

"You are a snob," said Churchill, "to insult me in this manner."

Harry rose and laid down his cheroot, opened his eyes, stirred the fire, and, restraining his strong impulse to respond by a purely physical demonstration, said, quietly,

"Come, explain. I don't understand these words at all."

"Ha! And to what limit, then, Beresford, do you expect my patience to extend?" replied Churchill, a suspicion crossing his mind for the first time that he was in the wrong box. "You don't mean to deny that you knew the contents of the note you brought me just now?"

"It strikes me I won't trouble myself to deny any thing," said Harry, quite cool.

If Churchill had happened to be any thing else but the arrant ass he was, he would here have drawn in his horns, acknowledged his blunder, and patched up an understanding with his good-tempered neighbor and college friend, Harry Beresford. But the donkey element in his nature was so large that he was unable rightly to estimate his situation. He retained, probably to his dying day, the belief that the note ignorantly handed to him in pure courtesy was virtually the offspring of the innocent bearer's brain. And Harry was far too proud to make any attempt at obliterating such a belief.

"You are dealing falsely with me," continued the enlightened young dandy; "you fancy that I have no discernment, and that you may impose upon me; no spirit, and that you may insult me with impunity. But you are mistaken. You shall pay for your impertinence."

Harry quietly rang the bell; then relighted his cheroot, and sat down perfectly silent. When the footman opened the door, he said, composedly, "Show this gentleman out, if you please. I hope, Churchill, you will see before long that you have been making a fool of yourself. If you wish to ask me any question, and will do so by letter in civil terms, I will reply to it. At present I think we had better part."

Even now any man of common intelligence might have escaped from the fix that Churchill was in. But he had not the wit to extricate himself. He had, however, just sufficient sense to perceive that if he stood where he was he would probably get a good thrashing in two minutes. So he withdrew, saying, "You will hear of this again. You do not deceive me, though you fancy it."

What particular object Mr. Churchill had gained by this dignified visit we can not say. His love had just natural instinct enough about it to lead him to suspect the right person of being the rival to whom Lucy referred in her note, and this suspicion alone had brought about his purposeless intrusion. Narcisetto himself, however, had certainly acquired something. He had learned indirectly that Lucy's feeling toward Churchill could not have been such as he had been led to suppose.

His heart fastened with strange persistency upon the truth evolved from the late visit—that Lucy was still free. And lying on his back, the sofa drawn near to the cozy fire, his cheroot sending through his whole frame a soft, comforting calm, Master Narcisetto pondered long, rolling his bright aqua-marine eyes about the ceiling, till at last the eyes closed, the cheroot fell, and there came a fast sleep and a vivid dream.

That dream, which amidst some confusion was the pleasantest that the dreamer had ever experienced, was rudely disturbed by the butler, who suddenly appeared, stirring the fire, and saying that dinner would be served in ten minutes.

IV.

THAT same afternoon Mrs. Arlingford, full of distracting thoughts, went to her own room for the sake of solitude. She locked the door, sank into a chair, and hid her face in her white hands.

"A mother," she thought, "a woman of forty years, a widow—the helpless victim of a foolish passion for a boy scarcely half her own age."

She would have sunk into the ground with shame had she been compelled to make the avowal to any fellow-creature. She blushed scarlet on confessing the truth even to herself. And yet it was only too true that a morbid, unworthy love had risen in her heart for the very man who had wished to marry her daughter.

But worse—she had rejected the young man's suit for her own sake. In act, if not in word, she had made a representation to Beresford which was not true, that she might divert his affection from her daughter. She had created a false impression in his mind, while she had encouraged Lucy's acceptance of Churchill's offer, knowing that the girl loved another, the one she loved.

How base, how unnatural, how unwomanly her conduct seemed! How she doubted of her poor frail heart, wondering whereunto this unruly affection might grow! How she strove with herself, setting before her harassed mind every consideration which might tend to deliver her from the horrid thralldom.

Oh! if he could only come back, her one true love and hero! How the sight of his sun-face would dispel this unwholesome mist, and lay the ghost of the foolish, uncanny passion! But he was silent forever in his "vast and wandering grave." Alas, alas for him!

Anon the *ignis fatuus* of her new wild love would spring up again athwart the lady's holier thoughts. Then she would look in the glass to satisfy herself that beauty was still left to her, measuring her chances of success with that dear fascinating boy! Then she would wish herself a girl again, with curls of flowing gold, and jewel eyes, and lips of coral, walking by his side, admired and loved by him before all others.

Again, with a start, she would wake from the degrading dream—hating, despising herself; and yearning over darling Lucy, her precious lost husband's child, she would resolve, God helping her, never to let a soul guess the real state of her sad, distracted heart.

It was a weary, miserable struggle. We can not closely follow the windings of those tangled thoughts, or minutely anatomize that morbid soul. Certain it is, however, that when Lucy came, late in the afternoon, to ask for a solution of her mother's long self-banishment from the drawing-room, Mrs. Arlingford's impetuous thoughts had hurried her to a goal, the true and dreadful nature of which she scarcely realized.

At the moment the gentle rap at the door sounded, Mrs. Arlingford held in her hand a small vial. It contained a narcotic, familiar in most households, and often thankfully taken by the restless and suffering in small doses. But the lady had now taken up the drug with feelings far different from those with which she had ever done so before.

"Why not," she had thought, "end the wretched conflict in a sleep? Better to die than to live so as to degrade one's self. None would know. Lucy would only be the better off for my death."

In the midst of these thoughts the mother replied to her daughter that she would come down stairs shortly. She scarcely knew what she said, and certainly at the moment did not mean to keep the promise she made.

But the vial proved to be empty. Presently, therefore, Mrs. Arlingford did leave her room, but not until she had written a note to a chemist at Guilford, a town

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two miles off; which note, upon going down stairs, she left in the kitchen to be sent by the old errand-woman next day.

This evening passed almost as sadly as the last. The mother was sometimes absent, sometimes irritable and excited. Lucy began to be seriously apprehensive about her, but she did not express her fears.

Next day was Christmas-eve. The dear old season came venerably in, bearded with icicles and snow. As Lucy rose, she thought, sadly, that this did not promise to be a cheerful Christmas for her. Her love, as far as she knew, was unrequited. Her mother's state was inexplicably sad and alarming. No; the old man brought for her, she fancied, no pleasant gifts this year.

But as cheerfully as she could she went through the time-honored Christmas forms; prepared, or overlooked the preparation of, little comforts for the poor; wove natty decorations of holly, mistletoe, and ivy; and every now and then would come smilingly to her pale mother's side, who sat alone, strange, gloomy, and abstracted.

"We should not be dining by ourselves to-day, mamma," said Lucy, as the hour for the meal approached. "Even two years ago, amidst all our sorrow, some one was with us on Christmas-eve."

The mother scarcely noticed the remark.

"Has the errand-woman brought any thing for me?" she inquired of a servant, who entered at the moment with candles.

"Nothing, ma'am. She passed half an hour back."

"What did my mother expect?" asked Lucy. "Had she ordered herself some little Christmas present?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Arlingford, covering her pale face.

At this point a ring was heard at the front gate. Immediately after the admission of the ringer to the house, the servant came to the drawing-room door. Her face was unusually flushed and excited as she said, "Some one from Mr. Arnold's, the chemist's, ma'am. He wishes to see you himself."

Mrs. Arlingford swept into the hall with her usual calm dignity, and observed, at the open front door, the figure of a tall large man, muffled in winter wraps, his black eyes bent eagerly upon her.

"What is it?" she asked, hardly able to see the stranger's face distinctly.

"It is only *this*," said a full bass voice, "that your errand-woman forgot, a small packet from the chemist's. I accidentally learned her omission, and, as I was coming this way, undertook to supply it. Here is your physic."

Something in the speaker's tone had arrested Mrs. Arlingford's attention. She turned a searching glance upon him, clasped her hands, uttered an indescribable cry of joy, and ran forward to his arms.

Heaven! it was her long-lost sailor! It was the husband whose reported death she had mourned for two weary years!

She fell, weak and trembling, upon his bosom; and there fed upon his life-restoring kisses, like the dying desert traveler who meets with unhoped-for luscious fruits beside his arid path: there she realized the truth that in her dire extremity God had helped her in the way just most effectual; that He had reserved this mighty happiness until the moment when it would bring with it the fullest cup of blessing.

What an evening that was! Think of it, reader. To find a two years' sorrow a fiction; to awaken all of a sudden from saddest experiences, and to learn they were but dreams! To the size of such vast joy as human words will stretch.

For a time the excitement of delight was extravagant, but an hour or two sobered while it confirmed the bliss. When they had seen him eat, heard him explain, then they grew calmer, and rested happily content on the broad basis of unquestionable fact.

But ere long a new thought sprang up in the mother's heart. She had wronged, deeply wronged, her darling daughter. With her generous, loving soul restored, as it now was, to perfect health, she could not sleep, she knew, until that wrong had been righted.

She hastily wrote and dispatched the following note:

"The Limes, *Dec.* 24.

"My dear Sir,—Will you do me the kindness to let me have a few words with you here at once on the subject of which we spoke at our last meeting? I then misled you entirely. Pray come, if possible, directly.

"You will probably have heard of our wonderful happiness before this reaches you. I am sure you rejoice with us.

"Yours very faithfully,

"Harry Berrisford, Esq." "Mary Arlingford."

Narcissitto lost no time in obeying this abrupt summons. He was shown privately into the dining-room, where Mrs. Arlingford first saw him alone. There was no constraint or awkwardness now. The foolish fancy had fled like a Will-o'-the-wisp from the woman's now happy heart. Her girlhood's love was restored to her, and her late passion had dwindled to a myth and a phantom. She could speak now to Harry as a mother to her son. She did not tell him of the motive which had urged her late strange conduct; but she made it clear to him as day that no obstacle now lay between him and Lucy.

It was not unreasonable that he should ask for an interview with the young lady then and there. He asked and obtained it.

She came to him in a glow of girlish beauty. Her mourning had been hastily set aside, and she swept into the room in a dress of queenly purple, with a diamond lustre in her eyes, and berries peering bright from amidst her hair, which seemed alive with them.

He did not speak a word. His volubility all failed him at that strange moment. It was so new, so overpowering—this sense of total absorption into the life of another. In some nameless, inarticulate language he told her that he loved her; and she, scarcely better able to express herself, made to him the same confession.

He was unworthy of her. He knew it. He had hitherto been a self-centred, frivolous creature; but he felt that a new life was now infused into his soul—or rather, that his life was drawn into that of another. Fair Arachne had sucked his being into her own, and the old, butterfly, "Narcissetto" nature had fallen from her silken toils—fallen clattering down to dust—an empty, shriveled shell!

What a wonderful Christmas-day followed! Lucy said that it was like the last page of the overture to "*Der Freischütz*." It was all joy; joy unsullied as the snow upon the lawn; deep, as the ocean which had yielded up the long-lost pearl; substantial, as—turkey and sausages.

The general merriment was increased when a report (intended to have the air of casualty, but clearly sent by design) reached the Limes, that Mr. Adolphus Churchill, of Beechwood Court, was just engaged to Miss Fenella Fotheringay—the best dresser in the county.

Of her design in ordering the "physic," and of her late wild fancy, the now happy wife never spoke—not even to her husband. And surely she was right to be silent. Some phantoms of our foolish brains, some frailties of our poor, fond hearts, are better never painted by the tongue or whispered into any human ear. The lovers, now happy in mutually-avowed affection, did not care to inquire into the cause of that strangeness of manner which Mrs. Arlingford, before their engagement, had in different ways shown to them both.

Harry proved to demonstration that he could love with complete self-forgetfulness. As Lucy's nickname for him, therefore, seems henceforth to lose its appropriateness, we think the time has come for us to close the story of "Narcissitto."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The recent opening of the new Steinway Hall is an event of special interest to the lovers of music in our city. New York has been deficient in places suitable for musical entertainments; but this promises to be just what is needed. This Hall is immediately in the rear of the warerooms of Messrs. Steinway and Sons; and the main entrance is through the marble portico on Fourteenth Street. It is a thoroughly substantial building, capable of seating 2500 persons comfortably. Special arrangements are made to secure good ventilation, and the hall is heated by steam generated in an outside building as a security against accident. At present the walls are perfectly plain; but when they have become entirely dry they will be elegantly frescoed. The Bateman Concert Troupe have satisfactorily tested the acoustic properties of this new Hall; and Madame Parepa, Signor Brignoli, and other fine performers have seldom been more warmly received by the public than in the present series of concerts. It is said that the Philharmonic Rehearsals and Concerts will take place in the Steinway Hall.

Last week the corner-stone of a new Hebrew temple was laid on the corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. The congregation "Emanuel," who are to erect this building, have increased in about twenty years from thirty to three hundred. This temple, which will cost about $600,000, promises to be of great architectural beauty. It is to be built principally of Ohio and Newark stone, and will probably exhibit the characteristic features of several styles of architecture.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," is the old saying, recently exemplified by a singular freak of fortune, whereby a lamp-trimmer in the United States navy comes into possession of $300,000 in gold, together with the title and estates of a Hungarian count. It seems that the individual in question, Edward Louis, Count Batthyanyi, many years ago left his country, his father having been executed for participating in the rebellion under Kossuth. Supposing that his father's possessions had been confiscated, and knowing little of the real position of his family, he obtained employment in a steamship, and never hinted to any one about his high rank, but discharged his duties quietly and satisfactorily. Not long ago, however, a newspaper advertisement hinted about "something to the advantage" of Edward Louis Batthyanyi, and the sequel was as we have stated—a romance in real life, furnishing first-rate material for a novelist.

The following curious and comforting announcement appears in a Connecticut paper:

"Last evening a lady asked for epsom salts at a drug store in this city. An inexperienced clerk filled the order as he supposed correctly, but he made the serious mistake of giving her oxalic acid instead of epsom salts. As the lady is unknown we are requested to give this public notice, warning her that if she takes the oxalic acid it will surely kill her."

Very consoling this to the lady in question should she chance to see it just after she has given her youngest child a dose of the above-mentioned *salts!* We suggest, however, that the "inexperienced clerk" who "supposed he filled the order correctly," be allowed to study chemistry a little longer, and perform experiments privately—upon *himself* if he chooses—before offering his services to the public.

Considering that the city railroad companies "*don't pay their expenses*," how very benevolent they are to extend their route across Broadway for the accommodation of the public! Truly they are self-sacrificing fund-distributors!

Some very sagacious prophecies have been made in regard to the year 1867. As they may not be found in all the almanacs, we will give a few for the benefit of our readers:

The year 1867 will be a very eventful one to every maiden who gets married. Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes, the nights will grow dark. Whoever is in love this year will think his sweet-heart an angel. Whoever gets married will find out whether it is true. If a young lady happens to blush she will look red in the face. If she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it is a sign of something. If any body jumps overboard without knowing how to swim it is two to one he gets drowned. If any one lends an umbrella, it is ten to one he is obliged to go home in the rain for his pains.

A writer from Paris speaks of meeting a Parisian coachman to whom misfortune has given a curious celebrity. Sometime since a cancer in his tongue rendered its amputation necessary. This operation was performed by the surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, who shortly afterward replaced the lost tongue by one of gutta percha. Although he can not speak, he tastes, swallows, and smokes his pipe with apparent enjoyment. After eating he takes out his tongue—as one takes out a set of false teeth—to clean it; and between his repasts he generally finds it more convenient to carry it in his pocket.

According to what is supposed to be an accurate calculation of the salaries paid to preachers in this country, and of the number of sermons preached, the average price paid for sermons, taking the land throughout, is said to be three *cents* apiece! We certainly desire to believe that there is some grand mistake either in the data or in the estimate which produces such a conclusion.

Not long since Lady Harriet Sinclair published in London a cookery book called "Dainty Dishes," which attracted considerable attention. It is reported that shortly after the publication of this work, and as a result of it, she received a number of proposals of marriage. She made a "judicious selection," so the story goes, and a wedding followed. It may be expected, now, that all young ladies, English and American, will immediately commence collecting recipes, as the foundation of a volume of "Dainty Dishes"—whereby they may win a name.

The following experience of a humorous traveler, who attempted to get a dinner at Xenia, on the Little Miami Railroad, is worth reading by those who have had a similar experience, without a like good-humor, as well as by all who enjoy a good laugh:

"'Twenty minutes for dinner!' shouted the brakeman as we approached Xenia.

"Arrived there, I entered the dining-room, and inquired of a waiter:

"'What do you have for dinner?'

"'Twenty minutes,' was the hurried reply.

"I told him I would try half a dozen minutes, raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

"I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"'What do you have for dinner?'

"'Half a dollar,' says he.

"I told him that I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage stamps and ten cent scrips. Also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone). I would like to wash my dinner down with National Bank Notes, on 'draft.'

"He said they were out of every thing but the bank-notes, and he then ordered a waiter to go to the bank and 'draw' some."

The following beautiful bit of poetry, entitled "My 'Good-for-Nothing,'" is evidently written by a mother, or by one who has all the loving feelings of a mother:

What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for—now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace:
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you!"

Poets, authors, and literary men in general, have frequently been afflicted with dreadfully practical and unpoetical wives. Siebenkas could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth, and every thing else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the sauce-pan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" And he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she seemed quite touched, and appeared listening intently to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but toward his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must darn it."

A rather comical story is told in connection with the early appearance of Dr. Bethune, as officiating clergyman in a church then located not far from the city of Rochester. The edifice was placed in the centre of a large park, and it being summer time, the open doors made the green aisle carpet appear like a continuation of the grassy lawn outside. At least so the matter appeared to a half-dozen geese, who quietly walked into the church just as the preacher was closing a splendid passage of eloquence, and was quoting the lines:

"Who are those arrayed in white?" etc.

A green, half-grown country boy, who supposed the quotation so eloquently propounded required answer, at once replied, in a bashful lisp: "Them—them there's geeth." The wings of the young minister were thus abruptly clipped while he was a-flight, and the ones "arrayed in white" were the only dignified individuals in the audience.

Books seem to be scarce at the South. Some one living in Florida advertises for sale, for the reasonable sum of $1000, four dilapidated volumes of a work once owned by Cotton Mather. However, as Cotton Mather's name is written in one of them, it doubtless will be a valued relic to somebody.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Scientific Jottings.—M. Toussenell has addressed a memoir to the Academy of Sciences representing that indulgence in hippophagy is calculated to result in ossification of the heart.

Why should teetotalers never hold their meetings at a theatre?—Because there ought not to be a drop-scene at them.

Poor Things!—It seems an impossibility for two silly lovers ever to agree, seeing that between them there can be no understanding.

A man was recently arrested in Paris for an extraordinary freak while under the influence of drink. In passing before a dealer's, he suddenly jumped into a basket containing 300 eggs, and after smashing them to his heart's content, called out, "That is the way I make an *omelette*; now bring me a frying-pan!"

The Rev. Mr. A—— was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministration of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone started the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet he spoke: "I guess it is the boys in the gallery."

PHILOSOPHY.

Alas! alack! and welladay!
How short my cash is running,
I find I can not make my way
By poetry and punning.
But poverty is not a crime,
And I am young and clever.
This kind of thing will end in time—
It can't go on forever.

My health is in a pretty state!—
I'm something of a skeptic
Regarding the decrees of Fate
(Which means that I'm dyspeptic),
But this may alter by-and-by.
Shall I despair? No, never.
I must in time get well or die;
It can't go on forever.

I love—and I must bear the woe
To which my folly dooms me:
She knows, but will not seem to know,
The passion that consumes me.
My heart is fettered in a chain
Impossible to sever;
'Twill break or struggle free again,
It can't go on forever.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

A coarse, ill-natured fellow died one day, and his friends assembled at his funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. Even at the grave all were silent. At length a good-hearted German, as he turned to go home, said, "Vell, he vas a goot schmoker."

A certain duchess, a very handsome woman, was once walking through the streets of London, when a costermonger, whose pipe had gone out, walked up to her, and addressing her, said, "Pray, Madam, let me light my pipe at your eye." She declared this to be the greatest compliment which she had ever had paid to her.

REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

A Strange Trade.—A young fellow was lately taken before a Paris magistrate as a vagabond. "You have no occupation?" said the Bench, inquiringly. "Beg your Worship's pardon," was the rejoinder; "I deal in bits of halter for the use of gentlemen as plays." A bit of rope with which a man has been hanged, carried in his pocket, is held to secure luck at cards.

Old Elwes, the miser, having listened to a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms-giving that—I've almost a mind to *beg*."

Woman's Love in a Light and Dark Aspect.—"Our idea is," says a fellow that had got a shrew for a wife, "that

'Woman's love is like Scotch snuff:
We get one pinch, and that's enough.'"

An old darkey says—

"Woman's lub is India rubber—
It stretch do more de more you lub her."

Prentice, in a wicked lunge at the very underpinning of society, says, "Tilting hoops enable the common people to see a great deal more of good society than they ever saw before."

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a polite man whose wife he had been attending, "how is your wife?" "She is dead, I thank you."

The Great Unpaid.—The National Debt.

How do you arrive at the height of a church steeple on a hot day?—Per-spire.

The art of book-keeping taught in one short and easy lesson—Never lend them.

NOT POSSIBLE TO PLEASE.

A FABLE.

Said the Moon to Dame This fine day
(So in fable, at least, we are told),
"I want a new frock, mother dear;
Let the color be yellow as gold."

"How can I, my child, grant your wish,
Your figure so awkward is found,
Now a lath, now again with a hump,
Now crescent, lopsided, or round?"

Many persons resemble the moon
In judgment, taste, temper, or wit;
Cut your cloth in what fashion you please,
Your coat you can never make fit.

A person meeting with an acquaintance after a long absence, told him he was surprised to see him, for he had heard that he was dead.

"But," says the other, "you find the report false."

"'Tis hard to determine," he replied, "for the man that told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

A young man recently wrote to his sweet-heart, saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he!

Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.

MAKING THE MOST OF IT, AND HOW TO DO IT.

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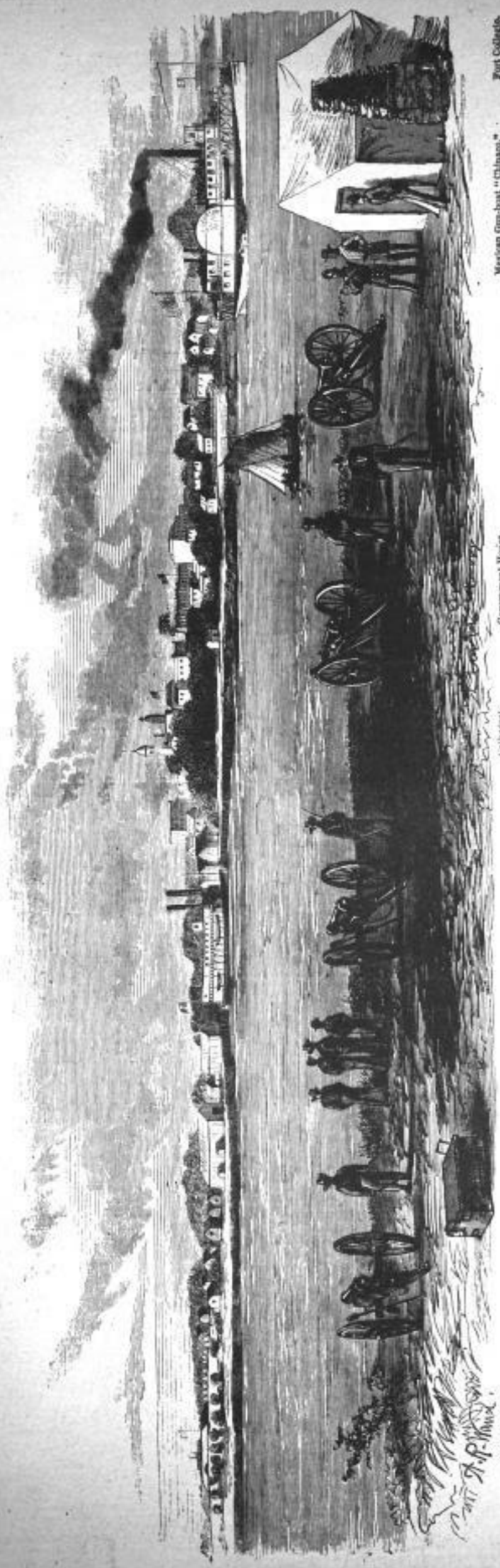
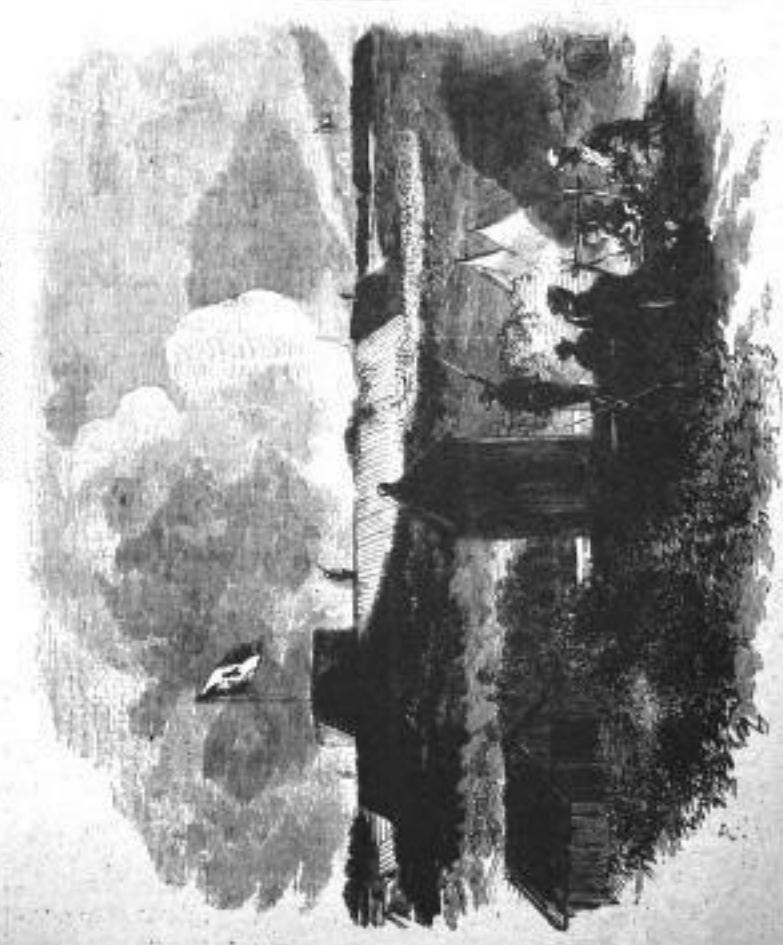


MATAMORAS, MEXICO, AS SEEN FROM THE POSITION OF CAPTAIN A. M. RANDALL'S LIGHT BATTERY I, FIRST UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

NIGHT ATTACK UPON THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MATAMORAS.

COLONELS J. CERDA AND S. CANALES.



GENERAL FORD'S POSITION BEFORE THE ATTACK ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1866.

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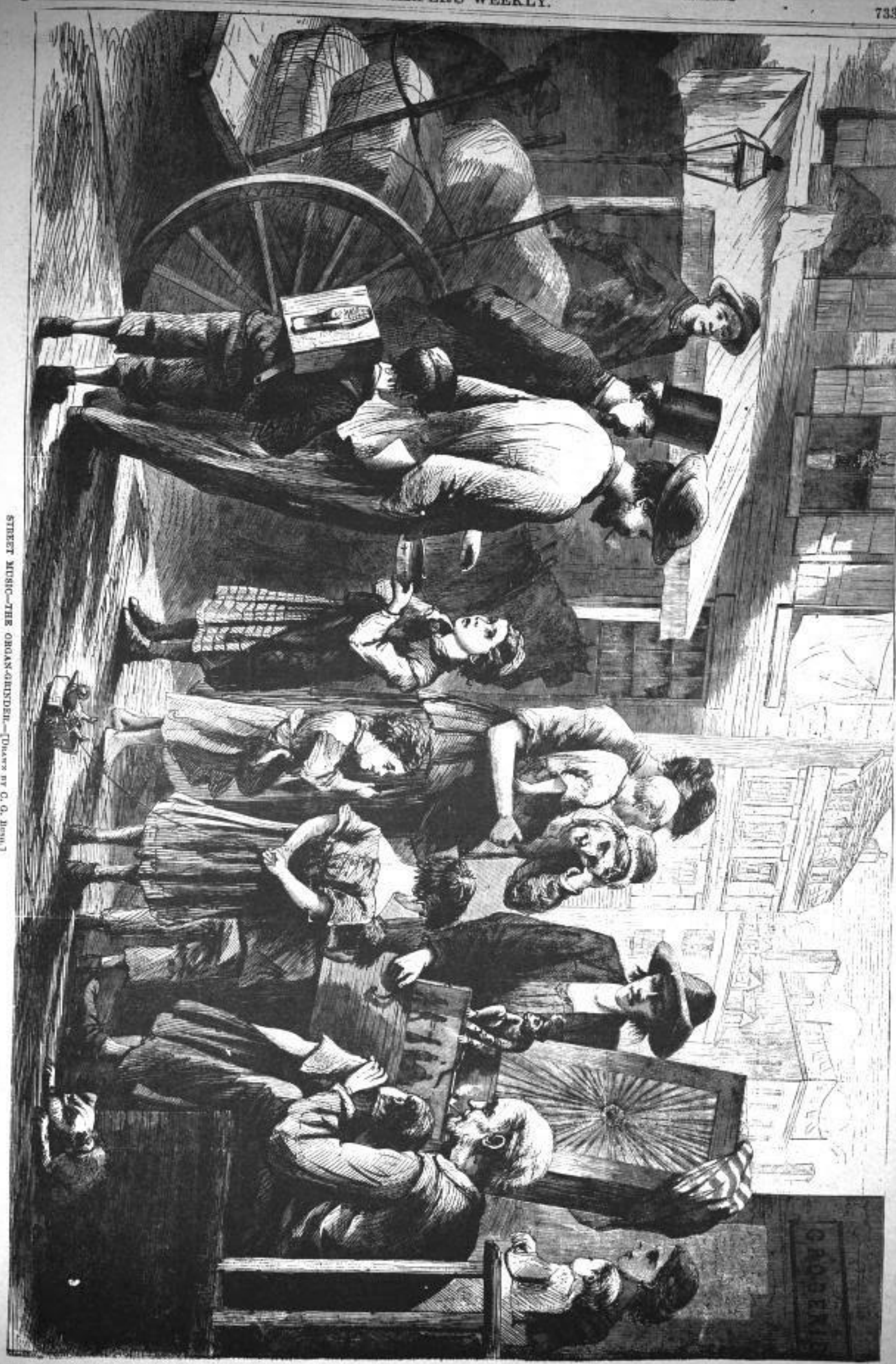

STREET MUSIC—THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

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8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show way we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

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1 lb. Young Hyson	J. W. Stokes	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	Robt. Ramsay	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	Robt. Ramsay	at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs. Oolong	F. A. Slater	at 1 00	3 00
1 lb. Oolong	W. Killelea	at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs. Gunpowder	W. Killelea	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb. Gunpowder	F. A. Slater	at 1 25	1 25
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2 lbs. Gunpowder	H. P. Hall	at 1 00	2 00
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3 lbs. Imperial	Geo. Gingold	at 1 25	3 75
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Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

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MANASQUAN.
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THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS SCHERMÄDCHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS," a Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war, what it would now have been but for the war, and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

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PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

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New York, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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Mrs. Wm. S. Hillyer, Corresponding Secretary.	Mrs. Henry Batzer.

New York, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

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Brigadier-General John Cochrane,	Jno. H. White.
Brigadier-General William Hall.	G. P. B. Hoyt.
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The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:
"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathising with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. Theodore Thomas."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

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In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

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Orders may be sent direct to us including the money, from $1 to $25, in a registered letter at our risk, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

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N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
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Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

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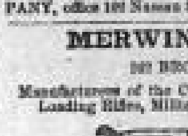

These Rifles carry a ball varying from one half oz. each to 120 to the lb. Material and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

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Grower and Importer of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Hardy Bulbs, &c. My new Seed Catalogue for 1867 is now in press, and will be ready to send out on the 1st of January next. It will contain 75 or more pages, finely illustrated with about 100 engravings, and a beautiful Colored Frontispiece.

☞ Sent free to all my customers of 1866; to all others, price 10 cents—not half the cost.

Allcock's Porous Plasters.

Allentown, Penn., April 4, 1866.

Messrs. T. Allcock & Co.:

Dear Sirs,—My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week.

Yours truly, John V. N. Hunter.

We refer to the

Forty Thousand Druggists

who sell our Plasters as to their high sterling character.

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Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, October, 1866.

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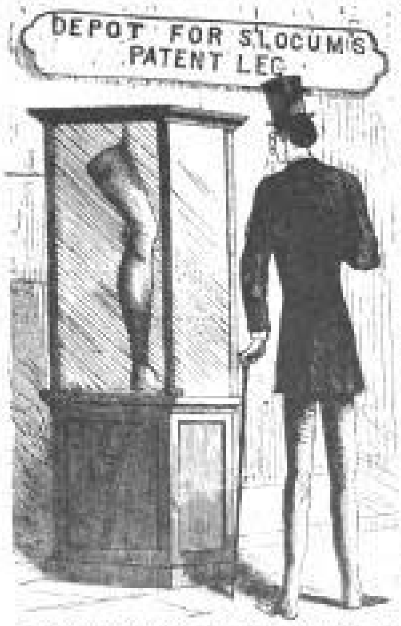

Fashionable Gent (*who is disgusted with the new style of Pantaloons*). "By George! now, that's a Leg worth having! Makes a fellow long for Amputation, really!"

OH! THE CURTAINS!

(Lately furnished new by Walraven.)

Objectionable Child. "Lor, Pa! are you going to Smoke? My eye! won't you catch it when Ma comes home for making the Curtains smell!"

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Colored Seaman. "Yaas, and pretty squally ashore too, wid de White Squall yer folk sets up 'bout us Niggers habin' de Rights ob Freemen!"

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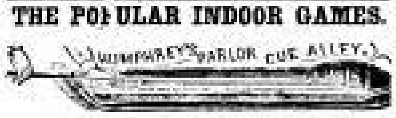

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"Brooks's Carpet Croquet."
Send Stamp for Illustrated Circular.
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Jacques's Manual of the House.
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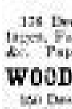
GEO. E. & F. W. WOODWARD, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

SURE PILE CURE.



Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. Romaine, Manager, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

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And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

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J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or Double Spring) SKIRTS. The LATEST STYLES are made VERY LIGHT. They combine *Comfort, Durability*, and *Economy* with that ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD SKIRT of the *Fashionable World*.
AT WHOLESALE by the EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS OF PATENT,
WESTS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
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Also at WHOLESALE by the LEADING JOBBERS.

At Reduced Rates. Pollak & Son, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes and Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

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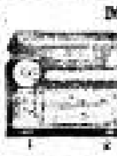

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A new and beautiful invention for Fancy, Ornamental, and Secret Writings, Visiting Cards, &c., &c. For sale every where. Price $1; or, on receipt of price, will forward direct from the General Depot, No. 62 William Street, New York. G. DE CORDOVA, Agents wanted.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS,
Metal or all wood. Send for a Pamphlet.
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MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP
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Only 2 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Be particular in asking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions are attached to every package. All that is required is an iron kettle holding one or two gallons. For sale at every grocery store.

OLD EYES MADE NEW easily and without doctor or medicines. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

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Patent Self-Closing Pocket-Books,
In which a steel spring supersedes elastic bands or straps. Arms & Bardwell Mfg. Co., 18 Warren St.

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Travels Around the World, Adventures, Stories, Anecdotes, Popular Science, Parlor Magic, Games, &c.
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Twenty-second Annual Volume—1867.
A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Orchard, Vineyard, Garden, and Nursery; to Culture under Glass, *Landscape Gardening, Rural Architecture, and the Embellishment and Improvement of Country, Suburban, and City Homes. Handsomely Illustrated.*
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GUNS, PISTOLS, FISHING-RODS, and Sporting Apparatus. Guns, $10 to $300; Fishing-Rods, $1 00 to $40. Sent by Express to Order.
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Fountain Pen. Mailed free for 50 cents. J. PONSONBY, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. Box 386. Room 8.

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Strength! Beauty! Cheapness!
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Have now in store all the choice brands of brandies, whiskies, wines, liqueurs, teas, segars, &c. ☞ Assorted packages put up for holiday use: viz., a case of one doz., containing 2 bottles Champagne, 3 Sherry, 3 Port, 3 Bourbon, 1 Brandy, for $15. ☜ Also packages assorted as desired at equally low rates. Orders sent from private families in city or country will receive careful attention. Money returned if goods are not as represented.

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HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
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"GET THE BEST" WARD'S PAPER COLLARS
For Ladies and Gentlemen. The largest assortment in the New World.
TO BE HAD EVERY WHERE.
And at wholesale and retail at the manufactory, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 517.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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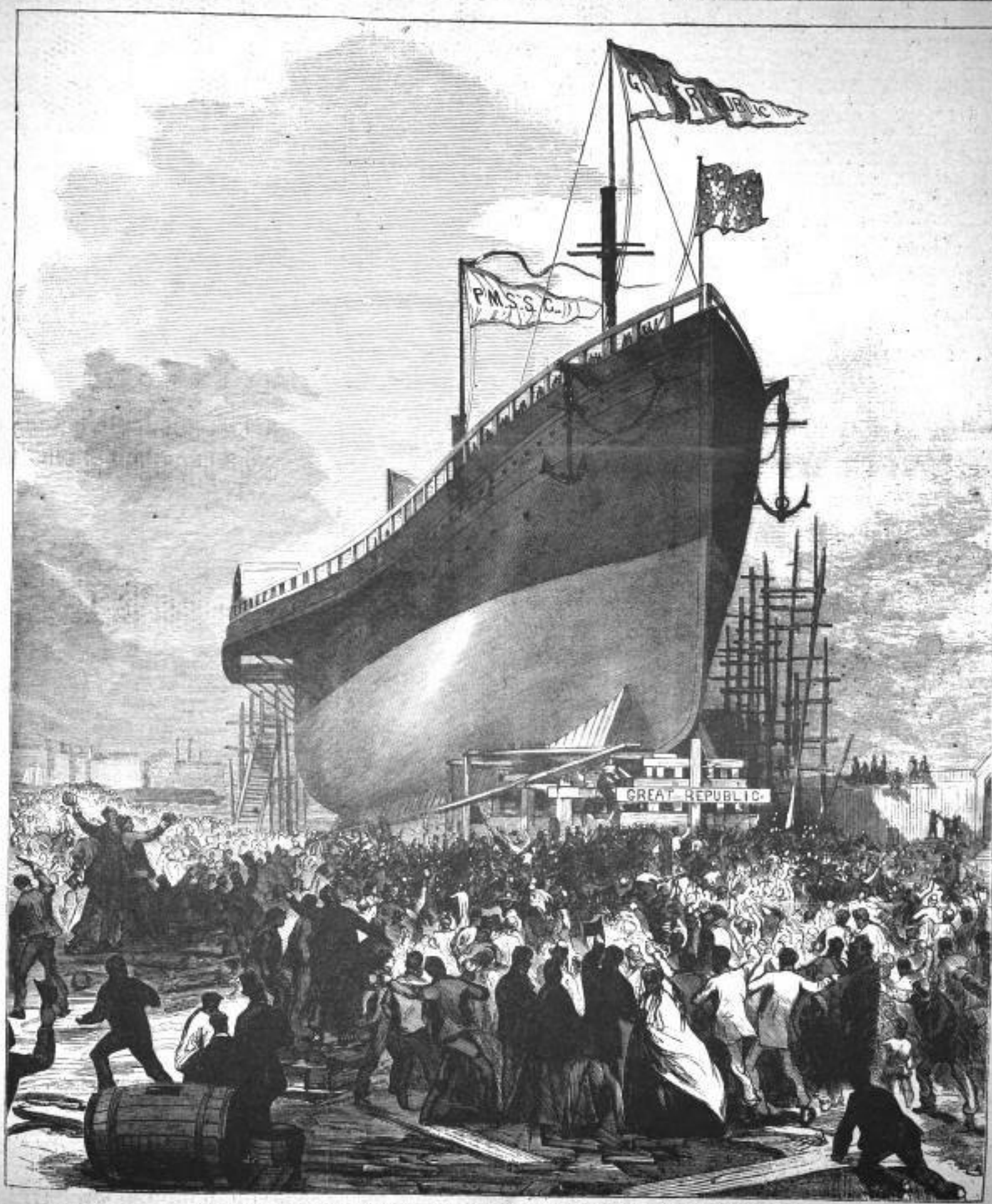

LAUNCH OF THE SEA STEAMER "GREAT REPUBLIC."—SKETCHED BY CHARLES PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

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WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

"DON'T SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

ALBANY, NEW YORK, 6 MILES BELOW TROY.

Dear Harper's Weekly:

I hasten to give you a piece of important Marine Intelligence—in fact, from the *bluish* look things have, we might call it Ultra-Marine. We had a heavy storm up here on Tuesday the 6th inst., which extended with great violence throughout the region of the Lakes and Massachusetts, and resulted in the total loss of the new Copper-fastened Craft *My Policy.* The storm had a very damaging effect on all the Craft that were caught out in it. Heavy *blowing* was observable from all points of the compass several days before the storm, and clouds seemed to be gathering on the horizon. On the morning of Tuesday the sun rose as bright as usual, but before noon it was evident up here that the bark *My Policy,* Captain A. Johnson, would have to go under. The *pumps* were worked vigorously all day long, under the supervision of First Mate Randall. The bilge was attempted to be kept clear by Hoffman and the other deck-hands; but, notwithstanding their most vigorous efforts, the waves so overwhelmed them as to continually keep them under water; and before 6 o'clock that night the craft went down, carrying nearly the whole of her crew with her. There was no Wreck-Election of any thing like it by the oldest Inhabitant.

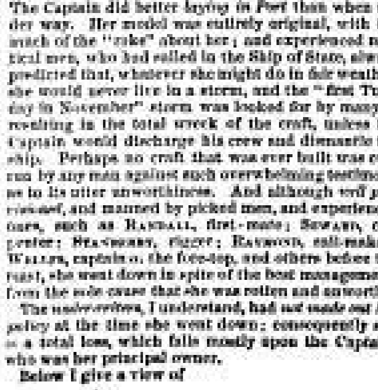
The *My Policy* was very badly *rigged,* and ranked I 1, and was *copper-fastened* throughout. She was condemned as unseaworthy by the Government Inspectors in the fore part of last summer, and should have been laid up then; but her Captain insisted upon running her, notwithstanding her *leaking* badly in every trip she made; and came near foundering in her trip to Chicago and back last September. She would have done so had it not been for the efforts of Seward and Grant, the Carpenter and Gunner, who *threw overboard every thing* in order to lighten her and keep her leak above water. She last spring ran against the old Tug *Thad Stevens,* and got such a knock right between wind and water that it took careful *trimming* of the vessel, when under sail, to keep her afloat; in fact, the carpenter had been kept to work day and night upon her ever since the accident, and he believed she never could be made much of a vessel with all the repairing he could put upon her. Although a comparatively new vessel, her main timbers were rotten, and she had *weak knees,* consequently it was impossible for her to carry the sail the Captain continually insisted upon crowding upon her.

The *My Policy* was launched at Washington, D. C., last April, and has had a very stormy time of it ever since. At the laying of the keel, in March, '65, the *Secretary of the Navy* was not invited to be present, the Captain not remembering his name. An incident that happened at her launching seemed to be a forerunner of misfortune to the craft. As they were knocking away the scaffolding around her Freedman's Bill was killed outright, and several of his co-laborers were severely wounded.

The Captain has made several *trips,* but none of them have proved *profitable* to him; besides the accidents referred to, when on a little pleasure excursion with a party of the Captain's friends on the 22d of February, she was caught in a *blow,* which carried away her figure-head (a "duck"), also her fore-stay and mainmast. This accident happened by the party being a little jolly, and a Philadelphia pilot by the name of Tom *Florence* being at the wheel, whose experience in navigating so large a craft was very limited. They afterward repaired the craft as well as they could, throwing the "duck" overboard; and getting the carpenter to rig up a jury-mast, the invention of a Mrs. Stanbery, she has sailed ever since with that imperfect rig. She was always "down by the head," as the sailors have it, and steered very "wide," paying but little attention to her helm during a blow. The Captain did better *laying in Port* than when under way. Her model was entirely original, with too much of the "rake" about her; and experienced nautical men, who had sailed in the Ship of State, always predicted that, whatever she might do in fair weather, she would never live in a storm, and the "first Tuesday in November" storm was looked for by many as resulting in the total wreck of the craft, unless the Captain would discharge his crew and dismantle the ship. Perhaps no craft that was ever built was ever run by any man against such overwhelming testimony as to its utter unworthiness. And although *well provisioned,* and manned by picked men, and experienced tars, such as Randall, first-mate; Seward, carpenter; Stanbery, rigger; Raymond, sail-maker; Welles, captain of the fore-top, and others before the mast, she went down in spite of the best management, from the sole cause that she was rotten and unworthy.

The *underwriters,* I understand, had *not made out her policy* at the time she went down; consequently she is a total loss, which falls mostly upon the Captain, who was her principal owner.

Below I give a view of



THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE "MY POLICY,"

which I sketched from nature.

YOUR OWN "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

P.S.—I hear that Mr. Charles Reade, the author, has commenced a lawsuit against some New York editors who have spoken of his late work in no complimentary terms. Some say the suit is to advertise his books, but my opinion is that if he shows a "Good Fight" he will not only get rid of a large edition of his "Griffith Gaunt" but also of his "Very Hard Cash." This may account for the "milk in the cocoanut." Speaking of milk, no more from your own

C. O. W.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

☞ In this Number of the *Weekly* the publication of Miss Braddon's new novel of "Birds of Prey" is begun. The author of "Lady Audley's Secret" is one of the most popular of living writers, and there is no question that this story will fully maintain her popularity. It is a tale of English life of to-day, beginning briskly in London, and very soon suggestive of some of the darker mysteries of the great metropolis; and we advise our readers to begin with the beginning.

THE POPULAR WILL.

If the President is still of the opinion which Mr. Browning reports, that the people have not pronounced upon the Constitutional Amendment, he will never discover it. From Maine to Iowa this was the one issue. Every Union orator showed by the record that the President's original theory of restoration upon which he acted was that upon which Congress insists today; that when he repudiated that principle he stigmatized his own action, deserted the party which elected him, and left himself in the hands of Copperheads and late rebels; that the conditions proposed by Congress were not only just in themselves, but were essential to complete those upon which the President insisted, and were necessary to the good faith of the nation; that to stop where the President stopped, and to approve the extraordinary doctrines which he announced, would be to make every brave boy who died in battle a fool for his pains; to reduce the war to a ridiculous trial of strength; to imperil the debt; to break faith with the freedmen; to leave every question open, and to invite self-contempt and the derision of mankind.

This was the ground upon which the Union campaign was fought, and a more intelligent, sober, and vigorous political contest was never known. The result justifies the faith of all who sincerely believe in popular government, because it is precisely upon such points of practical political wisdom that confusion of the public mind is to be expected. The Union line dresses itself unbroken from the Penobscot to the Mississippi. Congress is fully sustained, and the President's policy has been solemnly rebuked.

We confess that our delight in the result is not partisan triumph; for the Union party is not so much a party as it is the great body of the loyal and intelligent people acting together to plant the Union upon the corner-stone of justice, which is the only sure and permanent foundation of national peace. The result reveals us to ourselves. It shows that the people have the patience, the tenacity, the insight, and the quiet courage which are essential to the wise consideration of the condition of the country. Those who are inclined to consider the people of the country at large like the mob of a city, and to suppose that, like a mob, they can be driven hither and thither by vehement leaders—that they must necessarily be hasty and impatient and rash, and plunge wildly in a great crisis like a rudderless ship in the trough of the sea—forgot entirely that the antecedents and the conditions of this country make us different from any other historical nation.

Such an expectation might, indeed, be verified in the city of New York, where the population is largely composed of the most ignorant foreigners, played upon by the vilest demagogues. But the population of the country at large is of British descent; its traditions are of local self-government; its temperament is not Celtic; our extent of territory permits easy expansion and ready support; the school and the church divide the days between them; so general an intelligence, so long a habit of popular self-restraint, were never known; and while these conditions remain the United States will constantly disappoint the expectations based upon the study of human nature under other circumstances. If the city of New York were a type or fair representative of the country, there is no civilized government that would not be preferable to the vice and ignorance in power which our government would present. Had the people of the American Colonies in 1776 been like those of this city in 1866 they would never have declared their independence; they would have kissed the foot of England, and would never have imagined a popular government possible or desirable. So long as the sturdy, independent, and intelligent spirit of the old Colonies is paramount in the Union it is safe. Should that spirit be extinguished the Union, as the defense of liberty, would disappear.

It is precisely that spirit which has prevailed in the late elections. The last shot of the war was fired more than a year and a half ago. The military prostration of the rebellion was immediate and universal. For four years the national mind had been strained steadily to the single purpose of maintaining the Government and the Union. Men of various party antecedents had united in that work, and the sudden, clean end of the war, without raveling out into guerrilla fighting, seemed to announce an equally sudden dissolution of the War party. A reaction was expected the consequences of which might be disastrous to the country. The reaction, indeed, was confidently counted upon, and greatly explains the President's course.

Now, had the War party been merely such the reaction would inevitably have followed. With relaxed muscles the warriors would have idly watched the politicians reversing the victory. But the so-called Union party was and is really the people who intelligently waged the war, and with equal intelligence will settle its results. They have bought national security at a great price, and they know it. They will therefore secure it. The elections are the plain advertisement of that intention. They say distinctly that it is not a President whose warmest adherents are those whose hands are still red with loyal blood; it is not a party which excused and fostered rebellion; it is not those who struck at the heart of the Government because they had lost its control, who are to decide upon what conditions rebellious States may resume their relations in the Union; but the loyal people who have saved the Union, and they only, are now to secure it wisely and forever.

FINANCE IN CONGRESS.

Within three weeks Congress will again be in session. Secretary M'Culloch will be enabled to lay before it an uncommonly favorable exhibit of his operations for the past year, together with an equally flattering statement of his prospects for the future. He will tell the country that his revenue exceeds his expenditure by over $200,000,000 a year, and that the public debt has been reduced by that sum since Congress last met. He will explain that the revenue, large as it is, may still further be increased by a more judicious redistribution of taxes, and that the public burdens may be reduced by the removal of onerous but unproductive imports. He will say that owing to the late war in Europe the price of gold is higher than it was last year, but he may add that it is declining, and should the legislation of Congress be conservative there is some prospect that by January 1867 it may be no higher than it was in January 1866. He will remind Congress that by the act of last session his power to curtail the currency was restricted to $10,000,000 in the six months next following the passage of the act; that curtailment he effected in the month of October, besides reducing the volume of interest bearing legal tender, by purchase and funding, to about $145,000,000. He will say that he is succeeding as well as he could expect in exchanging long bonds for Seven-Thirty notes, and that should no change take place in the money market, he has every reason to believe that the entire first series will be converted on or before maturity, thus relieving the Government from its obligation to pay them off in currency. He will reiterate his argument of last year in favor of a substantial reduction of the currency: but experience will probably have taught him, on the one hand, that no large curtailment can safely be attempted until the Seven-Thirty notes are out of the way; and, on the other, that it is not particularly useful to recommend contraction to the party which is led by Thaddeus Stevens and John Sherman.

For, whatever the Secretary may urge, and whatever sound conservative men may hope, it is pretty well understood that the manufacturers' party in Congress will at this session not only persist in their opposition to all measures leading to an early resumption of specie payments, but will renew their demand for a further issue of National Bank currency. They very nearly succeeded at last session in passing an Act authorizing an increase of the National Currency from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000. At that time the total amount issued was only $200,000,000. By next month the total amount authorized by law will have been issued. They will now point to the active demand for money at the financial centres of the West, and to the want of capital at the South, and will demand of Congress a fresh issue of National Bank notes at least equal in amount to the volume of interest-bearing and plain legal tenders which is likely to be canceled during the year. They will insist on this with the more confidence as the result of the late elections—which have turned on issues quite distinct from questions of finance—has demonstrated that the people are on their side.

It is thus at least premature to speculate on the probable tendency of the financial legislation of the next Congress. Were the great question of reconstruction out of the way it is pretty certain that the first wish of the people would be to bring down prices to a reasonable standard, and to secure a readjustment of our systems of taxation, direct and indirect. But for the present financial theories are overborne by political necessities, and the men who, in the opinion of the loyal North, are right on the subject of reconstruction are suffered to have their own way on the subjects of currency and taxation, upon which an overwhelming majority of the people believe them to be wrong. They are the more readily permitted to persevere in an erroneous policy from the fact that, notwithstanding the severity with which taxation and high prices press upon the people, all classes are for the present unusually prosperous. Owing to the vast amount of money afloat, and the unparalleled bank expansion, business of all kinds thrives, the demand for and reward of labor are good, and, notwithstanding that prices are actually on the average higher than they were when gold was 280, and it was a question whether the currency would ever be redeemed, nobody seems to suffer, or at least nobody complains aloud. In no single constituency in the North, at the recent elections, were the high prices made a leading issue.

Should the dominant party in Congress, relying upon this public apathy, persevere at the coming session in the policy enunciated by its leaders last year and authorize further issues of irredeemable paper-money, the consequences will be obvious. A further impetus will be given to speculation; prices of all kinds will rise still higher; the existing fallacious prosperity will be extended; every one will appear to be growing rich; and this will go on until some unforeseen accident precipitates a collapse, and the whole fabric of paper-money wealth topples to the ground. In such an event the first and chief sufferers will be the manufacturers, in whose interest it is now proposed to swell the currency and raise the tariff. But it is quite hopeless to try at the present time to convince them of the fact. Each of them acts upon the motto: "After me, the deluge!"

If there were the least chance that suggestions would command the attention of the paper-money leaders in Congress, we would respectfully urge them, in case they determine to still further adulterate the currency, to let the new issue be plain legal tenders and not National Bank notes. The latter involve all the mischiefs of the former with the additional injury that the institution which issues them no sooner breathes the breath of life than it begins to discount paper and lend money, and that, in a year, its loans do more toward fostering speculation and inflating prices than all its irredeemable currency. A new issue of plain legal tenders would be bad enough. But $100,000,000 of them would merely be an adulteration of our currency to the extent of 12¼ per cent. Whereas an addition of $100,000,000 of National Bank notes would adulterate our currency to the same extent, and would constitute a basis for at least $150,000,000 of new bank expansion, which would double the mischief. But there is little chance that the triumphant majority of Congress will heed any suggestions from those who differ in opinion.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

It is often said, and it is always true, that when the rebellion ended the people who had been engaged in it, however unchanged their secret feeling, expected to submit to terms which would secure to the victorious loyal people the results of the war. Only those who have had opportunities of knowing the internal history of the South at that time are aware how entire and universal this feeling was. And it was a perfectly just and natural feeling. The late rebels knew that had they succeeded they were quite in earnest enough to have made terms which would have amply secured their success. And had the President, acting upon the principle which he declared, that all civil government was at an end in those States and could not be safely reorganized by rebels alone, have summoned Conventions of all loyal people and of all who had been rebels, under such conditions as Congress might have chosen to impose, even to the insertion of impartial suffrage in the new Constitutions, there would have been exactly the same acquiescence as there was in what was done; and the men who knew that by the letter of the law their lives were forfeit and their property confiscate, would have congratulated themselves that their fate was no worse.

This feeling continued even after the appointment of Provisional Governors, because the President was very careful to call all that he did experimental. On the 24th of June, 1865, he said to the South Carolina delegation that, "as the Executive, he could only take the initiatory steps to enable them to do the things which it was incumbent upon them to perform." But from the moment that he said, on the 11th of September, 1865, to a delegation from various Southern States, "But, gentlemen, if I know myself as I think I do, I know that I am of the Southern people," the whole tone of the "acquiescing" people in the Southern States changed. They recognized their shibboleth, and they were not deceived. All that wise men in the loyal States could do was to strengthen public opinion without unnecessary schism with the President; to expect a division, indeed, and to be ready for it, but to make it proceed from him, and to watch every thing and use every opportunity that might render it less likely. It was inevitable, however, and the elections

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show how entirely the President has mistaken and misrepresented the loyal people.

When the quarrel between the President and Congress was notorious, the public sentiment of the late rebel section became positive and active. But when the President lifted the most notorious rebels, like HUMPHREYS and MONROE, into the highest offices, and refused official positions to known Union men, that sentiment became defiant, culminating at last in the New Orleans massacre. And now the Southern mind is morbid. Its chief and favored orators and newspapers are those that were most conspicuous in rebellion. It asserts the rights of "the South." It accuses "the North" of violating its own terms offered to "the South" as the conditions of surrender. Its hostility to Union men of every color is such that the presence of United States troops is absolutely essential to their safety. It regarded the August Philadelphia Convention as the sign of its returning national ascendency. It prayed and believed that the President, with the Copperheads, would carry the elections. It anticipated some action of Congress which would cause it to be dispersed by the President, and then ardently expected to be summoned to the field and to revenge upon "the North" the sufferings and the humiliation of the late defeated rebellion.

This is the present state of the public sentiment at the South which eighteen months ago would have accepted impartial suffrage. How indefinitely such a condition delays and perplexes the restoration of the Union every man can see; and for this situation the President is responsible. Let us hope that when the late rebel population sees that the President stands alone, that he has really carried no more to the Democratic party than the *World* declared, and that the loyal people of the country stand just as united and firm in peace as they did in war, they will gradually understand that a vast political and social revolution has taken place in this country.

But this is a truth which they can never understand so long as their only knowledge of the situation and feeling of the country is derived from such papers as the New York *Daily News*, and *Day Book*, and other Copperhead journals. If, by some happy chance—which often, we are glad to know, occurs—our own paper should fall into the hands of some one at the South who thinks that the President is ready to lead a war of revenge against "the North," we beg him to understand and to tell his neighbors that the Democratic party with the President have been disastrously defeated in every Northern State, and that the defeat means exactly what that of M'Clellan meant in 1864. To truly loyal and intelligent papers at the South, discussing freely and fairly every question, we look for the beginning of the overthrow of the ignorance which is the most fatal foe of the South, and which is most sedulously fostered by such journals as we have named. Little will be really done at the South toward true pacification until perfect freedom of speech is not only protected but invited.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE people of this State have decided to hold a Convention to revise the Constitution. There are many good reasons for such a course, and we know of no good reason against it. There are two points especially of general interest, and perfectly understood by every citizen, which require change, while there are, of course, many more which the experience of twenty years will wisely adjust. The two of which we speak are the inequality of suffrage based upon color and the tenure of the Judiciary.

The present Constitution provides that every male citizen of twenty-one years shall be a voter who has been a citizen for ten days, who has been for one year next preceding the election an inhabitant of the State, and for the last four months a resident of the county in which he offers to vote. But if he chance to be a "man of color" he must have lived three years in the State, and for the year before the election must have had an unencumbered freehold estate of two hundred and fifty dollars, upon which he must have paid a tax; nor shall he be directly taxed unless he has such an estate.

This is nothing but the most stupid and ridiculous prejudice gravely enacted into law. The practical result is, that the most worthless, drunken, ignorant, idle foreigner who can not speak the language, and has no idea whatever of the principle and spirit of the Government, upon due naturalization may vote upon terms infinitely more favorable than are accorded to intelligent, industrious, thrifty, and useful native Americans. It is an enormity so preposterous that we do not believe there can be any serious opposition in the Convention to an absolutely impartial system of suffrage in the State. But forewarned is forearmed. Let all the friends of justice and public honor take care that there shall be no such opposition by sending delegates to the Convention who understand the first principles of popular government.

Experience has shown that the purity of the Courts is best preserved by making them independent of party and temporary considerations. Let the Judges be appointed as the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are, upon the nomination of the Executive, and with the consent of the Senate.

The gravest question which will engage the Convention is doubtless that of equal qualified suffrage. Now that the immediate perils of the influence of slavery have passed, the dangers with which we are threatened from the vast corruption of our politics will require careful and courageous attention. Whether these can be wisely reached by any restriction of the suffrage is by no means clear, but the point will be fully argued. There is undoubtedly a large party in this State, as in the country, which is doubtful of the advantage of universal suffrage, and which would qualify it in a way that would not exclude any considerable number of the people, while it would encourage and enforce the education which is essential to good government. But while there are risks and perils in every method, the simplest way is the safest way. If a man is born with rights it is hard to show that he is not born also to the equal use of every means which are necessary to protect those rights.

Now that the Constitutional Convention is to be called there ought to be a general discussion and consideration of all these vital and fundamental questions, in which every citizen is profoundly interested, but which are by no means familiar to the public mind.

NEW YORK STATE AND NEW YORK CITY.

THE result of the election in New York shows more plainly than ever that our politics are a struggle between the city and the State. The sole hope of the Democratic party was to accumulate such a majority in the city—by such means as are familiar—as to overcome the vote of the rest of the State. In 1862 HORATIO SEYMOUR was elected Governor by the 30,000 majority he received in the city over the 20,000 majority which General WADSWORTH had in the State.

There are 60 counties in the State; of these Mr. HOFFMAN, the Democratic candidate, carried 14. But outside of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the adjacent counties of Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, his majority in the counties he carried was scarcely 5000 in all. His majority in the city was more than 47,000; in Brooklyn more than 9000; in Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, about 3000. He had the sympathy and influence of the Administration; he had an unprecedented profusion of money, given in the fond conviction of success; he had the zealous liquor interest; he had the large vote of the foreigners who have been holding back during the war lest they should be drafted; he had the "Conservative Republican" alliance of Mr. THURLOW WEED, whatever that may mean; the fullest possible force of the whole Democratic Ring, which controls city affairs, was put into operation; the majority around the bay was carried up to 60,000, fully 10,000 more than two years ago; and yet Mr. FENTON's whole majority was immensely increased.

If the Democratic vote were analyzed what would appear? This, among other things. There are about 250,000 Irish in the city of New York. About 35,000 of them may be voters. Of these nine-tenths are profoundly ignorant. Add 15,000 votes more for the criminal and vicious, which is the estimate of "A Veteran Observer," the peculiarly competent statistician and correspondent of the New York *Times*, and you have 50,000 votes. It is fair to assume that nine-tenths of the Irish or ignorant vote, and the whole of the other or vicious vote, are cast for the Democratic party. Its city vote this year was about 80,500. And this is the character of a very large part of the "Conservative" vote which elects Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, and Mr. WINTHROP CHANLER, and Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY, and Mr. JAMES BROOKS to Congress. Those who engineer these votes by means known to all men are distinctively "Conservatives." The result of such a majority could it overbear the vote of the State is hailed as a "Conservative" triumph; and the men elected to Congress by a vote so composed would gladly strike hands with Mayor MONROE and call themselves the "Conservative" members! "What's your name, you drunken vagabond?" cried the watchman to SHERIDAN lying besotted in the London gutter. "My n-n-name?" thickly answered SHERIDAN, "w-w-why, it's WILLIAM WILBERFORCE."

TENNYSON AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

ALFRED TENNYSON has sent a subscription to the EYRE Defense fund. If this meant only that he wishes to secure a fair trial for a man charged with an atrocious crime no one would be surprised. But as there is no question that Governor EYRE would have a fair trial, the act of TENNYSON must be interpreted as a sign of sympathy with his conduct. It seems simply incredible that any one who has read the Report of the Commission sent out from England to examine into the facts of the case should be able to come to any other conclusion than that EYRE's conduct was that of a coward or a brute. The Commission treat the whole matter as lightly as they can. But even they do not pretend to deny that there was unnecessary severity. That CARLYLE and RUSKIN, who sympathised with the bloody attempt of Slavery to overthrow our Government, should think it perfectly right that unresisting people should be shot down at random by a fierce soldiery, and women be whipped with wires for supposed complicity in a supposed plot, is not surprising; but that TENNYSON should enroll himself in such a melancholy band is something which will cause the deepest sorrow to thousands of generous hearts who have believed that his sympathy was sure for the most unfortunate race in history.

INFLUENCE OF CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE ON HEALTH.

IT is a very common idea that exposures to marked changes of temperature, especially from heat to cold, are of course injurious. It is therefore enjoined upon the bather, who has become heated in going to his bathing-place, to get cooled off before he plunges into the water, either by remaining at rest for a while, or by a partial application of water at the outset. So, also, Dr. RUSH directed, in order to avoid the evil effects of drinking cold water when the body is greatly heated, that the vessel of water should be grasped in both hands, and held for some time that the extreme heat may pass off gradually, and thus prevent the shock from the strong impression of cold upon the stomach and through that upon the system. But all this does not agree with certain practices in bathing current in some quarters. The Russians, for example, go directly from their hot baths, and plunge at once into cold water, or even roll in snow. Neither does it agree with the fact stated by Sir CHARLES BLAGDEN and others in regard to their famous experiments on the capacity of the system to bear great heat. They remained for some time naked in a room heated to even 50° above the boiling point of water, and experienced no evil consequences in the transition from this to a room of the ordinary temperature, although they sometimes delayed putting on their clothing for several minutes. In this connection may be mentioned the fact, that often in cases of disease when there is high fever, the skin being very hot, cold water is freely applied, sometimes even dashed on, not only with safety, but with decided relief to the sensations and benefit to the case. And Captain SCORESBY says that in the Arctic regions he has often gone from the breakfast-room, where the temperature was 50° or 60° to the mast-head, where it was only 10°, with no addition to his clothing but a cap, and yet "never received any injury, and seldom much inconvenience, from the [illegible] transition."

Yet we know that sometimes cold applied to a system that has been subjected to a high temperature produces disastrous results. Laborers who have been working a long time in the heat have sometimes even lost their lives on drinking freely of cold water. Life was once lost on a large scale from this cause. The army of ALEXANDER THE GREAT on coming to the River Oxus, after a march across a scorching desert, experienced a greater loss than in any one of their battles.

We can find an explanation of the apparent contradiction of the facts that we have given in the principles of the production and maintenance of animal heat. There is a continual generation of heat in the body by certain processes which we will not stop now to notice, and under all circumstances of external temperature it is maintained quite uniformly at about 98°. It is essential to comfort that the body give off heat to the air around it, and that, too, to a considerable amount. For observe, that when the body is at rest a temperature of 65° is the most comfortable to us—that is, the heat generated in the system is with this temperature of the air given off to a sufficient degree to secure a comfortable sensation of heat. That the body parts with a great deal of heat in this case is obvious from the difference between the air's temperature and the regular animal heat, amounting to 33°. We know how uncomfortable we are when the thermometer stands at 98°. Here the air and the body being at the same point there can be no heat taken from the body by the air. But there is a constant generation of heat in the system. How, then, is it prevented from being put into a high fever by a use of the animal heat far above 98°? Simply by the free perspiration that occurs, this absorbing, or rendering latent (as it is expressed) a great amount of heat in changing from water into vapor. It was this process that was the safeguard of Sir CHARLES BLAGDEN and his friends when they were in an atmosphere hotter than boiling water. On the other hand, if the temperature of the air be lower than 65° either clothing must be sufficiently applied to prevent the heat from passing off too much, or exercise must excite a greater production of animal heat, or the two expedients may be united. And observe here that the readiness with which heat is produced, and therefore the depressing impression of cold resisted, must depend much on the vigor of the system.

It is this last point that furnishes the key to the explanation of the evil results of the sudden impression of cold. If there be vigor—the power to react—the impression will do no harm. In all cases where harm is done there is one cause which is not usually taken into the account, and yet it is the grand cause of the result. It is the exhaustion of the vital powers by prolonged exertion. The laborer who dies from drinking cold water has not merely been heated, but has been worn down by laboring hour after hour under the oppression and suffering of the heat, and he is in such a condition that cold water, either poured into the stomach or dashed upon the skin, must produce only a depressing effect; and it may be one to which the exhausted powers will succumb. The army of Alexander were exhausted by a continuous march of 46 miles over the scorching sands of a desert when it came to the River Oxus. If the soldiers had had a march of but an hour or two, however heated they might be, the drinking and bathing would have destroyed none of them.

It is not in these cases the transition from high heat to cold that causes the result. Indeed, let the heat be cooled off, the skin becoming cool and perspiring instead of being very hot, and the result will come even more readily, for the letting down of the heat induces a state of depression in place of an active condition, and the system is not as able to react and stand up against the impression of cold. For this reason the bather, heated by his walk, had better go at once into the water. So one coming out of a heated place of public resort should avoid getting cool before going out into the cold air; and should at once proceed home, walking briskly in order to increase the generation of heat in the system, or if he rides home he should be wrapped up very thoroughly. Many a delicate female receives vital injury from the impression of cold in riding home from the ball or party with too little clothing; but let it be remembered that the chief injury is in fact inflicted by the exhaustion occasioned by keeping such late hours in the midst of a whirl of unnatural excitement. The cold only enhances evil already done. Even if due care be exercised in guarding against the cold the dissipation nevertheless inflicts its injury upon the vital powers and sows the seeds of disease.

We have a good example of the power of vigorous action in withstanding the depressing influence of cold, when the sportsman or traveler who has chanced to get wet through manages to keep up a proper generation of heat in the body by exercise until he reaches home, where dry clothing and warm air render the exercise no longer necessary.

NEW ARCTIC DISCOVERIES.

IN addition to the encouraging reports previously communicated to us as to the probable success of Mr. C. F. HALL's Arctic Expedition in search of the remains of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, we have more recent intelligence of a still more hopeful character. A part of the crew of the American whaler *Antelope*, lost on Niantelik Island, October 6, have just arrived at St. Johns, New Brunswick. The officers of the *Antelope* report that Mr. HALL has found a gold watch, some silver spoons, and other relics which must, in all probability, have belonged to the men of FRANKLIN's expedition. Mr. HALL had also learned that the remains of some of FRANKLIN's men were lying under a boat in Committee Bay. The natives would not permit Mr. HALL to go on to examine them, but as several vessels will winter in Repulse Bay, it is believed he will secure assistance and push his way to where the remains are situated.

HARPER & BROTHERS have just issued a new edition of Mr. HALL's "Arctic Researches"—the best book ever published in relation to the Arctic region, and made doubly interesting by the prospect of the author's ultimate success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

On the 6th instant elections were held in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Maryland, and Delaware. In all of these States except Maryland and Delaware the result was an overwhelming majority for the Republican party. Although in New York city there was a Democratic majority of over 45,000, the Republican majority for the whole State was over 13,000. In Illinois the Republican majority probably amounts to about 60,000, in Iowa 40,000, in Michigan 28,000, in Wisconsin 25,000, in Minnesota 10,000, and in Kansas 20,000. Taking all the States in which elections have been held, the Republican majority amounts to over [illegible]. In Massachusetts the Republican majority was nearly 70,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Ward, of New Jersey, has appointed Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. William Wright. Mr. Frelinghuysen has filled the office of Attorney-General of the State for the last six years.

The trial of the celebrated "Jumel-will case" has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff—Madame Jumel being declared to be of unsound mind when the will was executed. The executors did not contest the suit, and it is understood that a compromise was effected before the trial came on, by which Nelson Chase, the party who contests the will, agreed to pay the several bequests named in the will, the defendants relinquishing their claim to their respective shares of the residuary estate.

Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, in his Message to the Legislature of that State (assembled November 1), takes decided ground against the Constitutional Amendment. Alexander H. Stephens has taken similar ground.

We illustrated in a recent number the Jawbone of a mastodon found at Cohoes, New York. Other parts of this animal have more recently been discovered. The result of the entire discovery thus far is given in the following item: The laborers at work in the "big hole" under the Harmony Mills, Cohoes, have found bones of an animal at a distance of eighty feet below the surface. They consist of the two tusks, the back-bone, the upper jaw and cranium, a number of the ribs, the hip-bone, shoulder-blades, and bones of the rear limbs. The two tusks are nearly six feet long, and about ten inches in diameter. The ribs, of which there were fourteen found, are about four feet long, the largest being about four feet nine inches. The upper jawbone is four feet nine inches long from the extremity of the mouth to the cranium, and across the forehead measures about three feet.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 7:

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—It is reported that the Emperor of Austria has resolved to appoint a Hungarian Ministry.

(LONDON.)—It is stated that the insurrection in Candia has ended.

(VENICE.)—The King of Italy entered this city at 11 A.M. The Patriarch of Venice received him at the Church of St. Mark, where a *Te Deum* was sung. His reception in the city was magnificent. There was great joy, and the crowd was so immense that the troops were unable to defile before the King.

(PARIS.)—The ships to bring back the French troops from Mexico are ready. Maximilian, the *Moniteur* says, will remain in Mexico.

November 11:

(PARIS.)—News has been received in official quarters that an insurrection has broken out at Barcelona against the Narvaez Government.

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AN INDICTMENT.

Low-brow'd Woman, that stole my Love!
  Fairer than I—less true;
You fooled him first with your wily tongue
  And your eyes' deceitful blue.

You looked in his, till you made him swear
  His first love was all a dream;
While you let him toy with your yellow hair,
  And bask in your smile's false gleam.

Welladay for your eyes so bright!
  Weeping has made mine dim:
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
  I could have died for him.

ANNEXATION OF NASSAU TO PRUSSIA.

THE ceremony of proclaiming the annexation of the Duchy of Nassau to the Kingdom of Prussia was performed on Monday, October 8, in the Schiller-Platz, at Wiesbaden. The place has received that name since the SCHILLER centenary festival of November, 1860, when a linden-tree was planted there, with patriotic speeches and songs, to commemorate the birthday of the German poet. The Government offices occupy the buildings on one side of the square. Here, as shown in our illustration, a tribune was erected, covered with black and white cloth, for the ceremony of the annexation; it was surmounted by the flags of Prussia and Nassau, with the Prussian eagle. The soldiers of the Thirty-sixth Regiment formed a hollow square, in the centre of which the magistrates, the clergy, the schoolmasters, and other official persons were ranged before the tribune. The Landrath von DIEST took his stand beneath the Prussian eagle and read the King's proclamation, after which the royal standard was hoisted on the roof of the Government offices, and saluted by the firing of 101 guns, and by strains of military music. A grand parade of the troops afterward took place in the Wilhelmi-Strasse.

MUSCAT, ARABIA.

WE have received, from a correspondent on board the United States steamer *Shenandoah*, a very interesting account of the conflict between the Imaum and his uncle, at Muscat, in September last, accompanied by a sketch of the city, which we have reproduced on page 741. The *Shenandoah* entered the Arabian Sea September 11, and the Gulf of Oman (on the western shore of which Muscat is situated) on the 14th, anchoring the next day in the Cove of Muscat. Captain J. R. GOLDSBOROUGH, commanding the vessel, was cordially received at the palace of the Imaum on the day after his arrival, and the usual courtesies were interchanged.

Muscat lies south of the Cove, in a hollow, under cliffs from 400 to 500 feet in height, debarred even from a view of the sea by the surrounding high rocks. Its wealth and importance are much greater than its appearance would indicate. The streets of the city are very narrow, so that a few palm leaves laid across between the eaves of the houses above completely screen them from the sun. We print the following narrative of our correspondent in full:

"A short time ago SULEM, the present Sultan—or Imaum, as he styles himself—succeeded to the throne by the death of his father. His uncle, whose name is TUSQUIR, was at the time ruling a province on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and SULEM, fearing that he might lay claim to the throne, sent a message to him that 'the Sultan desired his presence in Muscat,' which TUSQUIR obeyed promptly, under the impression that the command came from his brother. He had scarcely arrived in the city when he was seized and imprisoned in Fort Jillali, by SULEM's order. Fortunately for his head he was released by the interference of the English, and carried to Bushelr, in Persia. The English had originated a report that SULEM succeeded to power by murdering his father, and on this plea they refused to recognise him as Sultan. SULEM indignantly denies the atrocious charge, and persists in the story that his father died in an apoplectic fit, which story is confirmed by his people, who are sincerely attached to him. He certainly has been indulgent and mild in his government, resulting heavy taxation where it fell upon the poor, and otherwise endeavoring to improve the condition of his subjects.

"Lately the English have, to all appearances, consented to believe his statements, for, on the 16th of September, the Civil Commissioner, Colonel PELLY, who was at Muscat in the steamer *Semiramis*, of the Bombay marine, saluted the Sultan's flag, thereby recognizing him, and relieving his mind of the fear that the English would attempt to dethrone him in favor of his uncle. Colonel PELLY sailed from Muscat on the night of the 18th, the day of our arrival. The English had previous to this released his uncle from surveillance, and told him that he might go where he pleased; whereupon he immediately set to work to collect his adherents, and made sail in an armed dow for Muscat, with about 300 followers, arriving at the sea-face of Fort Jillali on the night of the 16th September.

"He landed, surprised the garrison, which was only six men, and made himself master of the best fortification in the vicinity. The Governor of the fort and his six soldiers were imprisoned, and the impression on shore was that he treacherously yielded, as, otherwise, the fort could not have been taken in the manner it was, without the discharge of a single musket. Claiming to be Sultan, TUSQUIR hoisted the flag of Muscat (a plain, rectilinear, red flag), over each turret of Jillali, and opened his fire on the palace at daylight of the 17th, to the surprise and consternation of the entire city. Neither TUSQUIR nor the Sultan have any guns of a heavier calibre than 24-pounders, and in Fort Jillali some of these are not even mounted; but the rebels have the advantage in having nearly all the powder, the Sultan having been foolish enough to store the principal part of his ammunition in Jillali, and leave it scarcely guarded.

"During the first excitement caused by the knowledge that the rebels were commanding the city, the Sultan sent his son on board this vessel for protection, but he left us again during the forenoon, after the feeling of insecurity had partially subsided. It did not appear to us that the Arabs were very vigorous in their measures to protect themselves.

"The Sultan sent his messengers in every direction to collect his soldiers and followers, and planted a battery in an open square in the city (hidden in my sketch by the point on which Fort Merani stands), with which he opened on the rebel fort with an accurate aim.

"Fort Merani also opened fire; and there were four vessels of war in the harbor wearing the Sultan's flag (three sloops and one brig), which might have brought their broadsides to bear on Jillali, but which lay as idle as ourselves. The Sultan sent his interpreter, ALI BEN ABDALLAH BEN CALFOUN (who, by-the-way, was educated in Salem, Massachusetts), to request that we would open fire on Jillali and knock it down, which modest request our Captain decided to accede to.

"The *Shenandoah* had been largely visited by the

AN INDICTMENT—"LOW-BROW'D WOMAN, THAT STOLE MY LOVE?"

COLLECTING THE REMAINS OF UNION SOLDIERS FOR RE-INTERMENT IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

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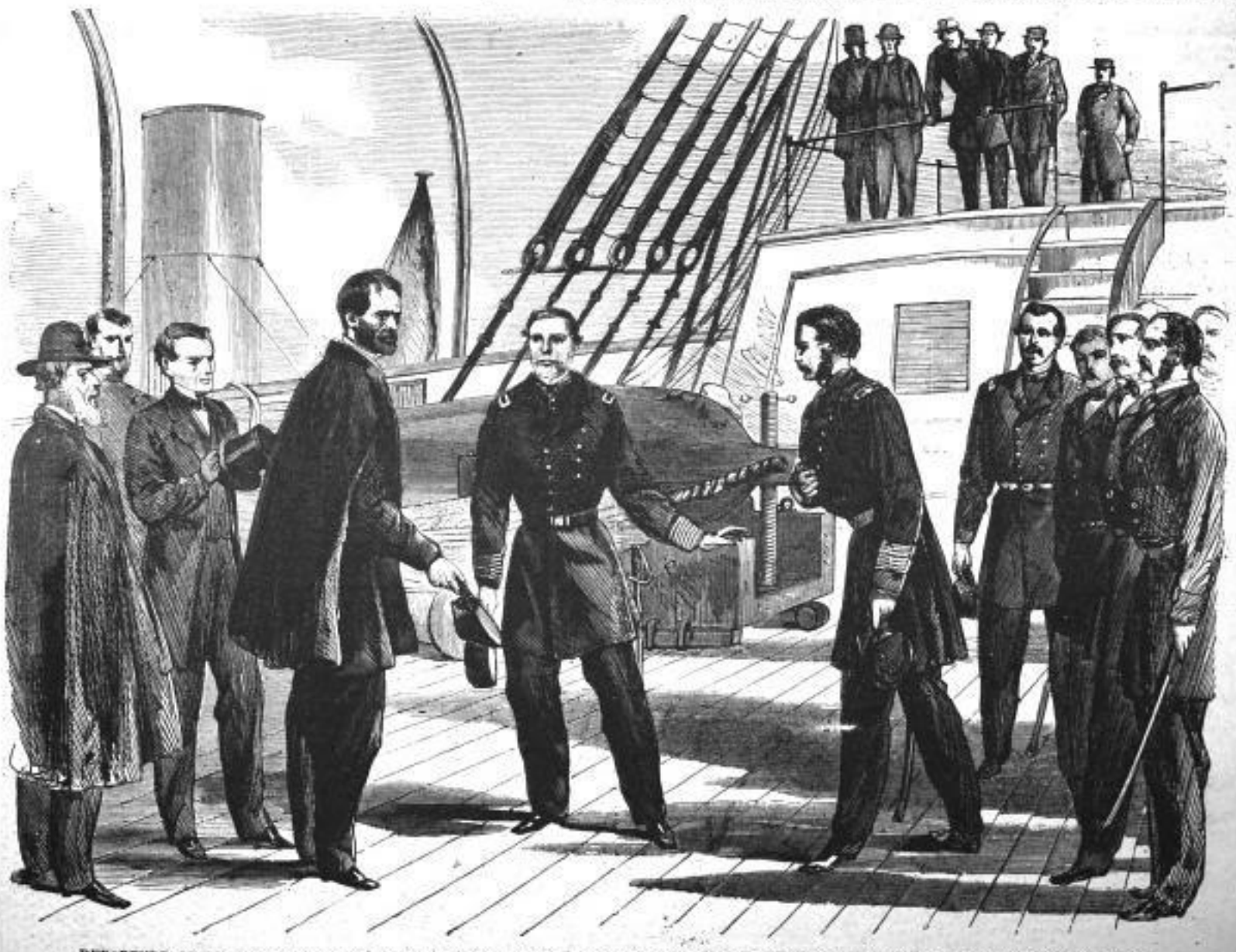
MUSCAT, ARABIA.

Arab population on the 13th and 14th, and they had been in captures over our 11-inch guns. Upon our declining to demolish the fort the Sultan sent us another request that we would be his dispatch-boat to the Persian Gulf; but that also was politely declined. By this time quite a force was collected around the standard of the Sultan, and for a while both Fort Merani and the battery kept up a brisk fire on Jillali, nearly every shot telling on the soft material of which the fort is built; and the fire was returned by TUQUIX; but an Arab is constitutionally opposed to any thing like energy, and by noon the firing slackened to an occasional gun. I don't blame them for a lack of energy with the thermometer at 102° in the shade; but if TUQUIX chose he could destroy the entire city, and it behooved them to work energetically.

"All the fortifications around Muscat are ancient, and more or less out of repair, having been built by the Portuguese when they held possession of the country. They are constructed of small stones (like cobbles) and mortar, and in some places the material is so soft that it is by no means difficult to break off large cakes of it with the hands alone. Of the whole, only Jillali and Merani are of any real value, and they would not stand many shells from an 11-inch gun. Sirah Gharbi is almost a complete ruin. The effect of the 24-pound shot was seen by us distinctly from our anchorage (about half a mile distant). The ball displaced more or less of the material and caused a cloud of dust, but did not penetrate. The Sultan has a good gunner, and his attention has been directed to one spot in the fort, with an eye to breaching it, that they may take it by assault. The Arab is, generally speaking, a good shot with the rifle, and if the fight could be brought to a hand-to-hand conflict, where bullets and knives were the principal weapons, it would soon be decided who should occupy the throne; but they do not understand the use of ordnance as well. During the night a brisk musketry fire was kept up, at intervals, between Jillali and the adjacent hills, but no ordnance was used.

"The next day (16th) the Sultan planted a section of a battery—two pieces—behind a barricade of bags of dates, in front of the Custom-house, which did very good execution. He also sent one of his sloops, mounting fourteen guns, and a dow, mounting two, to the rear of Jillali to cut off communications and supplies from the fort, and capture the dow in which TUQUIX came, and which was lying at anchor under the protection of the guns of the fort. He sent ASA, the interpreter, to us with a third request, that we would sell him some powder—again declined. He has sent to the hill-tribes, of which the Bedouin tribe is the largest and most powerful, to secure their services; but he is unwilling to have them come until he is reduced to a strait, for although the Bedouins are kindly disposed toward him, they are so inordinately fond of plunder that they would, after sealing him on the throne and presenting to him the head of his opponent, overrun the city and rob every body in it. They plunder indiscriminately both friends and foes. There are too many rich sheiks and merchants in Muscat to make a call for the Bedouin popular.

"It was evident to us that the Sultan could not un-



DEPARTURE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHERMAN FOR MEXICO—HIS RECEPTION ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SUSQUEHANNA."

SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

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derstand our non-interference, and had interpreted the Captain's expressions of friendship (those meaningless phrases uttered in all such official visits) in the sense of an active friendship. The English are always so prompt to interfere in the private affairs of these petty nations in the East that our neutrality appeared strange and incomprehensible in his eyes. We would have been only too glad to have assisted him, but the Captain's hands were tied, and there were no American interests in Muscat to warrant our interference. All we could do was to carry a mail for him to Bombay, which we did, getting under way on the evening of the 18th. The casualties up to the time of our leaving were uncertain, but, by every report, small. In the city the killed amounted to twelve, and in Jiffali the report is, 'Nobody hurt.'"

LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "GREAT REPUBLIC."

THE following description of the launch, on November 3, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's mammoth steamer *Great Republic*, illustrated on our first page, is given in the New York *Herald*:

"The large and magnificent steamship *Great Republic* was successfully launched yesterday morning from the ship-yard of HENRY STEERS, situated at Greenpoint. About two thousand persons were present, including quite a large concourse of ladies, many of whom availed themselves of the opportunity and were launched with the vessel. Shortly before ten o'clock the last keel block was knocked from under the steamer, and, settling down upon the smooth and slippery ways, she glided majestically into the water amidst the shouts and huzzas of the spectators. The *Great Republic* was built for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and is to run between San Francisco, California, and the commercial cities of China and Japan. Another steamer, the exact counterpart of the *Great Republic*, is at present building in this city at the ship-yard of WILLIAM H. WEBB, and is already far advanced toward completion, and is to be placed upon the same line.

"It is expected that the *Great Republic* will be ready for sea early in the spring, when it is contemplated to place her without delay upon the line to run regularly between San Francisco, Kanagawa, Japan, and Hong Kong, China, about the first of next year; the round voyage, from the time of leaving the port of San Francisco until returning to the same, occupying about two months. The vessel is constructed of the best materials, and will be in every respect a superior vessel; will be supplied with all the modern improvements, and will have cost, when ready for sea, over a million of dollars. She is divided into four water-tight compartments and strongly braced with iron bars running diagonally throughout the entire length of the vessel. The *Great Republic* is the largest wooden merchant steamship ever built in the United States, and probably in the world. Her dimensions are as follows: Length between perpendiculars at load line, 360 feet; breadth moulded, 50 feet; breadth extreme, including outer planking, 60 feet; depth of hold to top of spar deck beams, amidships, 32 feet 6 inches. She has three full decks and an orlop deck at each end, extending to boiler and engine bulkheads; also a platform in lower hold to receive cargo and coal. The floors are entirely of white oak and the sides pitch pine.

"The machinery is building at the Novelty Iron Works, and will be of the following dimensions: A beam engine of 108 inches diameter of cylinder and 12 feet stroke of piston, to be fitted with balanced poppet valves and ALLAN's adjustable cut-off. A surface condenser with compressed wood packings for the tube joints and supplied with condensing water by an independent rotary pump, driven by a pair of inverted direct acting engines placed between air pumps and cranks. The feed pumps will be arranged so that each will have its own suction pipe from tank and discharge pipe to boilers. The horizontal tubular boilers will be placed forward of the engine, fore and aft the ship, and uptakes connecting into one smoke-pipe. The steam pumps, with donkey boiler complete, will be fitted with all the necessary valves and connections."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S MISSION.

ON Saturday afternoon, at half past three o'clock, Lieutenant-General W. T. SHERMAN and the Hon. LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, Minister to Mexico, embarked on board the United States steam-frigate *Susquehanna*, bound for Mexico.

This event is of great interest, and will have an important bearing upon our relations with Mexico. What the result will be we leave for time to develop. We understand that our Mexican relations are to be a prominent topic in President JOHNSON's next Message. Our illustration on page 741 represents the reception of the Lieutenant-General on board the *Susquehanna* by Commodore ALDEN.

PRIVATE LIFE OF PIUS THE NINTH.

THE solution of the Italian question is so closely connected with the life of the present Pope that the general interest in every thing concerning him is greatly increased. The private life of no prince can be more simple, regular, and unostentatious than that of Pius the Ninth. He rises at the peep of day, often in winter while it is yet dark; and at seven o'clock, after he has gone through a portion of his breviary, repairs to the small chapel adjoining his bedchamber, in order to read mass. When this service is finished he breakfasts, during which meal he causes the papers of the day to be read to him, or converses with Cardinal Merode, who is always about his person. Soon after this Cardinal Antonelli, who inhabits a part of the upper rooms of the Vatican, makes his appearance, in order to bring in his reports concerning the affairs of the internal government or of foreign politics. At eleven o'clock commence the audiences. The Pope, in his long linen vestment, betakes himself to a small saloon, at the extreme end of which is a small throne, covered by a canopy and furnished with a velvet arm-chair, richly trimmed with gold, and raised a foot above the floor. Near this chair, in which he seats himself, is a writing-table, covered with memorials and petitions from every quarter of the globe, awaiting the Papal decision. During the short pauses which take place between the single audiences he puts his name to these documents, as one of the Cardinals present make their contents known to him.

The affability of the Popes at these levées, in spite of the strictness of etiquette, has become a proverb. Pius the Ninth possesses it in a high degree. Persons are admitted singly, or by twos and threes, kneel once at the door, again in the middle of the room, and once more directly in front of the throne, whence the Pope extends his foot to those who desire to kiss the golden cross embroidered on his slipper, and where they remain in the same posture until a sign is given them to rise. The laity are immediately released, and the Pope addresses some kind words to each in his native tongue, Italian, French, or Spanish, as the case may be. Germans and the English, however, must have an interpreter, as he is unacquainted with either of those languages. The lower orders of the clergy are suffered to kneel for some minutes, and oftentimes have no sign given to them. Bishops and cardinals, on the contrary, after they have performed the prescribed genuflexions, and have kissed the Pope's hand, seat themselves upon low stools. Single persons of high rank always kneel as soon as they are addressed; but this is a matter of free choice, and by no means obligatory. Cardinal Merode never omits the practice, although he is the Pope's most confidential friend.

The Pope rises from his seat to receive princes and princesses, advances to the middle of the room to meet kings, and as far as the ante-room in order to greet emperors. Ladies less distinguished than these high dignities, and their maids of honor, are not permitted to enter the Vatican, but receive their audience either in the garden or in an adjoining gallery. They are expected to appear in black garments and black veils, without distinction of rank or age.

It is interesting to hear the expressions of those who have just left the audience-chamber as they pass through the ante-room. "He is an angel!" cry his enthusiastic adherents. And even the opponents of his political system say: "What an amiable man! St. Peter's chair has never held a Pope possessed of such attractive qualities as Pius the Ninth." The levée ended, he partakes of a simple dinner, which presents a strong contrast with the extravagant luxury so prevalent at the papal tables of the Middle Ages. Then comes, as in every private house in Rome, the siesta, followed by a drive, during which one or two cardinals strive to amuse his Holiness with their conversation—no difficult task, as, when free from the pressure of political affairs, he is of a cheerful mood, and listens with pleasure and hearty laughter to anecdotes and the chit-chat of the day. The carriage, which is surrounded by the Papal Guards, is stopped outside of the walls of Rome, either in the vicinity of the Pyramid of Cestius, Monte Pincio, or the Coliseum, the Pope and cardinals leave it for a short walk, and then drive back to Rome, where a frugal supper awaits them. The day is closed with a game of billiards, which is varied by unrestrained and cheerful conversation until ten o'clock, at which hour every light is extinguished in the Vatican.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE worthy butler had been right: but not sufficiently right. Miss VANN's faintishness had deepened into a swoon, and her aunt's chamber, to which she had been carried, was a scene of some anxiety. As she regained consciousness, however, Mrs. Turnover gradually cleared the apartment of all extraneous company, and the consequence was that Esther's first accents, on recovering her faculties, were heard by her aunt alone. Scarcely had the bright eyes reopened, when they were filled with a wild alarm.

"Is—is he—aunt, tell me—is he safe?" she gasped.

"Yes—yes, dear—safe enough," Mrs. Turnover hastened to reply. "Keep quiet, I hear Mr. Fanshaw—" She went to the door and called softly. Mr. Fanshaw's voice was heard in faint response. "Is master hit? That brute's fangs ain't touched him at all, have they?"

To this leading question Mr. Fanshaw was fortunately able to reply in good faith:

"No, Mrs. Turnover. Make yourself quite heavy, ma'am. They have not."

Esther's ears had caught the welcome word.

"God be praised!" she uttered, fervently; then, once more turning deadly white, sank back upon the pillow.

Mrs. Turnover administered new restoratives, and soon saw the color returning.

"Well, you are a one, I must say," the good lady could not help remarking. "So bold when there was danger, and such a coward now there's none! But, there now, never mind, lie you still for half an hour—and—then— Mercy, girl, what's this?" added Mrs. Turnover, turning almost as pale as her patient had done a minute before.

"*This?*" cried Esther, laughing. "My dear aunt, nothing. A mere scratch."

"Not from the dog?"

"*Dog!* No—no—no, dear. Calm yourself," said Esther, hastily. "I was plucking a rose. Sir George addressed me suddenly, and I got a scratch—that's all."

"Lor, what a turn it giv' me!" said her aunt, sitting down on the bed, with her hand on her portly side. "No wonder, for there's all the mark of the beast's foam close to it, on your wristband. I shall take and snip it off."

She did so, and also washed and bound up the passive hand, to all of which Esther submitted placidly.

"And now," said Mrs. Turnover, "I must go and titivate myself a bit. I 'spects somebody else will be a-wantin' of me." (I wonder if Fanshaw's giv' the letter?) "Now, you lay quiet as a mouse for half an hour. I shall putt myself to rights in Dolly's room, so's not to worrit you a-bobbing about. Get a sleep if you can, if 'tis only a wink."

Not even the relief obtainable from a nap of this duration was yet vouchsafed to Esther. She did, indeed, close her eyes, until her aunt, after a minute's rummage among the treasures of her wardrobe, trotted off to an adjoining room, and closed the door. Then, however, she rose from the bed, and kneeling beside it, poured out her soul in gratitude to the great Defender, who had, through her feeble hand, turned aside so great a peril. Then, in the reaction that succeeds intense excitement, sleep deigned to visit her.

A few minutes had elapsed, when the door of the apartment to which Mrs. Turnover had retired opened softly, and displayed that lady listening, and lacing her stays. Finding all quiet, she advanced a step or two in the direction of Esther's room, and this enables us to record the fact that the good lady usually wore, under her dress, an uncertain-colored petticoat, which might be described as pepper-and-salt, with a dash of mustard, and whose brevity authorizes the addition that she regarded black cotton stockings with gray worsted tops as becoming and economical wear.

What article of dress the lady had forgotten to take from her drawer is not material to this narrative. She deemed it essential, since with great care and pains she made her way noiselessly into the chamber, and was stretching out her hand to the half-opened drawer when a murmur from the sleeper's lips caught her ear. She stopped. Again the murmur. It sounded this time like somebody's name.

"Eh!—Who—at?" said Mrs. Turnover, softly. "What's that?"

She had advanced just beyond the curtain of Esther's couch, and by merely revolving on the stately pedestals we have already referred to as clothed in black and gray, without moving from her place, could distinguish Esther's face. The cheek was flushed, and even in sleep a tear was upon it, while her lips moved in feverish action. For a moment her words were inaudible, then shaped themselves into:

"Safe!—Safe!—My life!—My more than life!—George!" She breathed a profound sigh, and sank into quiet rest.

"Well—I—never!" were the first words the listener's quivering lips attempted to frame.

After a moment Mrs. Turnover appeared to rally her disordered thoughts. She faced the bed. As she gazed on the pretty sleeper a tear crept into her eye, and if something in the facial angle did direct it down the nose instead of the cheeks, there was no less honor due to the generous source from whence it came.

Then she glanced at the half-open drawer, and the reflection: "How lucky 'twas I come back for my bustle! How things do bob up unexpectedly!" passed through her mind.

With that the kind soul turned, and observing, if possible, double caution, stole back to the chamber she had left. Good woman! If Turnover could see you now, that often-quoted man must have acknowledged his confidence in your frank and single-hearted nature not misplaced, and that the most complimentary of all his last speeches did not exceed your desert.

That Mrs. Turnover did not experience a pang of disappointment is not pretended. The credit claimed for her is mainly due to the readiness with which she confessed to herself that, whatever might be the issue of Esther's attachment, the fact of its existence was an absolute and insuperable bar to her own pretensions.

"Pretty, sweet creetur!" said Mrs. Turnover, as she finished her lacing before the glass, and saw (but she was not apostrophizing that) a large, coarse torso in the aforesaid dirt-colored petticoat, and a square head with short, grizzled hair. "Lord bless my soul! what an old gaby I had nearly gone and been! Cutting little 'uesy that you be! You'd never ha' told me—not you! And think of all that purtence of anger last night, and wouldn't even stoop—my lady wouldn't—to open the door for him! And she'd on'y seen his pictur', a'ter all! Well, love's a queer thing! There goes the cussed string!" Lace renewed, and Mrs. Turnover continued: "'George,' she called him! Well, people is bold, asleep!"

The good lady hastily completed her toilet, resuming her original or working garments, and after one peep at the still slumbering Esther, hurried down stairs in search of Mr. Fanshaw.

That gentleman's movements since we last saw him had been characterized by considerable indecision. The important letter had been confided to him, with instructions to use his own discretion in the mode of delivery. But for this mysterious addition the worthy man would, no doubt, have adopted the common-sense course of placing it beside his master's other letters on the breakfast-table. As, however, this proceeding seemed to demand no particular exercise of discretion or delicacy of touch, Mr. Fanshaw at once rejected it as a non-fulfillment of his mission, and wandering about with the document in his hand, speculated within himself how on earth Cupid's postman usually executed their office.

During his hesitation the letter-bag arrived, uncommonly full. A moment afterward the footman entered with some breakfast articles.

"Master's come down, Mr. Fanshaw."

"Is he? Anchovy toast. Run, Thomas—quick!" said the butler, hurriedly. His eye had rested on the silver muffin-dish, and an idea, bright as its own beaming cover, occurred to him. He lifted it—hesitated—would it grease? Sir George's step approached. In his flurry Mr. Fanshaw dropped the note on the muffin. There was no time to recover it; he replaced the cover.

The baronet entered, glanced hastily over the ranks of letters, looked relieved, and sat down to breakfast. At this instant Mr. Fanshaw, standing opposite, caught sight of the portly figure of Mrs. Turnover, executing, outside the half-open door, a series of wild and agitated movements, the object of which he could only interpret as either a request to know if he had yet presented the letter, or an injunction to do it if he had not. So earnest grew the pantomime that Mr. Fanshaw made a movement to withdraw and join her.

"Stay a moment, Fanshaw," said his master, who had opened a letter.

Unable to explain further, the butler gave Mrs. Turnover a reassuring smile, and significantly pushed the muffin-dish an inch or so nearer to his master. Finding this half not the tranquillizing effect he expected, Mr. Fanshaw, observing that Sir George was still absorbed in his letter, ventured to raise the lid, just sufficiently to afford the anxious lady an opportunity of noticing the promising aspect of affairs, while at the same time he directed a triumphant glance through the door. In acknowledgment Mrs. Turnover threw up her arms in some species of ecstasy, flung her apron over her head, and staggered away. Mr. Fanshaw stared after her in some perplexity.

"Now that didn't aim like *I'y*," was his reflection. He began to wish he could regain the letter.

"Fanshaw!"

"Yes, Sir George."

"Fanshaw! Oh, you will present my compliments to Miss Vann, and beg her, when she has fully recovered, to afford me an opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments of the great service she has this day rendered to me, and, indeed, to all my household."

"Yes, Sir George."

"Stay, give me a muffin."

"Muffin, Sir George?"

"Muffin."

At that supreme moment the butler was conscious of the reappearance of Mrs. Turnover, now in an unmistakable attitude of despair, while Dolly, equally agitated, peeped over her shoulder. It was, however, too late. Mr. Fanshaw had placed the fatal dish within reach, and was preparing to beat a precipitate retreat.

"Take off the cover," said George.

Mr. Fanshaw obeyed. One glance revealed the fact that the steam-saturated letter had begun to imbibe the rich fluid below, and, having once tasted thereof, was rapidly becoming inebriated.

"Why, what in the name of—" began George, fishing it curiously with his fork. "Here, take this away! Something has got into it."

"Bless me, so there be!" cried the butler, as he whipped off the dish, muttering something about "the baker."

"Lor! what a providence!" gasped Mrs. Turnover, as Mr. Fanshaw presented her with the recovered treasure, dish and all. Snatching off the letter the good woman hurried away.

For some time after he had finished both his letters and his breakfast the young baronet remained at the table immersed in thought. With an effort he rose and went into his study. There he took two or three restless turns, then rang the bell and flung himself into a chair.

"Now for my fate," he muttered.

A servant appeared.

"Desire the coo—" George checked himself. "Say to Mrs. Turnover that I shall be glad to see her for a minute."

"Mrs. Turnover's awaitin', Sir George," was the prompt reply.

"Beg her to come in."

Mrs. Turnover, quietly attired, came in. Though on a large scale, and of that general aspect which a fastidious critic might have described in the not uncommon expression, "vulgar," the worthy cook was, for her style, a personable woman. It may further be that the consciousness of a generous purpose had imparted to her countenance and manner a degree of softness and dignity not usually to be found there. At all events her young master thought he had never seen her look so comely since the days when, as a school-boy, he had not disdained to receive surreptitious dainties at that large and liberal hand.

"Sit down, I beg," said Sir George.

Mrs. Turnover bobbed a courtesy and remained standing.

"Sit, sit, my good friend," said Sir George, a little impatiently.

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir George," was the reply, "I prefer standin'."

Sir George rose.

Mrs. Turnover cleared her throat, twitched her apron nervously, and began:

"I was wishful, Sir George, to give hanser, so quick as I could, to what you was a-saying of last night. I've been considerin' of it, as you bordered, Sir George, and, with my respectful dooty and thanks, I shall be most 'appy"—George's heart stood still—"for to remain your cook; but as to being your wife, I'd rather, when I does marry, keep to my hone spear."

"Of your feelings on such a point, my good Barbara, you must, of course, be the best judge," said the much relieved suitor: "but do not decide hastily."

"'Tis settled, Sir George; and I'm very glad to see you take it so kindly, Sir. I was afeard, seeing how earnest you was, that you might be disappointed," said the honest cook.

George took the good woman's hand, and was hypocrite enough to allow a shade of tranquil resignation to be perceptible in his countenance as he replied, with a melancholy smile, that it was not his first disappointment, and he should overcome it as he might: adding, after a decent pause, that he should dine at home that day, and expected two friends.

Mrs. Turnover courtesied, and prepared to withdraw; but, pausing a moment, remarked:

"Hevery day I lives, I has occasion to bless them last words as hever blessed from the lips of T."

"Tea?" said George, absently.

"The same was as follers," resumed Mrs. Turnover. "He was total unconscious. Indeed, we thought he were gone, when, suddenly, he opens one eye, and winks twice; which meaning 'stimulants,' they was giv', and he says, faintly: 'Fishes don't enjy bilin' water.' Thinking he was a wanderin', we nodded cheerful-like; but he goes on: 'A dilly'kid female 'oods't live long at the bottom of the Hearctic Sea.' After that, we thought he wasgoing; but, with a great effort, poor dear, he just manages to hadd: 'There's social differences. While there is, stick to 'em. When there ain't, don't let 'em stick to you. Adoo!'"

"Your excellent husband seems to have reserved many results of his experience to a very late moment!" remarked George. "At this precise moment, my mind is, I fear, too fully occupied with selfish thoughts to appreciate them properly. I have this morning escaped an imminent peril" (more than one, his thought suggested), "and I am impatient till I have thanked my deliverer. Is your niece sufficiently recovered to afford me the opportunity?"

Mrs. Turnover considered that, by this time, she was, and would hasten to see if such were the case.

"I have played the booby long enough," soliloquized the master of the mansion, left alone. "Honesty and common-sense inspire me! I will tell her the whole truth, and then—"

Mrs. Turnover had a harder task than she expected. Her niece was indeed awake, and, calmed and invigorated by her unwonted siesta, looked as charming as need be. But the going down—except for the single end of going away—was not to be thought of.

At length Mrs. Turnover lost all patience.

"Well, of all the contrairy creeters I ever did see, you beats all! You wentered your life to protect his'n—nay, I believe," added Mrs. Turnover, darkly, "you've actually been a-dreamin' of him." Esther started. "Child, you sees him! Won't you go down stairs?"

"If what you say were true, ma'am," Esther replied, with burning cheeks, "you, of all people, should be the last to force me into his presence."

"Highty-tighty! Who wants to force your ryal 'ighness? And why should *I* be the last to make you do what in your 'art you wishes?" demanded the cook, losing all control of her temper. "Now, look here. If you don't go down and be thanked like a reasonable woman, I'll go to master myself, and tell him fat that you was a-making love to his pictur. *Now!*"

"Aunt, aunt! I could not have believed that you would have been so cruel—so—so—wicked," said Esther, bursting into tears.

"Cruel! Wicked!" ejaculated Mrs. Turnover, aghast. "Why, what—"

"To compel me, feeling as you say and believe I do, to hold any further intercourse with this gentleman, to whom, miserably for yourself and for him, you are about to be married!"

"Hoh! That's it? Who said we was going to be married?" said her aunt, in an altered tone.

"Have you not accepted his offer?"

"Who's gone and put that nonsense into your little head?" asked her aunt, with an assumption of so much innocence that Esther gazed at her in dumb surprise. "Don't you think it possible as I might like to hear what they'd say below, without rally meaning to

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make such a ninny of myself as that comes to? P'raps I'd a fancy to tease Mrs. Mapes. But, there, a joke's a joke, and if master had his'n, why, I've had mine."

"Oh, aunt, I am so glad!" cried Esther. "How wise! how prudent! how disinterested!"

"But, good gracious, child! you stand chatterin' here, and master's waiting! Now, Esther, I insist upon your going instant down. I'm not going to be married to him a bit, and so I've told him. Why, whatever is the matter with the girl?" continued Mrs. Turnover, flushing with anger and excitement. "You was glib enough to his desire. As I'm a livin' 'oman, I'll tell him."

The movement she made to quit the room decided Esther.

"Stay, stay, aunt!" she exclaimed. "I will go down. It will be better—in the end."

Uttering the last words almost in an undertone, she quitted the room.

The dialogue above recorded had allowed Sir George a little time for renewed self-examination and the arrangement of his thoughts, so that, on Miss Vann making her appearance, wearing very much the aspect of an empress whose privacy has been invaded by the exigencies of a public audience, he was prepared to meet her with a dignity equal to—and an ease greater than—her own.

Having made his purposed acknowledgments for the service she had, at such imminent personal hazard, rendered to himself and people, George respectfully bespoke her further attention for a few moments, and thereupon related, without stint or pause, the history of his engagement to Miss Mulcaster, its abrupt and hopeless termination, his own mad yielding to a wild and foolish impulse, the attempt he had nevertheless felt it incumbent on him to make, to carry it out, and its failure. In making these humiliating confessions he trusted his patient hearer would at least give him credit for sincerity of purpose. Had Miss Vann's estimable relation accepted the overture he had been induced to make, nothing should have been wanting on his part that might reconcile her to the duties of her new station. Her reason and foresight, however, which put his entirely to shame, had suggested a course of greater wisdom, and more likely to conduce to the happiness of both, thus leaving him, the speaker, free to—to—"

"To—?"

"To make a fitter choice."

Miss Vann must be forgiven for observing that there did not appear to be any choice in the matter.

Sir George Gosling had indulged the hope that the course of his remarks would have indicated his having arrived at sounder views; aware of the selfishness which lay at the root of his intemperate vow, he cast it to the winds.

Miss Vann was aware that those atmospheric agents possessed a very extensive treasury of the kind, but, nevertheless, entertained doubts as to the legal transfer. That, however, was beyond her province. She would wish Sir George good-morning.

Sir George considered that it could scarcely prove such to him, unless his hearer vouchsafed her attention a little longer.

But there was nothing more to say.

Her pardon. There was. Every thing.

How?

Thus. He had frankly described his engagement with Miss Mulcaster, how their intimacy, begun in childhood, had ripened into what he had been accustomed to regard as a mutual attachment, and how, on the very threshold of their union, one of the parties had recoiled from the bargain. The blow thus rudely dealt, had awakened in his heart a serious doubt whether Miss Mulcaster had ever felt toward him as she permitted him to believe: while the speaker, on his part, was disposed to question whether, in his estimate of her character, he had attached sufficient importance to a certain weakness and frivolity which underlay her more attractive qualities. In one word, George must acknowledge he no longer adored the idol of his boyhood. He had tested her, and found her mortal. Dreams were over for him. Henceforth he stooped to truth, to reason, to reality. These—and how much more he would not add—he believed he had discovered in—in her who had so patiently listened to his discourse.

It was well that George's speech came to a conclusion. Esther had turned very white, and looked so likely to faint, that he had to place her in a chair. She rallied, however, with an effort, and George, encouraged by the returning color, and a faint smile that struggled about her lips, ventured to return to the charge.

During these appeals and explanations, in which George's historian has done but indifferent justice, the mind of his hearer had fluctuated not a little. Touched at length to the heart by his truth and earnest manner, she ended by believing every syllable. Strange and sudden as was the attachment he had formed for her, something seemed to whisper her that it was of more genuine and natural growth than that from whose ashes it had sprung; and if the exciting circumstances of the hour had led to a somewhat premature declaration, had she a right to dispute it on that ground alone? After a moment's hesitation, breaking into a bright smile, she gave him her hand. It was the left.

George happened to be superstitious on this subject. He hesitated:

"A half forgiveness?" he asked, smiling. She held out the other.

"Good Heavens, what is this?" exclaimed the young man, thinking only of the dog.

"Nothing. The rose," said Esther.

George was much relieved. He took the little hand tenderly, and kissed it.

There followed a little further conversation, with which we have no other concern than to know that it resulted in an understanding that the engagement (for such it must now be considered) should be kept secret for a period of twelve calendar months, subsequently reduced to six, and ultimately, on petition, to three, during which no communication whatever was to take place between the contracting parties. To this last condition Miss Vann held firm. Sir George was to enjoy a period of three months for undisturbed self-examination. If, then, the impression that he now knew his own mind was sufficiently confirmed, he would use his discretion as to announcing the engagement; but any word of marriage, or allusion to that event, within one twelvemonth, was to nullify the whole transaction.

Article the last. Sir George was to order the carriage forthwith.

He did so, and led the young lady to the door, still looking wistfully at the bandaged hand.

"I fear you are suffering more than you will confess!" he said.

"I do not feel it at all," replied Esther, with her radiant smile.

"I shall send to inquire the progress of the cure."

"It will be your last communication, then," said Esther. "Remember our conditions."

"Nay, but I am really anxious—"

"Nonsense," said Esther, laughing, "a mere scratch!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some of our railroad companies, having stations in this city, have for some time past maintained a regulation that no person shall be admitted to the cars about to start unless upon showing a ticket. The result is, that a gentleman who accompanies his wife or lady relative or friend to the cars to see her safely started on a journey, can not aid in procuring her a seat, but she must tread her way through the crowd into the car alone. The companies defend this rule on the ground that it prevents pickpockets from plying their vocation in the cars at starting: but it is very doubtful at least whether any advantage thus gained compensates for the annoyance to which timid and inexperienced travelers are subjected. The rule has recently given rise to renewed complaint.

There is talk of removing the old "William Penn Mansion," heretofore standing on the corner of Second and Gothic streets, in Philadelphia, and one of the time-honored relics of the early history of that city, and re-erecting it, upon a reduced scale, in Fairmount Park.

The re-establishment of the mail system throughout the Southern States has been heretofore embarrassed by the fact that few contractors for carrying the mails can be found who are able and willing to take the "test oath" which our Government requires from those who aspire to situations of trust and confidence in its employment. A Mr. Bryan Tyson, of Washington, now advertises an ingenious solution of this difficulty. He proposes that any person desirous of carrying a mail should notify Tyson; whereupon Tyson will contract with the Government for the route desired, take the oath, give the security required, and take out the contract in his own name; and will then sublet it to the proposed contractor; reserving a commission of 2½ per cent. for his (Tyson's) time, trouble, ingenuity, risk, political influence, and wear and tear of conscience in taking so many oaths as the prosecution of the plan involves.

In the *Weekly* of October 20 we gave Edward Everett's description of the cholera of 1832. Here is Rufus Choate's. It is extracted from a lately-published letter from him to Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, dated Salem, August 12, 1832, in which he describes a recent visit to New York:

"The doctor and I found quarters in the same room. The moon shone as upon the city of the dead; and the only sounds from the streets I took to be the footsteps, or the slow wheels, of the bearers of the suddenly sick, or those, more happy, whose sickness was all over. Between you and me I came once or twice in the night to what old people call hysterics—a sort of rascally nervous inclination to squeal and kick up my heels, fancy ministering to fear and fatigue; and when the morning star rose at length it seemed to glitter and sing as on the day of the creation—so long and full of horror had been the night! So I sallied down to the wharf to take the New Haven boat, and was told it was quarantined at New Haven, and that it was doubtful if any mode of leaving the city for the eastward would be provided while the cholera continued. Having the premonitory symptoms very bad I cleared for the Albany boat, shot up to Poughkeepsie, and came home, leaving my umbrella and twelve shirts (my wife says fifteen) at Jarvis's, in Poughkeepsie. There I called a doctor, who proved a modest, clever, sensible fellow, a friend of Pendleton and Clay, and a most decided, prepared foe of all cholera. He said nothing ailed me. Whereupon I went to bed, gentle as a lamb, and slept like a rock. Our people here are cool on the occasion. They send me my last year's bills to pay with as much punctuality as if all was straight, and receive my United States' bills, as if they expected to live a thousand years. I am shocked at such conduct."

By-the-way, why is it that the labors of our Board of Health seem so much relaxed lately. In the upper part of the city the bone-boiling nuisance seems renewed with fresh vigor—we should say "stale"—and the streets and sidewalks are as dirty as ever.

Hunters often shoot deer, but one would say that a deer could not shoot a hunter. Yet this apparently impossible accident is reported to have occurred in Scotland lately. The unfortunate sportsman was a deer-stalker named Urquhart. He made one of a party who were pursuing a stag, and was sent, with another forester, to keep it from escaping at the head of a glen into which it had been chased. The stag had already been badly wounded by a shot, and so the two men were able to come up with him, and Urquhart tried to drive him down with the butt-end of the rifle before dealing the finishing blow. In despair and pain the stag lashed out, and, striking the hammers of the piece, knocked one off and brought the other down on the cap, so that the charge exploded, and drove the bullet straight through the forester's body. He stood for a moment, and then said, quietly, "I am shot," and fell into the arms of his companion, who laid him down and tried to stop the bleeding. Medical assistance was at once sent for, but the distance was so great that before the doctors could arrive the wounded man was dead.

The week has brought news of some other accidents almost equally singular. From San Francisco we hear of an explosion of an ordinary brass ship's lamp, on board the sloop *Sycamore*, with such force as to shatter the cabin into kindling wood, kill the bearer of the lamp, and even drive pieces of the metal deep into the deck, accompanied by a noise like the report of a cannon. This was something not easily to be explained on the supposition that the contents of the lamp were simple coal-oil, as was at first believed. But upon investigation it appeared that the men on board the sloop, some weeks previously, obtained some fluid which they supposed to be oil. Some of it was placed in the coal-oil can, kept on board for filling the lamps. Shortly thereafter some one took the can to oil the axle of the truck used for hauling freight on board the schooner, and on the truck being used an explosion followed. The men then concluded that what they had supposed to be oil was nitro-glycerine. They thereupon turned the dangerous fluid overboard, and coming to port again had the can filled with coal oil at a drug-store. The theory of the explosion is, that enough of the nitro-glycerine remained sticking to the sides of the can when it was refilled with coal-oil to produce the explosion. This floated on the surface of the coal-oil, or mingled with it, and found its way into the lamp, where it in some manner, through friction in screwing down the tubes, a sudden jar, or heat from the burning wick, exploded with the terrible force and fatal result already stated.

In the upper part of New York city last week several small boys were badly, and one of them fatally, burned by an explosion. It seems that while playing in the street they found some scattered pieces of what they supposed was coal, and immediately commenced collecting all they could find for the purpose of building a fire. After doing so, and igniting the material so collected, the children gathered round the embryo fire in high glee. As they so stood huddled together the black mass suddenly exploded, scattering the fire over them, and burning a number of them very seriously, so much so indeed, that one of them died next day. It was afterward ascertained that what the children supposed was coal, was in fact cakes of damaged powder. The proprietor of a coal-yard in the vicinity had a parcel of damaged powder on his premises, which he considered worthless, and gave to a carman, with directions to "throw it into the North River." To save going all the way to the river, however, the carman, not supposing any harm would come of it, threw the powder out of his cart into the street, where not long afterward the unfortunate lads found it.

A severe penalty was recently inflicted upon a young boy in an English county town. It seems that three naughty boys went to pick up apples from the grounds of a certain gentleman. Two of them were lads of bad character. The third, a very young one, was of good character, evidently led away by his companions. A policeman caught them all. The decent boy was one of nine children, and was about the next day to go to a situation. Apples, probably windfalls, were found in his pockets. His mother begged hard of the magistrates for his release. He was a very good boy at home, she said. She promised that he should be well looked after in future. It was his first offense. The Justices, however, sentenced the poor child, in spite of his mother's entreaties, to *three years in a reformatory!* One can not help feeling a strong sympathy with the poor child thus punished for a first offense.

A very considerate and orderly rogue not long since went to the room of a broker in Hartford while he was asleep, took the keys of his office and safe from his pantaloons pocket, robbed his safe of $700, and then replaced the keys in his pocket!

A residence in Rome just now would not seem to be particularly desirable. Brigands in that vicinity have become fearfully bold. A letter from Rome states that not long since a band of brigands entered the village of Acuto, and seized upon five persons belonging to the principal families of the place. They carried them off to the mountains, and gave them to understand that they must pay a large ransom. The family of one of them sent the sum demanded, and the brigands set free the person so ransomed, giving him a sealed box to be handed to the mayor of the village. When opened the box was found to contain the ears of the four other prisoners, and a letter saying that if the whole sum demanded was not remitted the heads would shortly be sent to their friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME PUMPKINS!—The annual ceremony of crowning the king of the pumpkins took place lately at the central market in Paris. The happy vegetable weighed 284 pounds, and measured ten feet four inches round. At one time it was feared the authorities might forbid the ceremony, on the ground of its political significance, because it might lead the disaffected to believe the crown was going to squash!

The last novelty in the way of locomotion is to be among the many wonders of the Great Exhibition at Paris. It is a mechanical horse, which trots, gallops, or walks, as may suit the pleasure of the rider. He even prances after the most approved style, and neighs when that sound is agreeable to its possessor.

A country dentist advertises that he "spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

PAYING AN ELECTION WAGER.

If men will lay wagers on elections they must take the consequences with as much grace as possible. In the instance which we illustrate below both the winner and the loser were compelled to play a somewhat ludicrous part, the latter that of wheeling in a barrow five pumpkins around the square, while the former went before with the United States flag. The winner of the wager was Mr. W. K. BLANCHARD, the loser was Mr. JOHN MORRIS. Mr. MORRIS, without coat or boots, wheeled the pumpkins, according to agreement, a large and enthusiastic crowd following. The scene of this interesting performance was the square formed by Broadway, Grand, Crosby, and Howard streets.

"SAY, MAMMA!"

Pray, mamma, say, mamma; did you not think—
As we staid for our carriage last night at the ball—
That Spooner, poor creature, was just on the brink
Of—I don't like to mention it!—"popping," that's all?
Should he propose, may I send him to you?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Yes, mamma! Guess, mamma, how I was vexed
When the carriage came up and he bid me "good-night!"
I knew—or I fancied—what must have come next
By his pressing my hand so excessively tight.
How shall I treat the man—send him to you?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Oh! mamma; no, mamma. Do not suppose
I would marry for *that*. I am not to be sold.
But still—the old gentleman's property goes
To this very identical son, I am told.
Make up your mind. Shall I send him to you?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Nay, mamma; stay, mamma. Stop, I implore;
Let me beg you to give your definitive choice.
Good gracious, what's that? There's a knock at the door.
Oh, it's Spooner himself: no mistaking the voice.
Tell me at once; may I send him to you?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION—A printing-office.

"Mother, can I go and have my daguerreotype taken?" "No, I guess it isn't worth while." "Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled, I never go any where."

A miserly old farmer who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay-making, remarked to the sexton, as he was filling up the grave: "It's a sad thing to lose a good mower at a time like this; but, after all, poor Tom was a great eater."

BRUTAL.—Old Singleton, on hearing there was a song called "The Children's Hour," remarked, that it could of course only mean bedtime. He added a hope that the song did not sanction the absurd idea of after dinner being the children's hour.

The show-window of a certain corset-maker exhibits a singular instance of illiterate diction. On a card appears the following sentence: "All kinds of ladies stays here."

"NONE OF YOUR SAUCE."—We see some one is advertising "My Wife's Sauce." It is to be regretted that he does not keep his little domestic discomforts to himself.

A Paris paper apologizes to its readers for being compelled to make an erratum, having placed four marriages under the mercantile heading of "declarations of failure."

The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the Maelstrom has gone out to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

One drinks because he's very hot as we are often told;
Another must a tankard take because he's very cold;
Another drinks because he's wet, its benefits to try;
Another, sure, a tankard gets because he's very dry;
Another must a bargain make, and have a glass to strike it!
While one and all the liquor take because, in fact, they like it.

"You saved my life at the battle of Waterloo," said a beggar to a captain. "Saved your life! how?" "I served under you, and when you ran away—I *followed!*"

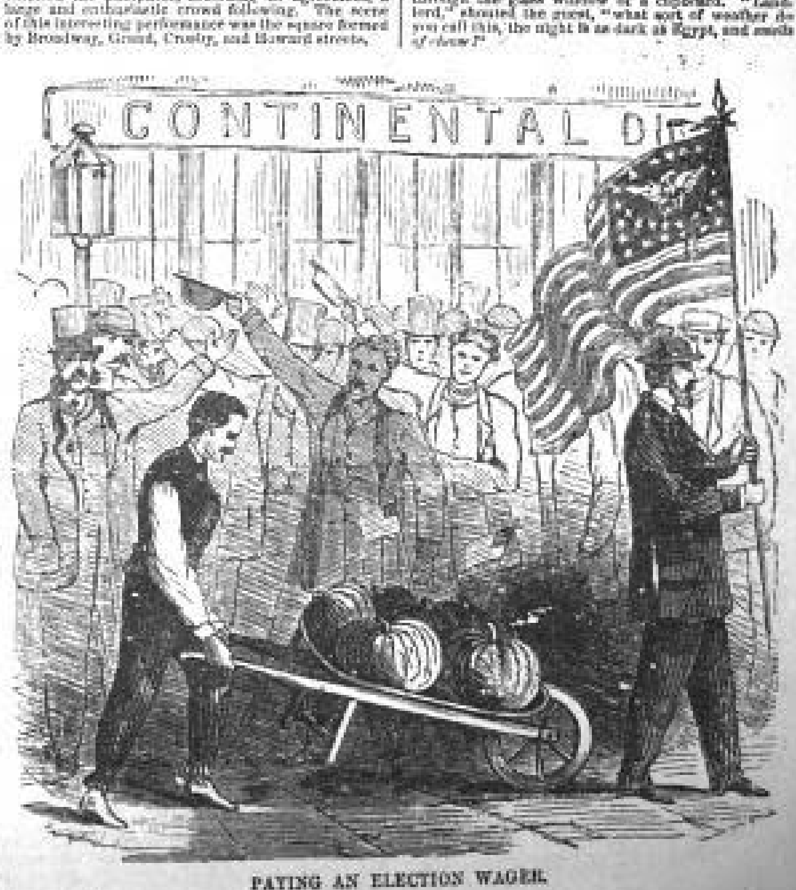
"When was Rome built?" inquired a 'competitive' examiner.
"In the night, Sir!"
"In the night! how do you make that out?"
"Why, Sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

Some books are like small, cheap dictionaries; you find every thing there—except what you want.

An old bachelor says the talk of women is usually about men; even their laugh is he! he! he!

Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it is all staff, and often crossed.

A traveler at a Pennsylvanian hotel got out of his bed one night to see what sort of weather it was, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord," shouted the guest, "what sort of weather do you call this, the night is as dark as Egypt, and smells of *cheese!*"



PAYING AN ELECTION WAGER.

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ELECTION RETURNS—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" OFFICE AT MIDNIGHT, NOVEMBER 6-7.—[SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.]

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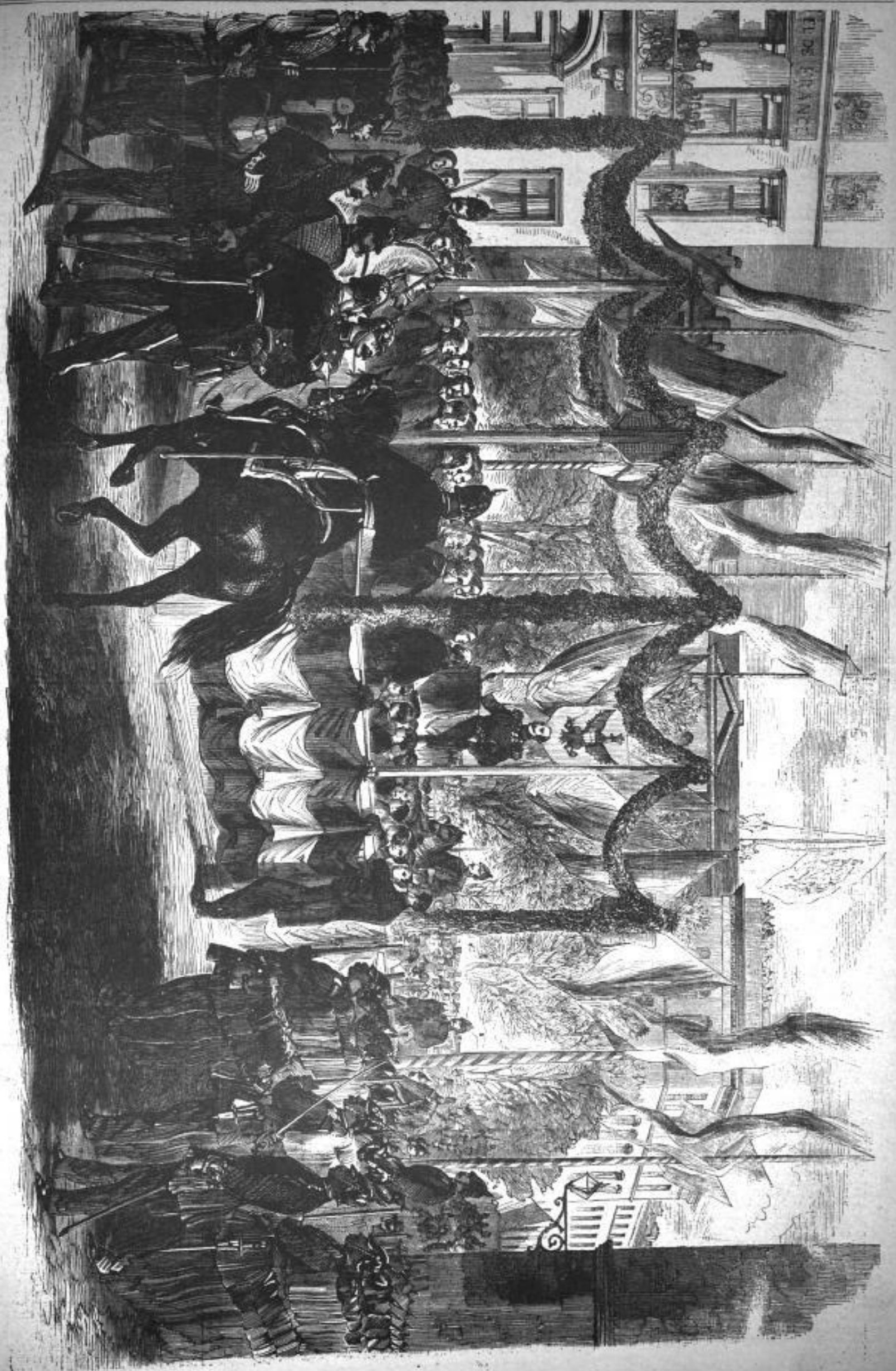

PROCLAIMING THE ANNEXATION OF NASSAU AT WIESBADEN.—[See Page 740.]

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THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

The lights are lit, the chimney glows,
  The board is laden with the best;
And evergreens the high walls deck
  In expectation of a guest.
The maiden wears a snow-white rose
  In shining braids of silken hair;
The matron's face is lit with smiles
  To greet the guest expected there.

Along the turnpike's devious way,
  Across the swift and dangerous ford,
The jaded steed his rider bears,
  Obedient to the lightest word;
His iron hoofs upon the night
  Ring out a harsh, discordant tune,
His streaming mane shakes in the wind,
  His wild eye wonders at the moon.

The hours go by, the clock ticks loud,
  The fire has lost its former glow;
The wine still waits the stranger's lip,
  The flickering lights burn dim and low;
The matron's smile has passed away,
  The master nods within his chair,
And faded is the snow-white flower
  The maiden wore to grace her hair.

A knock sounds at the castle gates,
  That to the summons open wide;
And through the halls a stranger stalks,
  With lofty mien and haughty stride—
Not the fair guest for whom they looked,
  For whom the maiden graced her hair,
But one of other name and blood,
  A visitor unwelcome there.

The board is laden with the best,
  Yet has the wine a bitter taste;
Untouched the costly meats are passed,
  The mellow fruit is left to waste;
No smile is on the matron's lip,
  No love is in the maiden's eye;
The master sits with sullen brow,
  In silence, as the hour goes by.

Perchance we all have sometime been
  Unwelcome guests beside some hearth,
And shadowed by our presence there
  Each show of gladness and of mirth.
The formal word, the chilling tone,
  The slight, forced smile, what tales they tell!
How happy seems the parting hour
  When at the last we say "Farewell!"

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book I.—Fatal Friendship.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY.

THERE are some houses whereof the outward aspect is sealed with the seal of respectability—houses which inspire confidence in the minds of the most skeptical of butchers and bakers—houses at whose area-gates the tradesman delivers his goods undoubtingly, and from whose spotless door-steps the vagabond children of the neighborhood recoil as from a shrine too sacred for hop-scotch.

Such a house made its presence obvious, some years ago, in one of the smaller streets of that west-central region which lies between Holborn and St. Pancras Church. It is, perhaps, the nature of ultra-respectability to be disagreeably conspicuous. The unsullied brightness of No. 14 Fitzgeorge Street was a standing reproach to every other house in the dingy thoroughfare. That one spot of cleanliness made the surrounding dirt cruelly palpable. The muslin curtains in the parlor windows of No. 15 would not have appeared of such a smoky yellow if the curtains of No. 14 had not been of such a phenomenal whiteness. Mrs. Magson, at No. 13, was an humble letter of lodgings, always more or less in arrear with the demands of quarter-day; and it seemed a hard thing that her door-steps, whereon were expended much labor and hearth-stone—not to mention house-flannel, which was in itself no unimportant item in the annual expenses—should be always thrown in the shade by the surpassing purity of the steps before No. 14.

Not satisfied with being the very pink and pattern of respectability, the objectionable house even aspired to a kind of prettiness. It was as bright, and pleasant, and rural of aspect as any house within ear-shot of the roar and rattle of Holborn can be. There were flowers in the windows; gaudy scarlet geraniums, which seemed to enjoy an immunity from all the ills to which geraniums are subject, so impossible was it to discover a faded leaf among their greenness, or the presence of blight amidst their wealth of blossom. There were bird-cages within the shadow of the muslin curtains, and the coloring of the newly-painted brick-work was agreeably relieved by the vivid green of Venetian blinds. The freshly-varnished street door bore a brass-plate, on which to look was to be dazzled; and the effect produced by this combination of white door-step, scarlet geranium, green blind, and brass-plate was obtrusively full out.

Those who had been so privileged as to behold the interior of the house in Fitzgeorge Street brought away with them an envious admiration of its inner splendors. The pink and pattern of propriety within, as it was the pink and pattern of propriety without, it excited in every breast alike a wondering awe, as of a habitation tenanted by some mysterious being, infinitely superior to the common order of householders.

The inscription on the brass-plate informed the neighborhood that No. 14 was occupied by Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist; and the dwellers in Fitzgeorge Street amused themselves in their leisure hours by speculative discussions upon the character and pursuits, belongings and surroundings of this gentleman.

Of course he was eminently respectable. On that question no Fitzgeorgian had ever hazarded a doubt. A householder with such a door-step and such muslin curtains could not be other than the most correct of mankind; for, if there is any external evidence by which a dissolute life or an ill-regulated mind will infallibly betray itself, that evidence is to be found in the yellowness and limpness of muslin window-curtains. The eyes are the windows of the soul, says the poet; but if a man's eyes are not open to your inspection, the windows of his house will help you to discover his character as an individual, and his solidity as a citizen. At least such was the opinion cherished in Fitzgeorge Street, Russell Square.

The person and habits of Mr. Sheldon were in perfect harmony with the aspect of the house. The unsullied snow of the door-step reproduced itself in the unsullied snow of his shirt-front; the brilliancy of the brass-plate was reflected in the glittering brightness of his gold studs; the varnish on the door was equaled by the lustrous surface of his black satin waistcoat; the careful pointing of the brick-work was in a manner imitated by the perfect order of his polished finger-nails and the irreproachable neatness of his hair and whiskers.

No dentist or medical practitioner of any denomination had inhabited the house in Fitzgeorge Street before the coming of Philip Sheldon. The house had been unoccupied for upward of a year, and was in the last stage of shabbiness and decay, when the bills disappeared all at once from the windows, and busy painters and bricklayers set their ladders against the dingy brick-work. But Mr. Sheldon took the house upon a long lease, and spent two or three hundred pounds in the embellishment of it. Upon the completion of all repairs and decorations, two great wagon-loads of furniture, distinguished by that old-fashioned clumsiness which is eminently suggestive of respectability, arrived from the Euston Square Terminus, while a young man of meditative aspect might have been seen on his knees, now in one empty chamber, anon in another, performing some species of indoor surveying, with a three-foot rule, a loose little oblong memorandum-book, and the merest stump of a square lead-pencil. This was an emissary from the carpet warehouse; and before nightfall it was known to more than one inhabitant of Fitzgeorge Street that the stranger was going to lay down new carpets. The new-comer was evidently of an active and energetic temperament, for within three days of his arrival the brass-plate on his street-door announced his profession, while a neat little glass-case, on a level with the eye of the passing pedestrian, exhibited specimens of his skill in mechanical dentistry, and afforded instruction and amusement to the boys of the neighborhood, who criticised the glistening white teeth and impossible red gums displayed behind the plate-glass with a like vigor and freedom of language. Nor did Mr. Sheldon's announcement of his profession confine itself to the brass-plate and the glass-case. A shabby-genteel young man pervaded the neighborhood for some days after the surgeon-dentist's advent, knocking a postman's knock, which only wanted the galvanic sharpness of the professional touch to be the real thing, and delivering neatly-printed circulars to the effect that Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist, of 14 Fitzgeorge Street, had invented some novel method of adjusting false teeth, incomparably superior to any existing method, and that he had, further, patented an improvement upon nature in the way of coral gums, the name whereof was an unpronounceable compound of Greek and Latin, calculated to awaken an awful reverence in the unprofessional and unclassical mind.

The Fitzgeorgians shook their heads with prophetic solemnity as they read these circulars. Struggling householders, who find it a hard task to keep the two ends which never have met and never will meet from growing farther and farther asunder every year, are apt to derive a dreary kind of satisfaction from the contemplation of another man's impending ruin. Fitzgeorge Street and its neighborhood had existed without the services of a dentist, but it was very doubtful that a dentist would be able to exist on the patronage to be obtained in Fitzgeorge Street. Mr. Sheldon may, perhaps, have pitched his tent under the impression that wherever there was mankind there was likely to be toothache, and that the healer of an ill so common to frail humanity could scarcely fail to earn his bread, let him establish his abode of horror where he might. For some time after his arrival people watched him and wondered about him, and regarded him a little suspiciously, in spite of the substantial elegance of his furniture and the twinkling brightness of his windows. His neighbors asked one another how long all that outward semblance of prosperity would last; and there was sinister meaning in the question.

The Fitzgeorgians were not a little surprised, and were perhaps just a little disappointed, on finding that the newly-established dentist did manage to hold his ground somehow or other, and that the muslin curtains were renewed again and again in all their spotless parity; that the supplies of rotten-stone and oil, hearth-stone and house-flannel were unfailing as a perennial spring; and that the unsullied snow of Mr. Sheldon's shirt-fronts retained its primeval whiteness. Wonder and suspicion gave place to a half-envious respect. Whether much custom came to the dentist no one could decide. There is no trade or profession in which the struggling man will not receive some faint show of encouragement. Pedestrians of agonized aspect, with handkerchiefs held convulsively before their mouths, were seen to rush wildly toward the dentist's door, then pause for a moment, stricken by a sudden terror, and anon feebly pull the handle of an inflexible bell. Cabs had been heard to approach that fatal door—generally on wet days; for there seems to be a kind of fitness in the choice of damp and dismal weather for the extraction of teeth. Elderly ladies and gentlemen had been known to come many times to the Fitzgeorgian mansion. There was a legend of an old lady who had been seen to arrive in a brougham, especially weird and nutcrackery of aspect, and to depart half an hour afterward a beautified and renovated creature. One half of the Fitzgeorgians declared that Mr. Sheldon had established a very nice little practice, and was saving money; while the other half were still despondent, and opined that the dentist had private property, and was eating up his little capital. It transpired in course of time that Mr. Sheldon had left his native town of Little Barlingford, in Yorkshire, where his father and grandfather had been surgeon-dentists before him, to establish himself in London. He had disposed advantageously of an excellent practice, and had transferred his household goods—the ponderous chairs and tables, the wood whereof had deepened and mellowed in tint under the indefatigable hand of his grandmother—to the metropolis, speculating on the chance that his talents and appearance, address and industry, could scarcely fail to achieve a position. It was further known that he had a brother, an attorney in Gray's Inn, who visited him very frequently; that he had few other friends or acquaintance; that he was a shining example of steadiness and sobriety; that he was on the sunnier side of thirty, a bachelor, and very good-looking; and that his household was comprised of a grim-visaged, active old woman imported from Barlingford, a girl who ran errands, and a boy who opened the door, attended to the consulting-room, and did some mysterious work at odd times with a file and sundry queer lumps of plaster of Paris, beeswax, and bone, in a dark little shed abutting on the yard at the back of the house. This much had the inhabitants of Fitzgeorge Street discovered respecting Mr. Sheldon when he had been among them four years; but they had discovered no more. He had made no local acquaintances, nor had he sought to make any. Those of his neighbors who had seen the interior of his house had entered it as patients. They left it as much pleased with Mr. Sheldon as one can be with a man at whose hands one has just undergone martyrdom, and circulated a very flattering report of the dentist's agreeable manners and delicate white handkerchief, fragrant with the odor of eau de Cologne. For the rest, Philip Sheldon lived his own life, and dreamed his own dreams. His opposite neighbors, who watched him on sultry summer evenings as he lounged near an open window smoking his cigar, had no more knowledge of his thoughts and fancies than they would have had if he had been a Calmuck Tartar or an Abyssinian chief.

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP SHELDON READS THE "LANCET."

FITZGEORGE STREET was chill and dreary of aspect, under a gray March sky, when Mr. Sheldon returned to it after a week's absence from London. He had been to Little Barlingford, and had spent his brief holiday among old friends and acquaintance. The weather had not been in favor of that driving hither and thither in dog-carts, or riding rakish horses long distances to beat up old companions, which is accounted pleasure on such occasions. The blusterous winds of an unusually bitter March had buffeted Mr. Sheldon in the streets of his native town, and had almost blown him off the door-steps of his kindred. So it is scarcely strange if he returned to town looking none the better for his excursion. He looked considerably the worse for his week's absence, the old Yorkshire-woman said, as she waited upon him while he ate a chop and drank two large cups of very strong tea.

Mr. Sheldon made short work of this impromptu meal. He seemed anxious to put an end to his housekeeper's affectionate interest in himself and his health, and to get her out of the room. She had nursed him nearly thirty years before, and the recollection that she had been very familiar with him when he was a handsome black-eyed baby, with a tendency to become suddenly stiff of body and crimson of visage without any obvious provocation, inclined her to take occasional liberties now. She watched him furtively as he sat in a big high-backed arm-chair staring moodily at the struggling fire, and would fain have questioned him a little about Barlingford and Barlingford people.

But Philip Sheldon was not a man with whom even a superannuated nurse can venture to take many liberties. He was a good master, paid his servants their wages with unfailing punctuality, and gave very little trouble. But he was the last person in the world upon whom a garrulous woman could venture to inflict her rambling discourse; as Nancy Woolper—by courtesy, Mrs. Woolper—was fain to confess to her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Magson, when her master was the subject of an afternoon gossip. The heads of a household may inhabit a neighborhood for years without becoming acquainted even with the outward aspect of their neighbors; but in the lordly servants' halls of the West, or the modest kitchens of Bloomsbury, there will be interchange of civilities and friendly "droppings in" to tea or supper, let the master of the house be never so ungregarious a creature.

"You can take the tea-things, Nancy," Mr. Sheldon said, presently, arousing himself suddenly from that sombre reverie in which he had been absorbed for the last ten minutes; "I am going to be very busy to-night, and I expect Mr. George in the course of the evening. Mind I am not at home to any body but him."

The old woman arranged the tea-things on her tray, but still kept a furtive watch on her master, who sat with his head a little bent, and his bright black eyes fixed on the fire, with that intensity of gaze peculiar to eyes which see something far away from the object they seem to contemplate. She was in the habit of watching Mr. Sheldon rather curiously at all times, for she had never quite got over a difficulty in realizing the fact that the black-eyed baby with whom she had been so intimate *could* have developed into this self-contained inflexible young man, whose thoughts were so very far away from her. To-night she watched him more intently than she was accustomed to do, for to-night there was some change in his face which she was trying, in a dim way, to account for.

He looked up from the fire suddenly, and found her eyes fixed upon him. It may be that he had been disturbed by a semi-consciousness of that curious gaze, for he looked at her angrily—"What are you staring at, Nancy?"

It was not the first time he had encountered her watchful eyes and asked the same impatient question. But Mrs. Woolper possessed that north-country quickness of intellect which is generally equal to an emergency, and was always ready with some question or suggestion which went to prove that she had just fixed her eyes on her master, inspired by some anxiety about his interests.

"I was just a-thinking, Sir," she said, meeting his stern glance unflinchingly with her little sharp gray eyes—"I was just a-thinking—you said not at home to *any one*, except Mr. George. If it should be a person in a cab wanting their teeth out sudden—and if any thing could make toothache more general in this neighborhood it would be these March winds—if it should be a patient, Sir, in a cab—"

The dentist interrupted her with a short, bitter laugh.

"Neither March winds nor April showers are likely to bring me patients, Nancy, on foot or in cabs, and you ought to know it. If it's a patient, ask him in, by all means, and give him last Saturday week's *Times* to read, while I get the rust off my forceps. There, that will do; take your tray—or, stop; I've got some news to tell you." He rose, and stood with his back to the fire and his eyes bent upon the hearth-rug, while Mrs. Woolper waited by the table, with the tray packed ready for removal. Her master kept her waiting so for some minutes, and then turned his face half away from her, and contemplated himself absently in the glass while he spoke.

"You remember Mrs. Halliday?" he asked.

"I should think I did, Sir; Miss Georgina Cradock that was—Miss Georgy they called her; your first sweet-heart. And how she could ever marry that big, awkward Halliday, is more than I can make out. Poor fondy! I suppose she was took with those great round blue eyes and red whiskers of his."

"Her mother and father were 'took' by his comfortable farm-house, and well-stocked farm, Nancy," answered Mr. Sheldon, still contemplating himself in the glass. "Georgy had very little to do with it. She is one of those women who let other people think for them. However, Tom is an excellent fellow, and Georgy was a lucky girl to catch such a husband. Any little flirtation there may have been between her and me was over and done with long before she married Tom. It never was more than a flirtation; and I've flirted with a good many Barlingford girls in my time, as you know, Nancy."

It was not often that Mr. Sheldon condescended to be so communicative to his housekeeper. The old woman nodded and chuckled, delighted by her master's unwonted friendliness.

"I drove over to Hyley while I was at home, Nancy," continued the dentist—he called Barlingford home still, though he had broken most of the links that had bound him to it—"and dined with the Hallidays. Georgy is as pretty as ever, and she and Tom get on capitally."

"Any children, Sir?"

"One girl," answered Mr. Sheldon, carelessly. "She's at school in Scarborough, and I didn't see her. I had a very pleasant day with the Hallidays. Tom has won his farm; that part of the world doesn't suit him, it seems; too cold and bleak for him. He's one of those big, burly-looking men who seem as if they could knock you down with a little finger, and who shiver at every puff of wind. I don't think he'll make old bones, Nancy. But that's neither here nor there. I dare say he's good for another ten years; or I'm sure I hope so, on Georgy's account."

"It was right-down soft of him to sell Hyley Farm, though," said Nancy, reflectively; "I've heard tell as it's the best land for forty mile round Barlingford. But he got a rare good price for it, I'll lay."

"Oh, yes; he sold the property uncommonly well he tells me. You know if a north-countryman gets the chance of making a profit, he never lets it slip through his fingers."

Mrs. Woolper received this compliment to her countrymen with a gratified grin, and Mr. Sheldon went on talking, still looking at the reflection of his handsome face in the glass, and pulling his whiskers meditatively.

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"Now, as Tom was made for a farmer, and nothing but a farmer, he must find land somewhere in a climate that does suit him; so his friends have advised him to try a place in Devonshire or Cornwall, where he may train his myrtles and roses over his roof, and grow green peas for the London markets as late as November. There are such places to be had if he bides his time, and he's coming to town next week to look about him. So as Georgy and he would be about as capable of taking care of themselves in London as a couple of children, I have recommended them to take up their quarters here. They'll have their lodgings for nothing, and we shall chum together on the Yorkshire system; for of course I can't afford to keep a couple of visitors for a month at a stretch. Do you think you shall be able to manage for us, Nancy?"

"Oh yes, I'll manage well enough. I'm not one of your lazy London lasses that take half an hour to wipe a tea-cup. I'll manage easy enough. Mr. and Mrs. Halliday will be having your room, I'll lay."

"Yes; give them the best room, by all means. I can sleep any where. And now go down stairs and think it over, Nancy. I must get to my work. I've some letters that must be written to-night."

Mrs. Woolper departed with her tray, gratified by her master's unwonted familiarity, and not ill-pleased by the thought of visitors. They would cause a great deal of trouble, certainly; but the monotony of Nancy's easy life had grown so oppressive to an active temperament as to render the idea of any variety delightful to her mind. And then there would be the pleasure of making that iniquitous creature, the London lass, bestir herself, and there would be furthermore the advantage of certain little perquisites which a clever manager always secures to herself in a house where there is much eating and drinking. Mr. Sheldon himself had lived like a modern anchorite for the last four years; and Nancy Woolper, who was pretty well acquainted with the state of his finances, had pinched and contrived for his benefit, or rather for the benefit of the black-eyed baby she had nursed nine-and-twenty years before. For his sake she had been careful and honest, willing to forego all the small profits to which she held herself entitled; but if well-to-do people were going to share her master's expenses, there would be no longer need for such scrupulous integrity; and if things were tightly managed, Thomas Halliday might be made to bear the entire cost of the household during his month's visit on the Yorkshire system.

While Mrs. Woolper meditated upon her domestic duties, the master of the domicile abandoned himself to reflections which were apparently of a very serious character. He brought a leathern desk from a side-table, unlocked it, and took out a quire of paper; but he made no further advance toward the writing of those letters on account of which he had dismissed his housekeeper. He sat, with his elbows on the table, nibbling the end of a wooden pen-holder, and staring at the opposite wall. His face looked pale and haggard in the light of the gas, and the eyes, fixed in that vacant stare, had a feverish brightness.

Mr. Sheldon was a handsome man—eminently handsome, according to the popular notion of masculine beauty; and if the popular ideal has been a little vulgarized by the waxen gentlemen on whose finely-moulded foreheads the wig-maker is wont to display the specimens of his art, that is no discredit to Mr. Sheldon. His features were regular; the nose a handsome aquiline; the mouth firm and well modeled; the chin and jaw rather heavier than in the waxen ideal of the hair-dresser; the forehead very prominent in the region of the perceptives, but obviously wanting in the higher faculties. The eye of the phrenologist, unaided by his fingers, must have failed to discover the secrets of Mr. Sheldon's organization; for one of the dentist's strong points was his hair, which was very luxuriant, and which he wore in artfully-arranged masses that passed for curls, but which owed their undulating grace rather to a skillful manipulation than to any natural tendency. It has been said that the rulers of the world are straight-haired men; and Mr. Sheldon might have been a Napoleon III. so far as regards this special attribute. His hair was of a dense black, and his whiskers of the same sombre hue. These carefully-arranged whiskers were another of the dentist's strong points; and the third strong point was his teeth, the perfection whereof was a fine advertisement when considered in a professional light. The teeth were rather too large and square for a painter's or a poet's notion of beauty, and were a little apt to suggest an unpleasant image of some sleek brindled creature crunching human bones in an Indian jungle. But they were handsome teeth notwithstanding, and their flashing whiteness made an effective contrast to the clear sallow tint of the dentist's complexion.

Mr. Sheldon was a man of industrious habits—fond indeed of work, and distinguished by a persistent activity in the carrying out of any labor he had planned for himself. He was not prone to the indulgence of idle reveries or agreeable day-dreams. Thought with him was labor; it was the "thinking out" of future work to be done, and it was an operation as precise and mathematical as the actual labor that resulted therefrom. The contents of his brain were as well kept as a careful trader's ledger. He had his thoughts docketed and indexed, and rarely wasted the smallest portion of his time in searching for an idea. To-night he sat thinking until he was interrupted by a loud double-knock, which was evidently familiar to him, for he muttered "George!" pushed aside his desk, and took up his stand upon the hearth-rug, ready to receive the expected visitor.

There was the sound of a man's voice below—very like Philip Sheldon's own voice; then a quick firm tread on the stairs; and then the door was opened, and a man, who himself was very like Philip Sheldon, came into the room. This was the dentist's brother George, two years his junior. The likeness between the two men was in no way marvelous, but it was nevertheless very obvious. You could scarcely have mistaken one man for the other, but you could hardly have failed to perceive that the two men were brothers. They resembled each other more closely in form than in face. They were of the same height—both tall and strongly built; they had both black eyes with a hard brightness in them, black whiskers, black hair, sinewy hands with prominent knuckles, square finger-tops, and bony wrists. Each man seemed the personification of savage health and vigor, smoothed and shapened in accordance with the prejudices of civilized life. Looking at these two men for the first time, you might approve or disapprove their appearance; they might impress you favorably or unfavorably; but you could scarcely fail to be reminded vaguely of strong, bright-eyed, savage creatures, beautiful and graceful after their kind, but dangerous and fatal to man.

The brothers greeted each other with a friendly nod. They were a great deal too practical to indulge in any sentimental display of fraternal affection. They liked each other very well, and were useful to each other, and took their pleasure together on those rare occasions when they were weak enough to waste time upon unprofitable pleasure; but neither of them would have comprehended the possibility of any thing beyond this.

"Well, old fellow," said George, "I'm glad you're back again. You're looking rather seedy, though. I suppose you knocked about a good deal down there?"

"I had a night or two of it with Halliday and the old set. He's going it rather fast."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Sheldon the younger; "it's a pity he doesn't go it a little faster, and go off the books altogether, so that you might marry Georgy."

"How do I know that Georgy would have me, if he *did* leave her a widow?" asked Philip, dubiously.

"Oh, she'd have you fast enough. She used to be very sweet upon you before she married Tom; and even if she has forgotten all that, she'd have you if you asked her. She'd be afraid to say no. She was always more or less afraid of you, you know, Phil."

"I don't know about that. She was a nice little thing enough; but she knew how to drop a poor sweet-heart and take up with a rich one, in spite of her simplicity."

"Oh, that was the old parties' doing. Georgy would have jumped into a caldron of boiling oil if her mother and father had told her she must do it. Don't you remember when we were children together how afraid she used to be of spoiling her frocks? I don't believe she married Tom Halliday of her own free-will any more than she stood in the corner of her own free-will after she'd torn her frock, as I've seen her stand twenty times. She stood in the corner because they told her she must; and she married Tom for the same reason, and I don't suppose she's been particularly happy with him."

"Well, that's her look-out," answered Philip, gloomily; "I know I want a rich wife badly enough. Things are about as bad with me as they can be."

"I suppose they are rather piscatorial. The elderly dowagers don't come up to time, eh? Very few orders for the complete set at ten-pound-ten?"

"I took about seventy pounds last year," said the dentist, "and my expenses are something like five pounds a week. I've been making up the deficiency out of the money I got for my business, thinking I should be able to stand out and make a connection; but the connection gets more disconnected every year. I suppose people came to me at first for the novelty of the thing, for I had a sprinkling of decent patients for the first twelve months or so. But now I might as well throw my money into the gutter as spend it on circulars or advertisements."

"And a young woman with twenty thousand pounds and something amiss with her jaw hasn't turned up yet."

"No, nor an old woman either. I wouldn't stick at the age if the money was all right," answered Mr. Sheldon, bitterly.

The younger brother shrugged his shoulders and plunged his hands into his trowers-pockets with a gesture of serio-comic despair. He was the livelier of the two, and affected a slanginess of dress and talk and manner, a certain "horsey" style, very different from his elder brother's studied respectability of costume and bearing. His clothes were of a loose sporting cut, and always odorous with stale tobacco. He wore a good deal of finery in the shape of studs and pins and dangling lockets and fusee-boxes; his whiskers were more obtrusive than his brother's, and he wore a mustache in addition—a thick, ragged, black mustache, which would have become a guerrilla chieftain rather than a dweller amidst the quiet courts and squares of Gray's Inn. His position as a lawyer was not much better than that of Philip as a dentist; but he had his own plans for making a fortune, and hoped to win for himself a larger fortune than is often made in the law. He was a hunter of genealogies, and grubber-up of forgotten facts, a jotter of broken links, a kind of legal resurrectionist, a digger in the dust and ashes of the past; and he expected in due time to dig up a treasure rich enough to reward the labor and patience of half a lifetime.

"I can afford to wait till I'm forty for my good luck," he said to his brother sometimes in moments of expansion, "and then I shall have ten years in which to enjoy myself, and twenty more in which I shall have life enough left to eat good dinners and drink good wine, and gramble about the degeneracy of things in general, after the manner of elderly human nature."

The men stood one on each side of the hearth: George looking at his brother, Philip looking down at the fire, with his eyes shaded by their thick black lashes. The fire had become dull and hollow. George bent down presently and stirred the coals impatiently.

"If there's one thing I hate more than another—and I hate a good many things—it's a bad fire," he said. "How's Barlingford—lively as ever, I suppose?"

"Not much livelier than it was when we left it. Things have gone amiss with me in London, and I've been more than once sorely tempted to make an end of my difficulties with a razor or a few drops of prussic acid; but when I saw the dull gray streets, and the square gray houses, and the empty market-place, and the Baptist chapel, and the Unitarian chapel, and the big stony church, and heard the dreary bells dingdonging for evening service, I wondered how I could ever have existed a week in such a place. I had rather sweep a crossing in London than occupy the best house in Barlingford, and I told Tom Halliday so."

"And Tom is coming to London I understand by your letter."

"Yes, he has sold Hyley, and wants to find a place in the west of England. The north doesn't suit him. He and Georgy are coming up to town for a few weeks, so I've asked them to stay here. I may as well make some use of the house, for it's very little good in a professional sense."

"Humph!" muttered George; "I don't see your motive."

"I have no particular motive. Tom's a good fellow, and his company will be better than an empty house. The visit won't cost me any thing—Halliday is to go shares in the housekeeping."

"Well, you may find it answer that way," replied Mr. Sheldon the younger, who considered that every action of a man's life ought to be made to 'answer' in some way. "But I should think you would be rather bored by the arrangement; Tom's a very good fellow in his way, and a great friend of mine, but he's rather an empty-headed animal."

The subject dropped here, and the brothers went on talking of Barlingford and Barlingford people—the few remaining kindred whose existence made a kind of link between the two men and their native town, and the boon-companions of their early manhood. The dentist produced the remnant of a bottle of whisky from the sideboard for his own and his brother's refreshment; but the conversation flagged nevertheless. Philip Sheldon was dull and absent, answering his companion at random every now and then, much to that gentleman's aggravation; and he owned at last to being thoroughly tired and worn out.

"The journey from Barlingford in a slow train is no joke, you know, George, and I couldn't afford the express," he said, apologetically, when his brother upbraided him for his distraction of manner.

"Then I should think you'd better go to bed," answered Mr. Sheldon the younger, who had smoked a couple of cigars, and consumed the contents of the whisky-bottle with a due admixture of boiling water and lump-sugar; "so I'll take myself off. I told you how uncommonly well, you were looking when I first came in. When do you expect Tom and his wife?"

"At the beginning of next week."

"So soon! Well, good-night, old fellow! I shall see you before they come, I dare say. You might as well drop in upon me at my place to-morrow night. I'm hard at work on a job."

"Your old kind of work?"

"Oh yes. I don't get much work of any other kind."

"And I'm afraid you'll never get much good out of that."

"I don't know. A man who sits down to whist gets a good many queer cards sometimes before he gets a handful of trumps; but the trump-cards are sure to come if he only sits long enough. Every man has his chance, depend upon it, Phil, if he knows how to watch for it; but there are so many men who get tired and go to sleep before their chances come to them. I've wasted a good deal of time and a good deal of labor; but the trumps are in the pack, and they must turn up sooner or later. Ta-ta!"

George Sheldon nodded and departed, whistling gayly as he walked away from his brother's door. Philip heard him, and turned his chair to the fire with a movement of impatience.

"You may be uncommonly clever, my dear George," soliloquized the dentist, "but you'll never make a fortune by reading wills and hunting in parish registers for heirs-at-law. A big lump of money is not very likely to go a-begging while any one who can fudge up the faintest pretense of a claim to it is above ground. No, no, my lad, you must find a better way than that before you'll make your fortune."

The fire had burned low again, and Mr. Sheldon sat staring gloomily at the blackening coals. Things were very bad with him—he had not cared to confess how bad they were when he had discussed his affairs with his brother. Those neighbors and passers-by who admired the trim brightness of the dentist's abode had no suspicion that the master of that respectable house was in the hands of the Jews, and that the hearth-stone which whitened his door-step was paid for out of Israelitish coffers. The dentist's philosophy was all of this world, and he knew that the soldier of fortune, who would fain be a conqueror in the great battle, must needs keep his plumage undrabbled and the golden facings of his uniform untarnished, let his wounds be never so desperate.

Having found his attempt to establish a practice in Fitzgeorge Street a failure, the only course open to Mr. Sheldon, as a man of the world, was to transfer his failure to somebody else, with more or less profit to himself. To this end he preserved the spotless purity of his muslin curtains, though the starch that stiffened them and the bleaching-powder that whitened them were bought with money for which he was to pay sixty per cent. To this end he nursed that wan shadow of a practice, and sustained that appearance of respectability which, in a world where appearance stands for so much, is in itself a kind of capital. It certainly was dull, dreary work to hold the citadel of No. 14 Fitzgeorge Street against the besieger Poverty; but the dentist stood his ground pertinaciously, knowing that, if he only waited long enough, the dupe who was to be his victim would come, and knowing also that there might arrive a day when it would be very useful for him to be able to refer to four years' unblemished respectability as a Bloomsbury householder. He had his lines set in several shady places for that unhappy fish with a small capital, and he had been tantalized by more than one nibble; but he made no open show of his desire to sell his business—since a business that is obviously in the market seems scarcely worth any man's purchase.

Things had of late grown worse with him every day; for every interval of twenty-four hours sinks a man so much the deeper in the mire when renewed accommodation-bills with his name upon them are ripening in the iron safes of Judah. Philip Sheldon found himself sinking gradually and almost imperceptibly into that bottomless-pit of difficulty in whose black depths the demon Insolvency holds his dreary court. While his little capital lasted he had kept himself clear of debt, but that being exhausted, and his practice growing worse day by day, he had been fain to seek assistance from money-lenders; and now even the money-lenders were tired of him. The chair in which he sat, the poker which he swung slowly to and fro, as he bent over his hearth, were not his own. One of his Jewish creditors had a bill of sale on his furniture, and he might come home any day to find the auctioneer's bills plastered against the wall of his house, and the auctioneer's clerk busy with the catalogue of his possessions. If the expected victim came now to buy his practice, the sacrifice would be made too late to serve his interest. The men who had lent him money would be the sole gainers by the bargain.

Seldom does a man find himself face to face with a blacker prospect than that which lay before Philip Sheldon; and yet his manner tonight was not the dull, blank apathy of despair. It was the manner of a man whose brain is occupied with busy thoughts; who has some elaborate scheme to map out and arrange before he is called upon to carry his plans into action.

"It would be a good business for me," he muttered, "if I had pluck enough to carry it through."

The fire went quite out as he sat swinging the poker backward and forward. The clocks of Bloomsbury and St. Pancras struck twelve, and still Philip Sheldon pondered and plotted by that dreary hearth. The servants had retired at eleven, after a good deal of blundering with bars and shutters, and unnecessary hanging of doors. That unearthly silence peculiar to houses after midnight reigned in Mr. Sheldon's domicile, and he could hear the voices of distant roysterers and the mauling of neighboring cats with a painful distinctness as he sat brooding in his silent room. The fact that a mahogany chiffonnier in a corner gave utterance to a faint groan occasionally, as of some feeble creature in pain, afforded him no annoyance. He was superior to superstitious fancies, and all the rappings and scratchings of spirit-land would have failed to disturb his equanimity. He was a strictly practical man—one of those men who are always ready, with a stump of lead-pencil and the back of a letter, to reduce every thing in creation to figures.

"I had better read-up that business before they come," he said, when he had to all appearance "thought out" the subject of his reverie. "No time so good as this for doing it quietly. One never knows who is spying about in the daytime."

He looked at his watch, and then went to a cupboard, where there were bundles of wood and matches and old newspapers—for it was his habit to light his own fire occasionally when he worked unusually late at night or early in the morning. He relighted his fire now as cleverly as any house-maid in Bloomsbury, and stood watching it till it burned briskly. Then he lit a taper and went down stairs to the professional torture-chamber. The tall horse-hair chair looked unutterably awful in the dim glimmer of the taper, and a nervous person could almost have fancied it occupied by the ghost of some patient who had expired under the agony of the forceps. Mr. Sheldon lighted the gas in a movable branch which he was in the habit of turning almost into the mouths of the patients who consulted him at night. There was a cupboard on each side of the mantle-piece, and it was in these two cupboards that the dentist kept his professional library. His books did not form a very valuable collection, but he kept the cupboards constantly locked nevertheless.

He took the key from his waistcoat-pocket, opened one of the cupboards, and took out a pile of heavy books. They were bound volumes of *The Lancet*, and they were almost as much as he could carry. But he managed to pack them in his arms, and conveyed them safely to the room above, where he seated himself under the gas with the volumes before him. He sat looking through these volumes, stopping now and then to read an article with studious attention, and

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making numerous notes in a thick little oblong memorandum-book, until the Bloomsbury clocks struck three.

CHAPTER III.

MR. AND MRS. HALLIDAY.

MR. SHELDON'S visitors arrived in due course. They were provincial people of the middle-class, accounted monstrously genteel in their own neighborhood, but in nowise resembling Londoners of the same rank.

Mr. Thomas Halliday was a big, loud-spoken, good-tempered Yorkshireman, who had inherited a comfortable little estate from a plodding, money-making father, and for whom life had been very easy. He was a farmer, and nothing but a farmer; a man for whom the supremest pleasure of existence was a cattle-show or a country horse-fair. The farm upon which he had been born and brought up was situated about six miles from Barlingford, and all the delights of his boyhood and youth were associated with that small market-town. He and the two Sheldons had been school-fellows, and afterward boon companions, taking such pleasure as was obtainable in Barlingford together; flirting with the same provincial beauties at prim tea-parties in the winter, and getting up friendly picnics in the summer—picnics at which eating and drinking were the leading features of the day's entertainment. Mr. Halliday had always regarded George and Philip Sheldon with that reverential admiration which a stupid man, who is conscious of his own mental inferiority, generally feels for a clever friend and companion. But he was also fully aware of the advantage which a rich man possesses over a poor one, and would not have exchanged the fertile acres of Hyley for the intellectual gifts of his school-fellows. He had found the substantial value of his handsomely-furnished house and well-stocked farm when he and his friend Philip Sheldon became suitors for the hand of Georgina Cradock, youngest daughter of a Barlingford attorney, who lived next door to the Barlingford dentist, Philip Sheldon's father. Philip and the girl had been play-fellows in the long walled gardens behind the two houses, and there had been a brotherly and sisterly intimacy between the juvenile members of the two families. But when Philip and Georgina met at the Barlingford tea-parties in later years the parental powers frowned upon any renewal of that childish friendship. Miss Cradock had no portion, and the worthy solicitor her father was a prudent man, who was apt to look for the promise of domestic happiness in the plate-basket and the linen-press, rather than for such superficial qualifications as black whiskers and white teeth. So poor Philip was "thrown over the bridge," as he said himself, and Georgy Cradock married Mr. Halliday, with all attendant ceremony and splendor, according to the "lights" of Barlingford gentry.

But this provincial bride's story was no passionate record of anguish and tears. The Barlingford Juliet had liked Romeo as much as she was capable of liking any one; but when Papa Capulet insisted on her union with Paris she accepted her destiny with decent resignation, and in the absence of any sympathetic father confessor, was fain to seek consolation from a more mundane individual in the person of the Barlingford milliner. Nor did Philip Sheldon give evidence of any extravagant despair. His father was something of a doctor as well as a dentist; and there were plenty of dark little vials lurking on the shelves of his surgery in which the young man could have found "mortal drugs" without the aid of the apothecary, had he been so minded. Happily no such desperate idea ever occurred to him in connection with his grief. He held himself sulkily aloof from Mr. and Mrs. Halliday for some time after their marriage, and allowed people to see that he considered himself very hardly used; but prudence, which had always been Philip Sheldon's counselor, proved herself also his consoler in this crisis of his life. A careful consideration of his own interests led him to perceive that the successful result of his love-suit would have been about the worst thing that could have happened to him.

Georgina had no money. All was said in that. As the young dentist's philosophy of this world ripened under the influence of experience he discovered that the worldly ease of the best man in Barlingford was something like that of a canary-bird who inhabits a clean cage and is supplied with abundant seed and water. The cage is eminently comfortable, and the sleepy, respectable, elderly bird sighs for no better abiding-place, no wider prospect than that patch of the universe which he sees between the bars. But now and then there is hatched a wild young fledgling, which beats its wings against the inexorable wires, and would fain soar away into that wide outer world, to prosper or perish in its freedom.

Before Georgy had been married a year her sometime lover had fully resigned himself to the existing state of things, and was on the best possible terms with his friend Tom. He could eat his dinner in the comfortable house at Hyley with an excellent appetite; for there was a gulf between him and his old love far wider than any that had been dug by that ceremonial in the parish church of Barlingford. Philip Sheldon had awakened to the consciousness that life in his native town was little more than a kind of animal vegetation—the life of some pulpy invertebrate creature, which sprawls helplessly upon the sands whereon the wave has deposited it, and may be cloven in half without feeling itself noticeably worse for the operation. He had awakened to the knowledge that there was a wider and more agreeable world beyond that little provincial borough, and that a handsome face and figure and a vigorous intellect were commodities for which there must be some kind of market.

Once convinced of the utter worthlessness of his prospects in Barlingford, Mr. Sheldon turned his eyes Londonward; and his father happening at this time very conveniently to depart this life, Philip, the son and heir, disposed of the business to an aspiring young practitioner, and came to the metropolis, where he made that futile attempt to establish himself which has been described.

The dentist had wasted four years in London, and nine years had gone by since Georgy's wedding; and now for the first time he had an opportunity of witnessing the domestic happiness or the domestic misery of the woman who had jilted him, and the man who had been his successful rival. He set himself to watch them with the cool deliberation of a social anatomist, and he experienced very little difficulty in the performance of this moral dissection. They were established under his roof, his companions at every meal; and they were the kind of people who discuss their grievances and indulge in their "little differences" with perfect freedom in the presence of a third, or a fourth, or even a fifth party.

Mr. Sheldon was wise enough to preserve a strict neutrality. He would take up a newspaper at the beginning of a little difference, and lay it down when the little difference was finished, with the most perfect assumption of unconsciousness; but it is doubtful whether the matrimonial disputants were sufficiently appreciative of this good-breeding. They would have liked to have had Mr. Sheldon for a court of appeal; and a little interference from him would have given zest to their quarrels. Meanwhile Philip watched them slyly from the covert of his newspaper, and formed his own conclusions about them. If he was pleased to see his false love's path was not entirely rose-bestrewn, or if he rejoiced at beholding the occasional annoyance of his rival, he allowed no evidence of his pleasure to appear in his face or manner.

Georgina Cradock's rather insipid prettiness had developed into maternly comeliness. Her fair complexion and pink cheeks had lost none of their freshness. Her smooth auburn hair was as soft and bright as it had been when she had braided it preparatory to a Barlingford tea-party in the days of her spinsterhood. She was a pretty, weak little woman, whose education had never gone beyond the routine of a provincial boarding-school, and who thought that she had attained all necessary wisdom in having mastered Pinnock's abridgments of Goldsmith's histories and the rudiments of the French language. She was a woman who thought that the perfection of feminine costume was a moire-antique dress and a conspicuous gold chain. She was a woman who considered a well-furnished house and a horse and gig the highest form of earthly splendor or prosperity.

This was the shallow commonplace creature whom Philip Sheldon had once admired and wooed. He looked at her now, and wondered how he could ever have felt even as much as he had felt on her account. But he had little leisure to devote to any such abstract and useless consideration. He had his own affairs to think about, and they were very desperate.

In the mean time Mr. and Mrs. Halliday occupied themselves in the pursuit of pleasure or business, as the case might be. They were eager for amusement: went to exhibitions in the day and to theatres at night, and came home to cozy little suppers in Fitzgeorge Street, after which Mr. Halliday was wont to waste the small hours in friendly conversation with his quondam companion, and in the consumption of much brandy-and-water.

Unhappily for poor Georgy, these halcyon days were broken by intervals of storm and cloud. The weak little woman was afflicted with that intermittent fever called jealousy; and the stalwart Thomas was one of those men who can scarcely give the time of day to a feminine acquaintance without some ornate and loud-spoken gallantry. Having no intellectual resources wherewith to beguile the tedium of his idle prosperous life, he was fain to seek pleasure in the companionship of other men; and had thus become a haunter of tavern-parlors and small race-courses, being always ready for any amusement his friends proposed to him. It followed, therefore, that he was very often absent from his commonplace, substantial home and his pretty weak-minded wife. And poor Georgy had ample food for her jealous fears and suspicions; for where might a man not be who was so seldom at home? She had never been particularly fond of her husband, but that was no reason why she should not be particularly jealous about him; and her jealousy betrayed itself in a peevish worrying fashion, which was harder to bear than the vengeful ferocity of a Clytemnestra. It was in vain that Thomas Halliday and those jolly good fellows his friends and companions attested the Arcadian innocence of race-courses, and the perfect purity of that smoky atmosphere peculiar to tavern-parlors. Georgy's suspicions were too vague for refutation; but they were nevertheless sufficient ground for all the alternations of temper—from stolid sulkiness to peevish whining, from murmured lamentations to loud hysterics—to which the female temperament is liable.

In the mean time poor honest, loud-spoken Tom did all in his power to demonstrate his truth and devotion. He bought his wife so many stiff silk-gowns and gaudy Barlingford bonnets as she chose to sigh for. He made a will, in which she was sole legatee, and insured his life in different offices to the amount of five thousand pounds.

"I'm the sort of fellow that's likely to go off the hooks suddenly, you know, Georgy," he said, "and your poor dad was always anxious I should make things square for you. I don't suppose you're likely to marry again, my lass, so I've no need to tie up Lottie's little fortune. I must trust some one, and I'd better confide in my own little wife than in some canting methodistical fellow of a trustee, who would speculate my daughter's money upon some Stock-Exchange hazard, and levant to Australia when it was all swamped. If you can't trust me, Georgy, I'll let you see that I can trust you," added Tom, reproachfully.

Whereupon poor weak little Mrs. Halliday murmured plaintively that she did not want fortunes or life-insurances, but that she wanted her husband to stay at home, content with the calm and rather sleepy delights of his own fireside. Poor Tom was wont to promise amendment, and would keep his promise faithfully so long as no supreme temptation, in the shape of a visit from some friend of the jolly-good-fellow species, arose to vanquish his good resolutions. But a good-tempered, generous-hearted young man who farms his own land, has three or four good horses in his stable, a decent cellar of honest port and sherry—none of your wishy-washy sour stuff in the way of hock or claret—and a very comfortable balance at his banker's, finds it no easy matter to shake off friends of the jolly-good-fellow fraternity. Is it not the specialty of "jolly dogs" to be "here again," whether you will or no?

In London Mr. Halliday found the spirit of jolly-dog-ism rampant. George Sheldon had always been his favorite of the two brothers; and it was George who lured him from the safe shelter of Fitzgeorge Street and took him to mysterious haunts, whence he returned long after midnight, boisterous of manner and unsteady of gait, and with garments reeking of stale tobacco-smoke.

He was always good-tempered, even after these diabolical orgies on some unknown Brocken, and protested indistinctly that there was no harm "'pon m' wor', ye know, ol' gur'! Geor' an' me—half-doz' oyst'r—c'gar—bottl' p'l ale—str't home," and much more to the same effect. When did any married man ever take more than half a dozen oysters—or take any undomestic pleasure for his *own* satisfaction? It is always those incorrigible bachelors, Thomas, Richard, or Henry, who hinder the unwilling Benedict from returning to his sacred Lares and Penates.

Poor Georgy was not to be pacified by protestations about oysters and cigars from the lips of a husband who was thick of utterance, and who betrayed a general imbecility of mind and unsteadiness of body. This London excursion, which had begun in sunshine, threatened to end in storm and darkness. George Sheldon and his set had taken possession of the young farmer; and Georgy had no better amusement in the long blusterous March evenings than to sit at her work under the flaming gas in Mr. Sheldon's drawing-room, while that gentleman—who rarely joined in the dissipations of his friend and his brother—occupied himself with mechanical dentistry in the chamber of torture below.

Fitzgeorge Street in general, always on the watch to discover evidences of impecuniosity or doubtful morality on the part of any one citizen in particular, could find no food for scandal in the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday to their friend and countryman. It had been noised abroad, through the agency of Mrs. Woolper, that Mr. Sheldon had been a suitor for the lady's hand, and had been jilted by her. The Fitzgeorgians had been, therefore, especially on the alert to detect any sign of backsliding in the dentist. There would have been much pleasant discussion in kitchens and back-parlors if Mr. Sheldon had been particularly attentive to his fair guest; but it speedily became known, always by the agency of Mrs. Woolper and that phenomenon of idleness and iniquity, the London "girl," that Mr. Sheldon was not by any means attentive to the pretty young woman from Yorkshire—but that he suffered her to sit alone hour after hour in her husband's absence—with no amusement but her needle-work wherewith to "pass the time," while he scraped and filed and polished those fragments of bone which were to assist in the renovation of decayed beauty.

The third week of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday's visit was near its close, and as yet the young farmer had arrived at no decision as to the subject which had brought him to London. The sale of Hyley Farm was an accomplished fact; and the purchase-money duly bestowed at Tom's banker's; but very little had been done toward finding the new property which was to be a substitute for the estate his father and grandfather had farmed before him. He had seen auctioneers, and had brought home plans of estates in Herefordshire and Devonshire, Cornwall and Somersetshire, all of which seemed to be, in their way, the most perfect things imaginable—land of such fertility as one would scarcely expect to find out of Arcadia—live-stock which seemed beyond all price to be taken at a valuation—roads and surrounding neighborhood unparalleled in beauty and convenience—out-buildings that must have been the very archetypes of barns and stables—a house which to inhabit would be to adore. But as yet he had seen none of these peerless domains. He was waiting for decent weather in which to run down to the West and "look about him," as he said himself. In the mean time the blusterous March weather, which was so unsuited to long railroad journeys, and all that waiting about at junctions and at little windy stations on branch-lines, incidental to the inspection of estates scattered over a large area of country, served very well for "jolly-dog-ism"—and what with a hand at cards in George Sheldon's chambers, and another hand at cards in somebody else's chambers, and a run down to an early meeting at Newmarket, and an evening at some rooms where there was something to be seen which was as near prize-fighting as the law allowed, and other evenings in unknown regions, Mr. Halliday found time slipping by him, and his domestic peace vanishing away.

It was on an evening at the end of this third week that Mr. Sheldon abandoned his mechanical dentistry for once in a way and ascended to the drawing-room, where poor Georgy sat busy with that eternal needle-work, but for which melancholy madness would surely overtake many desolate matrons in houses whose commonplace comfort and respectable dullness are more dismal than the picturesque dreariness of a moated grange amidst the Lincolnshire fens. To the masculine mind this needle-work seems nothing more than a purposeless stabbing and sewing of strips of calico; but to lonely womanhood it is the prison-flower of the captive, it is the spider of Latude.

Mr. Sheldon brought his guest an evening newspaper.

"There's an account of the opening of Parliament," he said, "which you may perhaps like to see. I wish I had a piano, or some female acquaintances to drop in upon you. I'm afraid you must be dull in these long evenings when Tom is out of the way."

"I am indeed dull," Mrs. Halliday answered, peevishly; "and if Tom cared for me, he wouldn't leave me like this evening after evening. But he doesn't care for me."

Mr. Sheldon laid down the newspaper, and seated himself opposite his guest. He sat for a few minutes in silence, beating time to some imaginary air with the tips of his fingers on the old-fashioned mahogany table. Then he said, with a half-smile upon his face:

"But surely Tom is the best of husbands! He has been a little wild since his coming to London, I know; but then you see he doesn't often come to town."

"He's just as bad in Yorkshire," Georgy answered, gloomily; "he is always going to Barlingford with somebody or other, or to meet some of his old friends. I'm sure, if I had known what he was, I would never have married him."

"Why, I thought he was such a good husband. He was telling me only a few days ago how he had made a will leaving you every sixpence he possesses, without reservation, and how he has insured his life for five thousand pounds."

"Oh yes, I know that; but I don't call *that* being a good husband. I don't want him to leave me his money. I don't want him to die. I want him to stay at home."

"Poor Tom! I'm afraid he's not the sort of man for that kind of thing. He likes change and amusement. You married a rich man, Mrs. Halliday; you made your choice, you know, without regard to the feelings of any one else. You sacrificed truth and honor to your own inclination, or your own interest, I do not know, and I do not ask which. If the bargain has turned out a bad one that's your look-out."

Philip Sheldon sat with his folded arms resting on the little table, and his eyes fixed on Georgy's face. They could be very stern and hard and cruel, those bright black eyes, and Mrs. Halliday grew first red and then pale under their searching gaze. She had seen Mr. Sheldon very often during the years of her married life, but this was the first time he had ever said any thing to her that sounded like a reproach. The dentist's eyes softened a little as he watched her, not with any special tenderness, but with an expression of half-disdainful compassion—such as a strong, stern man might feel for a foolish child. He could see that this woman was afraid of him, and it served his interests that she should fear him. He had a purpose in every thing he did, and his purpose to-night was to test the strength of his influence over Georgina Halliday. In the old time before her marriage that influence had been very strong. It was for him to discover now whether it still endured.

"You made your choice, Mrs. Halliday," he went on presently, "and it was a choice which all prudent people must have approved. What chance had a man, who was only heir to a practice worth four or five hundred pounds, against the inheritor of Hyley Farm, with its two hundred and fifty acres, and three thousand pounds' worth of live-stock, plant, and working capital? When do the prudent people ever stop to consider truth and honor, or old promises, or an affection that dates from childhood? They calculate every thing by pounds, shillings, and pence; and according to their mode of reckoning you were in the right when you jilted me to marry Tom Halliday."

Georgy laid down her work and took out her handkerchief. She was one of those women who take refuge in tears when they find themselves at a disadvantage. Tears had always melted honest Tom, was his wrath never so dire, and tears would no doubt subdue Philip Sheldon.

But Georgy had to discover that the dentist was made of a stuff very different from that softer clay which composed the rollicking good-tempered farmer. Mr. Sheldon watched her tears with the cold-blooded deliberation of a scientific experimentalist. He was glad to find that he could make her cry. She was a necessary instrument in the working out of certain plans that he had made for himself, and he was anxious to discover whether she was likely to be a plastic instrument. He knew that her love for him had never been worth much at its best, and that the poor little flickering flame had been utterly extinguished by nine years of commonplace domesticity and petty jealousy. But his purpose was one that would be served as well by her fear as by her love, and he had set himself to-night to gauge his power in relation to this poor weak creature.

"It's very unkind of you to say such dreadful things, Mr. Sheldon," she whimpered presently; "you know very well that my marriage with Tom was pa's doing, and not mine. I'm

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sure if I'd known how he would stay out night after night, and come home in such dreadful states time after time, I never would have consented to marry him."

"Wouldn't you? Oh yes, you would! If you were a widow to-morrow, and free to marry again, you would choose just such another man as Tom—a man who laughs loud, and pays flourishing compliments, and drives a gig with a high-stepping horse. That's the sort of man women like, and that's the sort of man you'd marry."

"I'm sure I shouldn't marry at all," answered Mrs. Halliday, in a voice that was broken by little gasping sobs. "I have seen enough of the misery of married life. But I don't want Tom to die, unkind as he is to me. People are always saying that he won't make old bones—how horrid it is to talk of a person's bones!—and I'm sure I sometimes make myself wretched about him, as he knows, though he doesn't thank me for it."

And here Mrs. Halliday's sobs got the better of her utterance, and Mr. Sheldon was fain to say something of a consolatory nature.

"Come, come," he said, "I won't tease you any more. That's against the laws of hospitality, isn't it?—only there are some things which you can't expect a man to forget, you know. However, let by-gones be by-gones. As for poor old Tom, I dare say he'll live to be a hale, hearty old man, in spite of the croakers. People always will croak about something; and it's a kind of fashion to say that a big, hearty, six-foot man is a fragile blossom likely to be nipped by any wintry blast. Come, come, Mrs. Halliday, your husband mustn't discover that I've been making you cry when he comes home. He may be home early this evening, perhaps; and if he is, we'll have an oyster supper and a chat about old times."

Mrs. Halliday shook her head dolefully.

"It's past ten o'clock already," she said, "and I don't suppose Tom will be home till after twelve. He doesn't like my sitting up for him; but I wonder *what* time he would come home if I didn't sit up for him?"

"Let's hope for the best," exclaimed Mr. Sheldon, cheerfully. "I'll go and see about the oysters."

"Don't get them for me or for Tom," protested Mrs. Halliday; "he will have had his supper when he comes home, you may be sure, and I couldn't eat a morsel of any thing."

To this resolution Mrs. Halliday adhered; so the dentist was fain to abandon all jovial ideas in relation to oysters and pale ale. But he did not go back to his mechanical dentistry. He sat opposite his visitor, and watched her, silently and thoughtfully, for some time as she worked. She had brushed away her tears, but she looked very peevish and miserable, and took out her watch several times in an hour. Mr. Sheldon made two or three feeble attempts at conversation, but the talk languished and expired on each occasion, and they sat on in silence.

Little by little the dentist's attention seemed to wander away from his guest. He wheeled his chair round and sat looking at the fire, with the same fixed gloom upon his face which had darkened it on the night of his return from Yorkshire. Things had been so desperate with him of late that he had lost his old orderly habit of thinking out a business at one sitting, and making an end of all deliberation and hesitation about it. There were subjects that forced themselves upon his thoughts, and certain ideas which repeated themselves with a stupid persistence. He was such an eminently practical man that this disorder of his brain troubled him more even than the thoughts that made the disorder. He sat in the same attitude for a long while, scarcely conscious of Mrs. Halliday's presence, not at all conscious of the progress of time.

Georgy had been right in her gloomy forebodings of bad behavior on the part of Mr. Halliday. It was nearly one o'clock when a loud double knock announced that gentleman's return. The wind had been howling dreadfully, and a sharp, slanting rain had been pattering against the windows for the last half hour, while Mrs. Halliday's breast had been racked by the contending emotions of anxiety and indignation.

"I suppose he couldn't get a cab," she exclaimed, as the knock startled her from her listening attitude; for however intently a midnight watcher may be listening for the returning wanderer's knock, it is not the less startling when it comes. "And he has walked home through the wet, and now he'll have a violent cold, I dare say," added Georgy, peevishly.

"Then it's lucky for him he's in a doctor's house," answered Mr. Sheldon, with a smile. He was a handsome man no doubt, according to the popular idea of masculine perfection, but he had not a pleasant smile. "I went through the regular routine, you know, and am as well able to see a patient safely through a cold or a fever as I am to make him a set of teeth."

Mr. Halliday burst into the room at this moment, singing a fragment of the "Chough and Crow" chorus, very much out of tune. He was in boisterously high spirits, and very little the worse for liquor. He had only walked from Covent Garden, he said, and had taken nothing but a tankard of stout and a Welsh rarebit. He had been hearing the divinest singing—boys with the voices of angels—and had been taking his supper in a place which duchesses themselves did not disdain to peep at from the sacred recesses of a *loge grillée*, George Sheldon had told him. But poor country-bred Georgina Halliday would not believe in the duchesses, or the angelic singing-boys, or the primitive simplicity of Welsh rarebits. She had a vision of beautiful women, and halls of dazzling light; where there was the mad music of perpetual post-horn galops, with a riotous accompaniment of huzzas, and the popping of Champagne corks; where the sheen of satin and the glitter of gems bewildered the eye of the beholder. She had seen such a picture once on the stage, and had vaguely associated it with all Tom's midnight revelrings ever afterward.

The roysterer's garments were very wet, and it was in vain that his wife and Philip Sheldon entreated him to change them for dry ones, or to go to bed immediately. He stood before the fire relating his innocent adventures, and trying to dispel the cloud from Georgy's fair young brow; and, when he did at last consent to go to his room, the dentist shook his head ominously.

"You'll have a severe cold to-morrow, depend upon it, Tom, and you'll have yourself to thank for it," he said, as he bade the good-tempered reprobate good-night.

"Never mind, old fellow," answered Tom; "if I am ill, you shall nurse me. If one is doomed to die by doctor's stuff, it's better to have a doctor one does know than a doctor one doesn't know for one's executioner."

After which graceful piece of humor Mr. Halliday went blundering up the staircase, followed by his aggrieved wife.

Philip Sheldon stood on the landing looking after his visitors for some minutes. Then he went slowly back to the sitting-room, where he replenished the fire, and seated himself before it with a newspaper in his hand.

"What's the use of going to bed if I can't sleep?" he muttered, in a discontented tone.

MRS. HALLIDAY AS REPROACHED.

CHAPTER IV.

A PERPLEXING ILLNESS.

MR. SHELDON'S prophecy was fully realized. Tom Halliday awoke the next day with a violent cold in his head. Like most big boisterous men of Herculean build, he was the veriest craven in the hour of physical ailment; so he succumbed at once to the malady which a man obliged to face the world and fight for his daily bread must needs have made light of.

The dentist rallied his invalid friend.

"Keep your bed, if you like, Tom," he said, "but there's no necessity for any such coddling. As your hands are hot, and your tongue rather queer, I may as well give you a saline draught. You'll be all right by dinner-time, and I'll get George to look round in the evening for a hand at cards."

Tom obeyed his professional friend—took his medicine, read the paper, and slept away the best part of the dull March day. At half past five he got up and dressed for dinner, and the evening passed very pleasantly; so pleasantly, indeed, that Georgy was half inclined to wish that her husband might be afflicted with chronic influenza, whereby he would be compelled to stop at home. She sighed when Philip Sheldon slapped his friend's broad shoulder, and told him cheerily that he would be "all right to-morrow." He would be well again, and there would be more midnight roystering, and she would be again tormented by that vision of lighted halls and beautiful diabolical creatures revolving madly to the music of the Post-horn Galop.

It seemed, however, that poor jealous Mrs. Halliday was to be spared her nightly agony for some time to come. Tom's cold lasted longer than he had expected, and the cold was succeeded by a low fever—a bilious fever, Mr. Sheldon said. There was not the least occasion for alarm, of course. The invalid and the invalid's wife trusted implicitly in the friendly doctor, who assured them both that Tom's attack was the most ordinary kind of thing; a little wearing, no doubt, but entirely without danger. He had to repeat this assurance very often to Georgy, whose angry feelings had given place to extreme tenderness and affection now that Tom was an invalid, quite unfitted for the society of jolly-good-fellows, and willing to receive basins of beef-tea and arrow-root meekly from his wife's hands, instead of those edibles of iniquity, oysters and toasted cheese.

Mr. Halliday's illness was very tiresome. It was one of those perplexing complaints which keep the patient himself, and the patient's friends and attendants, in perpetual uncertainty. A little worse one day, and a shade better the next; now gaining a little strength, now losing a trifle more than he had gained; the patient declined in an imperceptible manner, and it was only when he had been ill three weeks, and was so longer able to leave his bed, and had lost alike his appetite and his spirits, it was then only that Georgy awoke to the fact that this illness, hitherto considered so lightly, must be very serious.

"I think, if—if you have no objection, I should like to see another doctor, Mr. Sheldon," she said, one day, with considerable embarrassment of manner. She feared to offend her host by any doubt of his skill. "You see—you—you are so much employed with teeth—and—of course you know I am quite assured of your talent—but don't you think that a doctor who had more experience in fever cases might bring Tom round quicker? He has been ill so long now; and really he doesn't seem to get any better."

Philip Sheldon shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please, my dear Mrs. Halliday," he said, carelessly; "I don't wish to press my services upon you. It is quite a matter of friendship, you know, and I shall not profit six-pence by my attendance on poor old Tom. Call in another doctor, by all means, if you think fit to do so; but, of course, in that event, I must withdraw from the case. The man you call in may be clever, or he may be stupid and ignorant. It's all a chance, when one doesn't know one's man; and I really can't advise you upon that point, for I know nothing of the London profession."

Georgy looked alarmed. This was a new view of the subject. She had fancied that all regular practitioners were clever, and had only doubted Mr. Sheldon because he was not a regular practitioner. But how if she were to withdraw her husband from the hands of a clever man to deliver him into the care of an ignorant pretender, simply because she was over-anxious for his recovery?

"I always am foolishly anxious about things," she thought.

And then she looked piteously at Mr. Sheldon, and said:

"What do you think I ought to do? Pray tell me! He has eaten no breakfast again this morning; and even the cup of tea which I persuaded him to take seemed to disagree with him. And then there is that dreadful sore throat which torments him so. What ought I to do, Mr. Sheldon?"

"Whatever seems best to yourself, Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist, earnestly. "It is a subject upon which I can not pretend to advise you. It is a matter of feeling rather than of reason, and it is a matter which you yourself must determine. If I knew any man whom I could honestly recommend to you it would be another affair, but I don't. Tom's illness is the simplest thing in the world, and I feel myself quite competent to pull him through it, without fuss or bother; but if you think otherwise, pray put me out of the question. There's one fact, however, of which I am bound to remind you. Like many fine, big, stalwart fellows of his stamp, your husband is as nervous as a hysterical woman; and if you call in a strange doctor, who will pull long faces, and put on the professional solemnity, the chances are that he'll take alarm, and do himself more mischief in a few hours than your new adviser can undo in as many weeks."

There was a little pause after this. Georgy's opinions, and suspicions, and anxieties were alike vague; and this last suggestion of Mr. Sheldon's put things in a new and alarming light. She was really anxious about her husband, but she had been accustomed all her life to accept the opinion of other people in preference to her own.

"Do you really think that Tom will soon be well and strong again?" she asked, presently.

"If I thought otherwise I should be the first to advise other measures. However, my dear Mrs. Halliday, call in some one else, for your own satisfaction."

"No," said Georgy, sighing plaintively, "it might frighten Tom. You are quite right, Mr. Sheldon; he is very nervous, and the idea that I was alarmed might alarm him. I'll trust in you. Pray try to bring him round again. You will try, won't you?" she asked, in the childish pleading way which was peculiar to her.

The dentist was searching for something in the drawer of a table, and his back was turned upon that anxious questioner.

"You may depend upon it I'll do my best, Mrs. Halliday," he answered, still busy at the drawer.

Mr. Sheldon the younger had paid many visits to Fitzgeorge Street during Tom Halliday's illness. George and Tom had been the Damon and Pythias of Barlingford; and George seemed really distressed when he found his friend changed for the worse. The changes in the invalid were so puzzling, the alternations from better to worse, and from worse to better, so frequent, that fear could take no hold upon the minds of the patient's friends. It seemed such a very slight affair this low fever, though sufficiently inconvenient to the patient himself, who suffered a good deal from thirst and sickness, and showed an extreme disinclination for food, all which symptoms Mr. Sheldon said were the commonest and simplest features of a very mild attack of bilious fever, which would leave Tom a better man than it had found him.

There had been several pleasant little card-parties during the earlier stages of Mr. Halliday's illness; but within the last week the patient had been too low and weak for cards; too weak to read the newspaper, or even to hear having it read to him. When George came to look at his old friend, "to cheer you up a little, old fellow! you know," and so on, he found Tom, for the time being, past all capability of being cheered, even by the genial society of his favorite jolly-good-fellow, or by tidings of a steeple-chase in Yorkshire, in which a neighbor had gone to grief over a double fence.

"That chap up stairs seems rather queerish," George had said to his brother, after finding Tom lower and weaker than usual. "He's in a bad way, isn't he, Phil?"

"No; there's nothing serious the matter with him. He's rather low to-night, that's all."

"Rather low!" echoed George Sheldon. "He seems to me so very low that he can't sink much lower without going to the bottom of his grave. I'd call some one in if I were you."

The dentist shrugged his shoulders, and made a little contemptuous noise with his lips.

"If you knew as much of doctors as I do you wouldn't be in any hurry to trust a friend to the mercy of one," he said, carelessly. "Don't you alarm yourself about Tom. He's right enough. He's been in a state of chronic overeating and overdrinking for the last ten years, and this bilious fever will be the making of him."

"Will it?" said George, doubtfully; and then there followed a little pause, during which the brothers happened to look at each other furtively, and happened to surprise each other in the act.

"I don't know about overeating or drinking," said George, presently; "but something has disagreed with Tom Halliday, that's very evident."

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Equal to new, by a newly-invented process for 50 cts. Inclose pen and amount by mail to LEWIS H. MARTIN, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. Box 1804.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$200 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	75 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices*. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price*.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a dollar per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound*.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ ℔.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ ℔.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ ℔.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ ℔.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 1, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTLEMEN,—My last order came to hand in good condition, and gave entire satisfaction. I herewith send you another order, almost all new names, and their orders are small, in order to try the goods. I at least expect them to be regular customers monthly, but some to a larger extent. Believe me yours respectfully, C. BRINDLEY.

4 lbs. Japan	C. Brindley	at $1 25	$5 00
4 lbs. Japan	C. Brindley	at 1 10	4 40
4 lbs. Young Hyson	C. Brindley	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	C. Brindley	at 1 10	4 40
2 lbs. En. Breakfast	C. Brindley	at 1 20	2 40
2 lbs. En. Breakfast	C. Brindley	at 1 10	2 20
2 lbs. En. Breakfast	C. Brindley	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	Mrs. Case	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	S. McKellips	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	S. McKellips	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	C. Fitzgerald	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	C. Fitzgerald	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Black	T. Blackwell	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	T. Blackwell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	Wm. Potts	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	Wm. Potts	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Black	Mrs. Lee	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	Mrs. Lee	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb. Young Hyson	M. Gooding	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	M. Gooding	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	John Wilson	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. Dahll	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	J. Dahll	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Black	J. Knowlton	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. Knowlton	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. D. Coolidge	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	J. D. Coolidge	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Black	James Butler	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. C. Seaver	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Boucher	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Black	C. Stumpy	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	T. J. Price	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Black	T. J. Price	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. Hoffman	at 30	60
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	G. Baizer	at 30	1 50
3 lbs. do. do., ground	T. J. Price	at 30	90
2 lbs. do. do., unground	Mrs. Lee	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	M. Gooding	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	T. Robinson	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., ground	J. Butler	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	H. Potter	at 30	60
1 lb. do. do., unground	C. Stumpy	at 30	30
2 lbs. do. do., unground	C. Brindley	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	C. Brindley	at 35	70
Total			$67 25

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.

Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street. This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing. The children now numbering over 150; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity *demands*; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this *Fair and Festival*, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.	Mrs. HARVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.	Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.	Mrs. W. GERMOND.
Mrs. ROBERT FOSTER, 2d Vice-President.	Mrs. JAMES GULLIER.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.	Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.	Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.	Mrs. HENRY BARBER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge CHAS. P. DALY, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	JNO. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. B. HOYT.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.	J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$20,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $175	2,625
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
50 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $45	2,250
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $2	2,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemen's Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	14,775
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a registered letter at our risk, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

The Great Portrait

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS have just published Mr. WM. E. MARSHALL's line-engraved portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

This portrait is the largest head ever engraved in this manner, and is by far the best engraving ever executed in America. It has been made the subject of the strongest commendations from all who knew Mr. Lincoln best. Among those who have pronounced it

Unrivaled as a Likeness,

MAY BE NAMED:

SENATOR SUMNER,	W. C. BRYANT,
VICE-PRESIDENT HAMLIN,	W. H. HERNDON (Mr. Lincoln's law partner 20 yrs.),
SECRETARY STANTON,	
CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE,	SENATOR TRUMBULL,
GENERAL GRANT,	SPEAKER COLFAX,
GEORGE BANCROFT,	ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

This engraving will be sold only by subscription. Agents wanted for its sale every where, to whom liberal terms will be given.

PRICES:

Artist's Proof (limited to 300)	$20 00
India Proof	10 00
Plain Proof	5 00

For the New England States, address

TICKNOR & FIELDS, 124 Tremont St., Boston.

For New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, Ohio, and Michigan, address

TICKNOR & FIELDS, 63 Bleecker St., N. Y.

For Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, address

JOHN H. AMMON, 111 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the disease alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY, & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

MANUFACTURER'S NOTICE.

The greatest inducements ever offered to the public. Calkins & Co.'s great Cosmopolitan Association have the pleasure to announce to our old patrons and the public generally that we have again opened our Grand Enterprise with a large, new, and select stock, consisting of pianos, melodeons, sewing machines, watches, diamonds, jewelry of all kinds and of the latest styles, silverware, albums, &c., under entirely new managers, who pledge themselves to give entire satisfaction to all customers, and guarantee a prize in every instance. All this splendid stock of goods will be disposed of at an average price of $2 00 (two dollars) each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive. We warrant all our jewelry gold. All we ask is a fair trial. Send 25 cents for Golden Envelope, which will entitle you to one of the numerous articles named in our catalogue. We have No Blanks. We will send for

25c., 1 certificate.
50c., 2 certificates, with a beautiful Card Photograph.
$1 00, 5 certificates, with a Butter-Knife.
$1 50, 7 certificates, with a Mustard-Spoon.
$2 00, 12 certificates, with a Napkin-Ring.
$3 00, 15 certificates, with a pair of Salt-Spoons. [Pen.
$4 50, 25 certificates, with an Extension-Case and Gold
$5 00, 33 certificates, with a set of Teaspoons. [tures.
$6 00, 45 certificates, with a Photograph Album, 50 pic-
$10 00, 65 certificates, with a set of Forks. [Watch.
$15 00, 100 certificates, with a Silver Hunting-Case
$25 00, 200 certificates, with a ladies' gold H. C. Watch.
$50 00, 400 certificates, with a gent's gold H. C. Watch.

We guarantee to send in exchange for the smallest article drawn a handsome 50-picture Photograph Album. Premiums in all cases sent with the envelopes. Agents wanted in every town. Great inducements and large profits to ladies and gents who will act as such. Send for Circulars. CALKINS & CO., 104 Nassau Street, New York.

Dr. Glover's Champion Lever Truss,
Elastic Stockings, Shoulder-Braces, &c. Send for pamphlet. 11 Ann Street, New York.

IVES' Patent LAMPS.

The Safest, most Convenient, and in every way

The Best Lamp Ever Used.

Chandeliers, Brackets, Hanging and Table Lamps can be lighted as quickly as Gas, filled and trimmed safely and neatly, all without removing the Shade, Globe, or Chimney, or unscrewing the Burner.

We deal in Kerosene Goods of all kinds and the best Refined Oil in market, and invite the attention of all buyers, both WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Circulars, with prices and testimonials, sent to all applicants.

JULIUS IVES & CO.,
No. 49 Maiden Lane, New York.

☞ Sole Agents for the Folding Pocket Lantern.

"PLAYED OUT."

MISS LIBERTY. "I wish you would go away from our door, and take your Organ and Monkey with you. We're tired of hearing that Old Song."

FROM A LOFTY POINT OF VIEW.

SHORT SWELL. "What do you think I ought to do if a Fellah insulted mai Waife?"
TALL DITTO. "Why—aw—burst into—aw—te-aws of cawse!"

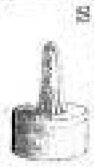
Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our personal attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D.H.& C°'S **SOFT CAPSULES.** See Advertisement Inside.

Steel Shirt Collar, SNOW-WHITE, by Mail, 50 cts. DILLON & FORGAN, 75 Nassau St., N. Y.

SURE PILE CURE.



Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. M. Edwards, Manager, 559 Broadway, N. Y.

THE Howe Sewing Machines, lock stitch, for Families and Manufacturers. They are world renowned. The Howe Machine Co., 699 Broadway, N. Y.

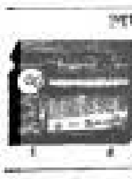
At Reduced Rates. Pollak & Son, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N. Y. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $6 upward.

JOHN BONNER,
Stock Broker,
22 BROAD STREET.

Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Stocks, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS
STEEL PENS.
TRADE MARK: JOSEPH GILLOTT. WITH Designating Numbers.
HENRY OWEN, SOLE AGENT. MANUFACTURER'S WAREHOUSE, 91 JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

MUSICAL BOXES,



Playing from 1 to 36 different tunes, and costing from $5.50 to $600. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

FRIENDS!
For a Fortune of FIVE to $25,000, and aid to a charitable institution, address for details,
HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

1866 Fall Fashions.

J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or Double Spring) SKIRTS. The LATEST STYLES are made VERY LIGHT. They combine *Comfort, Durability,* and *Economy* with that ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD SKIRT of the *Fashionable World.*

AT WHOLESALE by the EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS OF PATENT,
WESTS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
97 Chambers and 79 and 81 Reade Streets,
NEW YORK.
Also at WHOLESALE by the LEADING JOBBERS.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

WOODWARD'S ARCHITECTURE AND RURAL ART. 150 designs. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 00, postpaid.
WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES. 150 designs. $1 50, postpaid.
JACQUES'S MANUAL OF THE HOUSE. 126 designs. $1 50, postpaid.
GEO. E. & F. W. WOODWARD, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

Economy is Wealth.

If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most serviceable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the

PATENT REVERSIBLE PAPER COLLAR

MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
AGENTS,
WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON.

Dyspepsia,
Rheumatism,
Scrofula,
Swollen Glands,
Eruptions of the Skin,

All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. The STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of these Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quackery. Use Strumatic Mineral Baths. For sale in every respectable drug store.

50 MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP PER-CENT SAVED BY

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 518.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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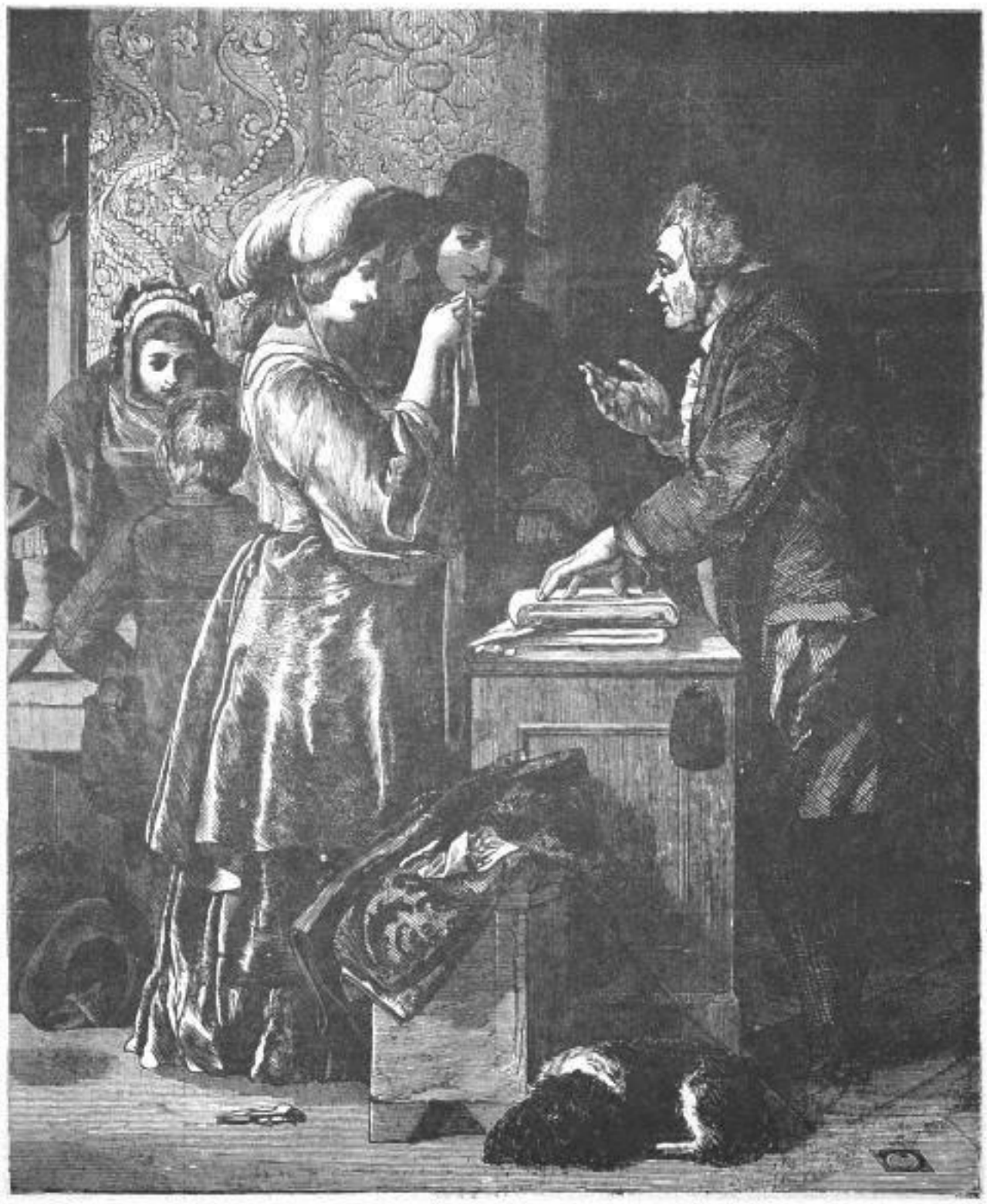
CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN.

THE picture which we give on this page is that charming little scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Choosing the Wedding Gown," as painted by MULREADY, and now among the treasures of South Kensington Museum, England.

It is twenty years ago that this picture was at the Academy Exhibition a constant source of surprise as well as delight. MULREADY had then been for above forty years an exhibiter at the Academy, yet here was a painting by him as fresh and unanticipated in conception and treatment as though the work of an unknown man. No symptom about it of mental torpor, of failing hand or eye, but full of life and spirit, as effective at a distance as when seen close, in color of gem-like depth and lustre, and in execution the perfection of unobtrusive finish. And that fair face—one such as youthful poets dream of, but very, very rarely even youthful painters transfer to canvas. In the cold, ever-lighted room at South Kensington the picture loses something of its attractiveness among so many larger and more pretentious works; but like Mrs. Primrose herself, it retains its hold on those who look "not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as wear well."

The scene is the inside of a country draper's shop. The draper we see is a man well to do, and one who can afford to keep a good article. Deborah, Mrs. Primrose that is to be, is choosing for her wedding gown a peach-blossom silk, and is carefully scrutinizing its wearing qualities. She has already selected the hangings for the famous green bed, a pretty set of window curtains, and other household as well as wedding requisites; the sprig of orange-blossom laid on the pile typifying at once the purchase and the occasion. She has been long selecting, for the wedding gown is not the only article that she chooses for such qualities as would wear well, and her little spaniel has curled himself round at her feet and goes comfortably to sleep. The young Vicar, however, is heedless of the flight of time, for he finds ample occupation in watching the countenance of his charmer. And no wonder. "Cold must be he who ever gazed impassive on her beauty." That comfortable-looking old mercer, who usually thinks far more of the beauty of his silks than he does of that of his customers, is evidently touched by the loveliness of our Deborah. See with what a gentle, admiring deference he is regarding her, while insisting on the excellent texture and color of the silk she is holding up to the light.

How, it may fairly be asked, did MULREADY, a man of sixty, succeed in producing so original a picture, and, for the first time, so lovely a face? The answer is obvious to any one who knew the man, or is acquainted with his history. He was always a student, always a learner. In his early pictures, while his drawing is invariably careful, it is often inaccurate. But he went on, year after year, drawing with unflagging diligence, and ever-increasing power, till he became not only, as Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE told the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present state of the Royal Academy (1863), "the best and most judicious teacher the Academy has ever had," and "the best judge of the merits of drawing in this country;" but himself so skilled in drawing that, as CHARLES LANDSEER declared, "perhaps neither is there now, nor at any time has there been, so great a draughtsman as Mr. MULREADY." Most academicians, when they are elected visitors, cease to draw in the schools, contenting themselves with acting as teachers; but MULREADY continued to draw as diligently as the most ambitious of his pupils. "An admirable example for students," said Sir EDWIN LANDSEER; "his drawings are remarkable for their accuracy; every thing seems to be done upon oath by him; he can account for every touch, and he is a good anatomist." While, as a crowning testimony, we have his own statement of his practice from 1817, when he first acted as visitor, to 1863, when he gave his evidence: "I have from the first moment I became a visitor in the life school drawn there *as if I were drawing for a prize*!" Surely here is a lesson the student, whatever be his pursuit, may profitably ponder. This thoroughness of study, it is almost needless to add, was not confined to drawing, but extended to all the technicalities of painting, as well as to the principles of art.



"CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN."—[FROM A PAINTING BY MULREADY.]

THE POPE'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

OUR readers have already been made acquainted with the unhappy termination of the Empress CARLOTTA's mission to Rome. Our engraving on page 764 represents the Holy Father paying a visit to the Empress shortly after her arrival in Rome. The Empress resided in the Hotel de Rome, on the Corso. Here the soldiers of the French and the Pontifical army took turns in guarding the entrance of the palace, and in accompanying the Empress to church and in her walks. Some days after, the Pope's visit was returned by the Empress. She had at the Vatican a very long and important interview on the subject of MAXIMILIAN's Mexican Empire. It was on the occasion of this visit that she first exhibited symptoms of the malady with which she is now afflicted. The Empress is now under the most solicitous care at her chateau in Miramar, of which also we give an illustration on page 765.

EVACUATION DAY.

WE illustrate on page 761 WASHINGTON's entrance to New York City, upon its evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783. Sir GUY CARLETON, the British Commander, received, on August 7, instructions to evacuate the city; but this event was delayed in order to make arrangements for the Tories who wished to leave the country.

On the morning of the 25th—a cold and frosty morning—the American troops, under Gen. KNOX, who had come down from West Point, and encamped at Harlem, marched to the Bowery Lane, and halted at the present junction of Third Avenue and Bowery. There they remained until one o'clock P.M., when the British left their posts and marched to Whitehall. The American troops followed, and before three o'clock Gen. KNOX took formal possession of Fort George amidst the acclamations of his men and the roar of artillery upon the Battery. The troops entered the city from the Bowery, through Chatham Street, in the following order: 1. A corps of light dragoons; 2. Advanced guard of light infantry; 3. A corps of artillery;

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4. A battalion of light infantry; 5. A battalion of Massachusetts troops; 6. Rear-guard.

WASHINGTON with his Staff, and Governor CLINTON with the State officers, soon afterward made a public entry. General WASHINGTON and Governor CLINTON, with their suite, led the advance, followed by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Members of the Council, four abreast. Then followed—in separate columns, eight abreast—the officers of the American army and the citizens, on horseback. The Speaker of the Assembly and the citizens on foot brought up the rear.

During the afternoon Governor CLINTON gave a dinner to the army officers at FRAUNCE'S Tavern (now Broad Street House), the head-quarters of General WASHINGTON. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated. It was only a few days later that the principal officers of the army took a final leave of their beloved chief at FRAUNCE'S.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

Room 1000, Hoffman House, New York.

Dear Harper's Weekly:

This epistle is about what I call "Fights to Come," and is suggested by the close proximity of a Congressman elect in the room two or three floors below me. Mr. M'CHOAKEMCHILD, the School Commissioner—who, in the language of DICKENS, "had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer"—has found a Peer in our Commoner JOHN MORRISEY, elected to Congress from my district. As was the case with Mr. M'CHOAKEMCHILD, so with JOHN, "he will go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow it up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, bore his opponent to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly:" and to continue, he will be certain to "knock the wind out of common sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time."

I can imagine the great—and shall I say healthful?—change that must take place in discussing knotty questions in our heretofore wordy Congress. And as all politicians, more or less, owe their nominations first, and their elections secondly, to the operations of the "Ring," how appropriate that an ex-champion of the Ring should lend his countenance (though it is a little bruised and "smiling") to so great a gathering of the "Ring" leaders!

I see now, in my mind's eye, JOHN going through a course of training for his maiden speech, and the anxiety manifested by his trainers and backers—WOOD, BROOKS, & COMPANY—that he should have proper weight and influence—say about 175 lbs avoirdupois—when he takes his place in the arena; how they expect he will fight all New England, as M'CHOAKEMCHILD did Old England, to the ropes, and lodge his left mauley in BEN BUTLER'S other peeper, rendering the expression of BEN'S countenance as much a physical doubt as the expression of his opinions is a political certainty. I see

JOHN PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE,

with its usual "feints" and "counters;" and how, on the first intimation of "Negro Suffrage," he will let fly, straight from the shoulder, his bunch of fives, caving in the clerk's bread-basket, and spoiling the potato-trap of the private secretary; for JOHN, above all others, knows the danger of leaving universal suffrage in the hands of the uneducated; and when old THAD STEVENS comes into the ring, then will JOHN show some of his wit, and his "rib-ticklers" will mean mischief.

In a case of impeachment I do not know how JOHN would act, as I am not acquainted with his legal acquirements, but in suits of "Chancery" I know he has done some pretty work. In his last participation in

A CASE OF THIS KIND,

he spilled more "claret" and treated his effent to more punches than ever was done by any tippling lawyer of modern times. How easily, in case the Chaplain of the House displeased him—which will, of course, be the case—can he send him to "prayers," and bring any temperance champion up "groggy" on the first round! and should any cowardly Southerner be lurking around, with his revolvers and bowies, for the purpose of commanding respect from Congressmen and obedience from waiters at the hotels, how would they be shamed by JOHN sending two or three of the biggest waiters to "grass," and knocking the expostulating landlord completely off his "pins!"

JOHN SENDING A WAITER AFTER A "DEVIL."

The waiter very soon returns with "encore son two."

So long live the "Ring," fistic and political! and your own

C. O. W.

P.S.—The following "adver" I think you had better publish in your widely-circulated paper: It may lead to some good:

"$20" MISSING MAN.—Left his home, the Hall of the Montezumas, an old man, of feeble mind, a foreigner, answers to the name of 'MAXIMILIAN,' and has an idea that he is a Mexican Emperor. It was noticed that his mind had been wandering lately, and it is feared his body has been doing the same thing. When last seen he was on the road to Vera Cruz, apparently in a hurry, making good time. Had on when he left a cocked hat, French peg-top pantaloons, with a few French coins in his pockets, a short-tail coat, and buttons with the Mexican eagle on the tail. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his anxious friends. Address (post-paid) L. N., Tuileries, Paris, France."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866.

THE AMENDMENT AT THE SOUTH.

THE people have laid down a principle of restoration by which, of course, they are willing to stand. They have plainly declared that when States formally secede from the Union, and attempting to maintain the secession by force of arms are subdued, they may resume their relations in the Union only upon such conditions, not inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Government, as may be determined by the loyal sentiment of the country. This is the principle affirmed by the autumn elections. And as the conditions were at the same time announced, it becomes an interesting question what the States which attempted secession are likely to do.

Several of them have already acted. The Legislatures of Texas and Georgia have rejected the proposed Amendment. The Governors of Mississippi, South Carolina, and Alabama have recommended the rejection. The old political leaders who dragged their section into the war advise repudiation of the conditions. And the newspapers, the tone and manner of which are simply inconceivable to one who does not see them, disdain the Amendment with passionate contempt. That there are persons in the unrepresented States who deprecate this folly of Governors, Legislatures, leaders, and editors is very possible; but the practical drift of public opinion can be ascertained only through such channels. So long as those who, for whatever reason, approve the Amendment can not elect the Governors or a majority of the Legislatures, nor even organize to do so, we must regard what we see as the indication of the real state of feeling.

The objections to the Amendment are, that it was suggested by a Congress in which all the States were not represented; that it is destructive of State rights; and that it is humiliating to the people of the unrepresented States.

Now, to the first of these objections it should be enough to say that it begs the question. By the necessity of the case the States that remained loyal constituted Congress by their representatives. By an equal necessity they are bound to guard the country against any danger that may arise from the unrestricted return of the rebel States, just as they were bound to defend it from the consequences of the attempted secession. The authority to do this is found in the nature of government itself and in common sense. It is found exactly where the authority to emancipate the slaves was found. Since Congress is, and has been, the lawful Congress of the United States ever since certain States seceded, it has the same authority to propose amendments to the Constitution that any Congress ever had or ever can have. If it be not competent to propose a Constitutional Amendment, it is not competent to legislate; and if it be not competent to legislate because certain States are unrepresented, the entire legislation of the country for the last five years is invalid. If it be not a lawful Congress, the President is not a lawful President, and the Chief Justice confirmed by it is not a lawful Chief Justice. That is to say, if Congress be not lawful, we have no government in either of the three branches, legislative, judicial, and executive. But if it be a lawful Congress it may propose amendments.

To say that the amendment destroys State rights, is to deny to the Government of the United States the first power of a Government; namely, to declare who are its citizens, and to define and defend their civil rights. The Amendment, in the first clause, simply says that as the Government of the United States is a supreme authority in its sphere, no other power whatever shall presume to deprive its citizens of civil rights. When the Governors of the unrepresented States say that this is a blow at State rights, they forget that they are speaking from the old and now obsolete Southern theory that the Constitution is a mere treaty between sovereign States and the Union a common servant of many masters. They must now understand that the people of the Union have decided by the last appeal that it is a national power, and no sensible, practical statesman will undertake to quarrel with that decision. Why should an English politician attempt to prove that WILLIAM III. had no right to the British throne, and that some remote STUART boy is now the real King of England? He might as well try to prove that it was very foolish for people to be drowned in the deluge. Certain questions are settled. They have been debated long and fiercely. The differences could not be reconciled. Arms were invoked, and the event of the struggle was the final reply. The Southern theory of the Constitution and Union is one of those questions. Those who continue to vex it will be the only sufferers.

But the loudest objection to the Amendment is, that it humiliates the States lately in rebellion. How? Were they humiliated by accepting the Emancipation Amendment, also proposed by a Congress in which they were not represented? If they were not, how can they be humiliated by accepting the legitimate results of that Amendment, namely, an equalization of political power? After a tremendous struggle to overthrow a Government in which you fail, how can you be humiliated by accepting, as the condition of resuming a share in that Government, that it shall be upon equal terms with all others? Do the Southern Governors mean us to understand—not to put too fine a point upon it—that rebels are humiliated if by their causeless and defeated rebellion they have not gained increased political power? They insist that the ineligibility to office of those who have broken their oath to the Government disables the chief men of the section, and representatively disgraces all who honestly supported the rebellion. This is not a valid argument. The sincerity of the rebellion is not a pertinent plea. The question for the United States is, how it can most effectively secure the future. And a very obvious and practical method is by making treason odious—not by hangings and confiscations, but by making the whole tribe of trading and forsworn politicians ineligible to office, not forever, but at the pleasure of Congress. Certainly a South Carolinian of this class, for instance, who prides himself upon having been a rebel, and upon being one still, does not suppose that the whole duty of a Government recovering from so severe a strain is to forget and forgive. It is not vindictiveness toward rebels, it is merely justice to loyal men which prescribes this and all other parts of the Amendment.

There is no chance whatever, and we hope the wiser men at the South will see it and say it as often and strongly as they can—there is no chance whatever that the persistence of the late rebel States will wear out the tenacity of the loyal country. It is not party heat, but the central warmth of intelligent conviction, which has moulded the conditions offered for restoration. Does the experience of the last five years lead the people of the unrepresented States to suppose that the loyal people will be turned from their purpose?

THE IDES OF NOVEMBER.

THE Secretary of the Treasury on the 15th November officially informed the public that the United States will not avail themselves of their right to pay off the Five-Twenty bonds of 1862 in currency next year, but will continue to pay interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until they are able to redeem them in coin. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this announcement. Two or three years ago Mr. CHASE, who was then Secretary, wrote a private letter to say that these bonds ought to be and probably would be paid in coin; but the statement carried no more weight than was due to the private opinion of an official who was not likely to be in office at the time the bonds matured, and who could neither bind the country nor his successor. Mr. M'CULLOCH'S positive assurance is a very different matter. There is no reason to believe that he will vacate the office he holds before the Five-Twenty bonds mature. When he tells us, therefore, that he will not pay off these bonds in currency, but will continue to pay interest on them until he is ready to liquidate them in specie, the statement may be regarded as so absolute an interpretation of the law, on the part of the Government, that, on the one hand, the fears of foreign bondholders, who have been afraid they might next year be compelled to accept payment in currency, will at once be dispelled; and, on the other, it is rendered extremely difficult for any future Secretary of the Treasury to attempt a different policy. Should the reins of Government fall into unscrupulous hands, it is hard to say what might not be done. But this much at least is certain. The bonds will not be paid off next year, and any new Secretary who may attempt to pay them off in currency, will have to violate express pledges given by two of his most distinguished predecessors.

It is not too much to say that this announcement will produce an effect on our finances unsurpassed by that of any occurrence since the surrender of LEE. The great anomaly of the age has been the price of Five-Twenty bonds in Europe. These securities, yielding 6 per cent. per annum interest in coin—the obligations of a country which owes little more than half as much as Great Britain, and whose revenue exceeds her expenditure by ten per cent. of her whole debt—have been selling in London at less than 70 cents on the dollar, while British Consols, which only pay 3 per cent., have been worth 90 cents. One main cause of this anomaly was the impression, very general abroad, and not unfelt at home, that, owing to the absence of an express stipulation to the contrary in the law of 1862, the United States Government would claim the right of paying off the first issue of Five-Twenty bonds in currency. This impression removed, there would seem to be no good reason why these bonds should not rise to a price commensurate with their intrinsic worth, as established by the public revenues of the commonwealth and the improving credit of the country.

It is not very likely that they will rise much at home. Equilibrium between the home and the foreign markets is more likely to be preserved by a fall in gold than by a rise in bonds. There is ample room for a decline of 15 @ 20 per cent. in gold, and we see no reason why it should not take place.

Importations are on the decline. The fall trade, which opened under such brilliant auspices, closed dull and drooping. Late invoices netted a loss instead of a profit, and not a few orders were countermanded by telegraph. There is no prospect at present of a heavy spring trade, and the chances are that even without any increase in the export of bonds, our shipments of cotton and produce will so fully discharge our debt to Europe that exchange will hardly rise to the specie-shipping point. Under these circumstances an increased inquiry for Five-Twenty bonds, which may fairly be expected to arise on receipt of the Secretary's official announcement, would inevitably precipitate a heavy fall in gold. It is but eight months since gold was considered an excellent sale at 128, and many good judges thought it must go to 115. Why should it be worth any more now?

JOHN BRIGHT IN IRELAND.

JOHN BRIGHT has made a speech in Dublin which will bring him very near to the popular heart of Ireland, and which will be vehemently denounced by the British Tories, although he really proposes nothing violent nor unreasonable. The speech is excellent, like all BRIGHT'S speeches, for its freedom from rhetoric and its clear and simple statements. It is worth all the Fenian froth ever blown in the eyes of an impulsive and not very wise people; and, like his other speeches, this one might be most profitably studied by the orators who are hastening to their seats in Congress. It is not a treatise, nor an essay, nor a lecture, but a speech, presenting plainly two or three points, and enforcing them by simple and not elaborate arguments.

Mr. BRIGHT began by describing the sad condition of Ireland, and mentioning the various theories which had been proposed to alleviate it. He then directed attention to two points of the situation—the established church and the land. "The church may be said to affect the soul and sentiment of the country, and the land the means of living and the comfort of the people." The existance of the established church, he said, is a fatal error, for every minister, however good and modest, is necessarily the symbol of the subjection of the many to the few. The removal of the established Protestant church would not only remove the condemnation of the Irishman's church in his own country, but it would make him feel that the English people and Parliament intended to do justice to Ireland.

Passing to the subject of land, Mr. BRIGHT said that the original ownership came from conquest or confiscation; that there was therefore a wide gulf between the owners and occupiers; that it is not common for proprietors to give leases to Roman Catholic tenants; and therefore the security of the tenant's property depends upon the fairness and good feeling of the proprietor. But the grand evil of all is, that the Irish people are dispossessed of the soil; and therefore the true "Irish policy" is that which will most speedily and justly restore the ownership of the soil of Ireland to the Irish people. Mr. BRIGHT'S initiatory method to this result would be a Parliamentary Commission to buy up the large estates in Ireland belonging to the English nobility, and to sell them to the occupiers of farms and the Irish tenantry. The disease is desperate, he said, and the remedy must be searching.

These propositions show the perception of a statesman. The details of the measures, however, would, of course, be difficult. But it is evident to the whole world, as Mr. BRIGHT says, that the present system of governing Ireland has disastrously failed. The wisest observers agree that the chief difficulties are the English Church established in Ireland and the land tenure; and Mr. BRIGHT'S remedy is strictly radical, for he would abolish both. He told his audience that, if the 105 Irish members of Parliament were only agreed, they might do almost any thing they liked even in the present Parliament; and he exhorted them to unite themselves firmly to the Liberal Reform party in England. This is a very significant suggestion. For if the liberal party in England proposes an imperial policy, or merely adds an Irish policy to its present aims, Ireland will be

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in a fairer way of relief than she has been for centuries, and the "men in the gap" can come quietly out again and devote their energies to some practicable result.

THE LEOPARD CHANGING HIS SPOTS.

THE Chicago *Times* is notorious as the journal which was suspended by General BURNSIDE for disloyalty. It is one of the most reckless and unscrupulous papers in the country, and a few months since suggested to the President that he should sweep Congress out of the Capitol with the army. It appears from recent signs that it is the loyal people of the country who must be swept out, if such advice were followed; and it really looks now as if, instead of being swept, Congress and the people were sweeping. This, at least, is the view taken by the Chicago *Times*, and it beats an alarm. It gives advice to the Democratic party, and if profound obsequiousness to the only aristocratic element in the country does not authorize it to speak for that party we should like to know what does? This advice, the *Times* is aware, and plainly says, may imply "a more advanced view" than Democrats, and especially Southern Democrats, are in the habit of taking, for it is nothing else than the adoption of impartial suffrage as the Democratic policy!

It asks, "Is not negro suffrage inevitable?" It declares that when qualified impartial suffrage is once yielded by "the South," the Republican-Radical party will be extinct. And it exhorts its fellow-partisans every where in the country to remember that it is always wise to accept the inevitable when it comes. That one of the most malignant opponents of equal rights should read correctly the writing upon the wall which proclaims justice is one of the most agreeable incidents of the time. HORATIO SEYMOUR, also, is reputed to have taken the same ground with the Chicago *Times*. It was during a recent visit to the West, where the air seems favorable to clear perceptions. But, on the other hand, the patriotic VALLANDIGHAM is understood, with his usual sagacity, to be engaged in reorganizing his party. Does he propose to plant it upon the proposition which he made in Congress, that the Union should be quartered? A Union divided into halves or quarters is the VALLANDIGHAM idea of a National party.

The suggestion of the Chicago *Times* merely reveals the utter dissolution of the Democratic party—a party which dies amidst the contempt of all intelligent Americans, because it has steadily and inhumanly withstood every lawful effort ever made to relieve this country of the incubus of slavery. If it had taken ten years ago a position which so much as looked in the direction in which the *Times* now urges it to run, the Democratic party might have retained its ascendency. If it had had one leader who truly understood his countrymen and his time, our late history would not have been written in blood.

But the Chicago *Times* does not seem to be aware that parties are not made to order. It thinks that the master-key of the situation is that the Democratic party shall supersede the Union party. So the intelligent spectator thought that the little boy had nothing to do but to go in and win. But the big boy hit the hardest. If the occupation of the Union party will be gone when the Democracy urges equal suffrage, what becomes of the occupation of the Democratic party? In the pleasing game of Puss in the Corner, if one player comes out from his corner to take that of another, and the other quietly remains where he is, the first player finds himself left out. Does the Chicago *Times* think the country is so enamored of the party which first incited rebellion and then urged surrender to it that it is anxious to intrust the Government to its care at the earliest moment? The work of the Union party will be done by the Union party, and the national existence being peacefully secured upon its principles, parties will divide again upon questions of policy.

CROTON WATER.

THE decision of the Croton Aqueduct Board, heretofore noticed, to place the intended new storing reservoir on the middle branch of the Croton, west of Brewster's Station, in Putnam County, has been reversed, owing to expected difficulties in procuring the required land, and a new site has been chosen on the west branch of the river, where no such difficulties are expected. It seems that large damages were claimed in the former case from flooding an iron mine of great richness, to which damages the Croton Board were unwilling to subject the city, and hence the change, from which no disadvantage will result.

The new situation is near the western extremity of the great basin of the Croton, which comprises a drainage area of 323 square miles, of which quantity the reservoir now to be made will share about one-sixteenth, or say twenty square miles. The situation of the reservoir is in a wild portion of Putnam, at an elevation of six hundred feet above tide, where the Croton is a pure mountain stream, distant twenty-three miles and upward from the dam near Sing Sing. In approaching the spot it is readily seen that Nature has well adapted it for this purpose. Two of the mountain ridges which here inclose the west branch, after expanding around some beautiful meadows, suddenly contract at the point selected for a dam, so as to require but seven hundred feet of masonry in length to inclose a reservoir of three hundred and three acres, the extreme depth of water being sixty-four feet. The abutments of granite which these hills afford will render the dam nearly indestructible, although the reservoir will contain three thousand three hundred and sixty-nine million gallons, or about fifty-seven days' supply for the city, not estimating the increase which necessarily comes in during that number of days, and while the exhaustion of water is going on.

The theory upon which this reservoir is built is simply this—that although the Croton for nine or ten months of the year easily supplies the required quantity of water, yet for the remaining two or three months there is sometimes a scantiness which necessitates the storing of water to aid in keeping up the maximum supply. The aqueduct is capable of bringing down sixty million gallons per day—a quantity which may be relied upon with certainty even during the season of drought, after this new storing reservoir shall be in successful operation, which may be expected within about two years. The supply will then furnish throughout the year sixty gallons per day to each one of a million inhabitants—a supply which far exceeds that of any other large city. The average furnished in London by the several companies having charge of the matter is supposed to be about one-fifth, or say twelve gallons, to each person.

The arrangement by which pure water is delivered from high elevations into houses in sufficient quantity, constituting as it does the power or carrier for removing the refuse into sewers, is now a necessity which no important city can dispense with, even leaving out of view its uses in extinguishing fires, and as a power for manufacturing purposes. The use of water in this city for manufacturing purposes is necessarily limited by the size of the aqueduct, which, being a tube composed of masonry, can not be enlarged; but if the whole ordinary flow of the river were brought in, aided by all the storing dams which could be conveniently constructed, there would arise a demand for it which would greatly increase our manufacturing power. The number of storing reservoirs already laid out is twenty-three, or thereabouts, the land for which may be procured at between one and two hundred dollars per acre, including improvements. The remaining reservoirs are capable of holding each about as much water as the one now being constructed. The policy of acquiring land at least for several more of them, now or at no distant period, is quite clear, as its acquisition will prevent improvements which will embarrass the purchase of it hereafter.

Next week we shall have a word to say upon the advantage to the health and welfare of the city of obtaining control of the margin of all the sources upon which we now depend for the supply of water.

RAILROAD SAFETY AND COMFORT.

"A FOREIGNER, who is an ardent admirer of American institutions, railways excepted," sends us a letter descriptive of the management of railways in Germany, and recommending similar precautions here. He relates that leaving Ludwigshafen, on the Rhine, for the old city of Spires, the train did not start until the conductor had blown his trumpet and was answered by the locomotive whistle.

Upon that road, and all others in the country, defective and worn-out rails are very scarce, and along every road there is a continuous line of the snug little houses of the inspectors, whose duty it is to watch carefully and constantly the whole road. There is an alarm telegraph also upon every German road, and the train does not leave one station until the signal is given from the next that the road is clear. On the other hand, the German railways do not pay such large dividends as the prosperous American roads.

Meanwhile, whatever be the truth in Germany, it is very plain that as our railroads fall more and more into the hands of certain great corporations, the security of travel is diminished, and there is the more pressing need for bringing public opinion to bear upon the management. It is not only safety but comfort to which we are entitled. Take, for instance, a case which recent experience suggests. The traveler finds himself in a crowded car heated by a stove, with every window closed, with the low, old-fashioned roof, and no apertures for ventilation except the three useless openings through the top of the car. There is no reason whatever why at this day, and with the improvements in cars, passengers should submit to be shoved into such a black hole, exposed either to disease from the poisoned air of the car, or to taking cold, or giving others colds, or being roundly cursed for opening a window and letting in the sharp air. The regular passengers by the road should protest, and if no notice were taken of the protest, the facts of the case, and the names of the gentlemen who are responsible for the management of the road, should be published.

There is no excuse for not traveling comfortably. The great companies divide large dividends; they are highly prosperous; and the means of safety and comfort are easily accessible. The practicable improvements suggest themselves to every traveler, and if we only steadily grumble and growl, we may by-and-by travel as safely as in Germany and as comfortably as in England.

DAVID S. CODDINGTON.

IN the slim and modest volume, upon the back of which we read, "David S. Coddington's Speeches," we find the few works of a young orator who died some months since almost unknown except to a circle of companions and friends whom his wit and charming cultivation fascinated and dazzled. And yet none of our famous orators surpass, and very few rival, the brilliancy of rhetoric, the amplitude and felicity of language, the incisive thought, the profuse play of fancy, which characterize the half-dozen speeches of Mr. CODDINGTON. The evident strenuous elaboration of every part of his orations in the spirit of a true artist does not in the least touch the fiery intensity, the pictorial phrase, which flash the thought or the fact home to the mind and memory. No one who read, a day or two after its delivery, Mr. CODDINGTON's speech at the Cooper Institute, upon occasion of the meeting of the Dix Democracy to repudiate the Chicago action of 1864 and to support ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is likely to forget the profound conviction of which he was conscious that here was a new orator who would make all the old ones look nervously to their laurels.

But an early bodily misfortune had probably cost the orator the kind of inner struggle that most wears life away. It must not be denied that the brilliancy of this book is boreal; that a subtle strain of cynicism is sometimes vaguely felt; and that with all its richness and insight and picturesque power it lacks that warm, humane sympathy which most satisfies the heart. In our politics a certain ideal nationality, noble, indeed, and grand, charmed his imagination and inspired the author's hope. It was AMERICA, the sovereign, with the imperial crown upon her brow, not AMERICA stooping to lift up the lowly, which most allured him. And yet, of all the voices which cheered the national heart during the great struggle with the glowing vision of our possibility and power, none was more persuasive or prouder than his. Had Mr. CODDINGTON lived, and had his health and taste permitted, he could hardly have failed to make himself heard by the whole country.

He was born and bred a Democrat, and even in advocating Mr. LINCOLN's election in 1864 he distinctly declared that he and his friends would "huddle under this LINCOLN shed until Democracy finds a better roof to shelter us from the tempest;" but he had been a Free-soiler of '48, and the old music still lingered in his heart. So when he stood in Charleston on the 6th of May, 1865, and delivered a eulogy upon ABRAHAM LINCOLN, his heart overflowed in the most striking and eloquent of the thousand tributes of the time. We quote a passage, and we heartily commend our readers to the book:

"He found himself heir to a statesmanship confused, shuffling, and pusillanimous, occupied only with the question as to how we should permit our institutions to be murdered most gracefully; and he left its public policy candid, earnest, self-sustaining, engaged only with the question how the attempted murderers could be treated most mercifully. He found American nationality suddenly confronting him as a disgraceful doubt; he parted with it a terribly-respected fact. He found the Government a dissolving giant dying of an old cancer that had baffled the best physicians; he lived to cut out the poison with his sword, and left his well-knit, well-mannered, vigorous, compact patient a perpetual and healthful mourner at his grave."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN LEGISLATION.

THE Alabama Legislature met on the 12th. Governor Patton in his Message commends the good behavior of the freedmen, and urges measures to protect them against the occasional bad faith of their employers. He would remove all restrictions upon negro testimony, and devote a portion of the poll-tax collected from freedmen to the education of colored children. But the Governor strongly opposes the Constitutional Amendment. The first section, he says, gives to the General Government such enlarged judicial powers as would overshadow, and might possibly nullify, the influence of the State courts both in important and in trivial cases. The second section, he claims, is unjust as being partial to the North in the matter of representation. The third section, he says, establishes a test of eligibility for office, both State and Federal, which is unnecessary and unjustly proscriptive. If it was meant as a punishment of past treason there were already sufficient penalties laid down in the national statute book for that offense without recourse to the injustice of an *ex post facto* law. There would, however, be no injustice in insisting upon present loyalty as a test of eligibility. The Governor concludes from the premises that the Constitutional Amendment ought not to be ratified.

On November 1 Governor Throckmorton, of Texas, sent in a special message to the Legislature, urging the passage of resolutions expressive of "the earnest and sincere desire of our people for peace and perfect restoration, their determination to obey the laws of the General Government, and their wish to cultivate friendly and cordial relations with the people of all the States—solemnly pledging the authorities of the State Government and the people to sustain the laws of the land, and to afford all persons, without distinction, the fullest measure of protection for life, property, and the enjoyment of political sentiment." He advocates the admission of negro testimony, and the appropriation of taxes from the freedmen to the education of colored children. He hopes that the wish of the President that the Legislature will "make all laws involving civil rights as complete as possible, so as to extend equal and exact justice to all persons, without regard to color," will be responded to in a proper spirit. In conclusion, he says:

"The firm and hopeful view of the President in regard to the future of our beloved country must be encouraging to every patriot. I trust he may not be disappointed, and I feel that it is the highest duty of patriotism to aid him by every wise and prudent means at our command."

Georgia has rejected the Constitutional Amendment. In the House there were for rejection 131, against it 2. In the Senate the vote to reject was unanimous. The Committee to whom the matter had been referred considered that constitutionally the Amendment was not before the States, not being proposed by two-thirds of a full Congress, eleven States having been refused the right to participate in the debate on proposing the Amendment, and yet being expected to ratify it when thus proposed. The right to ratify implied the right to take part in the original proposition.

THE BALTIMORE TROUBLE.

Judge Bartol, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, has given his decision as to the law involved in the Baltimore trouble. He declares the Governor's authority to remove the old and to appoint new Police Commissioners to be unquestionable; and that Judge Bond's order, restraining Messrs. Young and Valiant from exercising the official functions to which they had been appointed, was unwarranted.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.

Some of the Democratic organs appear to be desirous of taking the wind out of the Radical sails. The Boston *Post*, referring to Judge Reagan's letter advocating impartial suffrage in Texas, says: "This is wise, just, politic. Impartial suffrage we have always advocated. The Massachusetts system we think a good one, and if every State would adopt it the result would prove its great security to the peace and prosperity of the country." The Chicago *Times* steps out more boldly. It declares that negro suffrage in some shape is inevitable, and recommends the South to accept "impartial suffrage, or suffrage dependent upon the intelligence of the man, irrespective of color, as is now the rule in Massachusetts," that an end may be put to the agitation against the restoration of the excluded States.

CAN SECESSION DESTROY A STATE?

The Supreme Court of Mississippi has decided that the State never lost its organization as a government by reason of secession or war; but that it was in all respects not only *de facto* but *de jure* a State, and that the functions of the government were rightly and constitutionally exercised by those who exercised executive, legislative, and judicial functions during that time within the State.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee met November 14. Neither Generals Grant, Sherman, nor Howard were able to be present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, General J. A. Rawlins; Vice-Presidents, Major-Generals J. A. Logan, F. P. Blair, R. J. Oglesby, G. A. Smith, and Brevet Brigadier-Generals [illegible] and Fairchild; Recording Secretary, Colonel L. M. Dayton; Corresponding Secretary, Brigadier-General A. Hickenlooper; Treasurer, Major-General M. F. Force.

The greater portion of the session was occupied in discussing the proposed monument to Major-General M'Pherson.

A resolution was finally passed, fixing upon Clyde, Ohio, the burial-place of General M'Pherson, as the proper place for the monument.

After transacting some unimportant business a resolution was adopted to hold the next annual meeting at St. Louis—the time to be indicated by the President; whereupon the Society adjourned.

Dr. Horwitz, the Chief of the Naval Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, has prepared some valuable statistics, showing the naval casualties of battle during the rebellion. The totals show that there were [illegible] wounded, 308 drowned in battle, and 340 scalded in battle—in all 4674. The deaths in the naval service were: 495 from gun-shot fractures, 1300 from gun-shot flesh wounds, and 373 from incidental casualties, while 96 died in rebel prison-pens—making the total number of deaths 2273. There were discharged from the naval service as disabled 306 from casualties of war, and 481 from incidental casualties—881 in all. Three hundred and sixteen amputations were performed and four cases of trepanning, of whom two recovered and two died.

Daniel Carpenter, one of our four Inspectors of Police, died suddenly, on the 15th, of heart-disease. He was a native of Albany, and about 50 years of age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 12:

(LONDON.)—There are vague rumors afloat that the Emperor Maximilian has been offered the crown of Poland under certain eventualities.

November 13:

(LONDON.)—It is said that the questions pending between the United States and Fraser, Trenholm, & Co. have been amicably settled, whereby the vessels in dispute, now lying at Liverpool, and all the other property, have been released.

The Jamaica Committee have unanimously resolved to indict Governor Eyre for murder.

Dispatches from the East announce that the Turkish Government has ordered a general amnesty to be granted to the insurgents of Candia.

In spite of the many denials, rumors of a Franco-Russian alliance continue to prevail. It is even said that the treaty provides for the admission of the United States into the alliance, with a sovereign establishment in the Mediterranean Sea, and guarantees that nation highly favorable commercial advantages.

(COPENHAGEN.)—The King to-day formally opened the session of the Danish Chambers. In his speech on that occasion he said he was convinced that Denmark would soon regain her natural frontiers by a popular vote.

(CONSTANTINOPLE.)—The cholera has again broken out in this city.

November 14:

(LONDON.)—In the case of the ex-rebel cruiser *Rappahannock*, seized for the United States, the Admiralty Court has decided that Coleman is entitled to her possession.

November 17:

(PARIS.)—The family of Major-General John A. Dix arrived yesterday.

November 18:

(MADRID.)—The Government of Spain is taking strong measures to prevent a threatened outbreak.

Don Miguel is dead.

November 19:

(LONDON.)—Great floods are devastating the counties of York and Lancaster. Many lives have been lost by drowning.

It is said that the Government is alive to the fact that large numbers of Fenians have been arriving in Ireland weekly, and is well prepared to meet any rebellious movement.

The report is confirmed that Chili and Peru have consented to accept the mediation of the Governments of France and England.

Telegraphic dispatches from Bombay report the gratifying intelligence that the famine in India is abating.

The Reform demonstration in Edinburgh on Saturday was a large and imposing one.

(FLORENCE.)—Baron Ricasoli, Prime Minister of the Italian Government, has issued a circular discouraging the agitation of the Roman question. Italy, he says, will be neutral, and await the certain triumph of her rights.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

The text of the Pope's Allocution has just been published in this country. It reasserts in the most positive manner the temporal sovereignty of the Pope; it protests against the annexation of the Pontifical States by the King of Italy, and denounces all who take part in that proceeding.

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VARIETIES IN LADIES' HEAD-GEAR, 1866.

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BANQUET TO MR. FIELD.

TO CYRUS W. FIELD, rather than to any other man, belongs the credit of having first conceived the practicability of an Atlantic telegraph. His share in the cost of the enterprise, or his prominence in its execution, may have been surpassed by some; but one thing unquestionably is his alone—original and absolute faith in final success, a faith which no difficulties could overcome, and the patience of which was equal to any labor and any cost. No injustice can be done to any man by the declaration that, but for CYRUS W. FIELD, there would now be no telegraphic communication between America and Europe. And of no other man can this be said.

It was proper, then, that his own city should do him honor, and show her pride not only in his success, but in the heroic faith which accomplished it. This was the object of the banquet given to Mr. FIELD on the evening of November 15, at the Metropolitan Hotel. We illustrate the banquet below, and give a new and excellent portrait of Mr. FIELD, from a photograph taken for *Harper's Weekly* by ROCKWOOD & CO., of this city, the morning after the banquet.

The decorations of the banquet-hall are thus described in the New York *Times*:

"From the centre of the dome fell clouds of pearl-colored silk, canopying all below. From these hung crystal chandeliers, flooding the hall with silver light, toned down by the soft refraction of the silken ceiling overhead. Suspended from the dome, at its eastern end, hung in mid-air the Earth in miniature, girt by an iron band, emblematic of the telegraphic girdle. Above this globe were the Sun, the Moon, and the stars, and from each of these fell delicate cords of silk, like cobweb threads in the sunlight, uniting the mysterious worlds whence they came to the iron-bound, imprisoned Earth below. These lines, gathered together on the meridian of the globe, did not end there, but, spreading out again, descended and were caught up by the grappling arms of delicate telegraphic poles of silver, planted on the tables underneath, and, held up by those poles, the entire hall was girt by these silken lines. Up among the congregated solar system hung the ethereal messages, 'Greeting from all the stars;' 'The lovely Sun sends greeting down;' 'The Moon her peaceful radiance lends;' and hanging from the globe a prosaic sign-board, announcing the whereabout of the 'General Telegraphic Office.' On the telegraphic poles along the tables were symbols of the glad communion of all nations with the spirit animating the festivities of the night. There were greetings from Russia, France, Plymouth Rock, Spain, New Jersey, Portugal, Denmark, New Hampshire, China, Timbuctoo, and all the places with names familiar or unfamiliar to the ear, near and remote, readily as you passed along with the surprising ability of medley, so frequent and quick were the transitions."

CYRUS W. FIELD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

Mr. FIELD'S speech after dinner contained a full and interesting history of the Atlantic Cable:

"It is nearly thirteen years ago," he said, "since half a dozen gentlemen of this city met at my house for four successive evenings, and, around a table covered with maps and charts, and plans and estimates, considered a project to extend a line of telegraph from Nova Scotia to St. Johns, in Newfoundland, thence to be carried across the ocean. It was a very pretty plan on paper. There was New York, and there was St. Johns, only about 1200 miles apart. It was easy to draw a line from one point to the other, making no account of the forests and mountains, and swamps and rivers and gulfs, that lay in our way. Not one of us had ever seen the country, or had any idea of the obstacles to be overcome. We thought we could build the line in a few months. It took two years and a half. Yet we never asked for help outside our own little circle. Indeed, I fear we should not have got it if we had, for few had any faith in our scheme. Every dollar came out of our own pockets. Yet I am proud to say no man drew back. No man proved a deserter. Those who came first into the work have stood by it to the end. Of those six men four are here to-night—Mr. PETER COOPER, MOSES TAYLOR, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, and myself. My brother DUDLEY is in Europe, and Mr. CHANDLER WHITE died in 1856, and his place was supplied by Mr. WILSON G. HUNT, who is also here. Mr. RENSSELAER W. LOWNDES was our Secretary. To these gentlemen, as my first associates, it is but just that I should pay my first acknowledgments.

"From this statement you perceive that, in the beginning, this was wholly an American enterprise. It was begun, and for two years and a half was carried on, solely by American capital. Our brethren across the sea did not even know what we were doing away in the forests of Newfoundland. Our little company raised and expended over a million and a quarter of dollars before an Englishman paid a single pound sterling. Our only support outside was in the liberal character and steady friendship of the Government of Newfoundland, for which we were greatly indebted to Mr. E. M. ANDERSON, then Attorney-General of that colony, and now British Consul in New York. And in preparing for an ocean cable the first soundings across the Atlantic were made by American officers in American ships. Our scientific men—MORSE, HENRY, BAIRD, and MAURY—had taken great interest in the subject. The United States ship Dolphin discovered the telegraphic plateau as early as 1853; and the United States ship *Arctic* sounded across from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1854—a year before her Majesty's ship Cyclops, under command of Captain DAWSON, went over the same course. This I state not to take aught from the just praise of England, but simply to vindicate the truth of history.

"It was not till 1856—ten years ago—that the enterprise had any existence in England. In that summer I went to London, and there with Mr. JOHN W. BRETT, Mr. (now Sir) CHARLES BRIGHT, and Dr. WHITEHOUSE, organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Science had begun to contemplate the necessity of such an enterprise; and the great FARADAY cheered us with his lofty enthusiasm. Then for the first time was enlisted the support of English capitalists; and then the British Government began that generous course which it has continued ever since—offering us ships to complete soundings across the Atlantic, and to assist in laying the cable, and an annual subsidy for the transmission of messages. The expeditions of 1857 and the two expeditions of 1858 were joint enterprises, in which the *Niagara* and the *Susquehanna* took part with the *Agamemnon*, the *Leopard*, the *Gorgon*, and the *Valorous*; and the officers of both navies worked with generous rivalry for the same great object. The capital—except one quarter which, as you have said, was taken by myself—was subscribed wholly in Great Britain. The Directors were almost all English bankers and merchants, though among them was one gentleman whom we are proud to call an American—Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, a name honored in two countries, since he has showered his princely benefactions upon

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 765.]

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both—who, though a resident for nearly forty years in London, where he has gained abundant wealth and honors, still clings to the land of his birth, declining the honor of a Baronetcy of the United Kingdom to remain a simple American citizen.

"With the history of the expeditions of 1857-58 you are familiar. On the third trial we gained a brief success. The cable was laid, and for four weeks it worked—though never very brilliantly—never giving forth such rapid and distinct flashes as the cables of to-day.

"After the failure of 1858 came our darkest days. When a thing is dead it is hard to galvanize it into life. It is more difficult to revive an old enterprise than to start a new one. The freshness and novelty are gone, and the feeling of disappointment discourages further effort.

"Other causes delayed a new attempt. This country had become involved in a tremendous war; and while the nation was struggling for life, it had no time to spend in foreign enterprises.

"But in England the project was still kept alive. The Atlantic Telegraph Company kept up its organization. It had a noble body of Directors, who had faith in the enterprise, and looked beyond its present low estate to ultimate success."

After alluding to the efforts made in procuring subscriptions, and especially to the magnificent risk by Mr. BRASSEY and Mr. BENDER of £60,000 each, Mr. FIELD said:

"The action of these two gentlemen was a turning-point in the history of our enterprise; for it led shortly after to a union of the well-known firm of GLASS, ELLIOT, & Co. with the Gutta Percha Company, making of the two one grand concern known as "The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company," which included not only Mr. BRASSEY and Mr. PENDER, but other men of great wealth, such as Mr. GEORGE ELLIOT and Mr. BARCLAY, of London, and Mr. HENRY BEWLEY, of Dublin, and which, thus reinforced with immense capital, took up the whole enterprise in its strong arms. We needed, I have said, £600,000, and with all our efforts in England and America we raised only £285,000. This new company now came forward, and offered to take the whole remaining £315,000, besides £100,000 of the bonds, and to make its own profits contingent on success. Mr. RICHARD A. GLASS was made Managing Director, and gave energy and vigor to all its departments, being admirably seconded by the Secretary, Mr. SHUTER. Mr. GLASS has been recently knighted for his services in carrying out the Atlantic Telegraph—an honor which he most justly deserves."

Mr. FIELD then alluded to the failure of 1865:

"We returned to England defeated, yet full of resolution to begin the battle anew. Measures were at once taken to make a second cable, and fit out a new expedition; and with that assurance I came home last autumn.

"In December I went back again, when lo, all our hopes had sunk to nothing. The Attorney-General of England had given his written opinion that we had no legal right, without a special Act of Parliament (which could not be obtained under a year), to issue the new 12 per cent. shares, on which we relied to raise our capital. This was a terrible blow. The works were at once stopped, and the money which had been paid in returned to the subscribers. Such was the state of things only ten months ago. I reached London on the 24th of December, and the next day was not a "merry Christmas" to me. But it was an inexpressible comfort to have the counsel of such men as Sir DANIEL GOOCH and Sir RICHARD A. GLASS; and to hear stout-hearted Mr. BRASSEY tell us to go ahead, and if need were, he would put down £60,000 more! It was finally concluded that the best course was to organize a new company, which should assume the work, and so originated the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. It was formed by ten gentlemen who met around a table in London, and put down £10,000 apiece. I hope the excellent Secretary of this Company, Mr. PEASE, who came with us across the ocean, will write its history, and tell the world what life and vigor were infused in its Board of Directors. The great Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company—undismayed by the failure of last year, answered us with a subscription of £100,000. Soon after the books were opened to the public, through the eminent banking-house of J. S. MORGAN & Co., and in fourteen days we had raised the whole £600,000. Then the work began again, and went on with speed. Never was greater energy infused into any enterprise. It was only the 1st day of March that the new company was formed, and was registered as a company the next day; and yet such was the vigor and dispatch that in five months from that day the cable had been manufactured, shipped on the *Great Eastern*, stretched across the Atlantic, and was sending messages, literally swift as lightning, from continent to continent."

He thus describes the fishing up of the old cable:

"Our fishing-line was of formidable size. It was made of rope, twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long, slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed, but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away, and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer, but, finally, on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared it was midnight; the lights of the ship, and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken, only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room to see if our long-sought-for treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope. The *Great Eastern* bore herself proudly through the storm as if she knew that the vital cord, which was to join two hemispheres, hung at her stern; and so, on Saturday, the 7th of September, we brought our second cable safely to the shore."

Mr. FIELD concluded with the following sentiment:

"Of the results of this enterprise—commercially and politically—it is for others to speak. To one effect only do I refer as the wish of my heart—that, as it brings us into closer relations with England, it may produce a better understanding between the two countries. Let who will speak against England—words of censure must come from other lips than mine. I have received too much kindness from Englishmen to join in this language. I have eaten of their bread and drunk of their cup, and I have received from them, in the darkest hours of this enterprise, words of cheer which I shall never forget; and if any words of mine can tend to peace and good-will, they shall not be wanting. I beg my countrymen to remember the ties of kindred. Blood is thicker than water. America with all her greatness has come out of the loins of England; and though there have been sometimes family quarrels—bitter as family quarrels are apt to be—still in our hearts there is yearning for the old home, the land of our fathers; and he is an enemy of his country and of the human race who would stir up strife between two nations that are one in race, in language, and in religion. I close with this sentiment: ENGLAND AND AMERICA—CLASPING HANDS ACROSS THE SEA; MAY THIS FIRM GRASP BE A PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP TO ALL GENERATIONS!"

THE WOMAN OF INFLUENCE.

SOMETHING must be done.

Speculation in gold and oil stocks had run riot with my once handsome income, and I was brought, unwillingly, at last to consent to my wife's project of taking a few select boarders.

And Miriam, dear, good little wife that she was, took all the disagreeables—such as house-hunting and bantering with "agents"—upon herself, leaving me naught to do but loaf in our elegant apartments, and whistle melancholy tunes to the walls.

At last the "hated thing" was accomplished, and leaving our expensive boarding-place, where for two years we had enjoyed every luxury the city afforded, we took possession of a pretty brown-stone house in a fashionable locality, and advertised our rooms.

How Miriam expected to pay the enormous rent and supply the table on what she would receive from the few boarders a three-story house would contain, I could not imagine; however, as my own folly had swept away a princely fortune, I held my peace, resolving that she should pursue her "pet scheme" without interference on my part.

A week of renovation—such sweeping, such dusting, such scouring and scrubbing and washing and rinsing I had never witnessed—no, not when, a tow-headed *five-year-old* in pinafore and shorts, I was first made acquainted with a country house-cleaning. I was, for the most part, in a state of collapse, and my wants treated with the utmost indifference, until the house—like the leper of old—was pronounced clean. Board, at this season, was in good demand, and our house was speedily filled.

I regretted that Miriam had let the two best rooms in the house to a family by the name of Marabean, whom we had formerly boarded with. Mrs. Marabean was a woman past forty, had been good-looking in her day, and was exceedingly vain. She had a husband, a quiet, sensible kind of man, and a daughter of eighteen, plain, and stupid in her manner. She had made it appear to Miriam that her "influence" alone could fill the house with the most desirable boarders. "She had always been called very exclusive wherever she had boarded, and thousands would jump at the chance of getting board where she did." Beguiled by talk of this kind, Miriam let her have the rooms at a frightfully low price.

"I desire you to be very particular about references," she said to Miriam, "for Mr. Marabean is the most fastidious person in the world about his associates; and it will be well for you to say to the Andersons that we've been called exclusive, though they are people, if I read their characters truthfully, that one need not be afraid of. Also Mr. Mills. He is a young lawyer of much promise, and Mr. Marabean says his father is quite a wealthy importer. Mr. Burnet keeps his affairs so entirely to himself that one can scarcely tell what to think; and as for Miss Wells, I think she feels her importance quite too much for a governess. She's horridly ugly!"

"I do not agree with you there," replied Miriam. "We were speaking of her looks the other day, and I believe all united in calling her interesting. As far as reference goes the inmates of the house have furnished very satisfactory proofs of respectability."

"Oh, I presume you are satisfied; but, as I said before, John is very particular. In regard to your table, do you think it gives satisfaction?"

"I have never troubled myself to inquire," replied Miriam.

"Don't you think it would be better for you to change your seat to the end of the table? I think the effect would be much better as you enter the room."

"What! and take Bridget the whole length of the dining-room whenever she wishes to speak to me? No, I think more of *convenience* than effect in this case; thank you for the suggestion, Mrs. Marabean."

"Bridget wouldn't mind taking a few extra steps, for I have spoken to her."

"I am not in the habit of consulting my servants in regard to such matters, and must beg that you'll leave them subject to my dictation in future."

"You can tell me it is *none of my business*, I know; but, as I said before, I feel interested. Now *I* think it would look much better to have the tea and coffee brought to you to turn at table, and when pie makes a part of the desert, a little powdered sugar sprinkled over it improves the looks wonderfully."

"The idea of Marabean's fastidiousness! It is quite laughable, truly, when one knows the stock they sprang from," I said, when she left the room.

"One would think there the cream of aristocracy to hear her talk; but what do you know of their antecedents?" asked my wife.

"When Anderson came to see about board I exchanged references, and he very naturally asked about the Marabeans after finding they were to make part of our family. So I made Peterson a call; you know *he knows every body*—can trace families back to Noah and the ark. Well, he says Old Marabean—the father to the present one—was a mechanic, and John was brought up to the trade; it is only a few years since they abandoned it. His wife, so pretty, so delicate, so finiky, was a tailoress, and worked in John Gilman's shop until Marabean, captivated by her beauty, married her, and took her away."

"Well, I declare! and she to twattle about high family and society and all that," replied Miriam. "I presume, if the truth were known, Miss Wells's family are far superior to her own."

"Yes, if birth were a consideration, but you know we profess to be a purely democratic people, so we must make real genuine worth our standard of judging. I have learned this much in regard to Miss Wells's parentage, however. Her father was a minister of acknowledged ability in a Western city; of course he was poor, for he was blessed with a large family and small salary. Last winter he died, leaving naught but his blessing for the widow and her flock of five children, of which Miss Wells is the eldest."

"Dear me, and that is why she is so sad?"

"Yes, sad and busy; she has by the help of friends obtained several music scholars, then she occasionally gets copying to do; but it is hard work for a female in these times to support herself, much less provide for a family."

"I do wish I could help the poor thing. Wouldn't Mills give her some writing for the office—you know he is a lawyer? But it is a delicate thing to manage, for she is too proud to accept any thing in the shape of a favor from a young man like him. I think he likes her, don't you?"

"Yes, I see him often watching her when she is talking, with a pleased expression on his face, for she is really a sensible girl, but Mrs. Marabean's twattle drowns out others. I say, Miriam, it was a woeful mistake taking her into the house."

"I see it, and am heartily sick of her harangues. I believe ere this every one in the house is thoroughly disgusted with her. Why, it was only yesterday that she cornered Mrs. Anderson in the hall, and while her carriage was waiting for her at the door said, 'Don't you pity me, Mrs. Anderson? Here have I got to journey down town in those horrid cars, crowded as they are with all sorts of people! I declare I can scarcely endure the thought; but you have your carriage, and know nothing of these troubles.' Mrs. Anderson did not take the hint so broadly conveyed and ask her to ride with her; with a half apology she left the defeated Marabean standing on the stairs, looking indignantly at her as she was driven away. Then, coming into the drawing-room where I was sitting, she exclaimed, 'What a stuck-up woman! As if no one owned a carriage but herself. I think I never saw a person so fond of show; an old thing like her, past fifty, putting her hair in crimpers and sporting diamonds. I don't see how you can endure her; calling for meals in her own room, and scarcely speaking at table.' 'She shows good taste in that,' I replied; 'for if there is any thing I detest, it is a woman whose tongue is never still. As to private meals, they had a *carte blanche* for that when they came.' 'Well, I think *I* shall take exception to it. I shall let her know I notice it, at all events,' she said, as she sallied out to take her detested ride in the city cars."

"And this is the 'woman of influence,' who was to render you so much assistance, my dear?"

"Yes, I acknowledge I was sadly taken in; for instead of influence I have seen nothing but impudence since she has been in the house. My chief study now is to get her out of it before there is an open rupture."

"That you will find impossible, I fear; for she has got into first-rate quarters, and, instead of leaving herself, is determined to root those out who fail to do her homage."

"We shall soon see who rules," replied Miriam, with a determined look; and we did see full sooner than we had expected.

The Andersons had been invited to a wedding out of town, and had just returned. When all were seated at the dinner-table Mrs. Marabean, followed by her husband and daughter, sailed in with more than her accustomed pomposity of manner.

Having seated herself and spread her skirts to her satisfaction, she began:

"I, too, have been out of town to-day, Mrs. Anderson, and I happened to fall in with some of the party returning from that wedding—such a noisy set I have seldom seen—and I was not sorry when they left the cars at the up-town station. Every body in good society here knows they are very rough, low people. I once had the misfortune to board with them, and I must say I considered them exceedingly vulgar. I could but wonder what kind of people you met."

Mrs. Anderson gave her a hard, searching look; but silent contempt, plainly expressed in the countenance, was the only reply.

Determined not to be thus foiled, she addressed herself to Miriam:

"You remember Mrs. Snow, who used to board with us?"

Miriam remembered her.

"Well, I met *her* to-day, and—what do you think?—that old woman of fifty had been putting her hair in crimpers; as they did not work well, she had the impudence to ask me what kind I used. I told her very plainly that my crimps were natural. I'd be ashamed at my age to use such things."

"You do look rather old for that, Madam," said Burnet, with a merry twinkle in his eye. Mrs. Anderson, at whom Mrs. Marabean's insult had been leveled, bowed him her thanks.

Finding she could make nothing in that direction she turned to Miss Wells.

"What are your terms for music, Miss Wells?"

"Twenty dollars a quarter, ma'am."

"And who have you studied under?"

"I have had several teachers."

"I think some of having Emma take lessons this winter; but I shall not give her to any one unless sure of their ability and good character. I think parents can't be *too particular*; I've had several cases come under my own observation where the morals of young ladies have been injured by their being placed under the influence of teachers whose standing in society was not what it ought to be."

Miss Wells showed no disposition to reply, and she continued:

"You have some acquaintance in the city to refer to, have you not?"

"Why, Madam?" asked Miss Wells, raising her very large dark eyes from her plate and looking her questioner full in the face.

"Before placing my daughter under the influence of any one I should require the most *satisfactory* testimonials."

"I have no desire to teach your daughter, Madam; when I do, I'll let you know," replied Miss Wells.

"Shut up at last," said I to Miriam, when all but ourselves had left the dining-room.

"Yes, and I could have clapped my hands and cried *bravo!* I was so delighted; but did you ever see such rudeness as she showed the Andersons? Though they treat her with the contempt she merits, they are not going to put up with such petty annoyances. Either she must leave or they will."

"I had come to that conclusion myself; nothing came up that she did not 'root her nose' to the bottom of it, as Burnet wisely remarked."

She did not pay her usual visit to us in our sitting-room that evening. Miriam said she was doubtless planning a method of revenge on poor Miss Wells.

"I fancy she'll leave Miss Wells to herself after this, for she is certainly no match for her," I replied. But I was mistaken, as the sequel will show.

Mills, the young lawyer before referred to, had become quite a favorite in the house, particularly with the ladies, and I had several times fancied that he showed a partiality for the society of Miss Wells. If she was sewing, he would seat himself beside her and busy himself with making "cat's cradles" of her thread. If reading, he would beg of her to read aloud, pleading that "he had a nervous affection of the eyes which prevented him from using them by gas-light;" yet I noticed that they showed no signs of weakness, though he would sit for hours studying her ever-changing countenance while she read, in those clear, deep tones that I have never heard equaled, to a crowd of eager listeners, myself and Miriam always included.

It was in vain that Mrs. Marabean got up her little "sociables" in hopes of drawing the young lawyer into her daughter's society. If she proposed whist, he was "a poor player;" euchre! he "detested it." Mrs. Marabean would not extend her invitation to Miss Wells, and Mills would not go without, that was evident.

At dinner on the following day Mr. Mills was absent. During the meal Mr. Burnet, who sat beside Miss Wells, drew a note from his pocket and laid it on her plate. She read it, colored slightly, and, writing a sentence on the back of the envelope, returned it to him.

All this did not pass unobserved by Mrs. Marabean.

About half an hour after dinner she came rushing into my room, her face all aglow with excitement:

"Miss Wells has gone out with Mr. Burnet!" she exclaimed.

"Well, and what of it?" asked Miriam, expressing no surprise.

"Isn't Mr. Burnet a married man, and isn't Miss Wells a lone woman, one who should avoid the very appearance of evil?"

"So far as I can see she has," replied Miriam.

"I think her conduct shocking! and you to uphold her; but I can see it's all *policy* with you."

"I call it *charity*, Mrs. Marabean."

"I never had much of an opinion of her, and after this I shall keep Emma from her influence; though I must say I think it your duty to set her trunks on the sidewalk, and let her find lodgings in haunts where such women usually live."

"Mrs. Marabean," said Miriam, warmly, "I am sorry to find you such a foe to your sex. For my part, I have hope and faith to believe that Miss Wells is justifiable, even in the strictest sense of propriety, for what she has done, and I have charity for all."

"She has gone to the theatre," snapped Mrs. Marabean; "I guess after this Mr. Mills will see her in her true light."

"I presume they have gone to see that play of Boucicault's I heard Mr. Mills describing last evening. He thinks it very fine," said Miriam.

"She'll see a difference in my treatment of her if she remains in the house," was Mrs. Marabean's threatening *rejoinder* as she left us.

Next morning Miss Wells was in the dining-room looking over the morning paper when we entered.

"Do you know," she said, "I had such a treat last night. Mr. Mills had asked me to go and see Boucicault's new piece, but his uncle in Brooklyn had been taken dangerously ill, and sent for him to come and draw up a will; so, as there was no time to be lost, he transferred me to Mr. Burnet, who was kind enough to bore himself with my company to a play he had seen three times before."

Mrs. Marabean came in, cold as an icicle, saying good-morning to every one separately but Miss Wells, who seemed not to notice the omission, keeping up during breakfast a conversation with Mr. Mills, who sat at her right.

After all had left the table but Mrs. Marabean, who, it seemed, purposely lingered, she said, "Mr. Marabean desires me to ask if that woman is going to be allowed to remain in the house after last night's bold adventure?"

Miriam was about to reply, but was stopped by the appearance of Miss Wells, followed by Mr. Burnet and Mills. They had heard her in the hall.

"By 'that woman' you doubtless mean me, Mrs. Marabean," said Miss Wells, looking her steadily in the face. "If Mrs. Simmons wishes me to leave, I have now to hear it from her own lips."

"I do not," cried Miriam. "I have always respected you, and never more than at present."

Tears stood in the dark eyes of Miss Wells as she murmured, "Thank you, Madam, for not listening to evil machinations; I trust I have explained my going out last eve to your satisfaction."

"It needed no explanation. I have never asked one," said Miriam.

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"And permit me to thank you, too, Mrs. Simmons," said Mills, stepping generously forward, for, trust me, I am not a disinterested party. Were it not for her foolish resolution of teaching a year—from which my earnest entreaties have failed to win her—I would this day give her my protection and name, as I have before given her my heart. In your care I leave her;" and before any of us were aware what he was doing he caught the weeping governess in his arms, pressed a kiss on her brow, and passed her over to my wife.

When we looked for Mrs. Marabeau she was gone; how she had made her exit no one had observed. An hour later, and she was served with a notice that her rooms would be wanted at the end of the month; and thus we were rid at last of the "Woman of Influence."

Barnet, who had now got his family in town, took their rooms, and danced a hornpipe to the music of Mills, whose fingers swept the piano keys nimbly when the Marabeaus, bag and baggage, went down the steps and out of the house.

THE ROYAL PULL AT THE BELL.

THERE is a story told of an anonymous king, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority.

The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in council as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, he could.

"I will be as brief as my breath," answered the abdicating monarch, "and that is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfuls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead.

The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell; a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied.

"I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears."

For a whole month the bell was silent.

"I have had my hand on the rope," said the king, "fifty times, but I felt I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and to-morrow—"

On the morrow, as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private dispatches to a neighboring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return.

The king sighed, "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow."

In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart.

"There," he remarked to himself, as he went along at that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the first two syllables of that city's name—"there I have never found disappointment."

What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between him and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again:

"Would to Heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case.

"I have been unreasonable," he said; "why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window—"nay, I am!" and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the point of ringing at it with good will, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause. A messenger was at his feet.

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!"

"Now, a curse upon kingship that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!" cried the king, who wanted to be happy.

The courtier hinted something about the miseries of the people.

"By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany," cried the prince, "thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe? and who commands them?"

The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his dispatches been betrayed to the invader; and that the van of the army was under the command of a prince whose name was no sooner uttered to the king than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed:

"He!—then I shall ring the bell yet. I will have his life, and the lady—"

He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, mulcted the young leader of the hostile van-guard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, wearisome upon his brow but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew gray and infirm, never turning from his work till the Inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away. He was sitting upright in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without, a sound of wailing.

"What voices are those?" asked he, softly; "what is there yet for me to do?"

His chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on the couch, and whispered: "Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold in tears."

"Let them in! let them come in!" hoarsely cried the king. "God! do they really love me?"

"If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood."

The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old king, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands toward them, and asked, "Have I won your love, children? have I won your love?"

One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow upon the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak; but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died, with a smile on his lips, as he rang his own knell.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"'Great Expectations' Disappointed" might be an appropriate title for a treatise upon the recently anticipated Meteoric shower. For months—yes, even for years, the scientific world had eagerly looked forward to the brilliant, once-in-thirty-three-yearly display of celestial pyrotechnics. The time had been exactly calculated—no doubts disturbed the astronomic mind—on or about the 13th of November, 1866, was the appointed time. Even the precise locality of the fiery shower was specified—the constellation Leo was the grand centre from which would radiate the sparkling trails. The newspapers took up the interesting theme, and gave special directions to guide the populace in their observations. Even the city authorities, with a most unusual and commendable interest in science, bid the multitude go to sleep in peace, promising to arouse them by a special signal of fire-bells when the grand display commenced. To be sure many, choosing to trust their own eyes, and having a fancy for seeing the "opening piece," mounted roofs, spires, and sightly places generally, and kept a vigilant look-out for the heavenly visitants due "on or about" that time. But the more sensible went to sleep—leaving one ear open for the tenth stroke of the bell. Half a dozen times they heard it—in fancy—and popped up to gaze anxiously into the ethereal space; but not seeing any strangers careering among the heavenly bodies they speedily covered themselves up from the chill November air. Not a few awoke in the morning with a vague feeling of chagrin that, after all, they had slept unconscious throughout the fierce and fiery storm. But a comparison of notes at breakfast, and a minute investigation of the morning papers, relieved their minds.

Alas for the vain vigils of the weary watchers in this vicinity! Scarcely were there more shooting-stars observed than may be seen on any clear November night. And although some sections of the country were more highly favored, the grand display seems to have been bestowed upon our trans-Atlantic friends. We must be patient and wait until 1899!

It is said, in a Massachusetts paper, that the housekeepers of New York are rejoicing over the fall of the price of meat, and are already looking forward to the time when one can get a comfortable beef-steak, or roast, or leg of mutton, or roast of pork, without having to pay for it its weight in greenbacks. We do not know in what section of New York such rejoicing may be taking place. No indications of the kind have reached us, which amount to any thing, when the housekeeper actually buys her meat. So far as our knowledge goes, based in part on glimpses of marvelous monthly bills from the butcher, we judge that a small fortune is needed to supply the table of a medium-sized family for a single month.

Great fortunes have not unfrequently been realized by the invention of some toy for children which meets the approval of the juvenile critics. The inventor of the common street toy known as the "Return Ball" is said to have realized $100,000. The inventor of the "Walking Doll," which was so fashionable a few years ago, made $75,000 by his patent. The dancing "Jim Crow" toy, introduced about two years ago, was invented by an invalid boy, and won a fortune.

Not long ago a strange and uncouth form, for many nights, invaded the back-yards, and disturbed the quiet of residents in the vicinity of Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn. It was even whispered by the superstitious that its general appearance was not unlike that usually ascribed to the Evil One. Somebody, however, thinking, perhaps, that it was scarcely safe to let such a suspicious character run loose near a church, set a trap. The next morning the result was manifest in the shape of a bright-eyed, wiry, indomitable little animal, not unknown to school-boys by the cognomen of "woodchuck." He was duly shut up, but disappeared mysteriously—turning up at last in the centre of a ton of coal in the cellar into which he had burrowed. The inhabitants of the Heights can once more "sleep o' nights," and the children are in a mild and subdued excitement over the supposition that a colony of the nondescripts still survives in a hole under the church.

A young boy in St. Louis recently made an unexpected and somewhat appalling voyage through the air. He was playing ball with some young companions, when a sudden and violent storm of rain and wind came on. The children took shelter under some trees; but this boy, about ten years old, was suddenly caught up by the whirling gusts, and carried over a fence some twenty or thirty yards distant, and landed upon the top of a shanty, without, however, sustaining serious injury.

A week or two ago a young man from the country visited Cleveland, Ohio, in search of employment. A man to whom he applied asked if he could ride horseback. Thinking some pleasant occupation was in store for him, he eagerly replied in the affirmative. His prospective patron told him he had an opening for a young man—a business that necessitated a great deal of traveling. The applicant declared that he should like nothing better than to travel for a living, and a bargain was soon struck between the two. But he was somewhat chagrined at finding that the business consisted in riding a blind and infirm old horse in a circular track for the laudable purpose of grinding tan bark.

A lady (?) teacher in a town not far from Boston has recently been accused of brutally beating a school-boy. The Boston *Traveller*, in commenting upon this, says: "It must be admitted that a parent has just cause for indignation when a cut an inch long is made through the skin of a child's forehead by a heavy ruler in the hands of an infuriated and vixenish teacher. The time for scalping school children in this manner, in old Massachusetts, has gone by."

It is often a serious question whether old letters should be kept. Now a case recently occurred which proves conclusively that very important results may be brought about through the instrumentality of letters which, in and of themselves, might not be worth keeping. Some time last June a house in Utica was robbed. Among the things taken was a writing-desk containing the correspondence of the young lady. A short time since the young lady received a letter postmarked "Williamsburg, N. Y.," in which the writer said he did not wish to keep the things he had taken, and that she would find a box containing them at the American Express Office in Utica. The package was found at the office, as the thief said, and contained all the missing articles. The letter of the thief to the young lady closed with the declaration that, if he "ever married again, she [the young lady] should be the bride!" And apparently he had become enamored of her through reading the letters in her desk.

It is quite impossible for a lady to know where her pocket-book is most secure when outside of her own house. It certainly is not safe in any ordinary pocket. Many ladies fancy they make sure of it by keeping it in the hand; but if boys commence practicing highway robbery at the age of five years, a pocket-book in sight is only a temptation. The other day, as a lady was passing through Thirty-eighth Street, carrying her purse in her hands, a youngster about five or six years old snatched it from her and started off with it. Another boy, a little larger, ran after him, saying, "Missus, I'll get it for you." Overtaking the fugitive almost immediately, the young knight, having obtained the purse, was himself overcome with temptation, and instead of returning it to the distressed lady, continued in a contrary direction. The lady, however, followed him, and overtaking him shortly, had him arrested.

The London *Court Journal* says that in ancient times when the "kilt" was the prevailing covering for gentlemen the ladies wore a very elegant skirt of Grecian derivation, which might be resuscitated. Like crinoline, it gave great freedom in walking, but unlike it, there was no distension. The skirt was of the full circumference of the present fashion, touching the fore-step in front and sweeping behind; a frog button was placed above each knee, about two inches from which the skirt was split downward and trimmed. The stockings were similar to the Highland hose, gartered below the knee, so that "the pretty leg" of the lady had the same free scope in stepping out as their kilted "Lord of the Isles."

The Dagmar sash is a novelty which is so pretty that it is likely to be exceedingly popular. It is made of velvet, and is only worn with ball dresses. This waistband forms a basque round the bodice, and it is cut out round the edge in large, wide scollops; it forms at the back a sort of fan, the leaves of which are indicated with rows of either gold or silver buttons. A pretty toilet is described, consisting of an Empress-blue velvet Dagmar sash worn with a white tulle dress; the scollops were trimmed with gold lace, and the back with radiating lines of gold buttons; pockets were indicated at the sides with gold lace.

A new monthly, entitled the *Aldgate Magazine*, is published by a large clothing-house of London. The "sensational novel" style of advertising is adopted in it, of which the following is a sample: "This man, so tall, so graceful, dressed in one of Mills & Co.'s elegant black suits, at 50s., was approaching her. She trembled! It was he—it could be no other! She recognized him by the glossy hat bought of Mills & Co. for 7s. 6d., by the exquisite fit of his handsome boots, 14s., and that most gentlemanly of over-coats, sold only by Mills & Co. at 35s. Her heart beat audibly; her limbs bent beneath her; she was about to fall upon the green-sward, when—" It would be an improvement for the advertisers to stop here and say, "The remainder of this very interesting story will be found in the next number of the Magazine."

A census has recently been taken of the dogs inhabiting Paris. The city possesses 40,987 dogs, 25,000 of which are pets and 11,986 watch dogs. This gives an average of one dog to every forty persons.

An English working-man has invented a plan by which the action of a shower of rain is made to close an open window. The window, when opened, stretches two India-rubber springs. These springs are prevented from drawing the window down by means of a curved rod fixed outside the sash, the end of which works up and down in a tubular, bell-mouthed stand on the window-sill. A piece of loaf-sugar is inserted into the mouth of the stand, and the end of the rod is let down gently on it. The sugar prevents the rod descending in the tube, and, of course, keeps the window-sash up. As soon as it begins to rain the bell-mouth of the tube collects the drops, the sugar is melted, and the sash is drawn up.

In Circassia the more daughters a man has the richer he is; each represents a certain value, and this value is estimated at so many cows. At Constantinople the circulating medium changes from cows to piastres. So the proprietors of such articles as young ladies are very anxious to bring their goods to a better market, and the goods themselves have not the slightest objection to the change. The dearest wish of a Circassian girl's heart is to get to Constantinople. A harem on the Bosphorus is her idea of perfect bliss. As the modern Jason of Turkey will not go to Colchis to carry off his Medea, it follows that Medea must come to Jason. But the dragon's teeth have been sown, and grown up into Russian soldiers, which have all to be destroyed before Medea can escape and attain the consummation of her happiness. According to the best accounts, the recent revolt at Soukoum had nothing political in it. The attack was made upon the garrison of the place for no other purpose than to get off a cargo of damsels to the Bosphorus. The locality is the ancient Colchis; it is near to the mouth of the classic Phasis, and this event was literally another Argonautic expedition wanting to get afloat.

This little gem of thought is well worth reading and practicing upon:

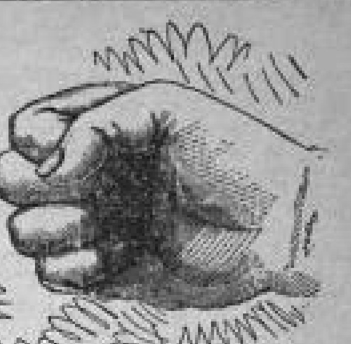
"One thoroughly good-humored person in a house will do more to preserve both the moral and physical health of the inmates than a fashionable physician and a popular preacher together."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COOL IDEA.—Experiments have recently been made with "chilled projectiles," which have proved them to be prodigiously destructive. Of old, when it happened that an enemy hove in sight, the order to the gunners was to "give it to him hot." In future, "take it coolly," will perhaps be the command; and we shall not hear so much about the heat of an engagement, when the victory is won by chilled projectiles and cold steel.

Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink?

If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt? If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong? If 5½ yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk? If three miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy? If four quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?



PORTRAIT OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.
[BY OUR SPECIAL.]

An old gentleman who was living with his sixth wife, and who had always been noted for the ease with which he managed his spouses, on being asked to communicate his secret, replied, "It is the simplest thing in the world. If you want to see a woman up, just let her have her own way in every thing all the time. There never was a woman born who could survive that a great while."

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she's all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

GIRLS "-IE."

Fallen from grace old names come down,
And dress'd in tatters run round town;
Failing, they've grasp'd and tried to clench
At fading beauty in "bad French!"
Magdalene, penitent, oh, what a fate
As Maggie thou must navigate.
Agnes, deprived of ness, as Aggie,
Looks like a bag of cotton: craggy.
Nancy, poor girl, is now a Nannie;
Frances flaunts all round as Fannie.
Mary, sweet name of grace, is Marie;
While Caroline falls down to Carrie.
Stately Cordelia walks as Delie,
Matilda writes her name thus—Tillie.
Margaret, "the pearl" of names, is Maggie;
Martha descends to simple Mattie;
Phœbe, for shortness, we call Pheenie;
Harriet is better known as Hattie.
Emily, faith, her name is Emmie;
Jane has become an errant Jennie.
Elizabeth dances up as Lizzie;
Betsy as Bessie is as busy.
Gertrude, oh, horrors! shines as Tudie;
While Julia (black hair'd) beams as Julie.
Louisa only known as Lulie;
Helen as Nellie wants to feel ye.
Rebecca, Beckie signs her name;
Susan as Susie does the same.
Bridget with truthfulness is Biddie,
Lydia contents herself with Lyddie,
While glorious Sarah makes a Sallie,
And Alice lives all round "Our Allie."

A LITTLE AHEAD OF NOAH.—A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and M'Lean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the M'Leans was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" asked M'Lean. "The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flock," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood!" said M'Lean; "my clan was afore the flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark!" repeated M'Lean, in contempt; "who ever heard of a M'Lean that hadn't a boat of his ain?"

"Job printing!" exclaimed an old woman the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first larnt to read; and if he wasn't the most patientest man that ever was he never could have stood it so long, nohow."

Why is a policeman like a good conundrum?—Because you must look sharp to find him out.

LINES TO A SLUMBERING INFANT.

Sweet bud of frail humanity! thou liest
(I mean repose, of course, and not a fib)
Lapt in Elysian slumbers, and thou sighest
Serenely, heaving thy young guileless bib
With the long breath of sleep. Thy baby lips
Pout with a baby snore, like Zephyr's sigh;
And as thou suck'st thy tiny finger-tips
Thou—stay a moment, for he opes his eye,
And I must rock his cradle, lest he wake
And wail to find the world is not all pap.
Hush! He is going off—let no one make
The slightest stir, or it will rouse, mayhap—
Ha! What a slam! Confound the noisy door!
He's wide awake as Phœbus, God of Day.
Now he begins—good Heavens, what a roar!—
Here! Susan, take this squalling brat away!

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" But observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, Madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

Foote, the comedian, traveling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare? "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except the mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except any body whatever," said he. "But you must!" bawled the host. "I won't!" "You must!" At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor.

A SKYLARK—A Balloon Ascent.

TO NEWSPAPER CONTRIBUTORS.

Don't send a manuskript, unless you has read it yurself, after it gits dry.

Don't write only on one side ov the manuskript, and don't write mutch onto that.

The highest market price paid for awful railroad smashes, and elopements with another man's wife.

We pay, all the way up hill, from 10 cents tew one dollar for contribushuns, according tew heft.

All settlements made promptly at the end ov the next ensuing year.

No notis will be took (from this date henceforward) ov letters that hain't got a postage-stamp onto them.

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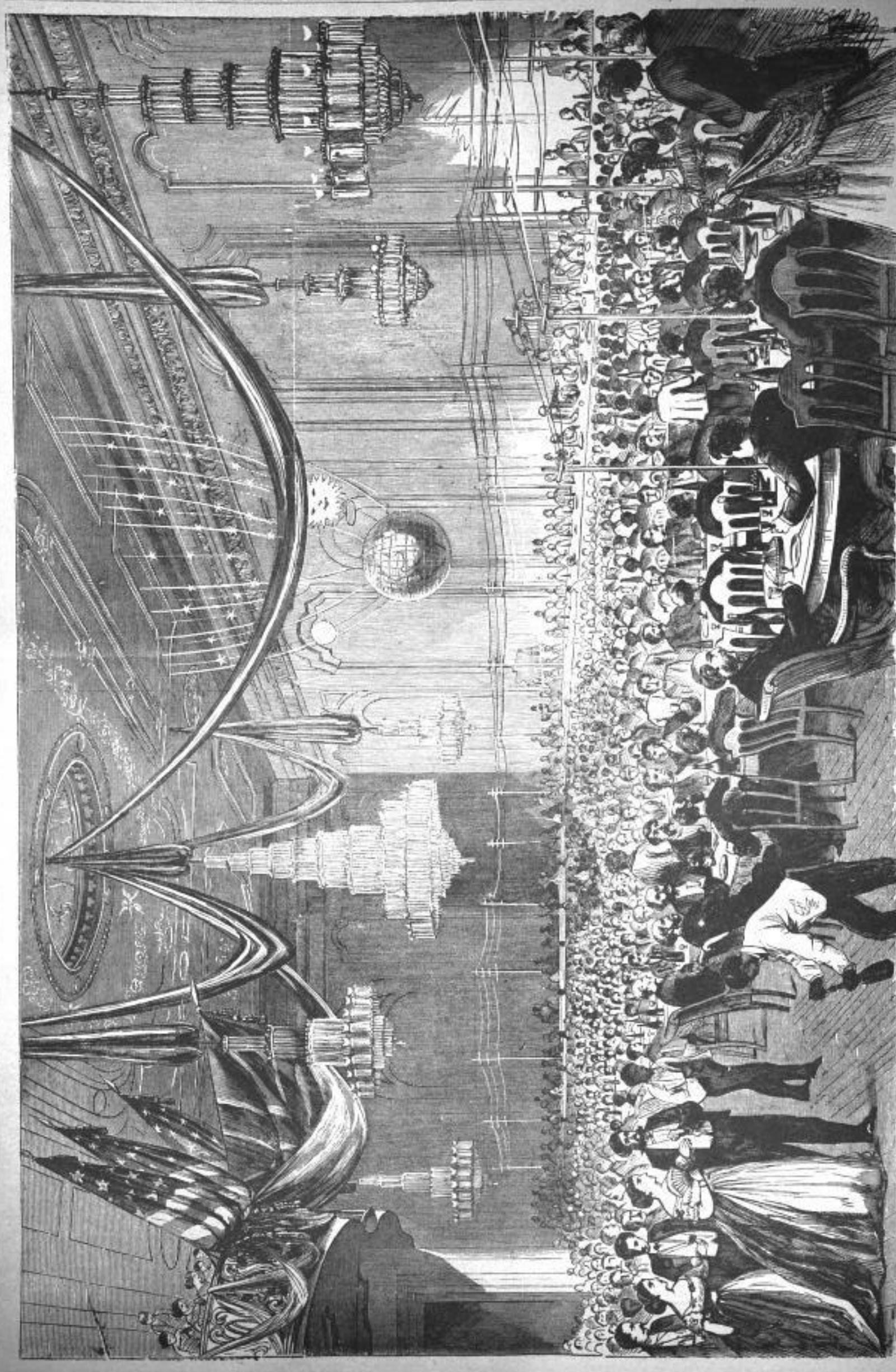

BANQUET IN HONOR OF CYRUS W. FIELD, AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NOVEMBER 15, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 757.]

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EVACUATION DAY—WASHINGTON'S ENTRANCE INTO NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1783.—FROM A DRAWING BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

It was some weeks after the vexatious occurrences above related that Mrs. Mulcaster and her fair daughters found themselves together in their pretty drawing-room, following, or attempting to follow, their accustomed avocations.

Miss Mulcaster, pale and sweet as a lily that has peeped out in the confidence of May, and been nipped by that inclement season, seemed, of the three, to have made the greatest efforts to be industrious, and to have succeeded least.

Her harp, with one string snapped (a catastrophe that brought the day's practice to a conclusion), stood on one side; some work lay on the other. Before her was an unfinished landscape, with something terrible in the sky, and, in the fore-ground, an incomplete traveler, who had reined up his steed in very natural consternation at the weird aspect of things. A perfect parapet of books, blue, red, mauve, yellow, evinced that the young lady had tried, by every ordinary means, to exercise the duties of arrest before folding her white hands and yielding fairly to the languid inactivity in which we find her.

It had been a week of much uncertainty and discontent. The mere material absence of George was an evil in itself. Nobody ever bore teasing like him. Never was a victim whose gentle retorts gave greater zest to provocation! These pleasures had departed, and left a weary void. The hours his presence had enlivened must be filled up somehow, and every attempt to do this in a satisfactory manner had ended in signal failure. As for the cause of his absence, that was, by consent, ignored, as a matter at once too distressing for laughter, and too absurd for tears.

Mrs. Mulcaster had proposed change of scene for her injured darling, and had even written surreptitiously to a friend, Lady Mary St. Colosh, at Ryde, on the subject of cheerful lodgings; but Mildred, on being consulted, at once announced her intention of remaining where she was, until—until—no matter— To which period the project was accordingly deferred.

Remarkable rumors had reached The Hale during the past week. That something of an unusual nature had occurred at Gosling Grange could not admit of a doubt. But what was it? The hundred tongues of rumor sometimes confused each other, and nothing ounce of the Babel lot a desperate rout. There was no coherence in the advices from the village with which Gosling Grange held its most intimate relations. If, for example, as alleged, Sir George had shown symptoms of aberration of intellect, how should the cook's having killed a dog in the same condition have been the means of her master's recovery? Or how should the reported betrothal of Sir George to a young lady of enormous wealth, and descent little short of royal, have proved so unacceptable to a very illustrious personage as to induce the Reverend Mr. Pilinkey to decline the publication of the banns for the coming Sunday? Again, why should the decease of the dog throw the cook, who killed him, into such a frenzy of despair, that nothing short of the marriage of Sir George with a Miss Van Spiegen, who was a remote connection of the burgomaster of Saardam, restore her equanimity? The cook, the dog, the lady, and Sir George, seemed, in short, to be engaged in a sort of reel, into which the butler, though without a partner, was perpetually intruding and creating the most perplexing complications.

Vague and cursory allusions had fallen from casual visitors; but those parties had invariably, like skaters approaching a spot marked "dangerous," glissed swiftly off into indifferent topics, having that flavor of them that indicates, unmistakably, how imminent had been the peril. Into these poor Mrs. Mulcaster, burning with anxiety to understand what had really happened, was compelled to follow. Come what might of Gosling Grange and its proprietor, it was not for her to express one word of interest in the matter. But she compared notes in private with her younger daughter, and was at no pains to conceal her disquietude.

"You may smile, Louisa, and arch your brows, but mark my words. That boy, in his excitement, has done something rash—constituted himself, I mean, to some lady that it may tax all the ingenuity of his friends to set aside, and may, after all, entail upon him lasting misery."

"Be quite easy, dearest mamma," replied Louisa, "and mark my words. In another week George will be among us on the same footing as before."

Her mother smiled at the bold prophecy, but shook her head.

"I know George Gosling," she said.

"And I Mildred Mulcaster," said Lonsy.

As the ladies sat together on the day we have mentioned, a visitor waited upon them, the announcement of whose name seemed to create a subdued sensation not wholly complimentary.

"Miss Shrapnell."

This lady was the last that remained unmarried of the very numerous daughters of the late Lord Boombe. The deceased nobleman had been a quiet, mild-mannered little man, shy and nervous to the last degree. His disposition was so gentle and humane that it seems like a pleasantry to state that his whole existence was passed in the invention of the most terrific agents for the destruction of the person and property of his fellow-men.

To him is society indebted for the first conception of that delicate little instrument the Seaquake shell, whose mere slip suffices to hurl the largest line-of-battle ship that ever swam fifty fathoms out of her native element.

To Lord Boombe the world's best acknowledgments are considerably overdue for that beautiful adaptation of steam-power to military ends, which, at the distance of three miles, will effect the annihilation of an entire battalion, colonel, drummers, band, doctor, and all, in the insignificant space of one minute and a half.

Encouraged by obtaining, after a correspondence of thirty-five years, the consent of Government to test the value of this last invention on the very first favorable opportunity, his lordship next turned his attention to the perfecting his balloon siege-bomb, calculated to reduce, at one discharge, the most powerful fortress in Europe, when a slight explosion in his laboratory, so trivial as to have been mistaken by the butler for the cat sneezing, shattered his nervous system, and, in fact, originated the illness from which he died.

The family mansion, Battery-Boombe, was curious in itself, as representing the old system of Vauban adapted to the residence of a small British family. It had a draw-bridge, moat, and wall, with salient and re-entering angles complete, although it was almost beyond the range of possibility that any rational human being would sally or re-enter thereby. There was a laboratory and a guard-room, besides another apartment or two, the whole made bomb-proof with a covering of earth twelve feet thick, the six young ladies inhabited the casemates, until, finding, in due course, mates of another description, they were discharged—married—like shots fired at regular intervals. The sixth, and now the sole, Miss Shrapnell, formed, with her own modest establishment, the entire garrison holding Battery-Boombe, from which she descended, grenade in hand, whenever a fitting opportunity for exploding the same with effect seemed to present itself.

Miss Shrapnell, like her excellent father, had a soft, silken manner, which went some way toward winning entrance into the good graces of all who were not forewarned of what was likely to ensue. She had a knack of possessing herself of every species of unwelcome news. She would mould and condense the same into a verbal ball, and, having first artfully created a little garden of delight, in which every body was completely happy and at ease, bang went the shot into the very midst, and off, in the confusion, sailed Miss Shrapnell, exulting.

Mrs. Mulcaster was fully aware of this little peculiarity, and felt toward her visitor much the same regard and confidence with which James the First might have welcomed Guy Fawkes, had that gentleman escaped and presented himself at a levee.

Sweetly and softly Miss Shrapnell came melting into the room.

"Dear friends! At last. Hush—stop. Dear Miss Mulcaster, for one moment I implore you—don't stir—don't even breathe! Heavens! what a picture!" (She drew a deep inspiration.) "Enough! Thanks. You three dear, beautiful, and happy beings," continued the enthusiastic lady. "What a gift is yours! Without uttering one syllable, without the movement of a muscle, you have been able to make a poor solitary creature happy for the day. How bright you look—"

"Lonsy, draw down that blind," said Mrs. Mulcaster.

"—how tranquil! how serene! Dear Mrs. Mulcaster, how sweetly this troublesome world glides onward with its favored few! Nature, art, destiny, seem to enter into little plots to make certain people happy. Are you not of these, dear friend? Candess, now—are you not as perfectly content as human heart can desire?"

"I—I am very content and happy—in my surroundings," said the lady addressed, suspiciously.

"Content!" mourned Miss Shrapnell. "Then, may Heaven forgive you!"

"Well, I hope so," said Mrs. Mulcaster, still on her guard. "But may I ask why?"

"Content! Simply content! Your glorious Mildred! Your gentle, twining Lonsy!"

"I am called a parasite!" said Miss Louisa, pretending to pout.

"With such blessings as these, my dear Mrs. Mulcaster," continued their visitor, in an admonitory tone, "I hold fat contentment nothing short of crime! This dear nest of yours always reminds me of— Dear me! Mildred, darling, you know every thing—what's that that builds upon the sea?"

"Is it a riddle?" asked Mildred.

"No; a question."

"A duck," said Mildred, languidly.

"Nonsense, my dear; a bird—something. Well, The Hale always reminds me of the bird thing. Sunshine and smooth waters. Not one ripple. Not one cloud."

Mrs. Mulcaster became seriously alarmed. Miss Shrapnell had evidently covered the enemy, and was fingering the lanyard of her gun. If Mildred could only be got out of range all was well.

"Mildred, sweet," she said, anxiously, "Miss Shrapnell, I am sure, will kindly excuse you. Remember your little walk."

Mildred, sweet, was, however, insensible to the danger, and, being indisposed for any little walk, retained her seat.

"Well, I, at all events, must go my way," resumed Miss Shrapnell. "Five minutes in this dear, tranquil house does more for me than an hour elsewhere. It tones and braces me. The minds of the spheres (which must have been something highly gratifying) might surely find a parallel in the quiet soothing harmony that pervades this blessed mansion. Do you know I always feel inclined to call it 'home?'"

"I am sure you could not pay it a more welcome compliment than by making it such as much as possible," said the lady addressed, preparing to bow the visitor out as promptly as politeness allowed.

"Adieu, then, my happy Three!" cried the affectionate lady, and, to Mrs. Mulcaster's equal surprise and relief, tripped harmlessly away. Still, there was a lurking gleam in her eye, like the glimmering of a pot-fire, and Mrs. Mulcaster could hardly bring herself to believe that Fawkes, after laying his powder with such manifest pains, would depart without applying the match.

Her misgiving was correct. The bonnet of Miss Shrapnell, like the muzzle of a gun suddenly run out, reappeared at the door. She rolled sweetly on the three:

"Heard the news?"

"No!" exclaimed Mildred.

"Sir George Gosling is engaged to his cook."

Miss Shrapnell softly closed the door and drove away in the highest glee. Never had she delivered a calmer, more accurate, and more discomfiting shot. It was some minutes before the excellent lady could compose herself fitly to the preparation of another little missile, intended for a quiet family, who, she had every reason to believe, had money in a country bank that had suspended payment that morning.

The explosion of an actual bomb in the drawing-room of The Hale could hardly have produced greater consternation. Mildred threw up her arms with a cry of horror. Louisa burst into tears. Mrs. Mulcaster, better prepared for the fatal tidings, thought only of their effect upon her darling—on whom she lavished every consolation her mind could suggest. But Mildred repulsed her; not harshly, however. Self-reproach was the dominant feeling. George had done only what he had threatened, and had been defied to do. The work was entirely her own.

"I am a vile, wicked, heartless woman," moaned Mildred. "Take away your hands, mamma. Let nobody caress me—nobody comfort me. I tell you I am all made up of self and folly. Oh, mamma—why didn't you? Why didn't you?"

"My treasure, didn't I what?" said Mrs. Mulcaster, soothingly.

"Punish me when I was little!" retorted the spoiled one, with flashing eyes. "You knew my willfulness."

"Pretty well," sighed poor Mrs. Mulcaster.

"There—you confess it—and with all my life's happiness at stake! Oh, mamma, I wish I could forgive you!"

"Louisa, do you hear this?" said Mrs. Mulcaster, turning to her younger daughter. "Should Providence ever send you children, recollect that too great tenderness may cost you their duty."

"Mildred is not herself, mamma," said Lonsy, with some warmth. "I do believe she is mad."

"I thank you, Louisa, for your very kind and sisterly remark," said Mildred, majestically. "I shall at least know where I need not seek comfort or sympathy in my sorrow."

"You told us, dear, you did not want any," replied Louisa.

Mildred put her tiny hands to her face.

"Lonsy, Lonsy!" exclaimed her mother, "surely this is not the tone. Govern your temper, I beg, or I must request you to leave the room until my suffering child is better able to endure such rebukes."

"I am not suffering at all, mamma," said Mildred, bursting into a flood of tears.

"My darling, compose yourself. See, Louisa, what your violence has done! Hark, hark! There's a visitor. Quick, Louisa! Not at home!"

"Stop, Lonsy," said Mildred, wiping her beautiful eyes, and regaining her dignity. "This must not be. Let them come. Let any body come. Mamma, I am ashamed of you. Would you wish it said that your daughter was breaking her heart in solitude because her lover had deserted her for his scullion?"

"Because," remarked Louisa, dryly, "that would hardly represent the facts!"

"Hush, both of you!" said Mrs. Mulcaster, authoritatively.

And the servant announced

"Colonel Lugard."

The colonel saw at a glance that tidings of some sort had reached The Hale. Nevertheless, the smile he had worn on entering did not relax; but, on the contrary, broadened into a decided laugh.

"I caught sight of Miss Shrapnell's pony-carriage," he said, "as I turned into the drive and quickened my pace to a charging gallop. But I'm only in time to restore order. Whenever I can not anticipate my fair neighbor of Battery-Boombe, I make a point of following her as promptly as possible. And you can hardly imagine, my dear ladies, how much I am able to effect in binding up mental hurts, correcting intelligence, straightening distorted facts, and general repairs of a like description. I am a complete ambulance-corps attached to the division Shrapnell. Who's hit now? Come, tell the doctor. Well, my dear Miss Louisa, you look the gravest. I begin with you. The last piece of county gossip conveyed to you related to—to—shall I go on? A wedding."

Mrs. Mulcaster trembled, and glanced at Mildred; but her daughter's calm, fixed look, and the colonel's beaming smile reassured her. She let him go on.

"You," he said, addressing them all, "like myself, have heard a ridiculous rumor connecting the name of our young neighbor, George Gosling, with one so far beneath him in station that the jest—and a very bad and malicious one it was—ought to have been at once apparent."

Mildred's look thanked the speaker so eloquently that a sudden thrill shot through his heart, for he knew, that malapy colonel, that there was more, considerably more, to say. With that radiant glance, too joyful for disguise, entered into the colonel's startled soul the conviction that Mildred loved, and that he himself, purposing only to clear their general favorite, George, from an unworthy rumor, must, if he told his story out, scatter worse confusion than Miss Shrapnell herself.

He knew, in common with many others, that a union between the houses of Gosling and Mulcaster had been ranked among the very probable events of the county; but of the actual engagement, and its rupture, he knew nothing. Mrs. Mulcaster had, at his last visit, mentioned in a rather significant manner that intercourse with Gosling Grange had diminished. When, therefore, the report reached him that George was about to be married, and to one of his own domestic servants, his astonishment had been entirely limited to his young friend's selection. "There has been a row—a lovers' quarrel—a rash move of the rebel George," thought the perplexed officer, "and of that, bar the cook, they know nothing. Halt, there. Throw about!"

But this prudent manœuvre was not to be executed. The "three" before him would not permit it. Convinced of the falsehood of Miss Shrapnell's tidings, Mrs. Mulcaster saw no objection to continuing the subject.

"It is curious how circumstantial falsehood has become of late. My only wonder is that we were not favored with all the interesting particulars of Geo—Sir George Gosling's courtship."

"Ha, ha!" said the colonel. "Gossip, you know, grows like the Highland cairn. Every body adds a stone!"

"Scandalous! Stories like these, devoid of the merest atom of foundation, should be visited with some severe social penalty."

"Ahem!" said the colonel—"yes."

"You don't agree with me?"

"Perfectly. Without foundation—yes. Such," added the colonel, briskly, "could not be too severely reprehended."

"Such as this," said Mrs. Mulcaster, firing him to the point.

The poor colonel winced. His sense of justice, even to a Shrapnell, was keen.

"I—I—the fact is, Will Crooke—" (Will Crooke, once his orderly, now his groom, was the colonel's reserve in difficulty; but here William could not act. The appeal was only a sign of distress.)

"I beg your pardon. Will—?"

"Yes. The—the fact is, I am a very poor retailer of gossip, and am sure to make some blunder or other. But Will—Will is the man. That fellow chronicles every incident in the neighborhood; and sometimes, as we are jogging along the road, gallops up, saluting, and reports some nonsense he has picked up as if it were tidings from an outpost. Well, I must say good-morning."

"You will do no such thing," said Mrs. Mulcaster, decisively, "until you have explained why you hesitated when I said there was no pretext for this wild story of Miss Shrapnell's."

"Did I hesitate?" said the colonel. "No—did I?" He glanced uneasily at Mildred. Should he tell all he knew, all that the too-reliable Will had been reporting to him, up to the moment that he, the colonel, dismounted at the door?

Relief came from an unexpected quarter.

"Sir George Gosling has not decided to marry his cook," said Mildred, with a perfectly steady voice and look. "Will you tell us, Colonel Lugard, if you are aware of his engagement to any other lady?"

Had the colonel detected the slightest change of color, the minutest tremor of tone, he would have fenced with the question, direct as it was. Taking courage, however, from the speaker's, he boldly admitted—of course, on the authority of Will Crooke—that the young baronet was understood to have made his selection, and that it had fallen upon a young lady every way qualified to grace her future station.

"That is—very well," said Mildred, in the same steady voice; "and—who—" but there the sound suddenly became a whisper, and ceased.

"Who is it?" asked Louisa.

"You remember," replied the colonel, "my mentioning a young person of singular appearance (some might call her handsome) whom I met in the park, and who picked up my—"

A cry from Mrs. Mulcaster! Louisa glancing like a white meteor across the room! She was barely in time. Mildred fell into her sister's arms, her beautiful hair flooding the ground. Her desperate attempt to enact the heroine had failed. Nature triumphed.

As for the poor colonel, alarmed yet helpless, as men usually are under such circumstances, and conscience-stricken besides, after making a feint toward the bell, then toward the window, murmurs of "Will Crooke" leaving from his lips, he judged it best to sound a retreat. While lingering in the hall a message from Mrs. Mulcaster announced that her daughter, restored to consciousness, had been conveyed to her room, and that she herself begged him to return.

"Can you," she said, "spare me five minutes longer?"

"Can I, my dear lady?" exclaimed the gossip-loving veteran—"I will." The colonel then related all he knew from Will Crooke about the meeting in the rose-garden, the encounter with the dog, and the sudden engagement between Sir George and Esther Vane.

"He had known her long?"

"Since five o'clock in the morning," said the colonel; "at which hour they met, quite accidentally, in the rose-plantation. The acquaintance, however, ripened very rapidly. George's black dog, Swarts, selected that opportune moment for doing what, in my humble opinion, his master must have done before him. He went mad. The insane parties met, and but for the really heroic conduct of this girl, Esther Vane, very grave results might have ensued. If she did not actually save his life, she delivered him, at the risk of her own, from imminent peril. They were engaged before she quitted the house that day. The marriage is to take place almost immediately."

"A most delicate proceeding!" exclaimed the lady.

"It was not so purposed," resumed the colonel, reveling in the full tide of gossip; "but there was a row. Before George had made up his mind to inform his sister, Lady Haughfield, of his new engagement, some one (I know not who) did it for him. Down came my lady as fast as four horses could bring her, to remonstrate. No avail. George was kind, but immutable. This girl, who, he admitted, was his cook's niece and a nursery governess, but decently educated, should be his wife. Clara, in despair, telegraphed for Haughfield. (A bad move.) Down comes my lord, secretly furious, and, at the first interview, lost all that slight amount of temper he usually possesses. Gosling had borne with his sister, but he wouldn't stand that; and, to end the story, his visitors departed, carrying with them the assurance that George would recast their ill-advised and worse-managed interposition, by carrying out his intention at the very earliest moment to which the young lady could be prevailed on to agree. What arguments he used," concluded the colonel, "I can not pretend to say; but of this I am certain—Will Crooke knows it to be a fact—that the girl has consented to shorten, very materially, the interval for which, with a propriety for which we can't deny her credit, she had at first stipulated. The cook, her aunt, has removed to a small farm-house a few miles from hence, where her niece will, no doubt, join her, and the ceremony will take place at the little village—Rosedale—close at hand."

"A thousand thanks, my good friend," said Mrs. Mulcaster, rising nervously, and looking considerably alarmed at the task before her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The report of that active intelligencer, Will Crooke, to his colonel of the proceedings at Gosling Grange was strictly true, only falling short of reality in regard to the stormy character of the conference that followed Lord Haughfield's appearance on the scene. The temper of this noble person, never of the sweetest, was not improved by his compulsory jaunt of two hundred miles, nor by the unpromising aspect of affairs on his arrival. Thus, instead of temporizing with his young connection (George was by many years his junior), he gave such free expression to his own personal displeasure at the proposed match, that George, in his turn losing self-government, cut the matter short by declaring his intention irrevocable, and refused to hear another word on the subject. Swelling with rage and disappointment, Lord Haughfield would have ordered his horses, and departed on the spot—vowing that nothing on earth should induce him to taste food prepared by the hands of the future Lady Gosling's aunt—but for George's promise that this difficulty should be obviated by borrowing a neighbor's French cook. It needed all Clara's tact and eloquence to bring about an armistice which should save appearances, and subsist at all events till the following morning, when the visitors might depart in peace.

George was now alone, but far from happy. He was fond of his sister, and had secretly relied upon her for the re-establishment of good relations with his proud and sensitive brother-in-law, should these be disturbed by his projected marriage. But Clara had imbibed something of her lord's family pride, and this, added to the abrupt manner in which the news (which, she justly felt, should have come from her brother himself) had been conveyed to her, arrayed her feelings against him. He must fight it out alone.

And horribly alone he felt. The prospect of long months of this mental solitude, unchecked by the presence of her upon whom every thought of his heart was now unalterably fixed, almost made him frantic. A fever of impatience possessed him, to which neither solitude nor society seemed to offer any effectual relief. One thing was very certain, he could not wear out this weary interval at Gosling Grange. What if he should travel a little? George went to bed, thinking of Italy.

He was awakened by a cry of alarm and horror uttered by his own lips. He had had a frightful dream. Esther, her fair face torn and disfigured by the fangs of the rabid Swarts, appeared to him engaged in desperate conflict with the furious animal, and shrieking for aid. The vision was so real that he had risen and set foot on the floor before he was convinced of the illusion. In certain conditions of mind things that might else pass for no more than their actual value exercise a morbid tyranny over the reason and judgment. This dream, in George's mind, connected itself with evil of some kind impending over Esther. In vain he strove with the sinister presentiment. In vain he busied himself with traveling preparations.

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A conviction fastened upon his mind that to quit her now would be to bid her an eternal farewell. At length he took the resolution to write to her one passionate appeal, in which, after describing the doubt and trouble that possessed him, he implored her to abandon, for his sake, the interval of delay for which she had stipulated, and accompany him to Italy as his bride.

While waiting her reply, George occupied himself with the arrangements rendered necessary by what would, in any case, be a prolonged absence from home. He took measures for selling his horses and reducing his establishment. Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, rendered totally ineffective by continued rheumatism, had resigned; and this circumstance had made it imperative that good Mrs. Turnover should, for the present, retain office, although George, who, in the altered aspect of affairs, disliked to see her in a menial capacity, would have preferred to have her remove at once to a pleasant and commodious cottage he had purchased at the pretty village of Rosedale, whither he hoped Esther would come to join her.

There was nothing now to prevent this arrangement being carried out, and George, after waiting several days in vain for an answer to his letter, determined to quit Goslin Graise on the morrow.

He shook hands cordially with Mrs. Turnover.

"I trust you will find every thing to your satisfaction, my good old friend," said George, "and that—that your niece may be persuaded to abandon her teaching and come to learn—learn housekeeping, I mean, under your able tuition, at Rosedale. Thus I shall perhaps see you both before I begin my travels."

Mrs. Turnover was in tears; she didn't know why; she always did cry when people went abroad. It seemed to imply a range and time of immense magnitude and duration.

"Wishing you the best of 'elth and sperrets, Sir," sobbed the good lady; "and, if I may be so bold, don't go nowhere, 'specially up hill, without a sangwidge in each pocket. Did I ever tell you, when you was a boy, them words of Mr. Turnover? They was his last."

"His very last?" asked George, suspiciously.

"Well, Sir, he'd been silent so long that we thought he was actially gone; and the nuss, which had been promised another job, wanted to put him in the coffin he'd ordered for hisself some days before, when, while we was arguin', T. opens one eye and crooks his little finger, which meant 'Lift me up and give me a table-spoonful of gruel, not too hot, with half a dozen drops of brandy in it.' That was giv', and he says, 'Don't cheat your stommick. Heat horfen and 'artily. If I'd had a sangwidge every twenty minutes since I was five year old, I'd 'ave been an 'elthy individual now. Adoo!"

Mrs. Turnover bobbed and departed.

Little slept the young master of the house that night. As he flung open the casement and welcomed the dawn a fancy seized him to visit the rose-pleasance where he had first heard that haunting voice that now seemed forever speaking to his soul. Autumn was now well advanced. Not a rose was to be seen, but George could have picked out the very tree by which Esther had stood—almost the very thorn by which she had been wounded—and, with the idle fancy peculiar to lovers and lunatics, snipped off the spray, thorns and all, and put it in his button-hole! Sitting in the bower from which he had issued to surprise the trespasser, he strove to conjure up the fairy face, and, having done so, fell into a reverie gloomier than ever. He knew that, in writing to her as he had done, he had broken the compact they had made, and her silence (for this was the fifth day) led him seriously to fear that she would act upon her threat and consider their intercourse as at an end.

The sound of the little gate opening disturbed his meditations. Mr. Fanshaw with the post-bag.

The butler announced that breakfast was on the table.

"In half an hour," said George. "I will read my letters here."

His eye had already detected a strange handwriting. It was a firm, fair hand, an Esther-like hand. He hesitated for an instant, then tore it open, and with a glance devoured the contents, which were of the briefest.

The blood flew to his forehead.

"She is mine!" he exclaimed, clasping the letter aloft in his exulting hands.

To explain this satisfactory result we must return for a moment to Esther herself.

When that inflexible young lady went back to her no sinecure at Mrs. Grimble's, she did so with the full intention of peremptorily dismissing from her mind all such recent recollections as were at all likely to interfere with the performance of her accustomed duties. Finding, however, that these comprised every word and incident that in the remotest degree connected themselves with her late visit to Gosling Graise, Esther next wisely determined to regard the whole merely as a beatific vision, which might, or might not, have reference to some future event, but by no means justified an abiding contemplation. And such an anomaly is woman's mind, that the calm and unimaginative Esther almost brought herself to believe that she had been the victim of an illusion! A glance at her wounded hand, however, always restored the reality.

"What is you look at your hand so often for, Miss Vann?" said little Maud Grimble. "Is it—Oh, Miss Vann, how bad!"

"Nonsense, dear, it's nothing. A mere scratch," replied Esther, mechanically putting it to her lips.

But Maud's exclamation had attracted the rest, who came clustering round to examine the hurt.

"What a long scratch! Does it pain you still, dear?" asked her eldest pupil.

"Not at all. I like it. I love it!" replied Esther, impatiently.

"Like a scratch!" chorused the wondering circle.

"What did I say? You are making me talk nonsense, I think," said the young governess. "Go on with your lesson, Maud. The products of Staffordshire are—"

But little people are observant; and that brief dialogue, and the wound that was "liked," were not forgotten.

This story must be frankly told. Poor Esther, despite her gallant struggle to regain her usual course of thought and duty, was destined to fail. One haunting doubt, that nothing could exorcise, presented itself more and more, infesting even her innocent dreams, so that she would awake under the consciousness, as it were, of some accusation to which she could oppose no sufficient answer. Suppose, something whispered, George's lost love has repented of her precipitancy, and learned with bitter remorse that her heart was all his own? Suppose that this fact should be made known to George? Would it revive the sentiments so long cherished, so lately overcome? Could she put faith in her lover's present feelings? Nay, ought he to rely upon his own? Even if it were so, had she, Esther, acted honorably in assisting to neutralize all hope of a reconciliation between persons separated only by the caprice of one?

This state of doubt and perplexity began to influence her bodily health. Headaches (to which she had hitherto been a stranger) and a strange nervousness, with accelerated pulse and other feverish symptoms, at times assailed her. In spite of every effort at self-control, she found herself becoming captious, irritable, impatient. This cost the poor girl many penitent tears, and weeping renewed her headache, until she gave herself up to the doubtful comfort of gazing upon the "mere scratch," which had long since healed, by way of balm to the still open and far more dangerous wound within.

Such a condition of things could not be favorable to the progress of Grimble education. Mr. and Mrs. Grimble, though good-hearted people in their way, had been trained in the comfortless school of genteel poverty. By pinching alone could they maintain what they conceived to be their social status. Hence they had not hesitated to avail themselves of the services of Esther, both as nurse and governess, for their six children, without other remuneration than her board and lodging. They knew that, save for her worthy aunt, Mrs. Turnover, Esther was without friends capable of assisting her, and kept the secret of their jewel governess so tightly that, I am sorry to say, when once an opportunity presented itself of placing Esther in a far superior position, Mrs. Grimble so successfully under-estimated her governess's acquirements as to retain her in the family. Of this circumstance Miss Vann had been somehow made aware. But warmly attached to her pupils, and content with the personal kindness she received from her employers, she had willingly remained in the position in which we found her.

"Do you know, Grimble, I am not quite pleased with Esther of late?" said Mrs. G. to her lord. "Ever since her last visit to her Aunt Turnover, when she stopped away all night without my leave, she has been like a changed girl. I am afraid she neglects the children."

"Ha! why do you think so, my dear?" inquired Mr. Grimble, with whom Esther was rather a favorite.

"I've had it on my mind some time," said the lady, "and to-day I examined them all. They have not advanced one bit. Margaret's still in simple long division; Maud insisted that Dublin was the capital of North Wales; and Tommy had a theory that eggs were the invention of Christopher Columbus, when straitened for provisions while looking for the pole. I shall speak very seriously to Esther on the subject."

"Of the egg, my dear? And 'seriously?' It is more than *I* would promise to do," said her husband, laughing. "But," he added, "do you think that Esther is quite well? She has looked queerly at times. Besides, she is a good girl, and remember, mamma, we don't pay her a princely salary!"

"We give her all she wants, and we treat her as an equal, which is more than they would do at any of your great houses," returned the lady; "and she ought to do her duty by us according."

"—Ly, my love," put in Mr. Grimble, who, since Esther had been in the house, had grown particular in his grammar. "Well, so she ought. Give her a jog, if you like, just to keep her up to the collar, you know, that's all."

On the day that witnessed this conversation, headache, and that strange sense of uneasiness before alluded to, had compelled poor Esther to seek her own chamber, where she sat with flushed and burning cheeks, striving vainly to compose her troubled thoughts. She no longer attempted to disguise from herself the strength of the feeling that possessed her. She loved with a wild ineradicable love, the depths of which she dared not fathom. But, *he*?—

"I—I can not bear this," she gasped, with a choking sob that seemed to give her pain. "Is it—is it real? Dare I believe him? Oh, if he can not love me, let me die!"

"Miss Vann! Esther! A letter for you, dear," said a small voice outside the bolted door, and the missive was skillfully passed under it, the bearer skipping away.

Esther snatched it from the ground. It was not a short letter; but the contents appeared to be comprehended at a glance.

It was her lover's letter, coming like an answer to her prayer. Enough to say that George had set forth, with all the illogical but convincing arguments true passion will suggest, the reasons that existed for a speedy termination of the present condition of suspense. He implored her to place herself under the affectionate care of her only relative, in the home he had provided for the latter, to permit him to visit her there, and to sanction the preparations for their union at the earliest moment to which his prayers might induce her to accede.

Thereupon began a fresh tumult in her soul. Despite its passion there was apparent in George's letter an honest truth, before which all doubts dwindled and dispersed to air. The temptation to listen to his pleading was strong, while her own heart ceased not to whisper: "Yield, yield; what would you more?" On the other hand, her sense of delicacy recoiled from the suddenness of the step. Their slight and recent acquaintance, still more the fact of his having so lately stood in the same relation toward another, demanded delay. She would pause upon it, and might Heaven direct her judgment right!

Her meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door, just sufficiently imperious to denote the mistress of the house. Placing the letter in her bosom Esther hastened to admit her.

"Oh, we feared that you were unwell," began Mrs. Grimble; "but you are really looking better than usual. So I may say, without fear of increasing your indisposition, what I came about. Your care of the children, Miss Vann, has considerably relaxed of late."

"Ma'am," faltered Esther, conscious that the charge was not entirely without foundation.

"This must be amended, child," said Mrs. Grimble, coldly pursuing her advantage.

"I—I have not been quite myself lately," replied Esther, pressing her hot hand upon her brow.

"I have just made the remark that you look even better than usual," said Mrs. Grimble, stately. "I will thank you not to contradict me, Miss Vann." (Esther courtesied.) "I do not wish for any words with you. I have merely to remind you that, in return for the peculiar advantages you enjoy in being at all times treated as a member of my family, I have a right to expect that your undivided interest and attention be centred in my children. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, ma'am," said Esther; "and I have to thank you for this most opportune visit, which has enabled me to decide upon a point of distressing difficulty. I am going to leave you."

"How! *What!* leave me, child?" exclaimed the alarmed lady. "Whither could you go?"

"Not to Mrs. Margesson's," said Esther, quietly. (The name brought a slight color into Mrs. Grimble's cheek.) "I am going to my aunt, who is now residing at Rosedale."

"And—and the chil— Nonsense, Esther. I was only joking."

"*I am not*," said Esther, steadily. "I should not hold such jesting fair. I love your children, and am indebted to you, and even more to Mr. Grimble, for an amount of kindness not always shown even to those who can give something in return. But my mind is made up. I will remain, however, for a few days, if you think fit, that my pupils may not be deprived of such inefficient teaching as I can still afford; for, indeed," added Esther, rather appealingly, "I am not so well as you persist in believing."

Poor Mrs. Grimble was fain to accept this concession, and the interview terminated, leaving on her hands the unpleasant duty of informing her husband that not only had Miss Vann refused to be kept "up to the collar," but had slipped out of it altogether.

Rosedale, whither the last scene of this strange, eventful history conducts us, was a pretty, sequestered village, in and around which more than one of George's ancestors had held property. Hence, though it was somewhat nearer to The Hale than George would have preferred—about four miles—he had selected it as an eligible residence for his faithful old servant, and provided her with the prettiest cottage-dwelling in the district. Every thing requisite for comfort—even many elegances—had been liberally supplied; for George trusted it might prove the temporary nest of a brighter bird than she whom he sent forward to prepare the way.

He was not disappointed. Esther came: and the third meeting in the world of these singular lovers took place in the little pleasance George had caused to be planted, regardless of expense, in imitation of that at The Graige. Happy beyond expression they lingered in the autumn-tinted wood-walks, or sat beside the chattering brook, while Mrs. Turnover, in her glory, superintended the preparation of those marriage garments, etc., to which her darling could be prevailed upon to give but slight attention.

Esther's new-found peace seemed to impart a new beauty to her charming features; but there were still times when the feverish flush would reappear, and a quickened pulse and glistening eye indicated some morbid action lurking in her sensitive system.

One day, when George, who had been absent a little longer than usual, meeting her in her walk, leaped from his horse and clasped her hand, she gave a little involuntary cry of pain. George eagerly inquired the cause, and in doing so, noticed the peculiar feverish and excited expression we have mentioned.

He learned that she had yesterday struck her hand accidentally against a book-case exactly upon the scar left by the rose-thorn at Gosling Graise. It had given her more pain than was easy to be accounted for, seeing that that famous wound had long since healed; and, besides an extreme tenderness on the spot itself, she had since suffered from severe shooting pains, following the direction of the surrounding nerves up to the very shoulder and neck.

George looked at the scar. It was no longer white, but a dark, livid red, and that not only at the seat of the recent bruise, but throughout its entire length.

"My darling, this must be looked to," he said. "The blow has touched a nerve. This terrible wound! When will it cease to reproach me, I wonder!" He kissed it softly as he spoke.

"Do you know that even the touch of your lips gives me a twinge of pain?" said Esther, laughing. "But, what matters, dear? After all, a mere scratch!"

George lingered long that day, as if he could not tear himself from the side of his betrothed, whose spirits were higher than common. Wit and fancy sparkled through her merry talk, and when George reluctantly departed the night through which he rode seemed dark enough.

When he was fairly gone Esther turned deadly pale and burst into tears, trembling, and at intervals sighing heavily. A reaction had taken place. Mrs. Turnover, frightened, insisted upon her going instantly to bed; and to make sure, saw her thither.

But Esther could not sleep. Something oppressed her breathing. The shooting pains in her hand and arm became more frequent and acute. Soon the very silence seemed to grow intolerable, and she rose and opened the window. The moon was near the full, and as Esther gazed upon the shining mystery sailing smoothly and dumbly through the fields of air a sudden and violent shiver darted through her frame. Afraid of a chill she closed the casement, and once more sought her pillow. This time she slept, indeed, but it was only to be the victim of frightful dreams.

Wretched and unrefreshed she rose almost with the dawn, and was shocked at her own strange looks. With a strong mental effort she threw off the morbid uneasiness that tormented her, and, calmed with prayer, walked out into the pleasance. The morning was dull and overcast; but this, perhaps, from harmonizing with her present condition of mind, seemed more soothing than sunshine. At all events she felt herself growing better, when a little girl, who was proud to act as her special attendant, tripped up the garden and placed a letter in her hand.

The writing was strange. She opened it, read—the blood, rushing to her head, almost blinded her—but she had caught the meaning:

"Beware of the step you are about to take. A caprice, bitterly repented, estranged for a moment two hearts long and loyally united. But for you all had been well. Forego the hollow conquest you think you have made. It will be a noble sacrifice and will be as nobly rewarded."

There was no signature. But a legion of witnesses could not have brought home the truth more indisputably to Esther's bursting heart.

"This, this, then, was the coming horror!" she cried aloud. "I felt it; I was warned. Yet still, so sudden! My love so perfect, my hope so near! I—I will go in, and seek—"

With faint, uncertain steps she made her way to her chamber. Hardly entered, she was seized with a convulsive nervous spasm, so violent that, unable to reach her bed, she sank upon the floor. In doing so she struck her hand slightly on the ground. Instantly an acute pang, commencing from the scar, shot upward, till it ended with a piercing shock, as if a nail had been driven into her very brow. The faintness increased.

"Water," she thought. "If I could only reach the water!"

She did manage it; but, although longing to cool her burning throat, dashed the half-filled goblet from her. A globe, rising with a twisting, vermicular sensation in her throat, threatened suffocation. She tried to cry out, but could not. She could only mutter:

"Must I die? What—what is this?"

As if in awful answer, a pang, more severe than any that had preceded it, shot from her wounded hand, succeeded by a convulsive tremor pervading her whole frame. She looked at the scar. It was red and angry, seemed ready to open, and even now giving out an ichorous fluid. The truth flashed upon her.

"I am lost!" gasped the unhappy girl, sinking on her knees. "The mad dog!"

After a second or two she rose and made two or three wild steps toward the door, as if to seek for aid; but, if so, the consciousness that no human help could now avail stopped her, and her thoughts flew to George. Even in that hour of anguish one comforting thought visited her. It was for *him* she had incurred this end.

But who—oh, who should tell *him*? What was to be done? Might Heaven send the needful strength, and keep her senses clear! She scarcely doubted of the latter, for, acquainted with the ordinary phenomena of this fearful disease, she recollected that the senses and faculties are rather stimulated by it than impaired.

Although medicine could not cure, it might alleviate, might retard. With a calmness that astonished herself, Esther laid out her scheme; for time was brief indeed, and nothing must go wrong. She sent word to her aunt that she should return to breakfast in half an hour; then, putting on her thickest veil, hurried to the house of the village doctor.

Mr. Woford was a young practitioner, with a wife who looked like a child, and several children, who looked as if they had no business there at all. He was alone in his surgery—he generally was—and thither Esther proceeded.

Throwing back her veil, and displaying her flushed cheeks and glistening eyes, the visitor held out her hand:

"Can you tell me, Sir, what is the matter with me?" she asked him, steadily.

Mr. Woford smiled at the abruptness, but his look changed as he felt her galloping pulse, and remarked the tokens, manifest even to him, of unwonted derangement. There was fever, he thought, but his opinion inclined to hysteria, and the questions he put to her were inspired thereby. He recommended repose of mind and body, and promised to send immediately what he considered needful.

He quickly prepared the things of which he spoke, added some careful directions, and would have attended her home, but this she declined.

Mrs. Turnover was watching for her darling, impatient to show her something that awaited her approval. Esther mechanically followed the good lady, but the sight of the object—her own bridal dress laid out in state—was, in her overwrought condition, too much for her. Uttering a loud despairing shriek, she sank upon the ground, surrendering herself for the moment to all the grief and horror of her position. Disguise was no longer possible. It would soon become necessary, for the safety of others, to warn those around of the probably increasing violence of the paroxysms.

The grief and terror of poor Mrs. Turnover would have turned her brain, but that, fortunately, the honest soul could not be brought wholly to believe that there was literally no hope—that a creature so fair and young, so innocent, so cherished, must die without remedy, and such a death! But the intrepid girl herself was the first to regain composure. She had to make the most of the brief interval of tranquillity the sedatives had obtained, and at once began her melancholy task.

She wrote to George, in terms such as the purest affection alone could dictate, informing him frankly of her condition, and entreating him to come to her *that* night. This letter was not to be dispatched to him till past noon; she had something else to do before they met.

Accordingly he only received it on his return from an afternoon ride, with what feelings I shall not attempt to describe. In his despairing anguish, one idea, almost like an inspiration, flashed across his mind. He remembered having heard, or read, that an eminent London practitioner, Sir Albert Ray, had, in his experience, met with two cases of admitted rabies, which had, notwithstanding, resulted in a cure. Catching desperately at this straw, he dispatched an instant express to London, imploring Sir Albert, who was an old friend and schoolmate of his father, to hasten to Rosedale with all possible speed. His fingers could hardly form the terrible word that was to warn Sir Albert how necessary was this speed. "More than one life depends on your coming," wrote George, yielding to the illusory hope. "She is my betrothed wife; I can not bear her loss." Then, mounting his swiftest horse, he flew to Rosedale.

Esther's next act, after writing to her lover, was to order a carriage. Nobody thought of remonstrance. There was something in her manner that forbade interference with any thing she might do. Alone and veiled she got into the carriage, and was driven to The Hale. There she asked if she could be permitted to see Miss Mulcaster alone—or, if not alone, with her mother.

Miss Mulcaster was alone, in the garden, but she had been somewhat indisposed. The servant hesitated.

"I too am an invalid," said Esther, smiling sweetly, and, lifting her veil, disclosed a countenance now white as a shroud. The servant turned and led the way.

Mildred was walking pensively on one of the side terraces. She turned with some surprise to meet the unannounced visitor.

"Forgive, I beg of you, this intrusion," began Esther.

The face and voice sufficed: Mildred waved the servant away. They were alone.

"My object is three-fold," said Esther: "to see you—to entreat your pardon—and to repair, if I may, the injury I have done to you and to another. My name is Esther Vann."

"Esther Vann!" exclaimed Mildred, the color rushing into her cheeks, "and you come—"

"Suffer me to speak," said Esther, "and do not wonder nor be alarmed. I am dying. I have but a few short hours to live, and those, perhaps, marked with such agony as to make death, imminent as it is, too tardy. Again I pray you not to fear, but in charity to hear my words. I am dying from the poison of a mad dog's foam infused into an accidental scratch on my hand. You turn pale, and look pitifully on me. That is kind and hopeful, for my time—" she pressed her hands forcibly on her bosom: "I must be quick. Miss Mulcaster, you were to have been George's wife. He loved you—will do so still. As for me, it was a short and transient dream. If he has wronged you, oh forgive him! has not *he* something to forgive? Take back from my dying hand the treasure I had no right to win. He—he is coming to-night. I have written to him to come and bid me farewell. Let me have this comfort—dying so young—that I have reunited those hands that should not have fallen asunder; reunited them, never to part again until we all

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meet beyond the tyranny of doubts, and pains, and tears." As she concluded she sank at Mildred's feet.

The latter, weeping, stooped to raise and embrace her, but Esther refused.

"Speak, only speak! Answer me, do you grant my prayer? What shall I say to him when he comes?"

"Say," whispered Mildred, drowned in tears, "say that *I* have nothing to forgive, much to repent of."

"Enough! I will go," said Esther, rising with difficulty to her feet; and resisting, with a sort of mingled fierceness and entreaty, Mildred's eager offers of support and succor, made her way to the carriage and returned to Rosedale.

All that day the convulsive paroxysms recurred at intervals, the progress of the disease being apparently but slightly checked by the palliatives to which she had recourse. The patient became more and more intolerant of light; the slightest touch increased her suffering, and the mere mention of any fluid nourishment brought on the convulsive tremor.

It was dark when George arrived. It would be needless to depict the young man's passionate despair. In vain he had striven to nerve himself for the meeting. The sight of her he loved dying in such a manner, and for him, broke down his manhood. Of the two, Esther was the more composed. She made him sit beside her, and, having somewhat calmed his sorrow, told him, after due preparation, what she had done that day, ending by entreating him, as he would impart some comfort to her dying hour, to accept the peace she had prepared for him, and seek, in the renewal of his earliest—perhaps most warranted—attachment, forgetfulness of this sharp but transitory grief.

George heard her with doubt and bewilderment, as if he hardly understood her words, or thought them expressions of delirium; but she convinced him to the contrary, and pressed her entreaties in such wise that he at length gave way.

"If it be my misery to live," he said, in a broken voice, "I will do it. I will do *any thing* that you command."

"I am happy," said Esther, softly. Soon after she sank into an exhausted sleep.

To the surprise of those around there was on the morrow no aggravation of the symptoms. The dread march of the disease seemed to be arrested. But Mr. Woford warned them against any delusive hopes, adding, with truth, that such periods of relief were known to occur.

George's express returned from London almost as swiftly as he had sped thither. He brought a letter from Sir Albert Ray, containing—as might indeed be expected—but little comfort. The eminent physician had cases on his hands as urgent, if less distressing, but would use his utmost endeavors to comply with George's summons. He cautioned his young friend, however, to expect no real benefit from his coming; and, adverting to the cases instanced by George, owned that there was reason to believe that the parties in question might have been inoculated with the virus producing rabies at some antecedent period unknown to themselves. He added some brief suggestions for the patient's medical attendants.

"Just what I am doing," remarked Mr. Woford, with a satisfied air.

It was not until the fourth morning had dawned that Sir Albert Ray drove up to the cottage. His eye caught the open windows.

"She lives yet!" he thought, with some surprise.

The next moment he was beside the bed of the fevered-tossing patient. George was astonished at the calm, confident, almost cheerful face with which the renowned physician gazed upon a case which every one felt to be hopeless, and he presently descended to the drawing-room, there to await the word of doom.

When Sir Albert rejoined him the look of confidence had vanished. He pressed his young friend's hand.

"No hope!" murmured the latter.

"There *should* be none," replied the other. "I shall see her again, when I have spoken with her medical adviser—Mr. whom did you say—Woford. He is sent for, I think. This is, you say, the *fourth* day—the *fourth?*" (George assented.) "That is unusual.....

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.—"He stands at the door of the church peeping in."

but there is no absolute rule." And the doctor fell into meditation.

"Has this poor lady made frequent allusion to the cause of her attack?"

"Very frequent."

"Is she acquainted with the ordinary symptoms of the disorder?"

"Too well, I fear!"

"Hem! It may be so," said Sir Albert, thoughtfully. "Has she complained of a rising—a globular feeling (if I called it by its name, *clavus hystericus*, you wouldn't understand me) in her throat?"

"From the first."

"Where the deuce is Woford?" said Sir Albert, starting from his chair. "One question more, by-the-by. Had she suffered from any sudden and violent impulse of emotion?"

"None that I am aware of," said George; "but—"

"Stay you here," said the physician, and vanished.

The ten minutes that followed seemed interminable. When his step was heard returning George's heart stood still.

"Can you bear *hope?*" were the first words he heard. "Mind, I say *hope*—no more. Then," continued Sir Albert, without waiting for an answer, "give me a magnifying-glass. Look at the toy they offered me above." (He showed Mrs. Turnover's spectacles.) "Nay, as I'm a living doctor, here's my own. How came I—I remember. Come with me."

They went up stairs. Esther was sitting up in bed, pale as death.

"There's a complexion for you!" cried the doctor, exultingly. "Talk to me of rabies, with a face like *that!* Woford was a baby, and, 'faith, I'm not much better for listening to you all instead of attending to my work myself. Come, miss, I must have another and a closer peep at that hand. Out with it!" He applied the glass very carefully, looking at it again and again. Then he fumbled a little with his waistcoat-pocket, and presently saying, sweetly, "Now don't scream," probed the open wound with a touch that absolutely wrung from the patient the shriek he had deprecated. It was but that single touch. He waved something aloft.

"There's your mad dog!" he shouted. "Rabies! hydrophobia! Hydrofiddlestick! A rose-thorn and a lacerated nerve. In no more danger than *I* am! A sudden emotion brought on hysteria. Her own imagination did the rest. The case is uncommon. Keep her quiet—light solids. See, I am going to lie down for two hours. If, by that time, my lady here is not drinking like a little fish I'll resign my diploma."

The doctor was right. In two hours he had departed, carrying with him countless blessings.

It was the fifth morning. The lovers—such, alas! they were—sat together for the last time, for Esther was inflexible. George's oath and promise must be held as sacred as though her own life had not been ransomed from the fearful doom that seemed to threaten it. Her whole soul was devoted to the task of reconciling him to the separation, which was inevitable, and must be immediate.

How far she succeeded there is no occasion to relate. The trial was not decreed.

George was summoned away for a few moments, and in his place there was kneeling a veiled figure. The veil was thrown aside, and never did Mildred's angel-face look more angelic than while she whispered:

"My darling! I come to give you back your own. My compact was not made with the living Esther, but the dead. He is yours, and my blessing with him: for you have taught me a noble lesson, that shall not be lost upon this selfish heart. And do not fear or grieve for me. When we meet, in pleasant days (I hope) to come, I shall be able to confess that my happiness, which deserved a deadly wound, has, like this dear hand, after all, sustained but a mere *scratch*."

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
  No troublesome beadle is near him;
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
  And little Pat trembles to hear him:
A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
  Who never knew parent or duty—
His head is uncover'd, his jacket is torn,
  And hunger has withered his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box
  Seems growing more angry each minute—
He doubles his fist, and the cushion he knocks,
  As if anxious to know what is in it.
He scolds at the people who sit in the pews—
  Pat takes them for kings and princesses.
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes:
  In his rags—he feels proud of their dresses!)

The Parson exhorts them to think of their need
  To turn from the world's dissipation—
The naked to clothe and the hungry to feed—
  Pat listens with strong approbation!
And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
  Pat runs up to meet him right gladly—
"Shure, give me my dinner," says he, with a smile,
  "And a jacket—I want them quite badly!"

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
  The beadle gets word of the danger,
And, shaking his silver-tipped stick in the air,
  Looks knives at the poor little stranger.
But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
  And cries—who so willing to cry it?—
"You'll give me my dinner—I'm *such* a poor boy:
  You said so—now don't you deny it!"

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
  And growl about robbers and arson;
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
  And smiles at the white-headed Parson!
The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
  And whisper, he wants better teaching:
But the white-headed Parson looks tenderly down
  On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
  As eager as Paley to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same)
  Is the moral that lies in the lesson.
And after long years when Pat, handsomely drest—
  A smart footman—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best,
  He says, "Och! shure, the master's ould sermin!"

VISIT OF THE POPE TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA IN ROME.—[See First Page.]

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THE OLD STORY.

I WAS a woman, and I'd a heart,
And I raved of love and of constancy,
And he saw the tears to my eyelids start,
For he was the world to me!

He whisper'd low when the spring-time flew,
Of the tangled paths in which men stray,
And around me all his arms he threw,
His eyes were on fire that day.

We parted: yes! but I clung to him,
And I put up my lips to be kissed again:
But the laughing eyes of the heav'n grew dim,
And were swollen black with rain.

They came to me when my love was gone,
And said he was poor and toiled for bread;
They talk'd of ruin and tears alone,
And my heart was full as lead.

And then they laid their bribe at my feet—
'Twas the same old tale that is often told—
They play'd on the strings of my heart's conceit,
And dazzled my eyes with gold.

I sold myself to a loveless thing,
And I walk'd to the altar and there I lied;
For my heart was away with the primrose spring,
And I by my husband's side.

And now you ask me what of the lie?
I've paid full dear for my girlish greed;
'Twere better, I think, for a woman to die
Than to live the life I lead.

I am alone, but still I can sing,
And pray for the rain of winter's rain,
For the scent of the primrose-crown of spring
Will return to me again.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WITH the changing season and the confirmed cold weather a change is taking place in the form of the chapeau, which now covers more of a lady's head than has been the case for many months past. Velvet promises to be the favorite material, and blue, black, and gray, of every variety of shade, are the colors chiefly in vogue. The trimming is extremely simple, and consists either of jet ornaments or glass beads and lace, with occasionally a small ostrich feather, a bow of ribbon, or a single flower at the side. Bonnets of pale blue velvet, trimmed with white lace, and having white satin strings, are much in favor. Those of black velvet are frequently bordered with a narrow cerise-color piping, and are occasionally turned up very slightly at the edges. The trimming in this case is merely a simple rose at the side. Strings, which are worn extremely long, are, according to the shape of the chapeau, tied either under the chin or also beneath the chignon. Spite of the sharpness of the weather, the chapeau Mantille-Maintenon, which is rectangular in front, perfectly flat, and is made either of crape or tulle, with occasionally a hanging border of lace, is a good deal worn. The strings, which are passed over the top of the chapeau, cover the ears, and are tied tightly under the chin, generally in a very large bow, or else they are embroidered over with glass passementerie, and hang loose below the chin, à la chaise Bernhardt, in which latter case a second pair of strings of narrow ribbon is tied under the chignon, the ends of which, being very long, float in streamers down the back.

THE OLD STORY.—"I SOLD MYSELF TO A LOVELESS THING."

Casaques, which are still worn short, are made of velvet, cashmere, and cloth; the fashionable colors being maroon, deep violet, and black. These which are of black velvet, and covered almost entirely with jet ornaments, seem to be most in favor. The lower edges are still cut into the most fantastic shapes; the sleeves at times fit close to the wrist; at others they are full and open, the cuts being slashed in some fanciful form. The lining is invariably of some brilliant color, such as crimson, pea-blue, suave, or Magenta. Casaques of astrakan are likely to be much worn this winter, and attempts are being made to introduce pardessus of black silk, lined throughout with fur. These invariably hang loose upon the figure.

For robes, velvetens, trimmed with jet buttons are getting much in favor. A new robe, called the Clarisse-Harlow, after RICHARDSON's immortal heroine, promises to become very fashionable every where this season. It is made à quatre, and is of satin, moire, or taffeta, and may be worn indiscriminately for visiting, dinner-parties, soirées, etc. The front of the jupe is perfectly straight, without plaits, and behind is a long train. When trimmed with dentelle Cluny this robe presents a most elegant appearance; it is, however, generally worn extremely plain, with the corsage and jupe to correspond, the bottom of the jupe being perhaps slashed with satin of the same shade of color as the robe. For evening-dress we have sea-green foulards spotted over with small white-shaded flowers and trimmed with taffeta; with a square corsage cut à la vierge, and an embroidered cuirass and long mantle sleeves with entredeux of Cluny. For walking-dress a new black silk has been introduced, entirely free from gloss. The robe is made without plaits and à quatre; the front is trimmed with a bias of velvet satin bordered with white dentelle Cluny spotted with black. The corsage à longue is trimmed like the robe, the sleeves fitting closely, and being similarly trimmed in stripes.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of foulard des Indes. Pardessus of cashmere, embroidered with jet ornaments, with jupon to correspond. Chapeau of green velvet.

Fig. 2.—Jupon of popiln, with a border embroidered with black silk. The tunic, which is of a different shade of color, is trimmed with black taffeta. Paletot of cloth. Chapeau Mantille, with a rose at the side.

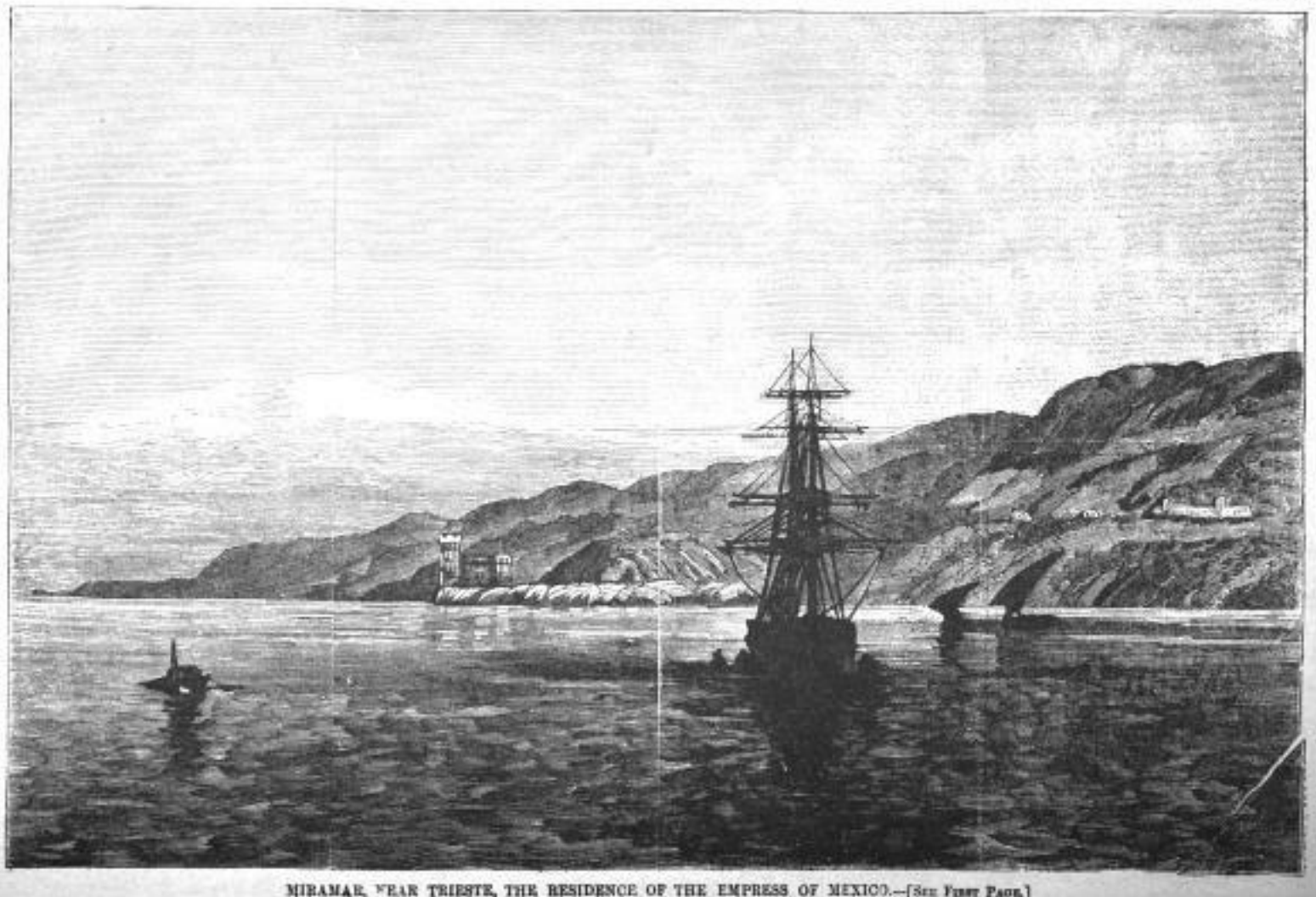
Fig. 3.—Robe Clarisse-Harlow, of foulard or taffeta, the seams trimmed with a silk cord, with a similar cord running round the bottom of the jupe. Black velvet paletot, trimmed with satin and jet ornaments. Chapeau of plaited gray velvet, with small ostrich feathers.

Fig. 4.—Robe of taffeta on a plaited jupon, the robe being caught up in tufts. Casaque peplum of cashmere embroidered with jet ornaments. Chapeau Mantille-Maintenon of black lace, also embroidered with jet.

ARTIFICIAL ANIMAL PRODUCTIONS.

THERE is a French legion called the "Zephyrs," which is composed of vagrants, who are compelled to serve as a correction for offenses committed by them. They are, nevertheless, for the most part jovial, amusing fellows, of whom the drollest stories are told. We note among others, as an artistic invention of a Zephyr, the phenomenon in Natural History which so puzzled the wise heads of the Parisian learned men: the celebrated long-snouted rat.

This animal has a proboscis like an elephant; that is to say, a long excrescence upon its nose of about two centimetres, and hairy like the rest of the body, the most remarkable feature of which is that it is thicker at the tip than at the upper end; an arrangement which is entirely opposed to the ordinary laws of Nature. Only recently a number of these long-snouted rats was exhibited before an immense crowd



MIRAMAR, NEAR TRIESTE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS OF MEXICO.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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of people upon the Boulevards in Paris and sold for six francs apiece. Twenty of them were enjoying themselves quite contentedly in a cage when some incredulous person, fearful of deception, pricked one of them in the snout with a needle. The animal, whose feet and mouth were held fast by the purchaser, squeaked and writhed with pain, and a drop of blood issued from the wound. The experiment proved conclusively that the proboscis was a real appendage which was organically connected with the whole system of the animal. The long-snouted rat is nevertheless a production of art, which is accomplished in the following manner: Two rats are taken and tied by the feet to a board, the nose of one being close to the tail of the other, an incision is made with a small knife in the nose of the hinder rat, into which is firmly inserted the point of the other's tail: the mouth is then firmly bound together with the amputated tail, and both rats are left in the same position for forty-eight hours. After the lapse of this time the living flesh has taken root and grown together, two or three centimetres length is then cut from the tail of the first rat and he is set free. The mouth of the other is unbound, but it is still kept tied to the board and fed, and in the course of a month the wound is so completely healed that the sharpest eyes could never detect a trace of the operation. The old Zouave who exhibited these rats sold them all with great rapidity, and it is said that a scientific man bought a pair of them for the purpose of propagation. They no doubt will produce many, but the proboscis will be wanting.

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The machine I have is one of the most elegant I have ever seen, and was presented to me by friends who purchased it at the Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia in 1864.

Very truly yours, etc.,
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WASHINGTON D.C., October 24, 1866.

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The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

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8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

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BOSTON, MASS., *Nov.* 4, 1866.

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"HECTOR MOFFAT, }

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IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1863 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union; its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 130; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October 1, 1866.*

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge CHAS. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	JNO. H. WHITE.
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The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

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In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

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1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
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20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
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Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

COMMENCEMENT OF VOL. XXXIV.

Harper's Magazine

For December, 1866.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Afield.—At Home.—At Rest.
THE SECRETS OF SABLE ISLAND.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Going to a Wreck.—House of Refuge and Look-Out Station.—Headquarters.—Mate and Foal.—The Patrol.—Stripping the Wreck.—The Camp.—The Victims.—Chasing Wild Ponies.—In Memoriam.
A REMINISCENCE OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The old Mill.—The André Monument.—Bridge over the Pocantico.—The old Dutch Church.—Vlypse's Castle.—Irving's Grave.—The Memorial Church.
THE BURGLARY AT FAUSTEL EVERSLEIGH.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—In the Woods.—"What ought I to do?"
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VINE LANE.
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THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.
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CHAPTER II. Getting a little Fixed.
CHAPTER III. An Excursion and an Accident.
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FORTY-THREE DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT.
HOHENRADEN.
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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 519.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"THE CHARITY PATIENT."

THIS is the latest and one of the most beautiful of those groups of statuary for which Mr. ROGERS is so justly celebrated. The atmosphere about this little group almost glows with human love and melts with human pity. There are no violent contrasts presented to the eye; the charity which is here figured is not that of Wealth coldly stooping down to abject Poverty; it is that charity which lifts up its object reverently into the light and warmth of its own love. Thus the features of the group are made to blend together into one feeling. The Doctor's pity is lost in loving sympathy; and the poverty of the Mother and Child also is disguised by their participation in this exaltation of love. We have never seen a happier artistic representation of Christian charity.

OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT.

A YEAR ago we gave an illustration of the first annual parade of the Metropolitan Fire Department. On the 21st of November the second annual parade took place, of which we give an illustration on page 772. We desire especially to draw the attention of our readers to the progress made in the Department during the last year. We can show what this progress has been in no better way than by quoting a portion of Commissioner ANSON's speech on the occasion of this second review:

"Many," says Mr. ANSON, "of those I now have the pleasure of addressing were present last year when the Paid Department made its initial parade through the city. At that time several companies were unable to appear in line because of an incomplete outfit, and many of those who did parade on that day labored under considerable disadvantage. We then presented a newly-organized, uniformed, and partially incomplete Department. We have now shown you, and the citizens of this great metropolis, an organization so perfect in all its arrangements and details as almost to defy criticism. The Department survived all opposition, and is now fully able to cope with any danger or emergency that may occur. As an old volunteer fireman, I would not for a moment connect that noble and now disbanded body of citizens with any act of violence or crime committed in those early days of the present system, but I do charge them upon that lawless class of hangers-on who so frequently tarnished the reputation of the active members of the old Department, and at the same time point out the fact that no such class now exists. I do not intend making an extended speech, and will only ask your indulgence for a moment more. In common with the other members of our Board, I feel a natural pride in the great success that has, through the cordial co-operation of every department in our City Government, crowded our humble though sincere efforts. In order that you may know the precise strength of the Department and its principal advantages, I will briefly enumerate the more salient features. We have now in active service below Eighty-third Street 34 steamers and 32 hook-and-ladder trucks. Each piece of apparatus is worked by a company of 12 men, thus making the aggregate working strength below Harlem of the Department 852 men. One hundred and thirty horses are required for traction purposes. Each member of the Department is allowed one day's leisure every 12 days, so that 46 men are nominally absent each day, although the occurrence of a fire in their district necessitates their presence. During all the hours of the day or night three men from each company perform patrol duty, thus giving us a patrol force of 138 men constantly on each duty. As a signal proof of the advantages accrued to the Department through the patrol system, I may mention the pregnant fact that, during the twelve months just past, there have been over two hundred fires discovered and extinguished by individual companies, or still alarms, which were never made known to the general public. By these means the Department has saved to the property-owners of this city fully half a million of dollars. The horses detailed to each piece of apparatus are kept constantly harnessed, and they are hitched to the machines twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Only forty seconds of time are allowed after the alarm for the appearance of the company and their apparatus in the street; and so perfect have some of the companies become that they are frequently en route inside of twenty-five seconds. The water in the engine-boilers is constantly kept at so high a temperature that a full head of steam can be readily generated in two minutes. Such, gentlemen, are the main features of interest, and I need only add that the entire Department is divided into 11 divisions, or districts, each being under the control and supervision of an experienced engineer, while the entire working system is placed under the general direction of a chief engineer. Each member of the Board of Engineers is held responsible for the efficiency and discipline of those companies under his command. And last, though not least, is the system of telegraphing, which connects each apparatus-house, bell-tower, and Police Station-house with the central office, whereby an alarm of fire is received from any part of the city and transmitted instantaneously to all parts. By these means the entire Paid Department is kept in perfect order and instant readiness for active service. In conclusion, we most cordially invite each and every one present at any time to make personal examination for themselves."

Photographed by Rockwood & Co., New York. John Rogers, Sculpt.

THE MASTODON.

NO geological discovery for several years has excited greater interest, popular or scientific, than the recent exhumation of the bones of a monstrous Mastodon at Cohoes. At first only a jawbone was found, and no further discovery seems to have been expected. But fortunately the workmen, in the progress of their excavations for the New Harmony Mills, have brought to light nearly the entire skeleton of this ancient monster. The attention of our geologists has been directed to this remarkable discovery, and we shall probably soon have a report on the Mastodon from our *savant*, Professor LOUIS AGASSIZ. The remains of the Mastodon were found 85 feet below the surface. Our special acknowledgments are due to Messrs. HAYNES & WICKES, for the photograph from which our engravings have been made.

SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE BAYOU TECHE.

THE Bayou Teche—scene of LONGFELLOW'S "Evangeline"—is the richest sugar country of the United States. The sketch is characteristic of the general appearance of the plantations on the banks of the river—a handsome family residence, some negro quarters, and large, expensive sugar-mill. This Bayou has always been one of the most attractive districts of Western Louisiana. A. R. W.

CYPRESS SWAMP IN LOUISIANA.

THE great feature of these Louisiana Swamps is the Spanish moss hanging in masses from the cypress-trees, whose gray trunks, towering up without a leaf for 70 or 80 feet, are draped with it in most fantastic style. The trees closing together at the top shut out the light, so that the veiled and funeral aspect of the place is perfect, presenting a forbidding appearance sufficient to appall a stranger. In the slimy depths of the swamp—a net-work of bayous and pools—numbers of alligators exist, in company with turtles, snakes, etc. Birds and insects of brilliant colors dart through the sunny gleams that occasionally pierce the shadowy depths, where the white crane and shadowy heron stand sentinel among the sharp cypress knees, which grow up all around the parent trunks, and form no slight obstacle to him who, braving the mosquitoes and buffalo gnats, attempts to penetrate this domain. The pond-lily and many other aquatic plants grow luxuriantly in the ponds, filling the air with an overpowering fragrance unknown to their sweeter kindred growth. Inhospitable as they are, these swamps formed a secure place of refuge for many a persecuted Union man during the rebellion; and were, on the other hand, silent witnesses of more than one martyrdom to the Union cause. A. R. W.

DR. CHAPIN'S NEW CHURCH.

THE Fourth Universalist Church Society, formerly of 548 Broadway, under the pastoral care of Dr. CHAPIN, has just completed its new house of worship on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York.

The church is built in the perpendicular Gothic style—the front elevation presenting two towers, the corner one being elongated into a spire about 200 feet high. There are three doors in the front above the street-level, and approached by steps extending the whole length of the three entrances. The doors and windows have pointed arches decorated with mullions, tracery, and stained glass. The front is further decorated with buttresses and rows of quatre-feuille. The plan of the building is 95 feet wide by 100 in depth.

The interior of the church has a main auditory and gallery capable of comfortably seating about 1800 persons—the pulpit being opposite the front entrance, and the organ and choir occupying the deep gallery over the same. The interior walls are painted a light stone color, and the ceiling is supported on clustered pillars, and finished in the form of groined arches in the side aisles, the central nave being more than 50 feet in height.

The cost of construction is $100,000. The building is now completed, and will be dedicated on the 3d of December.

The design has been prepared and the construction superintended by Mr. JOHN CORBIN, architect.

Dr. E. H. CHAPIN's ministerial career in New York City began in 1848. He was then thirty-four years of age, having been born December 29, 1814, at Union Village, New York. He had received no college training, having completed his formal education in a seminary in Bennington. He had been preaching eleven years—at Richmond, Virginia; at Charlestown, Massachusetts; and in Boston. He has always been connected with the Universalist Church, and is to-day one of the prime movers in what is known as the "Broad Church movement." His reputation has been long established as one of the most eloquent and effective pulpit orators of the United States.

Dr. CHAPIN is one of our best-known popular lecturers. He has exerted a large measure of moral influence over the young men of our land. His sermons never deal with political topics. He has, therefore, not so many enemies as have BEECHER and CHEEVER. His popularity has steadily increased, and the erection of his new church will open for him a career of increased influence and usefulness. Dr. CHAPIN received the degree of D.D. in 1856, from Harvard University, which had previously conferred on him the honorary degree of A.M.

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THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE!

WHERE willows weep, where birds are still,
  Where infants fold their little hands,
A warrior's tomb—a grassy hill
  In yon old village corner stands!

No subtle carving on the stone
  Shall tell us who is 'neath the sod;
Below the body rests alone—
  His soul is in the ranks of God!

The scent of one white rose's breath
  In sorrow floats amid the air—
The rose of Hope, and Love, and Death
  Her widowed hands have planted there!

How often there a woman sits,
  While tears are in her soft brown eyes!
The odors that pale rose emits
  To her are airs of Paradise!

The laughers can not laugh at *her!*
  The idle pause with eyes intent
On those clasped hands that never stir—
  The knees that in a prayer are bent!

Along the village path she strays,
  Nor lingers the wild flower to take;
Through those long winding meadow ways—
  By hedges henry for his sake!

Then lighter, softer is her tread;
  Her tears are falling there at last!
Her fingers clasp the rose—her head
  Bents, dreaming of the sweet, sad past!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE AND GENERAL AMNESTY.

WHEN a country has been convulsed by a domestic war which has torn up old social systems by the roots there is no short and easy path to universal tranquillity. The danger to be apprehended is an attempt to reach arbitrarily and impatiently those results which can never be attained except by deliberation and time, or the operation of the laws of nature and human society. Therefore a wise man reads at present in our political almanac, "Look out for all kinds of political panaceas and nostrums about this time." Among these a very loudly advertised specific is Impartial Suffrage and General Amnesty. But a very suspicious fact is, that it is recommended by two classes of persons—Union men whose advice was timid and wrong in every crisis of the war, and Southern sympathizers who were the most desperate and unscrupulous of public enemies.

The qualification of the suffrage which is recommended is education. Nor can there be any question of the vital importance of intelligence to voters. But the question of the suffrage must be regarded by us at this time in its bearings upon the national security. Now the strength of the Union sentiment in the unrepresented States is undoubtedly among the colored population and the poor whites, as in parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina. The strength of the disloyal sentiment is among the educated classes. An educational test for the suffrage would enfranchise possibly six or seven per cent. of the colored citizens now, and it would disfranchise probably half of the poor white classes of the States we have mentioned. If, therefore, a plan of an educational test of suffrage and a full amnesty were adopted as a substitute for the Amendment proposed by Congress, we should have intrenched and fortified the enemy, for we should have secured political power to the class most hostile to us.

The truth is, that the matter is much too complicated to be successfully dealt with by a phrase, however symmetrical. It is utterly useless to confuse the two propositions of qualified equal suffrage and general amnesty. If equal suffrage in the disturbed States be essential to the national security, the national authority should establish it. That is one thing. If general amnesty be compatible with national safety, let the national authority proclaim it. That is another thing. But it certainly does not follow that if it be necessary to establish equal suffrage, it is wise to reinstate rebels; for the consequences of one process may very easily paralyze the intended results of the other.

The whole matter is a question of statesmanship. The object is to prevent the resumption of political power by the party lately in rebellion, and still frankly hostile to the Union, by such measures as are not incompatible with the principle of the Government and with the national safety. The Congressional Amendment proposes to do this by basing representation upon the number of voters, under certain conditions, and by making certain rebel leaders ineligible to office at the pleasure of Congress. This last provision is that which stings the hostile sentiment most, and that which the general amnesty would remove. But in any system of reconstruction that inability is essential. Whether Congress leave the actual settlement of the suffrage to the States or directly ordains it, and whether the suffrage be qualified or universal, the official ineligibility of the leading political chiefs at the national pleasure is indispensable. Nor is it very wise to say, as the *Tribune* does, that because ultimately the ban would be removed, therefore it may as well be removed now. A thief sentenced for twelve months will be released at the end of a year. Should he therefore not be sent to jail at all?

The object of the demand of equal suffrage and general amnesty when it proceeds from the Copperhead organs is plain. The convenient classical line which warns us to fear the Greeks bringing gifts may be liberally rendered, Look out for the cat in the meal-tub. The Copperhead calculation of the situation under this policy is, first, the recognition of the present State organizations in the late rebel States, which are now exclusively in the hands of the late rebels; and, second, the disfranchisement of the great mass of the loyal men in those States, and the consequent perpetuity of political power in its present hands. Was the war fought, and were the late elections carried, for such a result as that?

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE late interviews between the President and the Chief Justice of the United States were immediately reported as conferences upon the subject of reconstruction. It seems, however, much more probable that the subject of conversation was JEFFERSON DAVIS. There is no reason whatever in the President's character or antecedents to suppose that he would wish to advise politically with Judge CHASE, while the Chief Justice is his natural and proper adviser upon the disposition to be made of the State prisoner at Fortress Monroe. Probably the embarrassment is mutual. The President wishes to open the door of the prison, and yet fears the popular outcry; while the Chief Justice probably feels a solemn judicial opinion upon the subject to be desirable, while he sees plainly the hazardous risks that must be encountered in reaching it. Unfortunately the President has put it out of his power to do any thing in the matter which will satisfy the public mind. His predecessor would long ago have found a solution of the difficulty in which the country would have acquiesced.

For difficulty it undoubtedly is, notwithstanding the question which is so indignantly asked whether laws are of any use if they are not to be enforced against the greatest criminals. Laws can only be enforced lawfully. The greatest criminals can only be punished upon conviction under the forms of law. And the simple question is, whether the people wish to submit the question of the lawfulness of the late war upon the part of the Government to a jury of twelve men selected at random. If DAVIS be indicted for high treason, the forms of law must be scrupulously observed. The case must go to a jury. One man can prevent an agreement. But if the jury can not decide, or if they acquit the prisoner, the United States are convicted.

At the close of the war, and immediately upon DAVIS'S capture, there was a universal feeling that, as the arch-criminal, he should be instantly brought to justice. The President distinctly said so, and orators and editors very generally took the same ground. But as time passed, and the actual circumstances were gravely considered, opinion changed. It became evident that the case was not exactly such as the criminal law of treason contemplates. The object of that law is to make treason odious in the person of traitors, and to save the state from murderous conspiracy. But when treason has swollen into general and terrible war, waged by all the methods of war and prolonged through four years, during which millions of citizens become liable as traitors, and which ends in the complete victory of the Government, although technically every man who bore arms may be capitally prosecuted, the wisdom of a prosecution becomes a matter of high state policy; and if a possible or even probable result of the prosecution in any instance would be a reversal of the decision which the whole nation has made by the last appeal of arms, it is an unwise policy to press the prosecution.

Besides, there is a very general perception that no judicial affirmation will add the least weight or dignity to the decision of the war. That attempted secession is rebellion and treason, and will not be tolerated, is a point finally settled. If the Court says so by the conviction of any accused person it merely echoes a verdict infinitely more imposing and absolutely irreversible. If the Court questions it by the acquittal of the prisoner the decision is none the less fixed, but an *ignis fatuus* of seeming lawful right glimmers forever over rebellion. Moreover, the trial invests with a foolish prominence the chief actor in the drama. At present DAVIS is an utterly broken-down, baffled, blood-stained political gambler and adventurer. Give him the melodramatic setting of a state trial and he acquires dignity from association. Technically he is a person accused of treason, and to be tried by his peers. Actually he is a criminal, whom no verdict can acquit in the heart and conscience of his country and mankind. Yet we do not believe that the public sentiment would justify the execution of the penalty of the law, even were he convicted. Under such circumstances, therefore, what could the trial be but a farce?

If the Chief Justice went to the White House, and *if* he talked with the President, and *if* DAVIS were the subject, we do not doubt that the rat behind the arras heard some such remarks as these.

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN MEXICO.

THE Mexican empire is evidently settling itself so fast that there is something a little surprising in the mission of Lieutenant-General SHERMAN with Mr. CAMPBELL the Resident Minister to the Mexican Republic. We can not say that the peculiar character of either gentleman inspires profound public confidence that the wisest course will be adopted. Mr. CAMPBELL is known to the country only as an adroit local politician wholly devoted to the President's view of public affairs. The Lieutenant-General, whose heroic name is already historical, is not a man who has shown political discretion and moderation as remarkable as his military sagacity and valor. And both Ministers are sent out by an Administration signally defeated before the country and naturally anxious to relieve its fortunes by some emphatic diversion.

If the intention be to furnish an opportunity for fine bluster toward any foreign Power, we trust it may be doomed to disappointment. It is always a shallow and criminal attempt which would apparently heal domestic dissensions by manufactured foreign hostility. There certainly can be no doubt that LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes to get out of Mexico as swiftly and as safely as possible, nor can we see any reason for Lieutenant-General SHERMAN'S presence or offices pending the French departure. There can be no fear that any of the contending parties in Mexico will attempt to injure our citizens or to invade our territory; and an army of observation upon the frontier need not be large, and certainly does not require the Lieutenant-General to command it until it takes the offensive. Nor does there seem to be any good reason why the United States should undertake to do for JUAREZ among his own people what France tried to do for MAXIMILIAN among foreigners. A Mexican protectorate, after France withdraws, can be only a protectorate of one domestic party against another, and that is not a business congenial to the principles or practice of the United States.

Of course when an empire falls, however much of a mushroom or toadstool it may have been, a wise Government looks to the care of its citizens who may be caught in the ruins. But no such consideration explains the necessity of such an envoy as the second military commander of the country. Even the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine does not require him. For the Monroe Doctrine, as it is generally understood, is being vindicated by events. Whether it be a foreign apprehension or a domestic necessity which has sent him to Mexico we shall probably soon learn. But the fact which should make every citizen watchful is that the defeated party in this country would not be averse to a foreign complication.

COMPROMISE.

IT is gravely suggested that the President shall offer to Congress a compromise. A compromise of what? What is the open question? What are the relative forces? Where is the necessity of composition? The people of the United States have deliberately proposed the plan upon which the unrepresented States may return to Congress. If those States prefer exclusion, they will probably continue to refuse assent to the plan, as they are doing now. But a compromise is a concession. Is it proposed that the people shall make the conditions more agreeable to the States in question?

The truth is, that there are a great many people in this country who have heard so much of the compromises of the Constitution, and of the necessity of every body yielding a little to make society possible, that they instinctively trust every thing which is called compromise, and are as much appalled at the thought of acting upon a simple principle, undiluted by compromise, as they would be at the idea of eating a beef-steak uncooked. It would not need a very subtle argument to show that the boasted compromises of the Constitution were the seed of the late war, and that we shall have permanent peace only when they are entirely extirpated from that instrument. But we are far from saying that compromise, or mutual concession, is not often essential to success. It is no more possible in politics always to move straight toward the end proposed than it is for a ship to sail straight before any wind from New York to Liverpool. The ship must do the best she can with the wind she has, and she will probably never make a voyage without tacking. Yet tacking is compromise.

It is not, therefore, compromise to which a wise man objects. "All government," says EDMUND BURKE, "is founded upon compromise. But in all fair dealing," he adds, "the thing bought should bear some proportion to the purchase paid. Who would barter away the jewel of his soul?" In every free government there is something that is priceless, which can not be bought or sold, or made in any way whatever the subject of trade. But our fathers unluckily forgot it, or, remembering it, they thought that in their case there was no danger. Slavery was evidently expiring. They might, therefore, safely make a grant which would revert in a few years. But the cotton-gin was twin-born with the Constitution, and they fought from the cradle.

Material interests may be compromised to the utmost, but moral principle can never be compromised—it can only be surrendered. When the two are opposed, and principle yields, there is no compromise—there is only a sale. A father who "makes an eligible match" for his daughter without consulting her feelings, does not compromise her—he sells her as a calf is sold in the market. So a Congress or a Convention which makes laws, upon any pretense whatever, that necessarily destroy primal human rights, sells liberty in the open market. Now the pending Amendment provides that the enemies of equal rights in this country shall not have disproportioned political power in the Government, and that those who led the rebellion to destroy the Government shall not resume power under it except with the consent of the loyal people in Congress. To set off one of these necessary provisions against the other, or to evade either under any pretense, is not compromise, it is betrayal.

A MARGIN WANTED.

WE were speaking last week of the new Croton Reservoir; and we wish now to suggest that the welfare of the city requires entire command of the first in population, commerce, and power on either continent. This great future requires entire command over the whole bed of the river and its tributaries, with enough of its margin to build all the necessary reservoirs and prevent the throwing of offensive matter into the waters of the Croton. Already in London complaint is justly made that the health of the city is seriously impaired by the impurities mixed with the water of the Thames and carried through pipes into dwellings, and if we wish to avoid a like fate, we must acquire a margin of lands on all these waters.

Numerous impurities already reach them, and these will increase with the growth of population in the attractive region watered by the Croton. The backward flow produced by the main dam near Sing Sing extends up the Croton several miles; but yet the city owns only what is covered by the water, and has no right to exclude hurtful deposits on the slopes extending down to the lake. No part of the stream flowing in has ever been acquired, and hence it shares the fate of being used in all the ways which convenience requires. An act of the Legislature authorizing the city to acquire such margin of land as we have mentioned, to be taken from time to time as it may be wanted, would amount to notice of this ultimate object, and prevent very expensive improvements or any use of the land inconsistent with the wants of the city.

In condemning the land on the west branch now to be taken for the new reservoir, the city will need to obtain title to a burying-ground lately in active use, and containing, as we judge from a cursory view of its tombstones, from one to two hundred bodies, the removal of which will of course be made a charge to be added to the assessed value of the lands. The water of the new reservoir will flood this burying-ground, which was doubtless selected for a resting-place in the belief that it would be as free from intrusion as possible; but the wants of a great city break up arrangements for final repose which numerous families have made, and they must henceforth provide with more certainty against the inexorable demands which expose to disturbance the sleep of "their rude forefathers."

We submit to our manufacturing inventors the construction of a wheel, which, we suppose, would not be larger than a watch, to be used in connection with the Croton in private dwellings as a power for working a sewing machine. It would of course be applicable in all cases where water is delivered into houses through pipes from high elevations, and could be used for light knitting or spinning machines, and various other purposes of domestic industry; thus opening to women a new field of labor, and creating in families the old spirit of industry which insured that species of independence which the power to supply our own wants bestows. If such a power were used extensively here there would be a demand for water which the whole flow of the river would not more than supply.

But whether it shall be deemed feasible or otherwise to use the water for such purposes, the considerations in favor of acquiring in time all the land that may be needed to make the Croton available in the best manner for our wants, present and to arise, must be so evident as to impose on the Water Board—now fortu-

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mately managed by a competent engineer—the duty of obtaining such legislation as may secure this important object.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

At a late meeting of the trustees of the Cornell University at Ithaca, in this State, the Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, of Syracuse, was unanimously elected President. He is precisely the right man in the right place. In this State and at the West, where he was Professor of History in the University of Michigan, Mr. WHITE is known and honored as one of the most earnest, practical, and accomplished scholars, and our readers may remember his striking and original oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College last summer as a timely and powerful lesson of the hour. His career in the Senate of New York has been marked with such good sense and ability that his friends have a right to anticipate for him the most brilliant political honors; while from the first he has been the confidential friend, in this great work of the University, of its founder, the Hon. EZRA CORNELL. Familiar with the intention of the foundation, inspired with the most humane and lofty conviction of the true scope of a great University, and accustomed to the details of academical management, we do not know to whom its Presidency could have been so wisely intrusted. Mr. WHITE will be sure to gather around him the best men in every department. The institution will be truly a University; and beginning under auspices so favorable, it can not fail to become wholly worthy of the State and country.

HOW SHALL WE SLEEP?

As we spend about one-third of our lives in sleep the circumstances under which we do it should be well ordered. The sleeping apartment should be of such size and have such arrangements as to secure a proper supply of fresh air. From our own observation we have no hesitation in saying that even among well-conditioned people these provisions are not adequately attended to. Most of them sleep in rooms that are both too small and shut up too closely. A gallon of fresh air every minute, let it be remembered, is the requisite for each person. This certainly can not be furnished to any one in a closed room of ten feet square, and yet this is a very common limit of sleeping accommodations, with no inlets for fresh air except the crevices. The case is worse than it is with apartments for the day, for in them the doors are opened frequently, and thus some considerable change is effected in the air.

Very often the sleeping accommodations are even more limited than we have mentioned, especially in the case of children. Several of them put into even a good-sized apartment do not have air enough if it be closed, and surely not when they are put into a small one, as they often are.

It is quite important that with ventilation there should be a proper degree of warmth, and hence it is much easier to secure thorough ventilation in sleeping apartments when the whole house is warmed from a furnace than when it is not. And here we would say that it is a false notion that no air is good except that which is introduced directly from without. That which comes from the open passages of the house is as good as that which comes through open windows. The air that comes from the pipes of a furnace is as fresh, that is as pure, as fully charged with oxygen, as cold air is. Heating it does not injure it. If the attempt be made to secure ventilation alone by letting down the top of a window, there is great danger that cold will be taken, especially if the room be small. This had better be only one of the means of ventilation, and then there need not be so wide an opening as to have this liability.

Night is the time for sleep, as day is the time for work. This is nature's indication, and harm always comes from not following it. Sleep in the morning is not as refreshing as that which is had in the night, when we have nature's favoring circumstances, the darkness and stillness. When we turn night into day, either with pleasure or labor, we do violence to nature, and, of course, inflict more or less injury on our physical systems. Many a clergyman is tempted to sit up late at night in preparing his sermons, partly from the quietness of the hour, and partly from the necessity of securing the preparation in time. But every time that he does this there is an impairment of the health, and particularly if it be done Saturday night, because the injury is enhanced by the labors of the following day.

Sleep may be imperfect. It may be broken by impressions made upon the senses, or by mental operations. The more one dreams the more imperfect is the sleep, for mind and brain are in action in dreaming, and they do not have entire rest. There is difference in dreams as well as in wide-awake thinking in the amount of exertion. Sometimes dreaming amounts to real mental labor, and so impairs greatly the rest which sleep is designed to give.

Of course the less perfect the sleep the longer is the time which it ought to occupy. It is a matter of economy, then, to those with whom time is of value, to have the sleep as perfect as possible.

How, then, can sleep be made perfect? There are various circumstances to be regarded in effecting this.

When we sleep we should sleep. We should make a business of it. There should be no mingling of the wakeful and the sleeping condition. We should dismiss the thoughts and business of the day. We should have a habit of doing this. There is much in this point. The thing is quite within our control, and a habit of passing readily from the wakeful state into sound sleep can be formed by a proper attention to the circumstances that will favor it.

Regularity is important here. There should be a regular time for retiring, and also for rising. If this be not done, there will not only be much time often wasted in getting to sleep, but the sleep will be apt to be imperfect. We do not mean that one should retire precisely at the same minute every night—this would be making one a slave to time, and the very exactness would impair the sleep.

Much may be done by sheer will. We can will to calm down mental action, and dismiss trains of thought. If we can not do this directly we can indirectly. We can supplant thoughts which would burden the mind, and thus pass mind and brain into the sleeping state in a worried condition, by indulging in thoughts of a diverse and lighter character, letting us gently slip into our rest for the night. How very commonly the contrary course is pursued! The business man goes to bed thinking of some plan for making money, or for solving some perplexity; the professional man is busy with some train of thought connected with his daily employment, and the student is worrying his mind up to the last of his wakeful moments with some portion of to-morrow's lessons.

But besides all this, and above all this, the arrangements of the day have a decided influence upon the character of our sleep. That sleep may be good the business of the day should be done altogether in the day, and the evening should be the time for relaxation and diversion. In this way there will be a proper preparation for undisturbed, perfect sleep. All mental employment in the evening should be gentle and amusing. It is no time for real work. All the study that is done in the evening, especially by the young, does harm to both body and mind, and one way in which it does this is by impairing the sleep.

The encroachments which fashion makes upon nature's time for sleep are a large source of disease in its votaries. The languor of the next day tells what the misspent hours have done, and this often repeated, taking something each time from the needed repair and restoration, lessens decidedly the general vigor, and thus prepares for actual disease. In strong contrast this with the legitimate use in the evening of the pleasures of society which we have indicated. When will the truly rational and conscientious resist the dictates of fashion, and rid their guests of the necessity of turning night into day?

In conclusion, we say, sleep enough—sleep in the right place—sleep at the right time—sleep well. Some seem to grudge the time given to sleep as if it were lost time. But the hour of sleep should be welcomed as well as the hour of waking, and the time for rest should be arranged for as scrupulously as the time for action.

LITERARY.

"The *Sanctuary*: a Story of the War" (published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York), is a novel by GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, author of "The Story of the Great March." No book relating to the war has had a more striking success than NICHOLS'S "Story of the Great March." Nearly thirty editions have already been issued by the publishers, and the book still maintains its popularity. The author had made the march, as one of Sherman's Staff officers: he wrote of what he saw, and he knew well that to make his story interesting he had only to tell it truthfully. Fidelity in the writer there could not be without securing the intense interest of the reader. In the "Sanctuary" Colonel NICHOLS'S object has been of a different nature, though in the same direction, as in the "Story of the Great March." The latter confined itself to grand military movements and to the prominent military incidents of the march, or to the characteristic features of the country through which the army moved. The "Sanctuary" is intended to tell another story, in which the individual and not the army stands foremost. The pictures are more minute, and relate rather to daily scenes in the soldier's life, or to instances of personal heroism, than to great movements or critical battles. The careful fidelity with which these pictures are painted can not but make the book one of great interest and value. But it is not the portraiture of the external life of the soldier which gives the chief interest to Mr. NICHOLS'S novel. Heroes have hearts, and Romance is nearly allied to War. The story which the author has woven about the historic thread of this work is pathetic, and abounds in striking situations, yet never overleaps the boundaries of plausibility. Of some of the chapters our best authors might well be proud. The description of Bonaventure and of Dalton's walk to Hastings have been very rarely surpassed. The story of Zimri's revenge has all the interest of a tragedy, and the character is well drawn. The "Sanctuary" is beautifully illustrated by A. R. WAUD, Esq.; and as regards style of printing, quality of paper, and external appearance, is one of the most elegant books of the season.

"Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals," by WILLIAM F. G. SHANKS, has just been issued by HARPER & BROTHERS. "No man is a hero to his own valet," says the proverb. It is equally true, and for much the same reason, that no General is a hero in the eyes of a newspaper war-correspondent. While upon the field, indeed, he may have some special reason for adulation; but he not unfrequently looks upon the commanding officer as a humbug, and feels determined, at some happier opportunity, to expose the military ignorance which is to him so clearly apparent. Among the many correspondents which the *Herald* sent into the field Mr. SHANKS was undoubtedly the most alive and judicious. The work which he has given us could not but be valuable. Nowhere else can the reader find so good portraitures of the great military leaders in the war for the Union. We can not indorse many of his judgments, which, though they evidently have not been hastily made, are yet sometimes exceedingly arbitrary. But they are the honest and independent judgments of the author. We are willing to acquit Mr. SHANKS of that petty prejudice which nearly all war-correspondents have allowed to influence them in writing about General SHERMAN. Still he persistently belittles that General. If SHERMAN is more universally popular than any other of our heroes, as Mr. SHANKS says he is, then it is certainly unfair to pronounce that it was not "his brilliant success as a leader" which made him so, but rather "his strongly marked characteristics of person and mind." Now, it is SHERMAN'S success, and the *brilliancy* of his success which, if any thing, has made him so popular. Success alone, and brilliant success, is the only reason why the people care any thing about SHERMAN'S personal and mental characteristics. SHERMAN, according to Mr. SHANKS, was the great strategist of the war, but no tactician. Now, this immediately suggests to us the fact, that in the whole war, and particularly in the West, there seems to have been but little display of tactics, while almost every thing was made to depend upon strategic movements and sanguinary battles—battles, the plans of which were decided far more by accident and topography than by deliberate and tactical calculation. From the nature of the battle-fields themselves, there was rarely any room for tactics. But, after all, it is not for the author's military criticisms—which are usually just—that this book is chiefly valuable, and we must forgive these cruel slashes at one of our heroes in consideration of the interesting facts which Mr. SHANKS has communicated. The book contains fifteen illustrations, of which all but one are portraits.

"Obsequies of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in New York City" (published by EDMUND JONES & Co., New York), is a record of the events and of the memorial speeches and resolutions in New York City connected with Mr. LINCOLN'S death and funeral. It has been prepared by DAVID T. VALENTINE, Esq., Clerk of the Common Council, under the auspices of the Corporation, and is very finely illustrated by WILLIAM WAUD, Esq. of this city. The work includes BANCROFT'S Eulogy, delivered on Union Square, and BRYANT'S Poem. It is published in a style which does credit to the city, to its well-known Editor, and to the talented artist who has illustrated it. It is fit that the minute record of this city's participation in the obsequies of our martyr President should be thus handed down to our children.

"That Good Old Time; or, Our Fresh and Salt Tutors" (published by HURD & HOUGHTON, New York), is a charming book. The writer has succeeded in making a genuine "boy's book." In leaving boyhood behind him the door has not been shut against his return to the mysteries of a boy's life. This work is so fresh and hearty, so instinct with an appreciation of boy-life, and so winning in its Christian lessons, that we can heartily recommend it to our young friends as, in its kind, the most delightful book of the season.

"Photographic Views of SHERMAN'S Campaign," by GEORGE N. BARNARD, is a splendid volume, containing 61 imperial photographs, embracing scenes of the Occupation of Nashville, the Great Battles around Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, the Campaign of Atlanta, March to the Sea, and the Great Raid through the Carolinas. These photographs are views of important places, of noted battle-fields, of military works; and, for the care and judgment in selecting the points of view, for the delicacy of execution, for scope of treatment, and for fidelity of representation, they surpass any other photographic views which have been produced in this country—whether relating to the war or otherwise. The impressions have been taken with the greatest care—they are splendidly mounted and bound in a single volume in the most elegant style. We believe that only a very limited number of these volumes are issued; but although, from its expense, the book can not be popular, those who can afford to pay one hundred dollars for a work of fine art can not spend their money with more satisfactory results than would be realized in the possession of these views. Before seeing this collection of Mr. BARNARD we could not have believed that there were such magnificent possibilities in an art so purely mechanical as to its mode of operation. Even the tints and cloud-scenery of the sky are exquisite in their perfection. We regret that we have not the space to enter into a more detailed description of the separate views.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMERICANS can not claim politeness as one of their national characteristics. However strict they may be in the observance of etiquette in their own houses, in public places there is often a decided want of that politeness which has been so aptly defined as "real kindness kindly expressed." But usually this defect seems to be the result of want of tact, or want of observation, or a negative fault—if such there be—of some kind. We rarely see positive rudeness exhibited in public places by the better classes.

But an unfortunately large number of those who attended the first Philharmonic Concert, given in Steinway Hall, had an opportunity of witnessing and of being excessively annoyed by open and positive rudeness on the part of—shall we say it?—a young person, who, if she had known how to hold her tongue, might have been called a lady. But she did not. From the commencement of the concert she persisted, not merely in whispering, but in talking loudly, in spite of indignant looks, "hushes," and even faint "hisses," until the audience in her vicinity were thoroughly roused to anger at being thus cheated out of the sweet strains of music they had come to enjoy. Several gentlemen earnestly requested her to allow them some quiet; but she (New York ladies will blush for their sex) rudely declared, "I have come here to talk, and I will talk!" At length a gentleman came from the box-office, and addressing her, said he had been sent for to request her to cease talking. Several gentlemen in the vicinity immediately arose and thanked him for coming. But the young person who made this disturbance, though hushed for the moment, continued with the utmost nonchalance to talk and laugh throughout the performance. If the managers of the Philharmonic don't think this a case for the police, or for somebody in authority, we would merely advise lovers of music to avoid in future any proximity to a certain blue plush cloak and white lace bonnet.

Perhaps many of us might learn a lesson of considerateness at concerts, and avoid the too common practice of whispering during the performances.

We learn from Paris that the goods for the Exhibition of 1867 are beginning to arrive. One hundred and sixty packages from St. Petersburg arrived in one day last month. A great variety of curious articles from Morocco will be sent to show the progress of art in that country, and gorgeous specimens of Oriental luxury will add to the attractions of the Exhibition.

During the past year some fifteen hundred different children have been taught, fed, and clothed in the "Five Points House of Industry." A family of more than two hundred is constantly maintained in the House, the inmates being sent to situations or friends as opportunity offers. Here is one avenue, among many others, through which the benevolent may send their contributions. Children who put their pennies into the contribution-box seldom have any definite idea of the use to which they are applied. But if parents would take the trouble to explain to their little ones that *two dollars* will supply food to a child *three weeks* at the House of Industry, they will understand that some *good* is done with the money. Many other charities are equally worthy with this, and may be made just as definite to a child's mind; only let it be remembered that if little folks are to be made benevolent, they must understand the effect of giving.

Since 1852 forty-four thousand and seventy volumes have been added to the books contained in the Bates Hall of the Boston Public Library. Of this number eleven thousand one hundred and ninety were received under a bequest of the late Theodore Parker, besides twenty-five hundred pamphlets received under the same bequest which have since been bound, and are now accounted as books.

A London journal, under the heading of "Rather Precocious," quotes the following passage from a New York paper: "Miss Spurgeon, the daughter of the popular preacher, accompanied Queen Emma to this country. Miss Spurgeon is on her way to the Sandwich Islands, in the hope of being able to instruct the natives in the doctrines of Christianity. She is twenty-four years of age, has a fine intellectual face, and very prepossessing manners." "This paragraph," adds the journal which makes the quotation, "will be rather amusing to the friends of Mr. Spurgeon, who is only thirty-two years of age, having been born in 1834."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN LEGISLATURES.

GOVERNOR WORTH'S Message to the North Carolina Legislature complains of the exclusion of Southern members from Congress, of the [illegible] of the Constitutional Amendment. [illegible] that the Amendment is not Constitutionally [illegible] to the States, that, although it [illegible] particular modifications of the Constitution, some of them altogether incongruous, it must yet be ratified as a whole, or as a whole rejected; that it enlarges the powers of the General Government to a mischievous extent, and that there is no guaranty that its ratification will secure restoration. Governor Worth trusts that the citizens of North Carolina will be under no circumstances willing to sacrifice the honor and rights of the State, as a member of the Union—not in the sense of the advocates of secession, but as taught by Iredell, Marshall, Story, Kent, and Webster—and to which moderate men every where, North and South, before the war, were supposed to assent.

Governor Walker, of Florida, in his Message also opposes the Amendment. He thinks it [illegible] the basis of representation as it [illegible] upon the census rather than voters. The third section, he considers, punishes certain classes of citizens more severely than others; and it goes back of the President's pardoning power.

Governor Murphy, of Arkansas, is very moderate. He recommends the Legislature to conform the laws of the State to the principles of the Civil Rights Bill; and, in regard to the Constitutional Amendment, he thinks it becomes a grave question for the Legislature to decide whether any terms more favorable are likely to be secured by opposition.

NEWS ITEMS.

The National Hall at Harlem was opened on the evening of November [illegible]. On this occasion a complimentary concert was given by Mr. G. W. Morgan, the proprietor of the hall, in which Madame [illegible], Messrs. A. H. Pease, J. R. Thomas, and Signors [illegible] and Limberti took part. The concert was a success, and the hall, we must admit, surpasses for attractiveness and comfort any which we have seen in this city.

The Tennessee Legislature has passed a bill which excludes all persons who are not qualified voters from serving as jurors. If it can be enforced, this bill will keep the juries of the State under the control of the Union men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 21:

(LONDON.)—The London *Times*, in an editorial this morning, says that although the Federal Secretary of the Treasury believes that the bonds of the United States will be paid in gold, it would be better if Congress would secure such payment by law.

J. H. Surratt, the alleged accomplice in the murder of President Lincoln, was discovered serving in the Papal Zouaves under the name of John Watson. He was arrested upon a demand of General King, but afterward ran the guard, leaped over a precipice, and escaped into Italian territory. The Italian authorities are on the alert, and endeavoring to recapture him.

(PESTH.)—The Hungarian Diet met to-day. The Imperial rescript was received and read. It declares that if the Diet will remove the difficulties in the way of unity a Hungarian Ministry will be appointed and the autonomy of Hungary will be re-established.

November 22:

(LONDON.)—A large quantity of arms, designed for the use of the Fenians, was seized on board a Liverpool-bound steamer at Cork.

November 24:

(LONDON.)—The Fenian agitation in Ireland still continues. Many arrests of persons and seizures of arms have already been made.

(FLORENCE.)—The Government of Italy will enter negotiations with the Pope at once.

November 25:

(LONDON.)—Trieste papers say that the state of the Empress Charlotte's health is unchanged.

(PESTH.)—The Deak party here adopted an address to the Emperor of Austria, asking for the restoration of the laws of 1848, and promising that the Diet will consider the wishes of the Emperor as expressed in his recent rescript.

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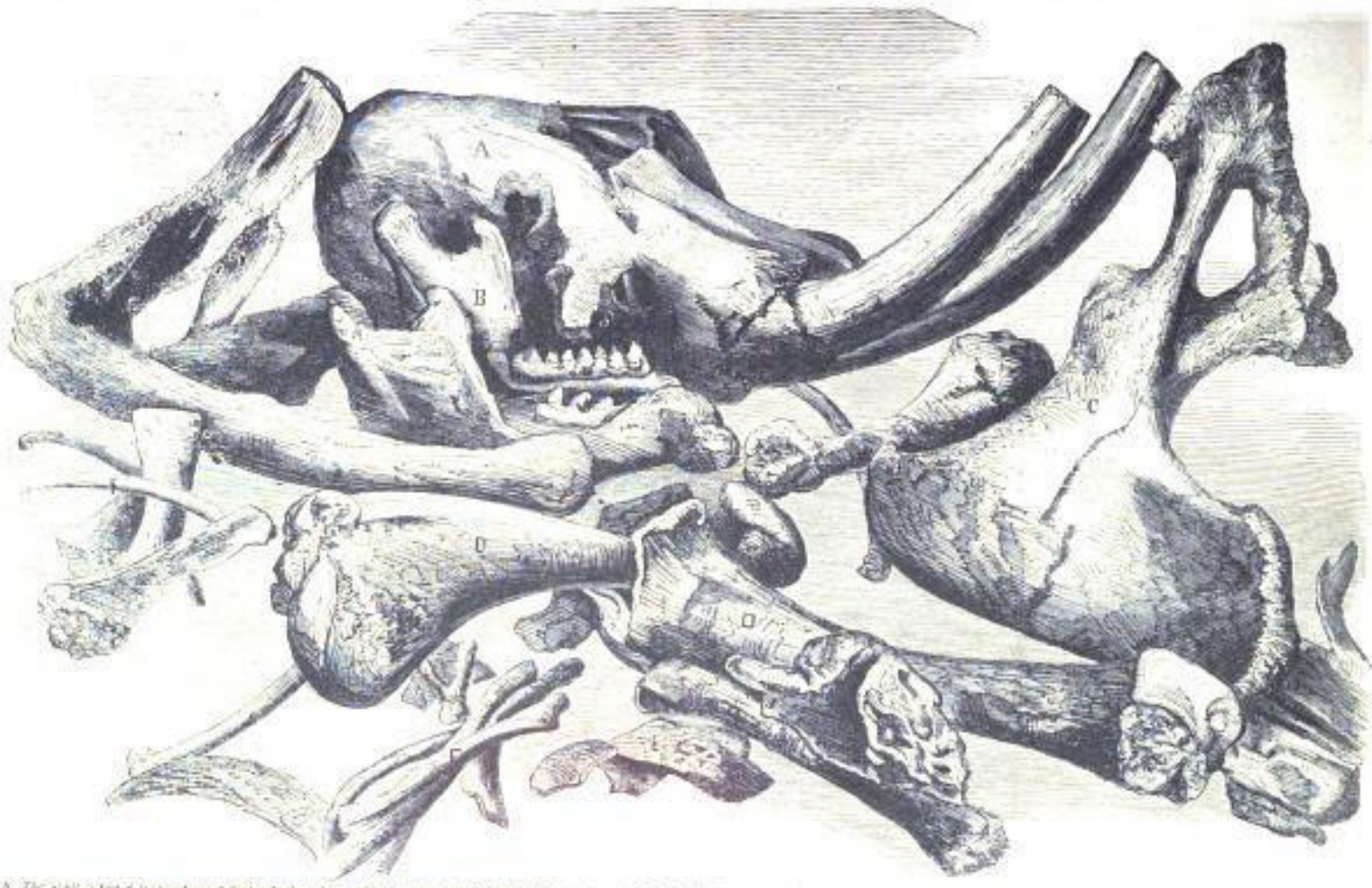
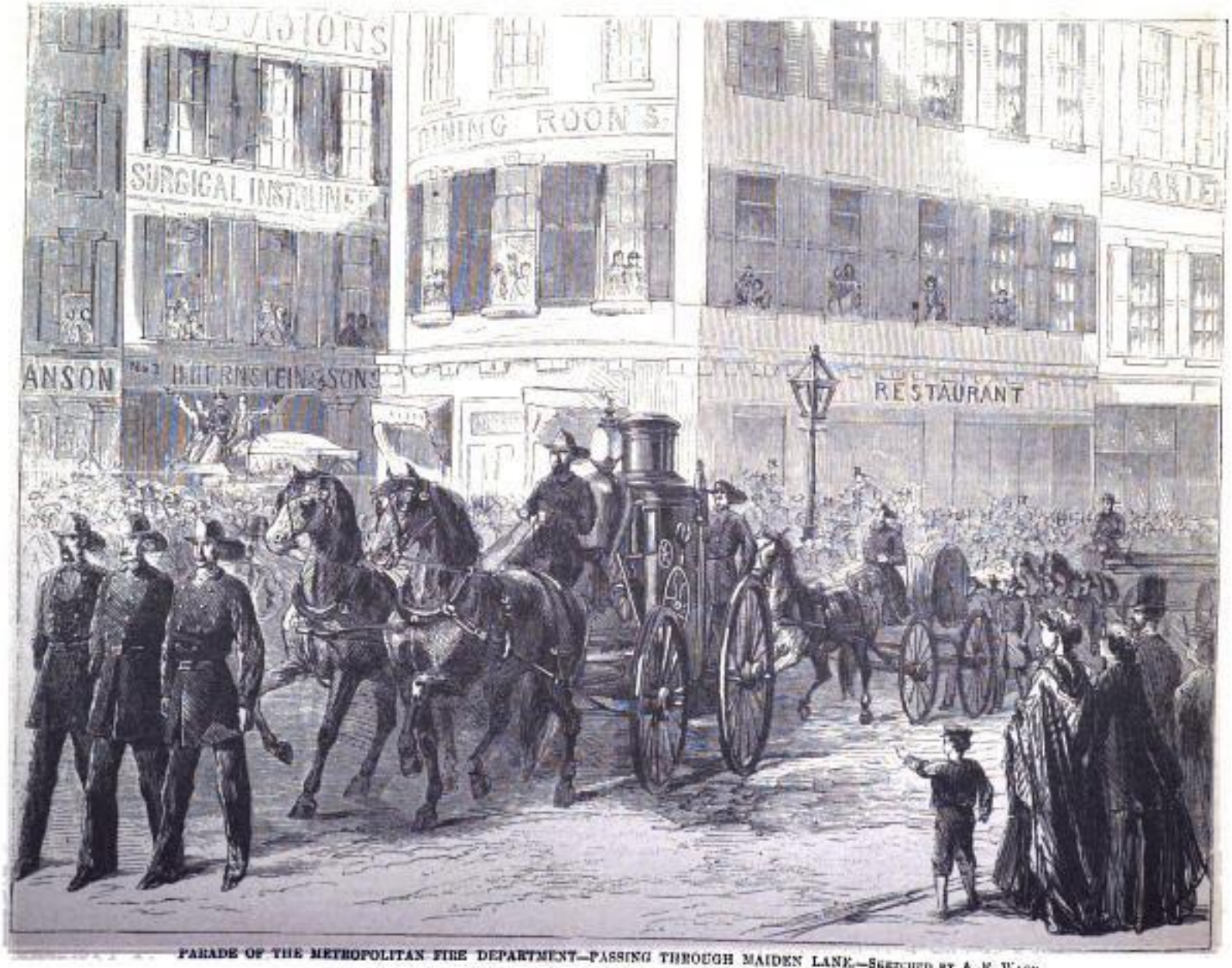


A. *The Skull*, 3 feet 8 inches long, 1 foot 4 inches deep, weighing 415 lbs.; with Tusks 5 feet long and 6 inches in diameter at the root.—B. *Lower Jaw*, 2 feet 9 inches long, 1 foot 10 inches wide, weighing 45 lbs.; has two teeth on one side, and only one on the other. Size of teeth, 3 by 7 inches on the surface.—C. *The Pelvis*, size 5 feet 3 × 3 × 6.—D. *Bones of Leg*, upper part, 3 feet 7 inches; lower, 3 feet.—E. *Sections of Vertebræ*, 6 inches in diameter.—F. *Ribs*, 4 feet long.

BONES OF THE MASTODON RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT COHOES, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAINES & WICKES, ALBANY, N. Y.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



PARADE OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE DEPARTMENT—PASSING THROUGH MAIDEN LANE.—SKETCHED BY A. E. WACH.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, D.D.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BROWNING & CO., 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.)

CAPTAIN DUNCAN.

BY GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

THAT quality called bravery, or courage, has been so common, so almost universal in our army through the war, that its possession is no longer regarded by the soldier as a mark of special merit. Captain Duncan, however, had peculiar traits of character which distinguished him among a host of heroes. Call it daring, coolness, indifference to danger, or what you will, he had something that made him a man of mark. I do not know that he was more self-possessed than others on the battle-field; in truth, I am inclined to believe that Duncan was rather opposed to close proximity to flying shots and bursting shells, and that the line of battle had no special fascination for him. But if General Howard desired to know the position of the enemy, their numbers, their movements; if he wished to send an important dispatch across the country or through the enemy's lines, he selected, with perfect confidence, Captain Duncan for the perilous duty.

Let us see what sort of a man the Captain was, or is; for he is alive somewhere to-day, if a street-awning has not fallen and crushed him; if he is not the victim of that modern juggernaut, a New York omnibus; or if, after surviving the shocks of war, he has not succumbed to some of the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to.

The Captain was attached to General Howard's head-quarters as commanding the General's escort, or, rather, as chief of scouts. He is a man of small stature, wiry and muscular. His light hair is cut close to a well-shaped head; a full mustache lightly overhangs a sensitive, well-formed mouth; his dimpled chin is nicely rounded; his nose is full and finely chiseled; his eyes are light blue, with a womanly expression. The face is altogether a frank and open one, but with no marked distinctions, nothing to really indicate the energy and daring, the courage and cunning, which mark a career at once eventful and romantic.

Duncan's disguises were as various as the characters he assumed. At one time he was a cadet of the military school originally at Marietta, but which might have been termed a traveling academy, for it accommodated its movements to the advance of our army. It was first at Atlanta, then at Milledgeville, afterward at Augusta; and its final resting-place, I think, was in the rebel army. At another time our hero appeared as a far-toughed soldier of Lee's army, and again in the prim gray-and-red uniform of one of the "home guard"—an organization which had a brief existence in different parts of the South. Then again he would roam over the country in the motley dress of rags and dirt that distinguished Wheeler's cavalry. In all these costumes and disguises he managed to accomplish the objects of his missions. He was frequently captured; and although he was never a denizen of any of the infamous prisons of the South, nor long in captivity at any time, always contriving to escape, yet his face, after a while, was readily recognized as that of the famous and fearless Duncan, making each succeeding expedition more fraught with danger to him than the last.

A volume might be devoted to the narration of his dangerous adventures. One of these, of recent occurrence, will associate his name in history with the "Great March" of General Sherman. When the army arrived before Savannah the necessity of opening communication with the sea, and the establishment of a base of supplies, was of vital and immediate importance.

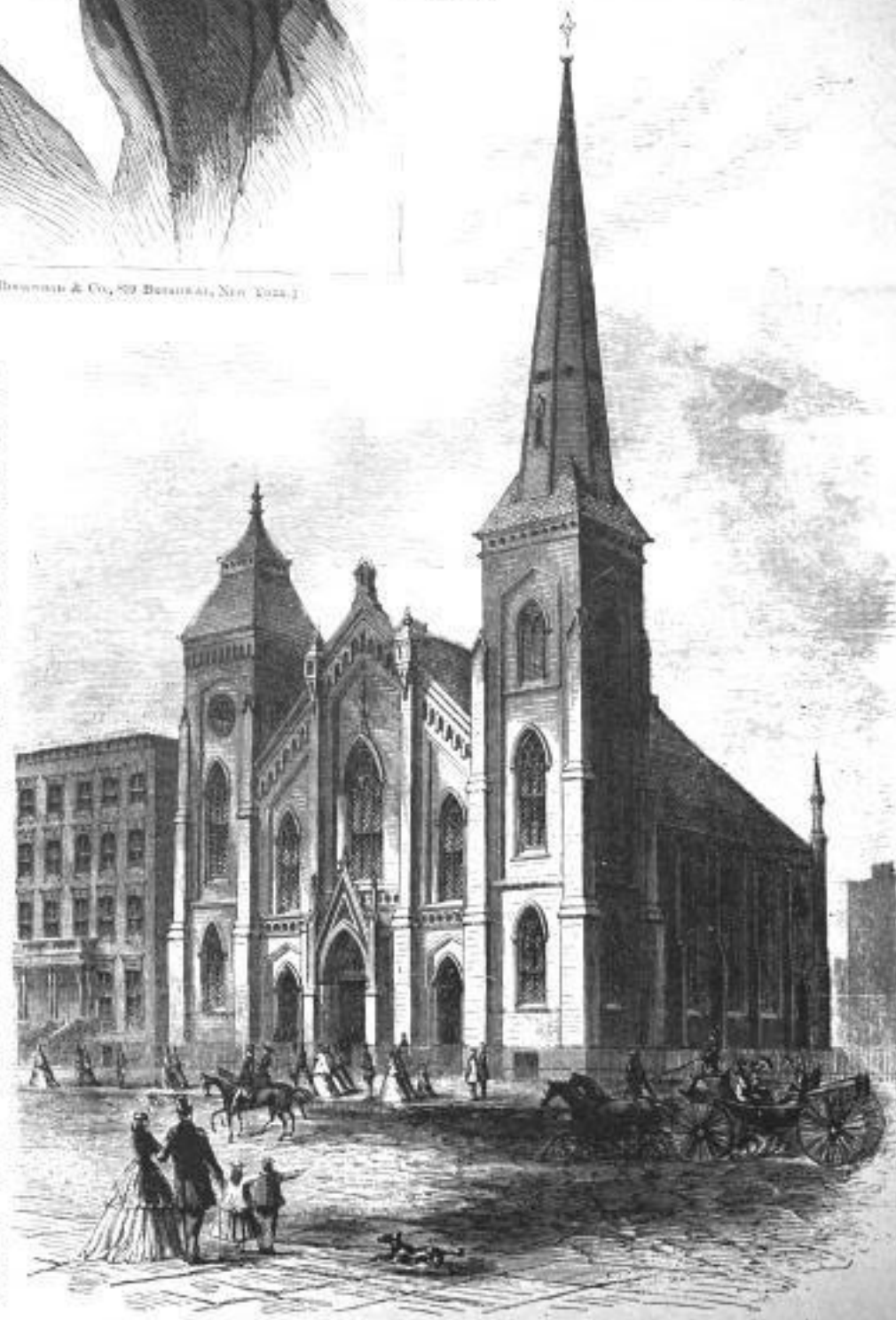
If one will think for a moment of the needs of a city of seventy thousand inhabitants—of the amount of food which the people, horses, mules, and cattle require for daily consumption—he will understand how rapidly an army of that magnitude, with thousands of refugees hanging upon its skirts, would devour the food and supplies brought with them. Provision, literal and instant provision, must be made, and that by communication with the Atlantic.

The country around Savannah is of that low and swampy character peculiar to the Southern sea-coast. For hundreds of miles these swamps, dreary and monotonous, stretch away. Here and there, where some wealthy planter has rescued the salt-marshes from the overflow of the sea, dykes have been raised and canals extend for miles through the rice fields. At intervals on the horizon may be seen a clump, or avenue, of live-oak trees, which mark the residence of the planter, who passed his winters here with his subjects—for like a lord of feudal days the rich man-owner regarded his slaves.

The Ogeechee and numerous tributary streams wind in and out in every direction, and force themselves sluggishly through the slime. Where the marsh or swamp has not been redeemed, tall rank grass and weeds grow in profusion. Where the tide reaches, the marsh is filled here and there with frightful holes and bogs, and covered with a black, thick bed of mud, through which it is almost impossible for man or horse to wade or walk. But as the anxious Union soldiers gazed toward the distant sea, where the marsh-line melted into sky, they were conscious of other foes than those of nature. On one side was Fort M'Allister, its frowning ramparts crowned with heavy guns, sweeping in every direction; on the other were the fortifications at Beaufort, covering the approaches to the Little Ogeechee.

All these dangers stood between us and the fleet, when, one morning, General Howard called for a messenger to the sea. A thousand officers and men were willing to make the venture, but he selected Duncan, who, in a dark and stormy night, with only an old negro for his companion, started on his perilous mission. How he dragged his boat over the black mud, pushed through the creek and into the bay, floated unharmed past sentinels, past torpedoes, and how joyfully he was received by the brave sailors of Admiral Dahlgren's fleet, is subject-matter for another story. The following incidents, which came under the writer's observation, occurred in North Carolina:

The enemy held the old city of Fayetteville. How much of a force was there, and by whom commanded, was a matter of doubt; but four columns of our infantry and one of cavalry were pushing rapidly upon the place. As usual, Duncan and his brave band of men were in the extreme advance. It was always an important object to save the bridges, so that we could speedily cross large bodies of troops. To do this it was necessary to press closely the retreating foe; indeed, in several instances in the late campaigns of General Sherman, the Union soldiers would gain an entrance upon a bridge when the rear of the rebels had not reached the other end. Duncan all the morning drove steadily before him a party of rebel cavalry. It was sturdy, sharp fighting, in which the rebels slowly and designedly gave ground, and, as Duncan thought, with the intention of getting all their forces across the bridge and then burning it. As they neared the town the Union soldiers could see the splendid arsenal, which crowns a height. The sight fired young Duncan's blood, and he at once resolved to make a dash into the place and save the bridge, if possible.



REV. DR. CHAPIN'S CHURCH, 42ND STREET AND 3RD AVENUE, N. Y.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

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The infantry column he had led all the morning was several miles in the rear, and he knew that he must, with his few men, sustain the fight, if there was to be one. A few words spoken to his men, pistols reloaded, girths tightened, and away they dashed.

While [illegible] they went down the turnpike and up the hill, and dashed through a squad of mounted guard there across the bridge they skirmished and thundered into the town, with a yell and a rush, and then [illegible] around and found but [illegible] of his men with him—the rest were killed or prisoners.

There was no return, so he rode on. As he passed the main streets he saw large bodies of rebel cavalry, some halting, others moving here and there. He had traveled altogether too far, and [illegible] into a town occupied by thousands of rebel soldiers. Luckily, his own and his companions' uniform was of "motley wear," partially rebel, so that they escaped general or marked notice. What was he to do? He dare not go back, and he could hear the shouts of the surprised rebel guard who were pursuing him. There was nothing left but to make an attempt to pass through the town.

In trying to do this, as fate decided it, he unwittingly chose the main street of the city. Turning a corner he came to a large hotel, on the steps of which stood General Hardee and Wade Hampton, while a crowd of staff-officers were waiting on the porch, ready to mount. The quick eye of Wade Hampton saw at once that there were Yankee riders, and jumping on his horse—an animal of immense strength and great speed—he, with his officers, shot away up the street in a direction parallel to that taken by Duncan, whose force was now narrowed down to half a dozen men.

Meanwhile the fearless scout, urging his horse by voice and spur, and firing his revolver right and left at those who opposed his progress, rode rapidly on. One rebel, who saw them approaching, deliberately aimed and fired at Duncan, but missed him. Then, in his fright, he clambered over a neighboring fence, presenting a broad yet peculiar mark for Duncan as he passed. The temptation was irresistible, and the Captain fired, with fatal success. I saw the man lying dead there two hours afterward, and wondered not a little at the peculiar nature of the wound, and the cause thereof, till Duncan subsequently told his story.

By this time the whole town was in an uproar. The rebel soldiers on all sides were mounting their animals in confusion. The women rushed wildly into and out of the houses, screaming with terror, for they all believed that poor Duncan and his six men were at least a legion. Duncan had given up all hope of escape. Not knowing which way to turn, he turned to the right, when he should have taken the left, and rode straight into Wade Hampton's arms.

That chivalrous brave was completely disgusted when he ascertained that he had not captured a general officer, but it was some consolation to know that his prisoner was the noted scout Duncan, who was [illegible] of the officers and men.

"He shall never have another chance to ride into a place occupied by my legion," said Hampton, and Duncan and his men were at once placed under a strong guard and marched across the river.

Let us leave him for a while, trudging along through the mud and over the rough roads, robbed of his clothing, barefooted and bareheaded, and return to Fayetteville, which a little while after his capture was occupied by our army.

General Howard's first inquiry after he entered the town was for his valued scout, Commander Duncan. He soon learned the truth, and congratulated himself that Duncan had not been killed in the fray: "For," said he, "they can't keep him prisoner; he will get away from them in a few days; I'm sure of it; he has been in the same scrape repeatedly, but always manages to escape."

Several days followed. The Union army had crossed the Cape Fear River; they had met the enemy in force at Averysborough, and had driven them back to a strongly-intrenched position. Our headquarters were pitched close to the line of battle. Aroused from deep sleep by the heavy musketry-firing which had reopened with the dawn of day, I stepped out from my fly tent, plunged my head in a bucket of water, and as my face emerged from the refreshing bath it met a queer-looking figure which was dressed, or rather, not dressed, but partially covered with what extreme courtesy or extreme poverty might call clothes. An old pair of boots which use and ill use had deprived of heels and rent into shreds; a pair of trousers, short and close-fitting, since they were originally made for a boy of some ten years of age; coatless and hatless; his face close shaved; his head hairless—a sorry-looking figure altogether, who might have been taken for a rebel prisoner if he were not at liberty in the camp of the general commanding.

"How are you, Major?"

Looking earnestly at the man, whose person was entirely unknown to me, at least in that shape, I replied: "You have the advantage of me, Sir; who are you, any how?"

"I'm Duncan."

"Duncan! With all my heart I'm glad to see you! I never should have recognized you. But when, how, where—that is, when did you come in, how did you get through the lines, and where have you been this week past?"

And then this brave man told his own story from the point where we left him on the road just out of Fayetteville:

"Well, Major, I've had a tough time of it. The rebs chuckled a good deal when they caught me. Some said I shouldn't get away this time, sure, and [illegible] handcuffed me to another man. Hot, ugly work it was, marching in the sun, bareheaded, along [illegible] wretched roads. For the first few days we had a strong guard, and although I had found out that I could slip my hand through the iron ring, which must have been made for a negro, yet I thought it risky business to make a run for it. But a chance came when we were passing through that thick growth of bushes, in the swamp back here a piece, about a day's march, I reckon."

"I remember the place," said I.

"Well, when my guards turned their heads I slipped the iron and made a clean jump for the bushes. Crack, crack, crack! Three shots before I had gone ten feet. All of them came near enough, but all missed me. Ten feet more and I was up to my armpits in the softest of soft mud. Turning my head, I had the exquisite pleasure of gazing into the muzzle of a gun-barrel. 'Now you needn't shoot, old fellow,' said I; 'if I can get out I'll come along quiet enough.'

"I suppose it was the perfectly matter-of-fact way of stating the situation that induced the reb to raise his piece again. 'That was a bold push o' yourn,' said Johnny.

"'Yes; but you'd do as much to get free, wouldn't you?'

"'Yaas—cum along!'

"So I went along, a miserable and muddy object, till we reached a little place near Raleigh, where we were turned over to a strong detachment of the 'mlish'—good fellows enough, and brave, perhaps, but they couldn't keep me prisoner; and so I told the boys when we were locked up in a close room in a well-guarded house.

"It was cold that day, and we clamored a great deal, swearing that they meant to freeze us. So they brought us in some wood.

"They had examined all the doors when we were first brought in, and stationed guards at the only possible places of escape—that is, all the places they saw; but I had noticed a closet in the room. You know all these Southern houses are built upon posts, or piers, several feet above the ground. When the wood was brought in the boys made a good deal of noise breaking up the wood, while I was tearing up the floor in the closet.

"An opening was soon made. Agreeing upon the route we were to take outside, one by one we slipped cautiously through the floor, and, at a given signal, rushed out. One of the guard caught me by the leg as I crept out from under the house. He was frightened, as he had a right to be, and dropped his gun, which he ought not to have done. I seized the gun—here it is—jumped over the fence and put for the woods at my very best gait. A dozen shots or so were fired at one or the other, or all of us; but I think all have escaped.

"Of course I traveled for this army, which I knew ought to be somewhere in this region. An ordinary runaway, or one new to the business, would have pushed *away* from the rebel front; but I've been in the same scrape before now, and have learned the ropes. I met lots of rebel stragglers trying to get away from the fight. I came through the lines last night without much risk, but somewhat disguised."

"So I should think," said I, wondering, if he considered himself 'somewhat' disguised, how he would look when he was completely disguised.

"Jolly, that! isn't it now?" continued Duncan. "Since I left Fayetteville those cursed thieves have stolen the clothes off my back three times—as often as I could beg or buy a new suit. But here I am, safe and sound, and they will have a hard fight before they catch me again."

Duncan subsequently captured a fort which covered the crossing of Cox's bridge over the Neuse. He did good service in the battle of Bentonsville. Where he now is, or what he is doing, I do not know. I am very sure there are few men who have run the gauntlet of greater dangers, have shown truer patriotism, more exalted heroism, or who have accomplished more of active individual service in the army than Duncan, who, when I last saw him, still wore the shoulder-straps of a captain.

LITTLE GIBRALTAR.

It was a lonely place. Every day, and all the day, as it seemed, the wind blew steadily from east to west, for the boughs of all the trees were bent forever toward the sunset. On three sides the sea broke sullenly against the rocks of the small promontory, and went back again, repulsed and discomfited. The house and grounds which occupied the whole of this sea-girt nook formed an estate which was called Little Gibraltar. The name was not inappropriate. Thousands of years, doubtless, had the waves stormed those gray rocks—thousands of years had the rocks stood firm and thrown them back again into the sea. One could imagine the assault going on forever—the repulse eternal.

Ten years ago it was that I saw the place first. I had a friend at school who won such foothold in my affections as no girl had ever won before. We were not intimate, as school-girls reckon intimacy. We had no secrets to tell, or, if we had, we told none. We made no rash vows by starlight and moonlight, but we liked to be together, and we had tastes and fancies in common. I have always loved beautiful women, and this Margaret O'Connor was "beautiful exceedingly."

It was not until I had known her a long time that I learned any thing of her history. When I did, I ascertained that her father was an Irish gentleman of considerable wealth, who had fled to this country years before with his bride, the daughter of a noble family, whom he had stolen, not against her will, from a convent. Leoline was the young wife's fanciful name. She had died five years after the birth of her first child, Margaret, taking with her to the world of spirits an hour-old baby. My friend could just remember her mother, and she told me that her manners were so winning and her beauty of so rare a type that the life-long effect of her loss upon the husband, who idolized her, was by no means unaccountable.

Soon after her death he had purchased Little Gibraltar, and having arranged the grounds and built the house after a certain fantastic plan of his own, had retired there with his young daughter, an efficient house-keeper, who also acted as a sort of nurse or superintendent to little Margaret, and a corps of good servants, who had ever since retained their situations.

Margaret's description of her home had abundantly excited my interest and stimulated my curiosity, and I accepted with extreme satisfaction her invitation to pass the long summer vacation—our last before graduating—at Little Gibraltar. At first I hesitated lest my intrusion should be unwelcome to the master of this strange domain; but when I was assured that his consent had been solicited and obtained before the invitation was extended I set aside my scruples and anticipated only pleasure.

The last week in June school closed. A staid serving-man came for Margaret, and took all the trouble of our baggage and bundles. We had a five hours' car ride, and then we got out at a little country station. John, the serving man aforesaid, went to a stable across the road, and came back with a sort of family coach drawn by two powerful black horses. We got inside, and he mounted the box, and off we drove. It was three miles, I should think; but long before we reached our journey's end we could see Little Gibraltar gleaming stately on its rocky height, with the sea climbing forever at its base. Margaret pointed to it, as she said, with more eagerness than she had been speaking before:

"Home, Aria!"

"*Is* it home?" I remember I asked her. "It looks to me like an enchanted castle of Mrs. Radcliffe's times. It is strange, and, in a weird sort of way, very beautiful; but it does not seem homelike."

"Perhaps it isn't, as most people reckon homelike; but it's all the home I have ever known since I was old enough to remember. I don't know where it was that I lived with my mother. It is singular that I should recall so clearly as I do her wonderful beauty and wayward grace. There is one thing I ought to tell you, Aria. My father, sane enough about every thing else, believes that he sees *her* now—that sometimes she comes and calls him, and he goes out and keeps tryst with her. I know not whether it is madness, or a clearer vision than has been given to others."

Margaret's face had kindled as she spoke, and there was such a strange, far-seeing look in her eyes that I should not have been surprised if she had told me that she, too, had this clearer vision which could pierce through the veil of mysteries.

We were near the place by this time, for John drove rapidly. The house was a rambling, castle-like building,

"With its battlements high in the hush of the air,
And the turrets thereon,"

built of some pure white stone, which glittered in the sunset. A long flight of winding steps led from the entrance hall to the carriage road below, and at the foot of these steps stood, ready to welcome us, Reginald O'Connor, his hat lifted, his whole manner full of courtly grace. Unconsciously I had formed an idea of him. I had fancied him a sad, silent, elderly mourner, bowed and wasted by grief, indifferent to all the small observances of life. I saw, instead, the handsomest man, the stateliest gentleman I have ever met.

He was not yet quite forty, and he scarcely looked ten years older than Margaret. He had dark eyes, penetrating, yet with a curious, dreamy, speculative look in them. His heavy black hair was brushed back from his high, thoughtful brow—a brow a little too narrow, a little wanting in the indications of combative force and strength, without which a man may be good and gifted and graceful, but never great. I had been interesting myself in Spurzheim and Lavater, so I analyzed his head and face, while he stood waiting, before the carriage stopped. I discovered that his was the temperament of a poet—that he had ideality, veneration, and a wonderful power of personal magnetism—that he could enjoy and suffer keenly, but that he lacked fortitude, and perseverance, and hope—that there was a certain weakness in his character which was consistent with the highest physical courage, but which made him helpless before that mysterious something which, for want of a better name, we call Destiny. He could never, therefore, rise above a great sorrow. If I had not made this analysis then I should never have made it afterward, for there was something about him, as I found presently, a certain nameless charm, which defied criticism.

As the carriage stopped Margaret jumped from it into his arms. He gave her a quick kiss, and then extended his hand to me.

"This is so kind of you, Mrs. Germond," he said, as he helped me out. "You are a pioneer, too—the first lady who has ever visited at Little Gibraltar. You had need of good courage."

"It did not require a great deal of courage to take me with Margaret."

He looked at me inquisitively, as if he wondered how genuine my words were. Then he smiled.

"I believe you and she do honestly love each other, in spite of all the sneers about girls' friendships. I can answer for Margaret. I have heard, for two years, of nothing but Aria, until I have learned the sweet name by heart."

He had given me his arm, and was leading me up the stairs. Margaret was running on before us, gayer than I had almost ever seen her. She looked back, nodded laughingly, and said:

"That's right, papa. Vouch to Aria for my devotion."

In a moment we stood in the entrance hall—a lofty apartment lighted by a dome, and in the midst of which a circular staircase wound upward. It was paved with tesselated marble, and hung with pictures which, as I learned afterward, Colonel O'Connor had himself painted. On one side a door was thrown open into a conservatory full of choice flowers, beyond which was a spacious library. On the other side another door opened into a large, lofty drawing-room. Into this latter apartment my host led me, having paused by the way to introduce me to Mrs. Walker—the housekeeper, to whom I have before referred, who continued to matronize and superintend the establishment. Margaret lingered a little to talk to her, and the Colonel and I walked into the drawing-room alone. Opposite the door an immense pier-glass filled the space between two great windows, and as we stepped in we saw ourselves reflected in it; I still leaning on his arm, and he bending toward me with his air of courtly deference. A sudden and curious presentiment thrilled me like a suggestion from some one unseen—a presentiment which told me that in some mysterious way my fate and his were linked. And at the same time I heard a whisper, distinct yet low, as if it came from far—"Beware!"

I seemed, in some way, to know that this whisper was not meant for me, but for my companion. I felt sure that he heard it also, for he released my hand which he had been holding upon his arm, and offered me a chair. I saw that his face was pale, and his lips had a nervous quiver. Then Margaret came in, with Mrs. Walker, and a sober, middle-aged lady's maid, ready to show me to my room; and her father told us that dinner would be served in half an hour. I thought he was glad to have us go up stairs.

My room opened out of Margaret's, and looked, like hers, toward the unquiet, shimmering sea. I refused the maid's assistance, and when my door was shut sat down a moment to look out of my window and think. The waters had a curious phosphorescent glow and glitter. They seemed mysterious and infinite as the fatherless sky which bent above them—mysterious as destiny, infinite as immortality. What puppets we human beings are for Fate to play with! I thought—beneath the dignity of actors—not knowing even our own parts, or whether it were tragedy or comedy in which we should be called to perform—whether the play were in five acts or in one.

My vacation was to be two months long. I felt as if I were going to *live* more in that time than I had in my whole life before.

I opened my trunk. My drama must begin, like many another, with dressing and dining. I had never been able to decide whether I was handsome or not—though I knew my style was unique. It was certainly not that which those unfledged youth, who haunt the steps and dog the walks of boarding-school misses, most delight in; for I had never received a compliment in my life, unless the look in Colonel O'Connor's eyes this afternoon had been one.

I had a low brow, round which the dark hair drooped heavily, a clear, dark skin, and the coloring in all respects of a brunette, except that my eyes were blue as turquoise—a bright, light blue. This contradiction between my eyes and the rest of my face made me striking, peculiar: I must try my power before I could tell whether or not it made me fascinating.

I put on a black dress which suited me, for it fell in heavy, rich folds about my figure, which was full and tall. Soft, old lace drooped over my hands, and was fastened round my neck by a brooch made of an Egyptian scarabæus, and which glittered like an evil eye at my throat. Then I was ready, and had ten minutes more, while I was waiting for Margaret, in which to wonder as to the meaning of the strange whisper I had heard. She came for me at last, and we went down stairs.

The drawing-room was lighted now, and I noticed, as I had not before, the extreme richness and elegance of all its appointments. One would have thought that in furnishing it the master of Little Gibraltar had been arranging for gay feasts and grand festivals, instead of fitting himself up a refuge in which to hide away his sorrow.

One recognized every where traces of that exacting ideality which could not be satisfied with less than perfection. At the farther end of the room folding doors were thrown open into a dining-room, where a table glittered with plate and crystal. Colonel O'Connor met us at the door, and, giving me his arm again, took me in to dinner, Margaret following. The dinner was conducted with ceremonious stateliness, and, watching the high-bred courtesy of my host's manner, I understood in what school Margaret had acquired that grace and repose which had been at once the envy and the despair of all Madame Miniver's young ladies.

Just here I begin to feel that I have undertaken a hopeless task. I have succeeded, possibly, in conveying to you the impression of a home, fantastic but superb—of my stately host, and the friend whom I loved so well. So far words have served me; but now they begin to seem vague and pointless. They will not render the subtle shades of that midsummer experience. I can not tell you the strange spell which drew me toward Reginald O'Connor. Fascination does not at all express it—it was at once finer and stronger. Sympathy, magnetism, psychological attraction—choose your own term. I only know that I felt, in my very soul, that I had met the one man in the universe whose power over me was positive as fate.

I did not deceive myself about him in the least. I knew he was not wiser, or grander, or nobler than other men—not wise or grand, perhaps, in any high sense at all. But, just such as he was, I felt as if I would rather have been loved by him, and die, than be the living darling of any other man. All the time, too, there was the sense of entire hopelessness—the belief that he *had* loved as he would never love again—that Leoline dead was more to him than the whole living world. We passed all the days together—we three—riding, driving, rowing; and, after a while, I sitting for my portrait, and Colonel O'Connor painting it. It was after one of these sittings that Margaret said to me:

"Aria, I think my father is beginning to love you. I have never seen him as he is now before. If he were not too old for you—if you *could* care for him—I think it might be to him like the elixir of life. To me, you know what it would be to have you with me always."

"You deceive yourself," I answered, with forced composure. "You have told me the effect which your mother's loss had on him, and how his whole life since has been full of nothing but her memory. He will never love again."

She looked at me curiously. I knew that my

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face was turning crimson under her gaze. She sprang up and kissed me with impulsive fondness.

"My darling," she cried, "I believe that you could love him! With you the mistress of Little Gibraltar, what a different thing life would be to me!"

She went out without giving me time to answer her; but after that she left me more alone with her father.

He painted on at my portrait, and grew absorbed in his task. He was never satisfied—he said my face changed with every change of my moods. He made me give him sitting after sitting. To-day he deepened the eyes, to-morrow he altered a wave in the hair, or changed a curve of the lashes. I began to believe that I was beautiful, as I saw myself glowing, a radiant vision, upon his canvas. One day he threw down his brush. It was the week before we were to go back to Madame Miniver. He cried, with a sort of suppressed passion,

"It does not suit me, Aria; it never will! You must give me yourself, Aria, child, darling—"

He stopped as suddenly as if an unseen hand, cold with the chill of the grave, had been laid upon his lips. His face turned white.

"Forgive me," he said, "I must go."

He went from the room. I remembered what Margaret had told me—that sometimes his dead wife called him, and he went out to keep with her a ghostly tryst. I believed that he had gone now in obedience to some such summons. I sat on where he left me. I did not dare to think what I was doing. I had a vague feeling, which I would not suffer to crystallize into a thought, that there was a rivalry between me and his dead bride for his love. Had not I a right to win? I remembered what Margaret had said. I believed that he would be better and happier with a warm, living love, in place of this haunting, ghostly memory. But I knew not which would triumph; I could only wait. At last I heard the door open, and he came to me softly in the gathering twilight.

"Aria," he said, "I love you. It is Heaven's own truth, and I have a right to tell it to you. But I am not free to ask you to be my wife—I do not know that I ever shall be. I promised Margaret's mother, when she was dying, that I would never marry again. I am bound by my vow unless she releases me from it. I thought then, Heaven knows, that it would be easy enough to keep. I loved her so well that I fancied there was no danger of my loving any one else. I should have feared loving you, least of all—you, yet in your girlhood, and my daughter's friend. But it was curious the charm you had for me from the very first. As we stood in the drawing-room that first night a whisper came to me, which I knew was Leoline's warning—'Beware!' To-day, when I began to speak to you, I heard her voice again—a sudden, imperious call, which I could not resist. I went out and saw her, as I always see her, walking to and fro upon the balconies, with her baby, a little white snow-flake, in her arms. Aria, I begged her, as I would beg for my life, to release me from that vow. She could have answered me—she has spoken to me often enough—but she only looked at me, with eyes full of reproachful pain, and her lips uttered no word."

I remembered the whisper which I too had heard, that first night, and wondered that I had not also heard to-day the voice which summoned him. Perhaps that first warning had been meant for me as well as him; but I had not heeded it. A ghostly, trembling terror began to creep over me. I sat still and did not answer him.

"For Heaven's sake, Aria, speak to me one word," he said, coming close to me. "Am I a man or a monster? I loved Leoline. She had a right to my constancy; and yet, God knows, I love you. Oh, why did you come here?"

"I *was* going next week—I *will* go to-morrow."

The words seemed to drop from my lips against my will. They sounded cold and hard. I felt as if life and sense were failing me. In a moment Colonel O'Connor was kneeling beside me.

"*Don't* look at me so, Aria. You are turning to stone before my eyes. Don't hate me—it is enough that I must hate and scorn myself—that I, who thought my honor stainless, must live to know that I have broken at least the spirit of my vow. And yet, am I to blame? I could not help loving you. But I am old and sad—I could never have won a young, fresh heart like yours."

The misery in his voice touched me indescribably. It was like the turning of a weapon in a wound. It tortured me into a sense of keen life, and gave me power to speak.

"*I* don't blame you," I said. "It was fate. But I *could* have loved you. It was a vain dream. Let us forget it and live!"

"No, I am ready to curse fate and die."

He looked into my eyes.

"Aria, this is bitterness beyond what a man can bear—to feel my happiness so near, and yet so out of reach—to love you, to feel that I could win your love, and yet to renounce you!"

He bent forward and drew me with firm hands close to him. I felt his lips on mine for one moment—fond, quivering, thrilling to the centre of my being. Then he released me.

"There, Aria, that is all. Forgive me if you can. You will not hate me I know. You shall not go back until the time comes; but you need not see me again after to-night. We should never have met, or we should have met in some other sphere. Well, child, it is possible to bear most things. Come, we can not escape life. We must go to dinner."

At the table a strange gayety seemed to possess him. He ate nothing, but he covered his lack of appetite and mine with quip and badinage and brilliant turns of thought.

After dinner he went into the library to look over the evening mail, and presently sent for Margaret.

She was with him a few moments and then came back. She looked me in the eyes like an inquisitor as she said:

"Papa has received a letter which will take him away from home to-morrow morning; we shall probably have to leave without seeing him again."

I expressed my regrets courteously, but I made no sign, nor did she ask me any questions.

We went back to school. What a mockery it seemed to me, with girlhood lying as far behind me as infancy! My thoughts ran tumultuously in one channel. I cared for none of the old delights or ambitions. I could not study. I had learned a lesson which swallowed up all others, as did Aaron's rod the rods of the Egyptians.

In the midst of term an epoch came which gave me independence—my twenty-first birthday. I was three years older than Margaret—late in finishing my studies, as, on account of my extreme delicacy in childhood, I had been late in commencing them. I was an orphan, and at twenty-one I became mistress of myself and my fortune. I should have left Madame Miniver's, but I had no tie any where so strong as the one which bound me to Margaret, and I staid on for her sake.

Early in December she came to my room with a letter in her hand.

"Aria," she said, "I am summoned home. My father is failing mysteriously. He wants me with him, and he says, 'Tell Aria that, for her own sake, I must not ask *her* to come, though her presence would be the greatest comfort?'"

What to me was "my own sake" in comparison with his comfort? What if I suffered a pang or two more? The worst suffering of all would be to know afterward that he had missed me. I went with Margaret.

We got there in time to see the last of him whom we both loved so well. We watched beside him night and day for three days, and then, in the wild winter midnight, "he heard the angels call."

He had been speaking calmly enough about his plans.

"I have given Little Gibraltar to Aria," he said to Margaret, as she bent over him. "You will be rich enough without it, and you would not care to live here. It will have a deeper worth, a different significance for her."

Then he sent her from the room, on some pretext, and talked to me.

"It is all a mystery," he said; "strange as sad. Can a man love two women? I loved *her*. Heaven knows it, and my long, solitary years since her death have borne witness to it. And yet, if it be not love for you that is wasting my life away, what is it? We shall understand it all in the next world, I think."

"She has come to me often, since last summer. She waits for me always on the balcony outside, and I know she is there by the tune with which she hushes the baby on her breast—always the same tune—one she used to sing to me in other days. I go out when I hear it, and meet the sad upbraiding of her eyes. But she has never spoken to me since that day. I have plead a hundred times for release from my vow, but her lips will never open. I wonder if she will turn from me with horror in her eyes in the world of spirits; or whether, for her baby's father, there will be pity and forgiveness? Wrong or right, I could not help loving you; it was my fate."

I could not answer him, but I bent and pressed my lips to his mouth. Now, with him floating away from me on the unknown sea, I felt no scruples. But at the moment my lips touched his I heard, as distinctly as I ever heard any sound in my life, a strain of wild, sweet music—a tune I had never heard before. His eye kindled with recognition as he caught the sound, and he tried to rise. I turned to listen to Margaret, who was opening the door.

"Aria, the tide is going out," she said.

I looked back to the bed, and answered her:

"He has gone out with it."

And we heard the music, both of us, fainter, lower, farther and farther away, until its sweetness died on the waiting air.

Believe my story or doubt it—it does not matter. I have told it because some force outside of myself seemed to constrain me. I have never loved again—it does not seem to me that I ever shall. You see me in the winter as the world sees me, gay and careless; but I go every summer to Little Gibraltar and dream over again the old, passionate, troubled dream. Margaret comes too, sometimes, with her husband and her children; but I like best to be alone with the dead days in that nook haunted by memory, where rise the fantastic turrets, toward which the sea climbs eternally, where the white walls glitter, and the wind blows all the day, and every day, from the east toward the setting sun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, replied, "Why, d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a tar, but she is a Tartar."

A modest minister out West marries for a drink of whisky, a dozen eggs, and the first kiss of the bride.

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and, placing ten dollars in his hand, said:

"I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more ash five tollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other; "take this and go get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish more better as to quarrel mit Hans;" but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained any thing by going to law.

How to Open Oysters.—"As to opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why nothing's easier, if you only know how." "And how's how?" inquired Straight. "Scotch snuff?" answered old Hurricane, very sententiously, "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, they'll sneeze their lids off."

What is nothing?—A footless stocking without a leg.

WINTER SERENADE.

Oh! ask me dot to blow my dose,
By charbidg one, by owd;
You bay dot know de bald I feel,
It dever cad be dode!
Oh! bight we fly to other scedes,
Or dwell id yodder star;
Oh, thed, by lovely bald, id bliss
I'd strike by light catarrh!

The wid that blows across de boor,
Had it a dose to blow
Wid such a cold as I hab got,
Ah! would it blow it? Noe!
But see, the rays of cobbing dawd
Are gleabidg od the dew;
I hear the berry bugle hord,
By belded fair—adieu!

We have wondered why the Southern young men were so anxious to go to Brazil. A letter from General Wood satisfactorily explains to us the cause. "Young ladies on being introduced to a stranger insist upon being embraced, heart throbbing against heart."

"Take this dirty fellow out of the ranks and lave him in the waters of the Guadiana," said a grandiloquent colonel during the Peninsula War. After some time the corporal assigned to the work returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap—"Sure an't plaise y'r Honor, and didn't y'r Honor tell me to lave him in the river, and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to y'r Honor's orders."

A Western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer.

"Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money."

"But what shall I do," said the farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why you can then work for me, and get them back."

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth.

"Blazes! what are you biting me for?"

"Well, dad, you begined this here war."

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked a son of Erin. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know whether I'm an aunt or an uncle."

A "green 'un," who had never before seen a steamboat, fell through the hatchway down into the hold of one, and being unhurt, loudly expressed his surprise: "Well, if the darned thing ain't holler!"

A PRISON.

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no night,
No sky, no earthly blue,
No distant-looking view,
No road, no street,
No tother side the way,
No dawn, no dusk,
No proper time of day,
No end to any row,
No top to any steeple,
No indication where to go,
No sight of familiar people,
No cheerfulness, no healthy ease,
No butterflies,
Nor yet no bees.

We have heard of an old Dutchman who whipped his son for swearing at him. The whipped boy still cursed, and the father whipped him again. Then the spunky little chap was silent, but looked as if the devil was in him. Thereupon the old fellow, applying the whip once more to his shoulders, exclaimed: "You don't say nothing, but I know you dink dam, and I'll wip you for dat."

A Cincinnati paper says: "Rogues find no quarters here." To which Prentice replies: "Very likely; they might search half the pockets in the city and find none."

"Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pigs in the air?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones, "that's because the wind's from sow-west."

A lady, who painted her face, asked Parsons how he thought she looked. "I can't tell, Madam," he replied, except you first uncover your face."

A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says "that he always takes notes even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a sherry-cobbler at one end of it."

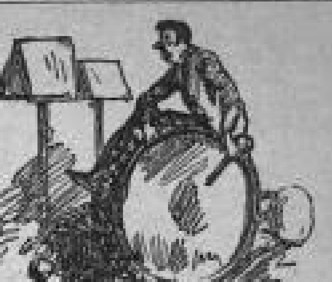
Artists have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

"Look here, Jem, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, here's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

"BASE BALL" ILLUSTRATED.

PITCHER AND BATTER (FIRST INN-ING).

CATCHING A FLY.



ON HIS FIRST BASE.

HOLDING HIS SECOND BASE.

ON HIS THIRD BASE (A FLAT).

A FOWL BALL.

THE LAST INN-ING.

MAKING HIS "HOME RUN."

ONLY.

Beware of an "only," "'tis but," and "just one:"
These traitors have many a coward undone.
All Troy for one woman in ashes was laid;
One tree mother Eve unto ruin betrayed;
One crack will suffice that a vase be not sound;
One spark, and all London on fire was found;
One worm-eaten stick is enough for a wreck;
But one step too far, and a fall breaks our neck;
From only one word many quarrels begin;
And only this one leads to many a sin;
Only a penny wastes many a pound;
Only once more, and the diver was drowned;
Only one drop many drunkards has made;
Only in play many gamblers have said;
Only a cold opens many a grave;
Only resist many evils will save.

Two ladies from the country, on a shopping excursion, dropped into a hardware store, where agricultural implements are sold, and innocently inquired for cradles. The storekeeper said it was rather late in the season for the article, and he had sold all he purchased. The ladies looked at each other wonderingly, and whispered, laughingly, when one, turning to the blushing storekeeper, remarked: "Out of season! I thought babies were always in season."

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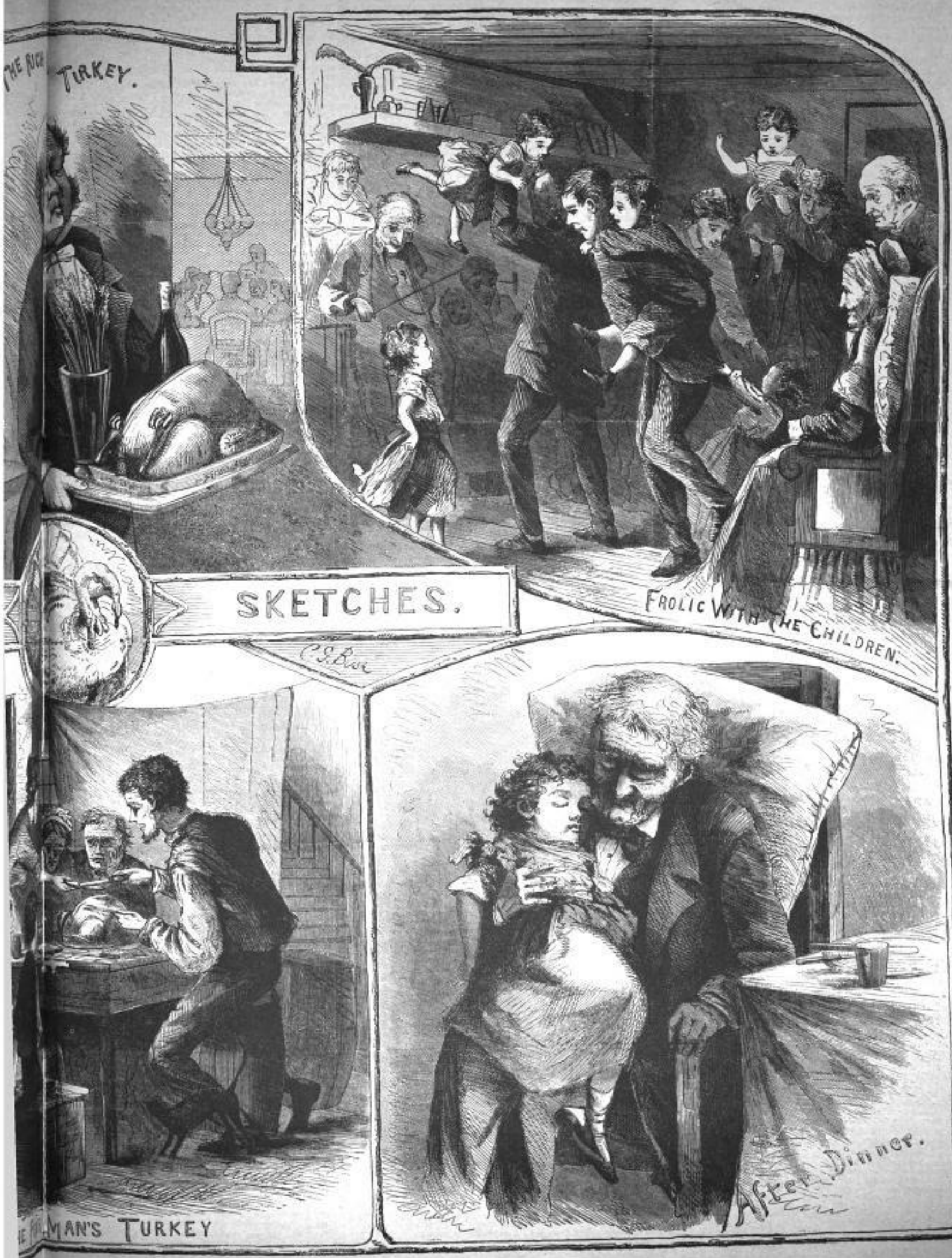

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PERFECT REST.

In the quiet of the church-yard
The weeping willows wave
Their slender, drooping branches
In the chilly autumn air:
And the wither'd church-yard grasses,
Above each lonely grave,
Utter sad and mournful whispers
O'er the dead who slumber there.

In the golden months of summer
Comes the honey-laden bee,
To hum amid the clover
His drowsy, murmurous song:
While the yellow-hearted daisies
Grow thick and fair to see;
And the sky looks down upon them
With a smile the whole day long.

Then, at times, I love to wander
Among the peaceful dead,
Where the golden-netted sunbeams
Sleep gently on the grass;
And to think on friends departed,
And the years forever fled;
While across the marble's whiteness
Falls my shadow as I pass.

What calm, unbroken slumber,
What sweet and perfect rest,
In the quiet of the church-yard
For evermore to lie;
With the tired hands gently folded
Across the pulseless breast,
In summer and in winter,
While the fleeting years go by!

Not any thought of sorrow,
Nor shadow born of care;
No eager, restless longings,
Of this busy life a part;
No dream of proud ambition
Can ever enter there;
Or the turbulent emotions
That crowd the beating heart.

Sometimes when very weary,
When the days seem dark and drear,
And my heart beats low within me,
By a sense of grief oppress'd,
Then the graves within the church-yard
More beautiful appear,
And a longing fills my bosom
For the sweet and perfect rest.

ISAAC PENRITH'S THANKSGIVING.

THE clock had just struck three. It was no trifle of bronze or ormolu; neither was it one of those quaint old sentinels of dark wood and tarnished gilding that you sometimes encounter on antique stairways, keeping ghostly guard over the tread of generation after generation. It was a trim, compact little clock, hanging where its dial, like an eye, seemed to look through the four deep-set windows of the circular stone room, and watch the tides as they swung back and forth, murmuring discontentedly around the solid masonry that upheld the light-house. A strange place, a dreary, desolate place it seemed, prison-like in its isolation, and terrific in its frowning strength. Yet even there the grace of woman's presence cast its visible sign and token. Upon the pine table a vase of late autumnal flowers glowed in velvety carmine and gold, and a round hat, decorated with the scarlet wing of a tropical bird, lay beside it.

Lucy Penrith was looking from one of the windows—a slender, pretty girl, with touches of faint crimson in either cheek, and violet-gray eyes, where the deep lights seemed to swim. Her black stuff dress was very simple; but there was a flutter of vivid scarlet ribbon at her throat, and a bunch of coral-red berries in her shining brown braids, bearing silent witness to the genuine love of the picturesque that exists in every woman's heart.

"I don't think the sea is very rough, father."

Isaac Penrith deliberately folded his newspaper inside out, and commenced on a new column. He was a hard-featured, rugged old man, with iron-gray hair, and a brow where the wrinkles stood out like knotted cord.

Lucy stole across the stone floor and put her dimpled face between the printed page and her father's spectacles.

"Now, father, you *will* row me across. Oh, father, I never can spend Thanksgiving evening in this dismal place, and I promised them at the farm-house!"

"Rash promises is better broken than kept," sententiously answered old Isaac.

"But it was not a rash promise, father. All the young people are to be there, and Philip Martin—"

She stopped abruptly, checked by the dark frown that corrugated her father's brow.

"Philip Martin! I tell you, Lucy, I'll hear no more idle nonsense about that boy. It was Philip Martin whose father tried to be keeper of the light-house in my stead—a bad, black-hearted man—and the boy is a branch off the old tree, I'll go bail. And—"

But Lucy was crying, with her head on her father's knee. Isaac's heart relented within him.

"I'm a cross old bear, I know," he made haste to utter, "and I'd ought to be a little more keerful what I say. Don't cry, little one—there—there! I'll row ye 'cross, if ye say so; 'tain't near dark yet, and it is rather hard on a young gal like you to live in this stone dungeon year in and year out. I wish I hadn't told Sam he could have the day to himself. But never mind; I'll be back long afore lightin' time."

Lucy had brightened up like a rose after a shower.

"Oh, father, I am so glad! I *did* so want to go!"

She tripped backward and forward, adjusting the round hat with the scarlet wing, folding the brown shawl, and rearranging the coral berries in her hair, while old Isaac, with his fur cap on, and his hands in the pocket of his sailor coat, watched her with a proud, amused sense of proprietorship.

"She's more like one o' them foreign birds with plumage like fire, and little, glancin' ways, than she is like a human critter!" thought the light-house keeper. "I know I'm goin' clean agin' all rules and regulations, leavin' the place alone, but 'twon't be but for a few minutes, and I don't like to disappoint the gal, her heart's so kind o' set on't! I've got to be father and mother both to the child—and she is a good gal, and a pretty one too, if she does happen to be Isaac Penrith's darter!"

"I'll take the flowers over, father," said Lucy, removing them from the vase, and wrapping a bit of paper round the damp stems. "There's not much left in the farm-house garden, and they'll help to make the Thanksgiving-table gay. Now, father, I'm ready!"

And as Isaac Penrith pulled the shell-like little boat out to sea, with the long, steady, vigorous strokes that betokened his daily habituation to life on the deep, he fell into a musing remembrance of the far-away Thanksgivings of his youth, with their rains of red and golden leaves, and the odor of sweet-fern in the pastures, and the old red farm-house among the bleak New England hills! And, unconsciously, the roar of the green, translucent tides became the wail of winds in upland forests, and Lucy's blooming face opposite him seemed her mother's smiling out from the mists of years.

Nor was the salt drop on old Isaac's cheek the spray from his steadily dipping oar.

Lucy Penrith sprung lightly to her feet as the keel of the boat grated softly on the smooth, shingly sand of the beach.

"You will walk up to the house with me, father. See how high the sun is!"

Isaac stooped and secured his boat to a huge projecting rock by means of a loop of heavy rope.

"I'll go," he said, briefly, adding within himself; "and if Phil Martin's there, I'll bring her back with me again. I don't like *his* father's son!"

The old brown house stood a little way back on the beach, with a smooth stretch of silvery sand in front, and a cluster of black-green cedars in the rear, tossing their plumy heads about in the blustering, salt-scented gale, and a group of merry-makers, young and old, in their Thanksgiving habiliments, were in the porch awaiting the arrival of the new-comers.

"Oh, Lucy, we thought you never were coming!" said a bright-eyed little damsel, whose hair was blowing about her face like a mist of rippled gold! "What made you so late? And Phil Martin—"

Lucy's appealing, frightened glance stopped the half-uttered sentence short; but Isaac Penrith had caught its meaning.

"Lucy," he said, drawing his daughter aside as the whole group hurried merrily into the house once more, where a fire of drift-wood blazed redly in the huge old-fashioned fire-place, and the "old people," in caps and brass-buttoned suits, were purring around the genial glow—"Lucy, is there any thing between you and—and Dorr Martin's son?"

She colored and turned her face away, while the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Tell me," he urged, sternly grasping her arm; "I will have no more half-confidences! Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, father."

"And you—what answer did you make?"

"Father," simply answered Lucy with her violet eyes raised to his, "I love him!"

"Child," said Isaac Penrith, "conquer this idle folly as best you may! I never will give my daughter to Philip Martin. So now you know my will and determination in the matter."

"But, father—"

He turned abruptly away, releasing Lucy to the demands of half-a-dozen pleading, bird-voiced girls, while he himself briefly declined the kindly offers of hospitality that beset him on every side.

"I must be goin' back, friends," he said.—"'Twasn't fairly right to come over, but Lucy was so set on't, and I mustn't lose no more time. By the looks o' the clouds we'll have a stormy night, and the Lord help them that are out to sea along this cruel shore!"

And so he bade the revelers a "Good-night!" and looked his last at the ruddy glow of the drift-wood fire and Lucy's sweet face, flushed by its radiance—or something else—as she stood adjusting a late rose in Barbara Cliffe's gold-misted hair!

"I'll walk down to the shore with ye, neighbor Penrith," said old Truman Cliffe, pulling on his dreadnought coat. "Somehow, I've been a sailor so long, I can't bear to keep indoors when the wind is blowin' up like it does now!"

The late autumnal sunset was fringing the over-hanging clouds with sullen fire—each fire as burns itself out in stormy reflections, leaving a track like bloody footsteps across the tides—the winds were moaning sullenly along the barren shore, and the distant thunder of the ground-swell sounded like the grand bass chords of Nature's organ!

"You're right, Isaac," said Truman Cliffe, "it's goin' to be an awful night! There's mischief in them clouds; and if ever there was murder in the sound o' the breakers, it's there to-night! Why, what's the matter?"

For Isaac Penrith had uttered a cry that made the old sailor's blood grow chill in his veins.

"The boat! Merciful Father! the boat is gone!"

It was true; the loop had somehow become loosened and the little bark was rocking somewhere on the waves, beyond sight or sound.

"Truman, I must have your boat, and as quick as possible. The sun is nearly down; but I can reach the light-house yet before lighting time!"

He spoke in a husky voice, while the beating of his heart seemed like the strokes of a muffled drum.

Truman Cliffe turned a white, dismayed face toward his old companion.

"Our boat is down to Kilcoran, with Jared and his girls: they won't be back till to-morrow mornin'!"

There was an instant's silence, then Isaac spoke, still in the same hoarse, unnatural voice.

"Is there no other boat I could get?"

"There's Hugh Donnelly's down to the Point; but that's two miles off!"

"I'll go for it!"

Truman stopped him, as he was turning blindly toward the shore.

"No, Isaac, you're lame and stiff, and I'm a good walker. Keep your strength for the hard rowin' you'll have to do, and I'll be back as quick as mortal man can go and come. Sit down on the rock, old friend, and rest—you're tremblin' like a leaf!"

Isaac Penrith obeyed, mechanically, and dropped his head upon his hands, sitting motionless while the bloody track upon the waves grew purpler and more indistinct, and the far-off thunder of the ground-swell seemed to mutter menaces in his ear.

Two miles away! and the brief twilight was already setting in! How slowly Truman Cliffe plodded along; and yet those idiots on the shore had always called him a swift walker. He would go himself, and he started up, but only to sink back again weak and helpless.

"I have no strength left," he thought. "I must wait. I must wait for that snail to creep along the sands. They were right; it will be a fearful night at sea! And there is no light in the light-house to warn homeward-bound ships off the reefs!"

As he closed his eyes he could almost see the stately ships drifting upon their death, and going to pieces along the sunken rocks, while their crew were looking out in vain for the red signal star of danger! He could hear the creak and groan of shivering timber—the crash of mast and yard-arm—the dying shriek of human creatures! He shuddered convulsively.

"And I shall be a murderer! O God! why did I desert my post?"

And in this moment of agony and repentance Dorr Martin's mocking face rose up before him, full of evil exultation.

"He always said I could not be trusted, and he was right!"

Dorr Martin's triumph was the bitterest drop in the bitter cup that Isaac Penrith drained to the dregs that stormy night!

"The sun has set—the hour of grace is past," he muttered to himself. "I will not live to have widows asking me where are the husbands who perished on those reefs—I will not look little children in the face and hear them whisper that *I* murdered their fathers! I will not see Dorr Martin triumph in my ruin! No, better a quiet grave at the bottom of the deep sea than a life of remorse and dishonor! My little Lucy had better mourn me dead than live to blush for me! Good-by, my fair-haired darling! I shall never see your bonny face more!"

How the wind blew his gray uncovered hair about, as, murmuring a faint half-forgotten prayer, he crept down the beach, going to seek his death, where the cruel, white-fringed waves writhed up along the shore! An instant he paused, to look a last adieu to the world, the sky, the far-stretching shore, when all of a sudden a wild hoarse shriek broke from his parched lips.

For like a red star, trailing its glory along the tumultuous sea, the light of the light-house streamed upon his vision! The danger signal—the steady finger of fire held up to bid a hundred crafts "Beware!"—the beacon for which many and many an anxious helmsman was gazing out into the night! He was not dreaming—his senses were not benumbed—yet the light was all ablaze in its huge crystal lantern, and he was guiltless of the weight of crime and misery that had so nearly weighed him down!

When Truman Cliffe rowed up to the shore, an hour afterward, he found Isaac Penrith kneeling on the wet sand, with his forehead against the chill white rock.

"Well, I say for't!" ejaculated Truman. "You hain't been to the light-house and back, 'cause you hain't wings, and none but a bird could ha' done it! Who lighted up?"

"I don't know. Give me the oars, Cliffe."

Truman stared, but made room for the keeper and gave up the oars. Not a word was exchanged between them as Isaac rowed with giant strokes, and the little boat danced over the troubled billows swift and light as a floating leaf. Nearer and nearer glowed the gigantic star—closer and closer its glory seemed to shine—until at length Isaac Penrith sprang upon the stone ledge and rushed two steps at a time up the iron stairway into the lantern-room.

There, with his feet on the fender, composedly looking over the columns of the newspaper, sat a young man. He rose as Penrith entered the room.

"Philip Martin!"

"Mr. Penrith!"

"You—you lighted the signal?"

"I did. I came over to bring Lucy to shore, and I found the light-house empty. Of course I concluded something was wrong, so I went on duty myself until I should hear from some of you."

Isaac Penrith wrung the young man's hand.

"Philip—if—if there had been no light on the Reefs all this night your father would have been keeper to-morrow, and I should have been a ruined man!"

The deep color rose into Philip Martin's cheek.

"If I had been a villain, Mr. Penrith, I should not be Philip Martin!"

"God bless you, Philip; God bless you!" murmured the old man. "I shall never forget this kindly office you have done me!"

"And Lucy?"

"Lucy is over at Cliffe's. Take the boat, Phil, and go join her! Truman is below! And, Philip—"

"Sir?"

"Tell her—well, tell her what you like!"

The old man smiled faintly as he saw the warm flush deepen on Martin's bronzed cheek, and the next moment he was alone.

Philip knew that the coveted prize was his at last—and the little boat flew back over the waves almost like an enchanted bark.

And throughout all the length and breadth of the rejoicing nation that night there was no Thanksgiving half so fervent as that breathed in the light-house when the signal star threw its fiery lines far out to sea, and the fog and mist brooded like a phantom over the face of the great deep.

NOT BORN FOR WORK.

WHEN I first commenced the practice of medicine in Pagefield, being unmarried, I boarded at the American Hotel in that village. There was a waiter at that house who was sufficiently peculiar, viewed as a waiter, to make him seem quite like an extraordinary character. Where he came from, or what were his antecedents, nobody knew, and nobody could learn. He always avoided answering any queries put to him on that subject, either by most absurd and impossible statements which the greediest incredulity could not fail to perceive were but "chaff," or by a quiet and dignified refusal to reply at all. He was apparently well educated, and had various gentlemanly accomplishments of that sort calculated to adorn and enliven the daily life of a man of wealth and leisure. He was a fine singer, a fair pianist (though he played only accompaniments to his own vocalism), and he could make a capital after-dinner speech, when called on to do so, as he often was. He could also write very fair poetry, and not a few of his songs were of his own making, both words and music. Yet (strangely enough, every body thought) he never sought in any way to make his talents serve him pecuniarily. He waited at table with consummate grace, and never did any other work. His hands were white and slender. His personal appearance was fine, and his clothes always of a certain shabby-genteel sort—never new—a new garment was a thing George Cantwell never possessed; his wardrobe being composed wholly of the cast-off apparel of gentlemen who boarded at the hotel.

George was a universal favorite among the guests at our house. His manners were usually extremely winning, while the accomplishments I have spoken of made him a pleasant companion. In common with the rest I also liked George, and before I had known him long I conceived the enterprise of trying to get his confidence, and if possible "make a man of him."

One evening I was a bit unwell, and George brought a tray of tea-things to my room. It was on this occasion that I resolved to drop a sounding-line.

"George," said I, "you are a man of too much ability to be living at a hotel as a table-waiter. Did you know that, Sir?"

George only smiled as he replied, "Sweet is flattery, doctor."

"A man that can be flattered is a fool," said I.

"Oh, not necessarily," said George, "though it's true you can generally make one of him."

"Well, I'm not trying to make a fool of you, George. Quite the contrary. I'd rather make a gentleman of you."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; but you'll excuse me if I say that a gentleman is a gentleman naturally, and there is no making one out of a clown. *Nascitur, non fit*, is as applicable in this case as in that of the poet, Sir. If a man is a gentleman, no mere external circumstances in life can make him any thing else."

"Not even the circumstance of his being a table-waiter. I see what you mean, and I beg your pardon, George. Certainly there is no reason why a table-waiter should not be a gentleman. I blundered there—I used the wrong word—I meant to have said that I would like to 'make a man of you,' and you know just what that phrase signifies. You are fit for something better than this. It is a shame that a man of your parts should rest contented, year after year, in the position of a hotel-servant."

"Did you ever know me to say that I was contented, Dr. Benson?" spoke up George. "I am biding my time, Sir. My luck will come some day."

"Your luck will come! What do you mean by that? Luck, in this country if nowhere else, consists in taking hold and working out your fortunes with the ability that lies in you. Luck! That is a word for imbeciles and vagabonds. Labor! There's the word for a man who means to be a man. Well-directed and persistent labor will fight its way to success while luck stands shivering, waiting and waiting, like Micawber, for 'something to turn up.' Turn up something yourself—that's the motto! You ought to adopt it. If you don't you'll be a table-waiter all the days of your life—provided you don't chance to get too superannuated, and have to play pauper in the poor-house. That's the road *luck* leads a man."

Cantwell stood biting his nails. It was plain I had touched his pride, and that was just what I meant to do, supposing that he had any true pride in his character at all.

"Dr. Benson," said he, in a low, earnest voice, such as I had never heard him use before, "your language is such as to tempt a man to reply in a like strain, but I don't want to be impudent to you, Sir. I try to bear my place always in mind, though it isn't often that I'm as strongly tempted as I am to-day to stand up straight and assert myself as good a man as any other. But I haven't kept my secret all this time to let it out now. I'll say this to you, however—I was *not born for work*. I am biding my time, as I said before. The day will come when I shall not need to lift my hand, and until then I mean to do just as little work as I possibly can. I hate it. Men who have got their way to make in the world may work if they want to, and wear themselves out in half a lifetime. It is my belief that I was born for a life of ease, and I'll do nothing to trench on my future capacities for enjoyment when my luck does come."

During this speech I stared at the young man with growing wonder. Such a case of stupid in-

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fatuation I thought I had never witnessed. When he was done, however, I only said:

"I suspect you're talking nonsense, George. That'll do." And I pushed away the tray.

He gathered up the tea-things and left me.

I was puzzled by the confident manner of the man. It was clear to my mind that he was laboring under some strong hallucination. I wondered if he bought lottery-tickets.

When I asked him about that he put aside the imputation with a quiet smile; he had no need to buy lottery-tickets, he said.

What could the fellow mean?

My practice was one of the most prosperous that ever fell to a country physician, I think; and once (it was not long after the conversation above given) I decided to make another effort to lift Cantwell out of his slough by offering him a place in my office.

"I will give you every opportunity for study, George, and will pay you enough to keep you respectably in the mean time. With your readiness you should be qualified to commence practice as my assistant before a great while."

"Medicine," said Cantwell, in reply, "is an eminently respectable profession; but it is far too laborious for me. I'm much obliged to you, Doctor, but I have no occasion to accept your kind offer."

I was nearly disgusted with the man.

"Well, go your way," said I. "I give you up."

"I hope you're not offended with me, Doctor," said George, wistfully.

"Offended? Why, it's your own affair, man. You hurt nobody but yourself by throwing yourself away. You might as well be old Dan" (a well-known idiot about the village) "for all the good your abilities do you. What benefit is it to you, George Cantwell, that you can set a table in a roar with an after-dinner speech, or sing a song, so long as you are nothing but what you are? Old Dan uses the talents God gave him at least!"

"And do *I* make no use of what I have?" said Cantwell, in a low tone. "I have just one object, Doctor, to make the people I come in contact with like me. If I have any talents that can help me in that direction, I am very glad. More than that I don't ask. I am pretty well liked, am I not?"

"Yes, they like you, no doubt—just as they like a dog that can do smart tricks; but they don't forget that it is a dog. They don't respect you, George. They would, though, if you acted like a man, and made something of yourself."

"They will respect me fast enough, Sir, when my—when the time comes. I'll hold up my head with the best of them yet."

"George's luck" grew at last to be a favorite by-word among the young men about town. "When George Cantwell comes into his fortune," was a popular way of promising any thing that the speaker had not the remotest intention of performing, or in expressing the superlative of incredulity regarding the success of any chimerical enterprise.

Meantime, you could see George lounging about the public room of the hotel any day, between the hours for meals, with his shabby-genteel broadcloth carefully brushed, his face clean shaved (excepting his long, sleek side-whiskers), and a tooth-pick between his lips—talking about horses, about dogs, about women, about any thing that hotel-loungers are in the habit of idly discussing. He was *au fait* in the art of small-talk on all such matters, and one could scarcely resist the impression that he was some eccentric man of property, capable of investing untold sums in those objects of his fancy, if he only would. Newly-arrived strangers, traveling gentlemen, have been often known to get into conversation with him of an evening, and suppose him to be some just such gentleman of leisure, and manifest respect for him accordingly; and when they saw him the next morning at the breakfast-table with a white apron on, they would stare at the apparition with a high degree of astonishment. I recollect observing him in conversation with such a stranger once, when I took occasion to speak to George because I saw him spit blood, and my professional interest was awakened for the moment. He said, however, that he thought the blood came from his teeth, and when I alluded to his lungs, he laughed at the idea of their being unsound, with his vocal power. Certainly he seemed robust enough.

It was about the time that Professor Carlincourt Lowe was making his preparations for that grand balloon-voyage to Europe, which never came off, that a group of men were discussing the novel project, sitting in the shade of the American piazza, on a warm summer afternoon.

"Yes," remarked one, sarcastically, "I believe he'll get to Europe—I do—just as firmly as I believe in George's luck. They will be synonymous happenings, will those two interesting events."

The messenger-boy came up the street at that moment, bringing from the post-office the letters for the hotel by the afternoon mail.

"Letter for you, George," said the boy, selecting one from the pile in his hands, and tossing it to Cantwell.

George tore the letter open eagerly, glanced over it, and turned pale. Then the blood rushed to his face and he sprang to his feet.

"It's arrived at last!" he cried.

"What has?" queried the sarcastic individual, giving him a sharp look.

"What has?" echoed George. "What has? Why, Lowe has—and his balloon—they've arrived in Europe! Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed like a crazy man.

"Hanged if the fellow isn't gone mad!" said the other. "Let me see that letter, George."

"That letter, Mr. Safford," said George, with a lordly air, "is the private property of George Cantwell, Esquire, at present of Pagefield, next of kin to the late lamented Philip Cantwell, of Cantwell Manor, Lancashire, England. Come and drink with me, friends! George's luck has come at last for sure!"

Yes, George had really come into his "luck." We could with difficulty believe it. But if we had entertained any doubts as to the genuineness of the letter, we could have none as to that of its inclosure—a draft for $500 in gold on a well-known New York banking-house. The letter was from a Manchester lawyer, and inclosed the above sum to enable the heir to take passage at once for England and enter upon the possession of his property, a vast estate in Lancashire.

"So I was right, was I, Doctor?" George asked me that night, with glowing eyes and a flushed face.

"It seems so, George," said I, "right to the extent of having expected a legacy, and having received it. I congratulate you."

"I accept your congratulations, Dr. Benson," George responded in a somewhat grandiloquent tone—he had been drinking, I perceived—"and I have but one favor to ask of you; namely, that you will remember that my name is Mr. Cantwell now, and that 'George' went out with the white apron this day resigned."

"All right, George," said I, laughingly; "I beg your pardon—Mr. Cantwell."

He bowed gravely.

"When do you leave us?" I added.

"In about a week," said he.

"So long! I'm glad you are in no hurry, George—that is, Mr. Cantwell—for I want an opportunity for some sober conversation with you. But I confess I expected you would be off by to-morrow's train."

"So I should have been, perhaps," said he. "But the truth is, the citizens of Pagefield, and more particularly the guests of the American hotel, are going to give a complimentary dinner to George Cantwell, Esquire, on the occasion of his departure for Europe."

With this sublime announcement George walked away, puffing a choice cigar. He had scarcely been a moment without a cigar between his lips since getting the news. Also, he had not been sober a moment. Habitual drinking had never been one of George's faults; but now he spent most of his time in the bar-room, surrounded by a circle of fast young men, who rejoiced in the sunshine of the whilom table-waiter's "luck." Popular as he had been before, he was far more popular now. For yielding to the influence of this sort of thing on the first day of his sudden wealth I was not disposed to judge George harshly; but when I saw the thing resumed next morning I felt grave fears for him. But was it my place to lecture him on his habits? My previous attempts to guide him had been thrown away. While I was still undecided on that point, however, chance gave me an opportunity to whisper a word in his ear, and I spoke on the impulse of the moment:

"It seems you are saved from the danger of becoming a pauper, George; beware lest you become a sot."

He was under the influence of liquor at the moment, and his eyes flashed an angry look on me; but he said nothing. The word was not wasted. George checked himself, and set about the arrangements for the forth-coming dinner at once. It was an affair of his own conceiving entirely, just as I supposed; but he had ample assistance in carrying it out from his new-born satellites. At his expense cards of invitation were issued, and the forth-coming feast was duly itemized in the Pagefield *Press*, which had a very flattering item on the "Singular Freak of Fortune" in its current issue.

The dinner was an elegant affair. George presided with a grace that seemed to sit upon him naturally. There were toasts and speeches and songs, of course; but the memory of the occasion is to me a blank in all things save its catastrophe.

In response to a toast to "Our departing friend—may joy go with him!" George arose to his feet, his eyes blazing with wine and enthusiasm:

"Ladies and gentlemen—kind friends all," he said, "I need not tell you, in the hackneyed phrase with which every ear is familiar, how true it is that this moment is the proudest of my life. It is a moment of triumph to me. For years I have filled a position in life that circumstances thrust upon me, and, confident in the ultimate arrival of that good-fortune which I knew fate had in store for me, listened with patience and without expressed resentment to the jeers which invariably accompanied all allusions to 'George's luck.' But he who has a definite purpose in life, and who is confident of his future, can rise superior to all external influences which seek to swerve him from the pursuit of his ideal. There were those"—and here the speaker turned upon me a meaning glance—"who sought to induce me to use my little talents in labor. I said to such, as I say to you and to all the world, let those labor who must. That it is any part of man's duty to labor I boldly deny. Labor is only a means to an end. For myself I hate it with an honest hatred, and I have never in my life performed any more of it than I felt obliged to by my temporary circumstances. If the truth were known, I strongly suspect that this sentiment would be found to be of universal prevalence among men; and they only labor because they feel their necessities goading them to it. But as for me, confident in the traditions of my childhood, I knew I was not born for work; why should I exhaust or impair my life-energies by toil? No! From the earliest dawnings of a conscious appreciation of life in its true sense I have had but one end in view—the husbanding of my life-sources against the arrival of my coming good-fortune. Now, that day has come! It is my day of triumph! And who shall say to me in this proud hour that I have neglected my duty in the past by avoiding toil and care? I stand here to-day in abounding health and strength, with all my capacities for enjoyment sharpened to the keenest edge by the patient waiting of all these years. Friends I have many; enemies I have none; with health and wealth, an uncorrupted heart, and a head untrammeled with the musty webs that base toil spins for its victims, I shall realize the height of all enjoyment which this world provides for its favored few. Before me there stretches the alluring and delightful avenues of Pleasure!"—his voice rising steadily as he spoke, his excitement deepening with each rounded period, his arms now outstretched eagerly toward the vision his fancy was picturing, while his eyes glowed with a wonderful light—"the goddess of mortal delights beckons me, and my soul responds to her enchanting gestures! Henceforth, thou goddess beautiful, I am thine, and I spurn the groveling earth that would enchain me! Thine—thine—"

He reeled as he stood, and grasped in the air with his outstretched hands like one suddenly stricken blind. Then a crimson tide gushed from his mouth, and he fell to the floor, his fall broken by my arm as I sprang to his side. In five minutes he was dead. Under the influence of this strong excitement he had ruptured an artery, and was almost instantly suffocated by the copious effusion.

I have not told this story, said the Doctor, with any direct purpose of "pointing a moral." Stories and poetry "prove nothing." But I must confess that my respect for labor has been in no way lessened since that hour when poor George died at the gate of his fancied Paradise; nor have I ever in my life, since that hour, felt one shadow of discontent flit across my heart at the lot which tells me I was born for work.

THE WAVE.

A wave came rolling in to'ard the land,
To the level beach where the yellow sand
Shone in the red sun's golden light:
Tall, majestic, and full of might,
Crested with silver and looking so grand,
Came this wave of the sea to'ard the beautiful land.

High it lifted its sparkling crest,
Smote with an arrow out of the west;
Where the purple clouds by the wind upreared,
Their turrets flaming with sunset gold,
Stood like castles around the sea
When the autumn day was nearly done.

Out on the ocean white sails were seen,
Flushed with the sunset's rosy sheen;
And over the surf on the harbor bar,
Bright and clear shone the Evening Star,
As crested with silver and looking so grand
Came that wave of the sea to'ard the beautiful land.

High and higher it rose in its strength,
Near and nearer it came, till at length
It reached the edge of the shining shore
With a sudden leap and a sullen roar,
And scattered all over the glittering strand
The tidings of wrecks it had brought to land.

And I thought as, silent, I gazed on these
Of some fair ship sailing the boisterous seas,
Lifted aloft on a towering wave
While the cold storm beats and the wild winds rave;
Of a pitiless sky without moon or stars;
Of shattered masts and of broken spars.

I thought of passengers crowding the deck
Of the brave ship fated to be a wreck;
Of faces stony with mute despair;
Of the thrilling cry and the muttered prayer;
Of struggling forms that the cruel wave
Enfolds in a wild and watery grave.

And I thought in turn of the ocean of life
With its frequent storms and its infinite strife;
Of the countless wrecks that are drifting there
That went on the voyage with hopes so fair,
That are drifting on toward the unknown shore
Of that land unseen which is lying before.

Oh wave of the sea that came rolling this way,
Looking so grand at the close of day,
What tidings of wrecks are these you have brought?
What merciless deed has the ocean wrought?
But no answer came save the sea's dull roar
As the blue waves broke on the darkening shore.

THE DUTIES OF AN ENGLISH LADY'S MAID.

One of these not-to-be-envied persons, a race which may be classed with that of governesses, has recently made disclosures throwing a peculiar light upon the women of rank in "Old England." "Much is required from us in London," she writes. "We must, above all, be very punctual, for fashionable ladies change their dress at least five times a day during the season. We must have polished manners, be no older than thirty-five years, and always be cheerful and good-tempered, although for weeks we are kept without sleep until four o'clock in the morning—a practice which is equally injurious to eyes and lungs. We are expected to cut and fit and to use the most improved machines, and to dress hair for the morning, evening, and court costume as well as for the drive; to iron well, to read, write, cipher; to speak French and German, and, if possible, to have traveled. There is still another function of a lady's maid which is supposed to be a modern introduction, but which is in fact merely a revival of an ancient custom. We must be able to paint in pastel, not indeed *after* Nature, but upon her. To beautify our mistresses we must redden the cheeks, put antimony upon the eyelids, pastel upon the brows, introduce belladonna into the eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, paint blue veins upon the temples, and use bismuth paint and pearl white upon the rest of the skin. We must change the hair to a reddish brown by means of a corroding material or of "palma vecchio," which is now used in preference for that purpose; and we must be possessed of great skill in applying all these ingredients, as their use is universal with the old as well as with the young.

WINGLETS

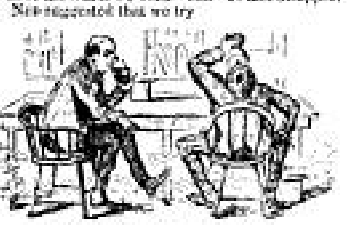
FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

Dear Harper's Weekly:

I staid up all night about two weeks ago, according to the recommendations of the Astronomers and the newspaper men, to see the "stars fall," or, as the Astronomers put it, the "Meteoric Shower." I don't think it paid me. I have heretofore found no difficulty in sitting up to get the election returns; but to sit up till 3, or perhaps 5 o'clock in the morning, to see such an unexciting object as a star fall, and no money in it, required one to be in the spirit. The following "Diary," which I kept of this important astronomical event, will do to refer to in all future time, as well for the Philosopher as for the Director of the Fire and Police Telegraph:

TEN O'CLOCK P.M.—MARY commenced setting the table in the library previous to my making observations in reference to the stars. I asked her for the key of the side-board, that I might look there for my opera-glasses. Did look there, and removed some other glasses to the table. I did not see the opera-glasses. Looked out of the window and saw but one "star" in the street—Policeman 28.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK P.M.—Door-bell rings. Arrival of NED, who came according to promise to watch the stars with me. NED thinks they are best seen through "smoked glass," as the sight might otherwise hurt our eyes. We therefore lighted our cigars, and began to smoke the glasses and the window-curtains. Looked out of the window; even "star" 28 had disappeared. NED suggested that we try



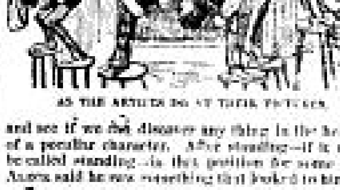
LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASSES.

TWELVE O'CLOCK, MIDNIGHT.—We are now joined by ALECK, who is of the opinion that the stars might fall in advance, and that we had better watch very closely the first hours of the morning. ALECK was shown the glasses we had prepared for the purpose, and looked through one of them. We heard a noise in the street, and all rushed to the window, and there was

ONE FALLEN STAR

in charge of policemen 28 and 40, which NED said (who will have his little joke) was a Meet-her (sic) display on the part of the city stars. We all turned away from the sight, and ALECK proposed that we go through some calculations, and examine the glasses, and passed a glass to me for my inspection. After examining the glasses, looked again out of the window, and found the atmosphere quite hazy.

ONE O'CLOCK A.M.—It becomes more apparent from the phosphorent appearance of things that the stars or something is going to fall. NED suggests that we all look out of the window



AS THE ARTISTS DO AT THEIR PICTURES,

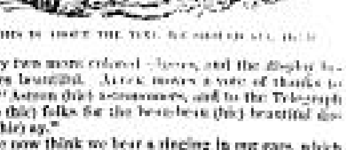
and see if we can discover any thing in the heavens of a peculiar character. After standing—if it can be called standing—in that position for some time, ALECK said he saw something that looked to him like

THE CONSTELLATION OF THE "GREAT BEAR," OR "JACK'S CHAIRS."

We all finally saw it, when it sunk suddenly below the horizon and disappeared. We got down from our positions, feeling a little unsteady from over-exertion in the cause of science, when we again returned to examine our glasses, found them empty, filled them, and again commenced observations.

TWO O'CLOCK A.M.—Things becoming more hazy, both indoors and out; evidences of the "meteoric display" begin to thicken, as also does the atmosphere in our room. The glasses now looked and tasted "smoky." ALECK called my attention to the street lamps, which began to "shoot," and other things in the street, and the things in the room, began to manifest signs of restlessness. A strong haze around the gas-burner prevents me from lighting my cigar. NED has gone to sleep, purposing to waken up when the fire-bells strike. ALECK and I determined to sit it out.

THREE O'CLOCK A.M.—No stars now visible out of the window; we therefore shut the blinds and try our glasses. ALECK says it would be better for the eyes if the glasses were colored. We both color them with a decoction of logwood and other stuff. Both begin to think that we see stars.



THIS IS ABOUT THE TIME WE SHOULD SEE THEM.

Try two more colored glasses, and the display becomes beautiful. ALECK moves a vote of thanks to the "Astron (hic) astronomers, and to the Telegraph hefo (hic) folks for the beau-beau (hic) beautiful dis-pla (hic) ay."

We now think we hear a ringing in our ears, which we take for the alarm-bells, signifying that the "shower" is taking place. We waken up NED, but we can't find the window. We conclude, therefore, to postpone looking out of doors for the present, and to continue our observations indoors in the colored glasses, as our success heretofore has been altogether in that direction.

SEVEN-AND-A-HALF O'CLOCK A.M.—It is now morning. The time since three o'clock has passed very rapidly. With ALECK and NED it is still passing, as their snoring is audible in every part of the room. The chairs and movable furniture bear evidences of a very restless night. I myself do not feel entirely rested, and am of the opinion that time spent in investigating meteorical phenomena is not warranted by the results.

You may print these few notes if you think they will help the cause of science, of which I am a disciple. Your own C. O. W.

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THE VETERAN ROOSTER.

THE fondness that officers and men manifest for pets is a peculiarity. One of the most noted pets in the army was a rooster named "Jack."

A hero of many battles was Jack. He was captured—no, he was not captured, for his proud spirit could not have survived a conquest—he came to the head-quarters of General B——, at Atlanta, a haughty monarch of the barn-yard, in all the glory of red, yellow, and purple feathers, with dignified step and a glowing crimson crest. From the moment he joined the General's staff he was the pet and pride of officers and men; and nobly did he justify their care and affection, for he never failed to maintain the championship over his fellows. In the capitol of Georgia, on the banks of the Ogeechee, at Savannah, Columbia, and Raleigh, in the early morning, during the brief halt at noon, after the tents were pitched for the night, in many a combat, in the perilous assault, although sometimes exhausted from repeated efforts, in all the long march of that Grand Army he never was defeated; the roosters of a Cobb, a Lemar, a Rhett, a Hampden, were pitted against him—one and all were beaten. He never lowered his head nor drooped his tail as long as a feather remained there; while the corpses of a hundred combatants enrich Southern soil, or were consigned to the tender attention of the cook ere life was extinct.

When the army arrived at Raleigh Jack was still the champion, although it may not be said that he wore the "belt;" for in the course of numberless beak-peckings and spur-pierings the feathers of Jack's poor body had become reduced to half a dozen, so that to the eye of the stranger he appeared to walk about the head-quarters camp as if inviting the cook's attention to his admirable condition for pot or spit. But although Jack's feathers had flown and his spurs had worn off at the leg, and his once proud crest had become bald with fight and age, yet his eye was undimmed and still sparkled defiance to every crowing cock. At Raleigh Jack's career fixed his quarters at the house of one of Lee's generals, who was paroled at the surrender. Attached to his ménage was a famous fighting rooster. In the warmth of the new friendly relations then springing up between Union and rebel soldiers, he kindly advised General B—— to take his rooster off the premises or he would get killed. General B—— thought that a rooster that had made the Grand March could whip any thing that came out of Virginia, even if that State had the name of the Mother of Presidents, so the fight was at once brought about. In ten minutes the Virginian was lying prostrate in the dust, and at once executed for culinary purposes, while Jack, perched upon an orderly's arm, who gently stroked his breast, crowed with exultation and delight.

But Jack was destined to meet an opponent which has before now overcome a more redoubtable enemy than roosters. When the army were marching home, Jack's brigade went into camp one night by the side of the railroad. As our veteran was meandering about the grounds, no doubt upon some laudable intent, a locomotive halted near by and began backing and advancing at a water-tank. Jack observed its movements, and acting upon a well-recognized principle of war, assumed the offensive, pitching into the locomotive with great fury. The fight was animated, but of brief duration; an unlucky turn of the wheel cut off dear brave old Jack's head, and he, too, became a dead rooster.

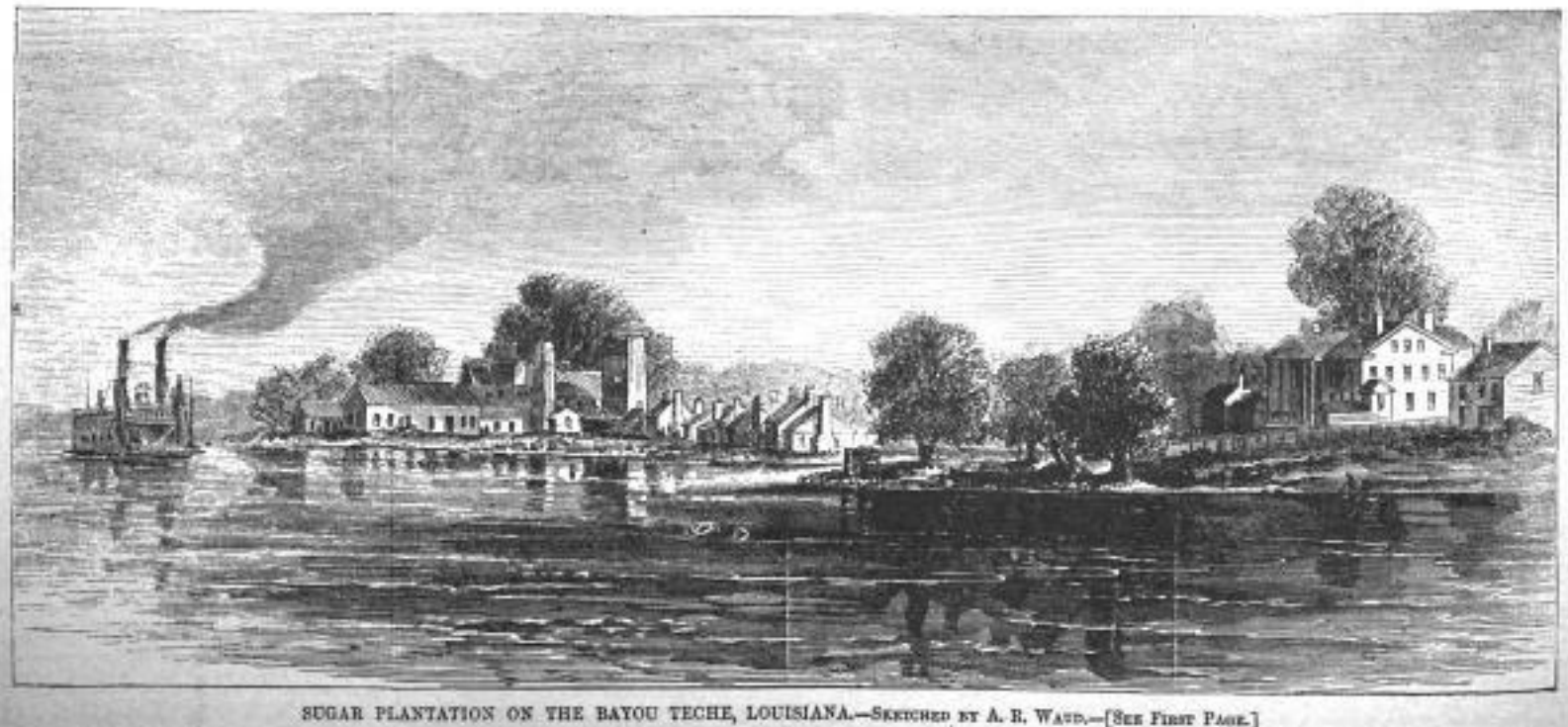
In deepest grief his mourning friends buried him there upon the field where he fell, with this inscription upon the head-board of his grave:

"POOR JACK!
He sleeps his last sleep;
He has fought his last battle!"

"ON THE TIP-TOE OF EXPECTATION."

"ON THE TIP-TOE OF EXPECTATION."

WHAT need to scribble admiration of this charmingly-natural little picture? If, perchance, some misanthropic old bachelor or miserable old spinster, looking at it, should sneer at its puerility—should proclaim all children to be but greedy little animals, well, what then? Why, there is no household into which this Number will penetrate where our little lady will not find warmest partisans.—You, Sir Bachelor, may have a selfish appetite for the favorite port which dessert brings, though even that may pall upon you; but probably gout would prevent your standing on tiptoe, even could you have so super expectations of any kind. And you, Miss, perhaps have little zest or hope in life beyond tea and scandal. It is a tiresome and mischievous irregularity, you say in concert, to admit children from the nursery to dessert. But again we appeal for justification to mater and pater familias, and with them claim indulgence for, at all events, an only child—as, mark you, this pretty little toddler appears to be. For our part, though we might sigh at remembrance of the days when jam-puffs and hardbake were a luxury to the sense and a snare to the imagination, we trust we could still derive from sympathy with the hearty enjoyment of such a *gourmet* and the innocent prattle of such a guest a new relish for the wine we sipped, or the fruit and even tipsy-cake we might rashly venture upon sharing with our infantine friend.



SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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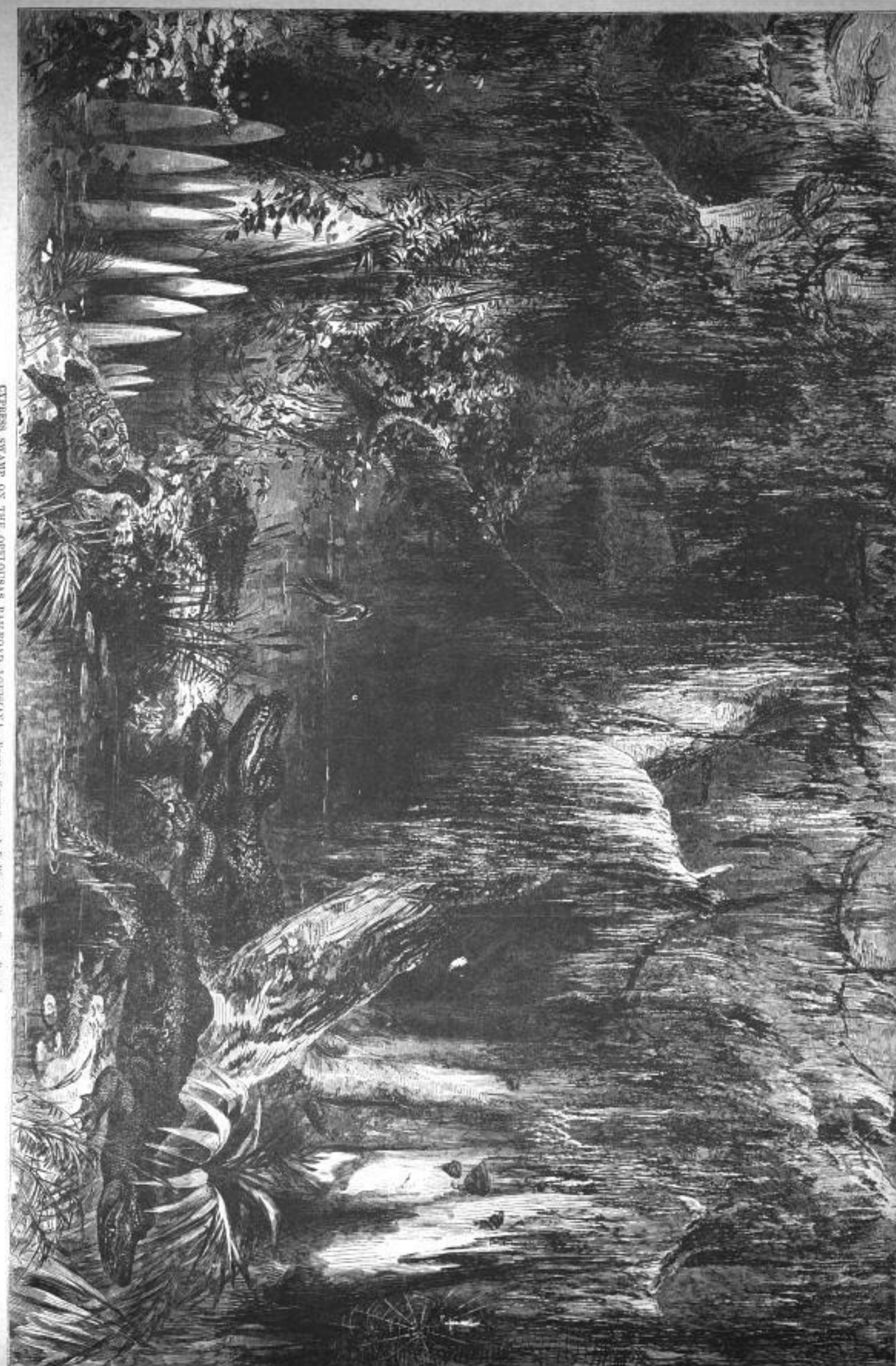

CYPRESS SWAMP ON THE OPELOUSAS RAILROAD, LOUISIANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. E. WARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS protect from tedious times of sickness and often save life. Sold by all Druggists.

[From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

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1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

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2 lbs. Young Hyson	H. Buck	at	$1 25	$2 50
1 lb. Imperial	H. Buck	at	1 25	1 25
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1 lb. Imperial	C. Bliss	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	C. Bliss	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Uncolored Japan	D. B. Closson	at	1 25	1 25
8 lbs. Uncolored Japan	G. Hurlburt	at	1 25	10 00
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Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10, and 100 for $15.

We publish below an extract from one of our numerous complimentary letters, with a view of inspiring confidence in the minds of those who may have been deceived by some of the impostors who imitate our business:

"FORT LYON, October 8, 1866.

"J. H. WINSLOW & CO.: Gents,—There have been quite a number of men sending for Jewelry, &c., from this place to New York and other places; and, so far, have only found J. H. WINSLOW & CO. honest and truthful in that business. Every thing that has been sent for has come at the proper time, and was just what it was represented to be. There has been no article sent that could have been bought for less than double the money it cost.

"I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"A. J. THAYER, Co. K, 5th U. S. Vol. Infantry."

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

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For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, October, 1866.

"FLYING BIRD,"

CHARACTERISTIC piano piece by Jaskolski........50c.
L'AFRICAINE Waltzes, by Godfrey........50c.
NINE PINS QUADRILLE, with figures........50c.
I HAVE HEARD SWEET MUSIC....violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.
NELLIE'S GONE FOREVER........violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.
Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

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F. P. PERKINS & BROTHER, 727 Broadway, New York,

Are Sole Agents for the celebrated "DUCHESSE KID GLOVES,"

Equal to the "Alexandre," and sent by mail to any part of the United States at $1 75 per pair. Also the genuine brands of "JOUVIN," "BAJOU," and "ANGELE"

KID GLOVES.

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To sell Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish. Sells every where, city and country. Large profits to Agents. Particulars sent free. C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

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Very liberal terms offered to sell stationery goods and watches. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street.

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For the use of the United States Naval Academy. By S. B. LUCE, U.S.N. 1 vol., 8vo, Half Morocco, $10 00. D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK. The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Ag'ts supplied, $3 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

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FIRST PREMIUM and [illegible], the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. Originally patented May 13, 1862; improvement patented June 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with crimping attachment, is noiseless in operation, sews with double or single thread, and of all kinds with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each revolution of the wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 3 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed. Agents wanted every where.* Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY'S HIGHEST PREMIUM

WONDERFUL SIMPLICITY.

UNEQUALED CAPACITY.

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines.

Incomparably the best for Family Use.
No. 543 Broadway, New York.

THEIR SUPERIORITY VINDICATED BY THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES.

GOLD MEDAL. FAIR MARYLAND INSTITUTE, 1866.

ALL THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE, NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIRS in 1866, given on Sewing Machines, except one given to a Manufacturing Machine at the New York Fair, WERE AWARDED

After a most severe and impartial test, TO THE ELLIPTIC LOCK STITCH MACHINE, *as follows:*

At the MARYLAND INSTITUTE FAIR, as the "BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"

And at the New York State Fair as the "BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE," "BEST DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE,"

(*These two completely covering all the ground*),

And for the "BEST SAMPLE OF SEWING MACHINE WORK."

As can be seen by the following comprehensive and conclusive report of the committee of practical and experienced mechanical experts appointed by the State Board to investigate into the merits of the different Sewing Machines:

"We, the Committee on Sewing Machines, after a careful and thorough investigation into the respective merits of the various machines submitted for examination, find the *Elliptic Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine* to be *superior* to all others in the following points, namely:

"Simplicity and Thoroughness of Mechanical Construction.

"Ease of Operation and Management.

"Noiselessness and Rapidity of Movement.

"Beauty, Strength, and Elasticity of Stitch.

"Variety and Perfection of Attachments, and Range of Work.

"Compactness and Beauty of Model and Finish.

"Adaptation to material of any thickness by an Adjustable Feed Bar, and in the Unequaled Precision with which it executes the Lock-Stitch, by means of the Elliptic Hook, and we therefore award it the *First Premium* as the

BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

And also for the above reasons the *First Premium* as the

BEST DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE.

"C. E. PETERS, } Committee."
"HECTOR MOFFAT, }

The above report fully accords with the almost unanimous opinion of the best *impartial* judges and Sewing Machine experts, as well as of all others who have used this unrivaled machine, which is incomparably the most *simple* in *construction*; the most *efficient* in *operation*; the most *easy, rapid,* and *noiseless of movement*; the most *economical* and *durable in use*; and the most *complete* in the *variety* and *perfection of its attachments for every kind of work*, and therefore infinitely the *most perfect Family Sewing Machine,* for which purpose its superiority is preëminent and unquestioned.

Machines (*which are warranted for two years*) forwarded to any part of the world, with printed instructions (which will enable any one to operate them without the slightest difficulty) *for use*, on receipt of the price in current funds or by draft; or they may be sent, payment to be collected on delivery, on receipt of satisfactory assurance that it will then be made; and all orders from a distance will be as faithfully filled as if a personal visit and selection had been made.

Liberal Arrangements made with parties of energy, good standing, and capital, who may wish to engage in the sale of these machines, as agents, in such territory as yet remains unoccupied; for further information in regard to which, and for private circular, address ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, No. 543 Broadway, New York.

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The greatest Medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 187 Chatham Street, New York.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25c.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

HOG CHOLERA CURED

And Prevented on the receipt of $2. Address Dr. B. WELLS, Mount Olivet, Kentucky.

1000 AGENTS WANTED.—THE BEST CHANCE YET. A work of Historical value and National importance. The only work on our Navy yet in the field. Agents find no competition. In Press,

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In one handsome volume, with 22 splendid Steel Portraits and Battle Scenes. Sold only by Agents. Send at once for the outfit, and commence the canvass. Address

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REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 150; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

MRS. GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.	MRS. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
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MRS. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.	MRS. HENRY BARNES.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge CHAS. P. DALY, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	JNO. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. B. HOYT.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.	J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	2,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	5,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,000
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	750
10 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $200	2,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
80 Silver-plated Tea Sets, at $25	2,000
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	5,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, at $4	1,000
2500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, at $3	7,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, at $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors, Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Enamel Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,125
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest *Musical Festival* ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a registered letter at our risk, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following:

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, 616 Broadway, New York.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

COMPOSED OF

IODIDE POTASSIUM,

With the Compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Valuable Medicinal Roots and Herbs.

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WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,

Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

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HAS PRODUCED

A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: "In health, the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD and for all (hereditary) diseases transmitted from parent to child.

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It is so universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the great life-giving power.

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Indigestion, Weight at Stomach, Flatulence, Liver Complaint, Want of Appetite, Bad Breath, Constipation, Biliousness.

SCROFULA.

Struma, King's Evil, Glandular Swellings, Erysipelas, Ulceration, Salt Rheum.

This taint (hereditary and acquired), filling life with untold misery, is, by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

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[Arthritis], Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Tic Doloureux.

If there is any disease in which the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is a sovereign, it is in Rheumatism and its kindred affections. The most intense pains are almost instantly alleviated—enormous swellings are reduced. Cases, chronic or vicarious, of twenty or thirty years' standing, have been cured by us.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of mercury, removing the bad breath and curing the weak joints and rheumatic pains which the use of calomel is sure to produce. It hardens spongy gums, and secures the teeth as firmly as ever.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all eruptive diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

FOR ALL FORMS OF ULCERATIVE DISEASES,

Either of the nose, throat, tongue, spine, forehead, or scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

Moth patches upon the female face, depending upon a diseased action of the liver, are very unpleasant to the young wife and mother. A few bottles of Constitution Life Syrup will correct the secretion and remove the deposit, which is directly under the skin.

Diseases of the liver, giving rise to languor, dizziness, indigestion, weak stomach, or an ulcerated or cancerous condition of that organ, accompanied with burning or other unpleasant symptoms, will be relieved by the use of

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP.

As a general blood-purifying agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivaled by any preparations in the world.

THE RICH AND POOR

Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and Science have made the Constitution Life Syrup for the benefit of all.

PURE BLOOD

Produces healthy men and women; and if the constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and within the reach of all.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is the poor man's friend and the rich man's blessing.

BUY IT, TAKE IT, AND BE CURED.

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Sole Proprietor,
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Wholesale Druggists, Agents,
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A THOROUGH REFORMATION.

ELDERLY REPROBATE (*log.*) "Marry young—greatest shafeguard in er worl'. That'sh what I alwaysh shay to young men. I married young myshelf, and it'sh been er shavin' o' me. I wash inclined to dish'pash'n when I wash young man."

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D. D. & Co's SOFT CAPSULES. See Advertisement, Inside.

SURE PILE CURE.

Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. DECKATUR, Manager, 525 Broadway, N. Y.

THE Howe Sewing Machines, lock stitch, for Families and Manufacturers. They are world-renowned. *The Howe Machine Co.*, 699 Broadway, N. Y.

Holiday Presents. POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N. Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

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Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

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For Ladies and Gentlemen. The largest assortment in the New World.
TO BE HAD EVERY WHERE.
And at wholesale and retail at the manufactory, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

Latest Fashions.
J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or Double Spring) SKIRTS will not BEND or BREAK like the single springs. They combine *Comfort, Durability,* and *Economy* with that ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD SKIRT of the *Fashionable World.*

AT WHOLESALE by the EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS OF PATENT,
WESTS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
97 Chambers and 79 and 81 Reade Streets,
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Also at WHOLESALE by the LEADING JOBBERS.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

THE AMUSING HISTORY OF THE GREATEST RASCAL in NEW YORK is begun in the January Number of "YANKEE NOTIONS." With 47 Comic Cuts. Now ready. Price 15 cents. Sold by all newsmen.

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Strength! Beauty! Cheapness!
Harding's Patent Chain-Back
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The Trade and dealers supplied at the lowest rates. Purchasers should ask for Harding's Patent Chain-Back Albums, as they are far superior to any others. WM. W. HARDING, 326 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

WANTED AGENTS, $150 per month everywhere, male and female, to sell GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Greatest invention of the age. Price $18. Every machine warranted 3 years. Address SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

FRIENDS!
For a Fortune of FIVE to $30,000, and aid to a charitable institution, address for details,
HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

An *Assorted Case of Fine Wines, &c.*, $15. Containing One Dozen, viz.: 2 Bottles Champagne, 1 Brandy, 2 Bourbon Whisky, 2 Port, 2 Sherry, 1 Gin. All choice brands. Packages assorted to order at equally low rates. All orders receive careful attention. O'CONNOR & Co., Wine Merch'ts, 54 Cedar St., N. Y.

Dyspepsia,
Rheumatism,
Scrofula,
Swollen Glands,
Eruptions of the Skin,
All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of these Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use Strumatic Mineral Baths. For sale at every respectable drug store.

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That require no cleaning, in Brown, Fine Gilt, and Silver, with Patent Fastenings, which prevent the rod slipping from its place, and can be adjusted in an instant. For sale by all Carpet Dealers, and manufactured only by W. T. & J. MERSEREAU, 62 Duane St., N. Y.

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B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit, or any kind of Cake, may be made with this Yeast Powder in fifteen minutes. No shortening required when sweet milk is used.
Nos. 64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

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RUSSIAN AMERICAN AND HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FURS.
Ladies' and Gents' manufactured Furs of every description on hand and to order, and warranted of superior quality and workmanship, and at such prices as can not fail to offer inducements to purchasers.
F. W. LASAK'S SON,
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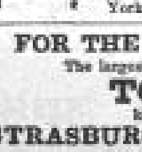

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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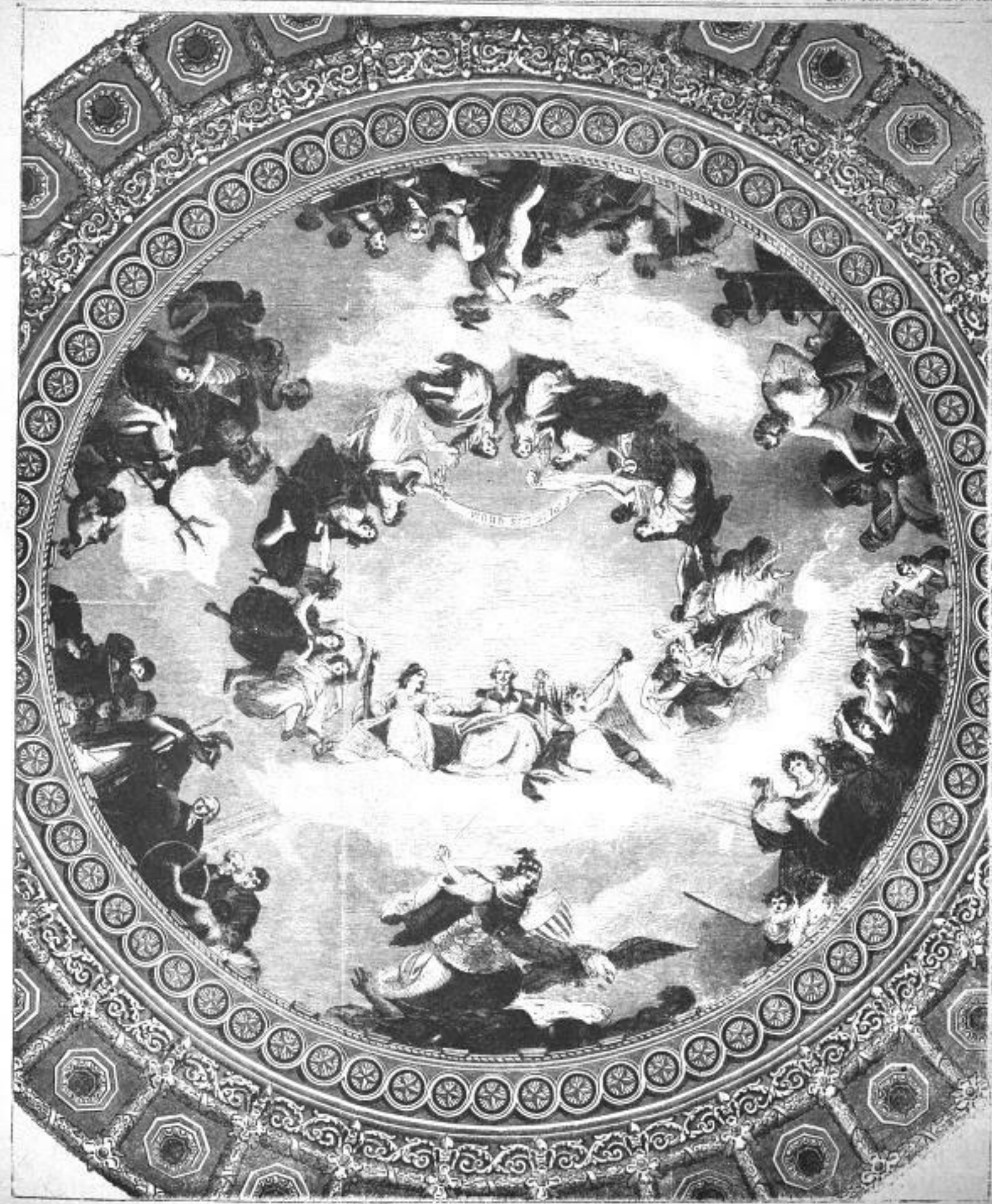
VOL. X.—No. 520.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



INTERIOR OF THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. E. WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 788.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

IMPEACHMENT AND GENERAL BUTLER.

A PRESIDENT of the United States should be impeached only when his guilt is so evident that the country has virtually convicted him before he is tried; or when the revelations of his secret abuse of power are so overwhelming that they carry persuasion to every mind. The reasons are obvious. An impeachment of the Executive officer in the midst of fierce political differences would necessarily produce an excitement which should not be hazarded for any but the most conclusive considerations.

There have been many rumors of an intention of impeachment at the present session. But nothing is clearer than that the country does not demand that the President shall be impeached for any thing which he is known to have done. If there are secret plots and conspiracies and hidden Executive attempts, they are yet to be exposed. If they are known, it is the duty of those who are cognizant of them to bring them to the knowledge of Congress, which would then undoubtedly and decisively act. But the general grounds upon which the proposition is made are untenable, and are so judged by the country. We are, therefore, not surprised to see that General LOGAN, who is a member of the next Congress, and who was said to be preparing articles, has expressly denied the truth of the report; and Mr. BINGHAM, of Ohio, who was declared to be ready to begin impeachment at the opening of the present session, is equally decided with General LOGAN in his denial.

General BUTLER, a member of the next Congress, is very strenuous in urging that the President ought to be arraigned. General BUTLER is a man whose great services in peculiar exigencies of the late war are undeniable. He is a man of undoubted ability and resolution, and he would probably be the last man to deny that a gentleman who should claim to be a candidate for Congress from a district in which he had taken but a summer residence will never die of modesty. As an adroit and successful jury lawyer General BUTLER's eminence is conceded; while Great Bethel and Fort Fisher and the James River campaign are willingly forgiven by the generous public heart to the military Governor who tamed rebellious New Orleans, who peremptorily hung rebels upon proper occasion, and who has not ceased to befriend the colored citizen and claim for him every where equal rights.

Yet General BUTLER does not seem to us to be the wisest national counselor at this time. He is emphatically a man for an active revolutionary epoch, the interregnum of law. In a reconstruction period like this, it is not only essential that a public counselor should be very sagacious and patriot, as Mr. LINCOLN was, but that his character should inspire the fullest public confidence, as Mr. LINCOLN's did. The moment self appears, the instant that personal ambition is suspected, the power of the man is gone, and his counsel becomes merely a matter of curious observation and criticism. The people no longer recognize in him their representative, but they feel as if a clever manager were using them for his own advantage.

Now, is it doubtful that the general impression of General BUTLER is that of a shrewd man bent upon personal success, who will ride any horse that promises to bring him in? As he is reported to have said of himself, a man who voted a dozen times for JEFF DAVIS for President in the Charleston Convention of 1860 is a man who will dare any thing; and we doubt whether many officers in the service could have been found who, after the share which General BUTLER had in the closing campaign of the war, and who had been even contemptuously mentioned by the commanding General, would have gone home and made the speech which General BUTLER made at Lowell. That he is determined under all circumstances to fall upon his feet and will never say die is indisputable. But with all the popular admiration which General BUTLER's pluck naturally commands, we doubt if there be a corresponding confidence in his wisdom.

In his late speech advising impeachment the General leaned much upon the precedent of the impeachment and conviction of Judge HUMPHREYS of Tennessee for the words of a speech urging the State to secede. But even admitting that "words" may justify impeachment, is it wise to proceed upon them except in a case where the words plainly express something more than ill-temper? The President has spoken contemptuously of Congress, but he has constantly recognized its authority. Shall he be impeached for saying that he considers it an unlawful assembly if he consistently treats it as a lawful power? Is it desirable that passionate words should suffice to impeach a President?

The other points of the General's argument seem to us as unwise and inefficient as this. All his political friends agree with him that the President is the obstruction of the situation. They agree with Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS that it is foolish to suppose that the President understands, or could understand, the principle which elected him, or the real purpose of the people. A narrow and passionate man is unquestionably a dangerous executive officer, and the country has been taught that the White House must be closely watched. But we have no right to hang an ill-favored man for murder because we fear he may pick somebody's pocket. The law must be satisfied with overt acts, or, in extreme cases, as in that of Judge HUMPHREYS, by words, when, in a quasi or actual state of war, words are effectively deeds. But that is precisely what the President's are not. He has been upon all sides of the problem of restoration. At different times Senator SUMNER and Mayor MOORE have been equally satisfied with him. His utter inconsistency convicts his intellect, but it pleads against the assumption of subtle and sinister design. General BUTLER will always make a bold and interesting speech, but he will hardly persuade the country that the President ought to be impeached at present, whatever may be the case hereafter; and we doubt if the General stands as the representative of the spirit which will compose the great difference. Not because he is radical; for the settlement will be radical; but because of a certain sensational quality which is felt not to belong to wise statesmanship.

THE TRAGEDY OF IRELAND.

NOTHING reveals the huge folly of a great people like the English, priding itself upon being practical, so plainly as the condition of Ireland. It is the one point upon which every Englishman loses his wits. Having conquered and subdued Ireland, it was the most obvious and simple duty of England to make the best of it, and she has always made the worst of it. Instead of blending the people as much as possible with the English, the British policy has always labored to keep them separate and alien. Irish trade has been enslaved; Irish industry has been oppressed; the Irish land is held by absentees, who have no love of the country and no other interest in it than their land; the Irish Catholics have had another church established among them by law; the country has been ruled by a regent; nor is it possible to name one truly wise or generous great public measure adopted by England to reconcile the people of a foreign race and religion to the supremacy of their conquerors. Ireland has consequently always been the angry thorn in the English side, and there seems to be little doubt that a fresh disturbance has either occurred in that country or is very imminent.

An armed rebellion is altogether too serious and sad a thing to be the text of a jest, or we should be inclined to ask what the London *Times* and other British newspapers mean by declaring fiercely that the rebellion in Ireland must be "stamped out." May not "a gallant and chivalrous people strike for their independence?" and is it not perfectly clear that if England undertakes to quell a rising in Ireland it is merely a struggle in which one side "is fighting for dominion and the other for independence?" But in the midst of real war such recrimination is ghastly. Nothing could be more contemptible than the British attitude toward this country during the late war, and nothing more stupid than the British reasoning and conclusions upon its causes and consequences. But that does not change the evident fact that it is desirable for civilization and humanity that an armed Irish insurrection should be suppressed. For no man can gravely imagine that if it were successful the condition of the Irish people would be improved.

Neither the moral nor intellectual nor industrial condition of the Irish people are such as promise a wise and safe government. Nor are the peculiar qualities and methods of the Irish leaders who are known to the public such as to inspire general confidence. A rising may produce untold suffering of every kind, but there can not be the organization nor the arming nor the money which can alone insure success against the whole force of the British empire, which would be relentlessly employed. He is not a true friend of Ireland or Liberty here or elsewhere who encourages Irishmen to aim at the redress of their grievances by force. The only hope of Ireland is in the great liberal party of England; and even if the Church of the Irish should be an insuperable barrier to a union of political action, yet the true liberals of England would undoubtedly pursue a policy in Ireland which would tend to heal the terrible sore.

It is high time that sensible Englishmen should understand that the judgment of the whole civilized world holds its management of Ireland in amazement and utter condemnation. Every thing generous and auspicious which England advocates is irreparably injured by her conduct toward Ireland. Can not such an intolerable preacher practice a little? Of what value is the counsel to good government of a Power which utterly and notoriously misgovernsa part of its own immediate possessions? England is dwindling in influence because of her conspicuous incapacity to grapple with her domestic problems. She is teaching all other nations to despise her, and she should take great care that she does not become despicable to her own children. The Tory youth of Oxford may vote JOHN BRIGHT to be a dangerous fellow. But while they are cultivating elaborate ecclesiastical forms, and parading in gorgeous sacred vestments, let them remember that those who cried against STEPHEN, "Stone him to death!" were the children of those who crucified his Master.

KING CORPORATION.

THE paper recently read in Boston by Mr. JOSIAH QUINCY upon the injury done to the trade and prosperity of that city by the management of the Western and Worcester railroads in Massachusetts has excited a great deal of attention every where. And this is not surprising, for the whole subject of railroad management is exciting universal attention, and the facts which Mr. QUINCY stated were very striking and instructive. The Western and Worcester railroads are the great avenue between the West and a New England sea-port, and the accommodation is so limited and the rate of transport so large that they seriously impair the practical value of the highway. The apparent interest of a virtual monopoly is always to charge the most for the least service, and to be as impervious as possible to all arguments which tend to show the necessity of constant renovation and enlargement; and, according to Mr. QUINCY, Boston is being sacrificed to this stubborn and false conservatism.

It appeared upon an examination before the Massachusetts Legislature last winter that the Worcester Railroad, which is the continuation of the Western from Worcester to Boston under another company, had not added to the number of its cars for the last fifteen years. The Worcester Road replied that it was the business of the Western Road to supply cars for the through freight. Thereupon the Western Road did not retort that it had provided the cars, but that the contract to do so could be terminated with the Worcester Road within ninety days. To this the gentleman who was giving evidence before the Committee replied that between the two roads the necessary facilities were not supplied. Mr. QUINCY's remedial suggestion is, that the State shall buy the road and lease it to the city of Boston.

This is a right reserved by the charter of the road to the State; for when the road was undertaken such enterprises were new, and their possible power, which experience has every where developed, was foreseen; and the State wisely chose to retain the final control by providing for the purchase of the road upon specific conditions. Massachusetts, indeed, has already embarked in the railroad business. It owns the Hoosac tunnel, which has already cost an enormous sum, and has some three or four miles of rock yet to pierce before the road contemplated can be built and any return received. The Hoosac Road is designed to connect Troy, in New York, with Boston, by the way of the Deerfield Valley and Greenfield, in Massachusetts. It would be a Northern line competing with the present Western, which passes through the centre of the State. Mr. QUINCY's proposition, therefore, is that the State shall be the chief railroad corporation within its own limits.

It is fairly questionable whether this is the wisest remedy. It is, however, purely a matter of experience and of public convenience. Some method must be devised of emancipating the country from the tyranny of these vast corporations. Mr. J. C. K. FORREST, in a communication to the Chicago *Times*, of which we may have hereafter something to say, remarks: "WILLIAM B. ODDEN holds the Northwest in the hollow of his hand to-day, so far as the commerce of this part of the Union is concerned. COMMODORE VANDERBILT, and one or two others, will pocket the Empire State. New Jersey was long ago bought up by Camden and Amboy, which latter institution has been the State for nearly a quarter of a century. Pennsylvania is ruled by its great Central Railroad Company—and so I might proceed *ad infinitum*." This is a truth of which the country is rapidly becoming conscious, and the political consequences are inevitable. But to substitute the State for a private Corporation seems to be merely exchanging one evil for another. The remedy is not immediately evident, but forewarned is forearmed. The difficulty is not a nut too hard for the national wit to crack.

A NECESSARY LAW.

THE peril of unbounded Executive patronage is so great, and the Constitutional provision upon the subject is so plain, that we hope there is no doubt of the regulation of the matter by precise law during the present session. Mr. THURMAN's bill of the last winter, or a substitute, should be again offered, and the reasons which prevented its passage then we do not believe now exist. The point to settle is, that no officer nominated by the President shall enter upon his duties except after confirmation by the Senate.

At present, if the President nominates a person and the Senate rejects him, the President has only to wait until the Senate adjourns, when he may appoint him to hold over to the end of the next session of the Senate, when he may again appoint him. In this way the intention of the Constitution is directly defeated, and the President virtually dispenses with the Senate. This is a subject which should be settled at once, nor can it demand much discussion. Every American citizen is interested in the reduction of the Executive patronage, which tends to exaggerate the Executive power to a wholly disproportionate degree. Every party is equally interested; for the defection of one man who happens to be President will throw the whole power of the Government patronage against the party which is in power, and so thwart the intention of the people.

The enormous Executive patronage is not merely a direct but an indirect power. A President who deserts his party not only rewards his late opponents, whose principles the people have repudiated in his own election, but he demoralizes the party which he leaves. This was the undoubted political intention of President JOHNSON and his advisers. They hoped to retain enough Union men in office to weaken and break the Union ranks, while they fed enough of the opposition to whet their appetite for more. The failure was signal; but the disgrace of the conspicuous office-holders who gave themselves to the work will not be forgotten, and the danger of the experiment is none the less evident.

It seems to us, also, that the tenure of many, and probably of most, of the offices might be wisely changed. There is no good patriotic reason, although those of party are as plenty as blackberries, why the term of office should not be long enough to overlap the Presidential election. This would not wholly obviate the party interest of officers in the Administration which appointed them, but it would tend constantly to weaken it, and to make honest capacity count more as a qualification for office. The difficulty with a life-tenure of public office is its tendency to indolence and inefficiency. A very honest man may be so slow and vexatious an officer that the public might demand his removal for inefficiency. But if such a petition were to be sufficient ground of removal, the party use that would be made of it is evident.

The subject requires prompt action to remedy an increasing and perilous evil.

CHICAGO TRIUMPHANT.

IT would be hard to find a more characteristic illustration of the vigor and resources of the American character than the city of Chicago. Its oldest inhabitant is yet young, while the city is one of the most important and flourishing in the country. The natural difficulties of a situation, raised but a few inches above the Lake, are evident. How shall the city be drained? How shall it secure good water? How shall it obviate the inconvenience of innumerable drawbridges across crowded thoroughfares? These were questions early encountered by Chicago, and one by one they are being answered as becomes such a city.

The last reply is the Lake tunnel. This work is intended to supply the city with pure water, and is one of the boldest, simplest, and successful of great engineering projects. The plan was to tunnel under the lake for two miles to a shaft or crib sunk from the surface at that distance from the shore. Every other effort had failed, and when this expedient was proposed, there was great doubt of its practicability even among eminent engineers. The proposals for doing the work varied from $239,548 to $6,056,000. Finally Messrs. DALE & GOWAN of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, obtained the contract for $315,139, and guaranteed success. On the 17th March, 1864, the ground was broken and the work proceeded steadily for two years and eight months. The length of the tunnel is two miles, seven feet, and a few inches; the extreme height in the centre five feet and two inches, the extreme width five feet. The actual cost of the tunnel and machinery when ready for service will be about $400,000, and its capacity will allow it to supply fifty-seven gallons a day to a million persons. The contractors, who did the work in the most conscientious manner, have lost heavily; but it is not to be supposed that the city will hesitate to reimburse them.

On Saturday night, November 24, the work from the land side had been pushed to within two feet of the outer portion. On the next Tuesday the Mayor of the city when the work was begun went with a party in a steamer to the lake end of the tunnel, and, descending the crib, made their way to the thin partition, while the present Mayor, with a party entering at the shore end, were upon the other side of the partition. At the proper moment the workmen dug the remaining earth away, and so exact was the calculation that there was but a difference of a few inches in the line of the excavations. As the parties were revealed to each other the bells of the city broke into joyful peals, the cannon thundered, and Chicago congratulated herself upon her latest triumph. The forcing machinery is not yet finished, and

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the water will not be received in the city until the spring.

It is now proposed to tunnel the river at the various crossings in the city, and the experiment is already begun. At a point upon the south branch of the Chicago River, where it is one hundred and eighty feet broad, a tunnel is now building consisting of three passage-ways, the middle one for pedestrians, the two outer ones for carriages. The length will be nine hundred and forty-five feet, and the floor of the tunnel under the centre of the river will be thirty-two feet below low-water-mark. The work is to be finished in March, 1868. Should this undertaking succeed the river will be left perfectly free for navigation, and the intercourse between the different parts of the city will be entirely unimpeded.

Such works as these are matters of local convenience but of national pride. Every American is refreshed and stimulated by seeing what American genius is every where doing; and happy will be the day when, pouting and sulking no longer, the people of the Southern States shall enter upon the generous and glorious rivalries of industry and ingenuity with all other Americans.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

FROM a private letter to a friend, not intended for publication, we make the following very interesting extract. It is a cheering word among so many that are discouraging; and it points the evident moral of the situation, that the secret of reconstruction lies in harmonious relations between all the people in the Southern States. The whole country will be agitated just as long as a vast part of the free population are virtually regarded as serfs. The letter is from Mississippi:

"I am at my old business—growing cotton. My former slaves all returned to me, and as many more. I have located them some three hundred yards away from my dwelling, where they live as happily as they please. They are tilling lands upon shares, and have worked slowly through the season. They have made fair crops, and all are well contented and expect to remain another year. I have had no trouble with them. They have been sober and obedient, and have manifested no desire to place themselves upon social equality with my family.

"I made my own private contracts with them without any Bureau aid. Not because I was prejudiced against that office, but simply because there was no such piece of furniture in the county. The country here is quiet. We have no demagogues among us, and we feel no opposition from the return to our old Union. The negro, or freedman, is a helpless, passive creature, and certainly is entitled to our consideration and pity. Certainly I should regard it as a most heinous crime to cheat or oppress him. I am no reconstructionist, no ex-rebel. I was reared here; always owned slaves; always was opposed to the institution. Was opposed to secession, and had to leave my home and lie in swamps to keep from taking up arms; and I thank God this day that, through many sacrifices, my hand is unstained or untainted by any touch of rebel weapon. Unionism is not popular here, but there is no disturbance. In different neighborhoods very different sentiments prevail. People have gone to work in good earnest, and it would be quite a difficult matter to get them into any broil with the Government. The President is very popular here. So is Mr. SEWARD.

"Lands are cheap here, and it is a great country to make money. In fact, prosperity is rolling in on us like a flood. There will be more cotton made than our presses think. One and a half millions certainly is a minimum limit. Labor is scarce and dear. My freedmen, working as tenant laborers, do about two-thirds work, not more. They are too young in freedom yet to be fully stimulated by it.

"Excuse what I have written. It is private. Send down your working-men among us."

CAPITAL AND THE SOUTHERN STATES.

IF there are persons in the Southern States who reflect seriously upon the situation, they must see that the cardinal necessity of their present condition is the influx of capital to engage the industry and develop the resources of the whole region. That capital is ready. It expected to have been actively employed long before this, and so it would have been but for the conduct of the President, whom the disturbed States seem to consider their best friend because he has profoundly perplexed and delayed the problem of restoration. The elections have shown to the sagacious men in the South that they have been grossly mistaken. In the game of President against the People they entirely miscalculated, and have wholly lost. The only conceivable result of the President's persistency is prolonged confusion and postponement of restoration, the end of which will be prolonged sorrow and poverty to the unrestored region.

The Southern leaders who advise a sullen passivity, and their Northern allies who cry Amen, are just as foolish as they were during the war. It is one thing to retire to the magnificent solitude of a luxurious country house, but it is quite another to become an Orson out of spite and subsist on choke-berries. The leaders who advise "the South" to persist in its present attitude conveniently forget to mention the material view of the case. The theory that the States are just as well off out of the Union as in it might have an air of truth if it were affirmed of a great, solid, prosperous State like New York, in the midst of peace. But it is an evident falsehood when applied to States which have been scourged and skinned by war. For such a State to betake itself to political pouting is to try to live upon fog and the east wind. The nature of man and of society, the laws of trade and commercial welfare, remain the same, and such a state is virtually paralyzed until she renews her relation to the Union.

The reason is obvious. It is what we have already mentioned, that industry must be regular and lucrative, and all the resources of a State in process of profitable development, before the State will languish and decline. Mr. WADE HAMPTON, therefore, and all who agree with him, are just as wise as a club of stiff old Tories at the end of the Revolution, who should have sworn by all their pig-tails that they were still subjects of Great Britain. If they had undertaken government upon their colonial theory, the event would have been laughable until it was tragical. Now "the South," as a political idea which is still the dream and hope that haunts Copperheads, can not possibly revive except with the returning power of the unrepresented States. But will any philosopher suggest how that power can return without internal tranquillity and activity; how they can have either without capital; and what will tempt capital so long as Mr. WADE HAMPTON's ideas prevail?

Indeed, there is no more ridiculous figure conceivable than that very person. He is an American and a citizen of the United States. He has no other nationality, and except by expatriation can have no other; and yet he talks of his National Government, the only one he has ever known, as a foreign power, and of his geographical section of his native land as his "country." He might as sensibly call his plantation his country. So long as the counsels of so foolish a man prevail the State in which he lives will stagnate and dwindle, and not until the people of the Southern States perceive that industry and education are the true springs of prosperity, will they invite the capital, and respect and protect the labor, which can alone repair the waste of war and slavery.

MARTELLE.

THIS new parlor game possesses the attractive features of croquet, ten-pins, and billiards combined, and is easily comprehended and played. The game is got up in elegant style, and can not fail to prove a popular novelty for the approaching holidays. We believe it is to be issued as a field-game next season, and have no doubt but that it will supersede croquet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OPENING OF CONGRESS.

THE second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress opened December 3. The galleries of both Houses were thronged at an early hour. One hundred and fifty-six members of the House were present. Six new members were sworn in: Messrs. Campbell, Arnell, and Hawkins, of Tennessee; A. M. Ward, successor to Green C. Smith; Elijah Hise, successor to Henry Grider, and General L. H. Rousseau. The last three are from Kentucky. A Committee was appointed to wait upon the President, headed by E. B. Washburne. Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill repealing the thirteenth section of the Act "To suppress rebellion, etc.," of July 17, 1862, known as the Amnesty Act, in which section power had been given to the President. As the power to pardon all offenses against the United States Government is by the Constitution expressly and solely vested in the President, it is difficult to see how this unnecessary section was ever admitted into the bill, and still more difficult to understand the meaning of repealing it—unless to show defiance of the Constitution. But the House passed Mr. Eliot's bill by a vote of 111 to 29. A resolution was adopted calling for information as to the arrest and escape of John H. Surratt. A bill was introduced and referred directing the sale of two millions of gold by the Secretary of the Treasury every Monday; also a bill for the meeting of Congress on the 4th of March. Mr. Stevens introduced a bill to regulate removals from office. It was made the special order of the day for Friday next. On motion of Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio, the Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a mode of procedure in cases of impeachment. The President's Message was then received. Mr. Stevens moved to postpone the reading till the next day, but the motion was lost.

The Senate was called to order by President Foster. After the presentation of credentials Messrs. Anthony and Nesmith were appointed the Committee on the part of the Senate to wait upon the President. Mr. Sumner moved to call up the Senate bill No. 1, an act to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia. The motion to take up the bill was put, and decided by the Chairman to be lost. Mr. Chandler introduced a resolution calling upon the President for the following information: Whether the French Emperor has complied with his agreement to withdraw one-third of the French troops in November; whether any number of said troops has been withdrawn; whether, as it appears no troops have been withdrawn, the French Emperor has offered any explanation of his course; fourth, what action the Government has taken to have the understanding with the French Emperor carried out. The resolution went over. Mr. Sherman presented a bill to prevent the illegal appointment of officers of the United States. Mr. Williams introduced a bill to regulate the tenure of office.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Second Annual Message of President Johnson is comparatively brief. Its temper is admirable, though unyielding. There is no evidence of a surrender on his part either to Congress or to the Northern section. He reiterates, in clear and intelligible language, the principles of Union and Representation which he has before declared to be his guide, and, without going into any long argument, he contents himself with fortifying his position by reference to the great men of the Republic in other days. While the President's views and recommendations on our home affairs are of the first importance, it is to be observed that some portions of the Message regarding foreign matters are of perhaps as great and immediate moment. The expressions used by him in reference to our relations with Great Britain are very emphatic. Our relations with France seem to depend on the answer to the protest which has been sent out.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

This document has been waited for with an interest second only to the desire to see the President's Message. It opens with the favorable statement of the relative receipts and expenses of the Government for the last fiscal year, which we have already published. It makes the decrease of the public debt during that year amount to $[illegible], and for the succeeding four months (ending October 31, 1866) $[illegible]. The decrease of the debt from the highest point is given at $[illegible]. The Secretary thinks that, with proper economy, a reasonable deduction may be made both in direct taxes and duties on imports, and yet the whole debt be paid by the generation that created it. He assumes the sole responsibility for ordering the sales of gold, but throws any blame for favoritism or mismanagement of this business upon those who have executed his orders.

Imports into the United States for the Year ending June 30, 1866.

Dutiable merchandise	$[illegible]
Free merchandise	[illegible]
Specie	[illegible]
Total imports	$[illegible]

Exports from the United States for the same Period.

Domestic produce		$[illegible]
Foreign dutiable goods	$[illegible]	
Foreign free goods	[illegible]	11,341,420
Domestic specie	[illegible]	
Foreign specie	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total exports		$[illegible]

The Secretary estimates the amount of United States bonds in Europe at $[illegible]; State and municipal bonds at $[illegible]; and all others, including railroads, at $[illegible]—giving a total of $[illegible].

He lays down his financial policy in five distinct propositions: 1. A central par redemption of the National Bank note currency. 2. A curtailment of the currency to the amount required by a legitimate and healthful trade. 3. A careful revision of the tariff, relieving raw materials, and removing other oppressive burdens. 4. The issue of 5 per cent. bonds, with interest payable abroad, in England and Germany, sufficient to absorb the 6 per cent. bonds now there, and to meet any foreign demand for further investment. 5. The rehabilitation of the Southern States. Each of these propositions is explained and commended by brief practical arguments.

INTERNAL REVENUE REPORT.

The aggregate receipts of internal revenue for the past three years have been:

For 1864	$[illegible]
" 1865	[illegible] 17
" 1866	[illegible] 17

The amounts received from several of the most important sources of revenue are herewith presented:

Banks, Trust Companies, and Savings Institutions for 1866.

Dividends and additions to surplus	$[illegible]
Circulation	[illegible]
Deposits	[illegible]
Capital	[illegible]

Salaries of persons in the service of the United States for 1866, $[illegible].

Revenue Stamps, 1866—$[illegible].

$[illegible], gold watches and piano-fortes, were added before the annual returns were made in 1865; and in 1866 $[illegible] were received from the former, and from the latter $[illegible].

Licenses, 1866—$[illegible].

Income, 1866—$[illegible].

The whole amount received from the tax upon incomes since the passage of the law of 1862, and including the collections during the present fiscal year, already reported to this office, is $[illegible].

Secretary Rollins believes that the receipts of the fiscal year 1867 will reach the sum of $[illegible].

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Secretary Stanton reports that up to the 1st of November last 1,0[illegible] volunteers had been mustered out, leaving 11,043 (white and colored) in the service at that date. The present strength of the army is 54,[illegible], including 10,[illegible] colored troops; only 97 soldiers remained in hospital on 30th of June last.

The total expenditures of the War Department last year were $[illegible], of which sum $[illegible] were paid to the million of soldiers mustered out.

General Grant reports that a military force has been kept in all the lately rebellious States for the purpose of insuring the execution of law, and protecting life and property against the acts of those who, as yet, will acknowledge no law but force—a class smaller, in his opinion, than could have been expected after such a conflict as that through which we have passed, but sufficiently formidable to justify the course which had been pursued.

It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand freedmen and their children are now attending school in the Southern States. Schools for refugee white children are also established.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

It is stated in the Report of the Secretary of the Navy that the naval force at this time consists of two hundred and seventy-eight vessels, armed with two thousand three hundred and fifty-one guns. Of these one hundred and fifteen vessels, carrying one thousand and twenty-nine guns, are in commission, distributed chiefly among seven squadrons. The number of men in the service is thirteen thousand six hundred. Great activity and vigilance have been displayed by all the squadrons, and their movements have been judiciously and efficiently arranged in such manner as would best promote American commerce, and protect the rights and interests of our countrymen abroad. The vessels unemployed are undergoing repairs, or are laid up until their services may be required. Most of the iron-clad fleet is at League Island, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, a place which, until decisive action should be taken by Congress, was selected by the Secretary of the Navy as the most eligible location for that class of vessels. The Naval Pension Fund amounts to $[illegible], having been increased $[illegible] during the year. The expenditures of the Department for the fiscal year ending 30th June last were $[illegible], and the estimates for the coming year amount to $[illegible].

THE POST-OFFICE.

The Report of the Postmaster-General presents a most satisfactory condition of the postal service, and submits recommendations which deserve the consideration of Congress. The revenues of the Department for the year ending June 30, 1866, were $[illegible], and the expenditures $[illegible], showing an excess of the latter of $[illegible]. In anticipation of this deficiency, however, a special appropriation was made by Congress in the act approved July 28, 1866, including the standing appropriation of $700,000 for free mail matter, as a legitimate portion of the revenues yet remaining unexpended, the actual deficiency for the past year is only $[illegible]—a sum within $[illegible] of the amount estimated in the annual report of 1864. The length of railroad routes is thirty-two thousand and ninety-two miles, and the annual transportation thirty million six hundred and nine thousand four hundred and sixty-seven miles. The length of steamboat routes is fourteen thousand three hundred and forty-six miles, and the annual transportation three million four hundred and eleven thousand nine hundred and sixty-two miles.

THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

During the last fiscal year four million six hundred and twenty-nine thousand three hundred and twelve acres of public land were disposed of, one million eight hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred and sixteen acres of which were entered under the Homestead Act.

NEWS ITEMS.

A dispatch from Nashville, of November 30, states that half a dozen franchise bills have passed a first reading in the House. All of them embrace in their provisions colored suffrage, and two of them the universal amnesty feature. It is now generally thought that a bill guaranteeing qualified negro suffrage will become a law, but present indications suggest strong doubts as to the success of the amnesty doctrine.

The great Lake Tunnel which is to supply Chicago with water has been completed. It is a mighty feat of engineering skill. Hull and Gowan, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, took the contract for building it at $315,139, and ground was broke March 17, 1864, and the work has steadily advanced to completion. Its capacity is such that it will furnish one million people fifty-seven gallons of water each per day.

The Republican Committee at New Orleans has passed resolutions petitioning Congress to impeach the President and appoint a Provisional Governor for Louisiana.

The Governor's Message was laid before the Legislature of South Carolina November 27. It takes a gloomy view of the present condition of affairs, and attributes the depression of agriculture and business in the State to the intolerance of her conquerors, and urges that the white population should be stimulated to work, by letting them see that labor is honorable and idleness reprehensible. The Message is mainly devoted to State affairs, and says the result of the experiment of free labor has been highly encouraging under the circumstances. It concludes by referring to the Constitutional Amendment, which, he says, neither the interest nor honor of the State will allow her to ratify.

Hon. Cave Johnson, Postmaster-General under President Polk, died on November 23 at his residence at Clarksville, Tennessee, aged 72 years.

It has been ascertained at the War Department that there have been 186,[illegible] colored men enlisted in the United States service. Of these [illegible] have been discharged, principally on account of physical disability; 21,[illegible] died while in the service; [illegible] deserted; [illegible] have been killed in action, and [illegible] were reported after engagements as missing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 26:

(LONDON.)—Twelve thousand breech-loading rifles are to be sent by the British Government to Ireland for the use of the constables. Arrests of Fenians continue to be made in Ireland, and the troops are vigilant.

There has been renewed fighting in Candia. It is said that the Turks have been badly beaten, and had suffered greatly, no less than three thousand having been killed, and two thousand taken prisoners.

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian Government intends to have a Consul-General located in the city of New York.

November 27:

(LONDON.)—A marked sensation is manifested here at the prospect of an immediate outbreak in Ireland.

All the London papers to-day, except the *Post*, simultaneously use strong and bitter language against the Fenians, and warn them that they will receive no mercy.

November 27 (Noon):

(LONDON.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland have assumed considerable proportions, and there is no doubt that a serious outbreak has occurred. Two regiments of National troops were urgently ordered to Ireland yesterday afternoon, and transports were being prepared all night last night at Portsmouth. A large detachment of marines were also sent over to Queenstown on the war-steamer *Plymouth*. A gun-boat at Chatham has been ordered to sail for Queenstown immediately. Much alarm is felt at Cork and throughout Ireland generally. The London *Times* this morning believes that the Chief Organizer, Stephens, will soon arrive on the scene, if indeed he has not already. The *Globe* editorially hints that a more serious trouble with the United States is really at the bottom of the Fenian outbreak.

A telegraphic dispatch was received yesterday from Washington by the United States Minister at Paris. The dispatch was a very long one, occupying many hours in transmission, and it is believed that it relates to the Mexican question.

November 28:

(PARIS.)—It is reported that an arrangement has been made between the Governments of France and the United States that a tract of territory in Mexico shall be devoted to French colonization.

It is also stated that an arrangement has been agreed upon that the French bondholders shall not be disturbed in their rights.

(LONDON.)—The movement of the Government against the Fenians continues. Another regiment of infantry will go to Belfast immediately.

A box of uniforms and arms has been seized at Liverpool. The box came from the United States.

December 1:

(LONDONDERRY.)—There is a vague rumor that the Chief Organizer (Stephens) lately arrived in Paris, and is now secreted there.

December 2:

(ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.)—Have arrested John H. Surratt, one of President Lincoln's assassins. No doubt of identity.

CHARLES HALE,
United States Consul-General.

December 3:

(LONDON.)—John Bright was present at the great reform demonstration which took place in London today. There were probably fifty thousand people in the procession, in spite of a heavy rain, only a portion of whom could enter the grounds where the meeting was held. Resolutions were passed amidst great enthusiasm. At the conclusion the people dispersed peaceably.—Mr. Bright will address an immense audience to-night.

INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.

The London *Times* thinks that the British Government is considering whether the circumstances attending the escape of the Alabama render that Government liable for her depredations. In the discussion of this question the *Times* thinks more stress ought to be laid on grounds of policy and less on grounds of precedent. The English press seem to be anxious to reopen the discussion in some form, but the *Times* cannot probably for our Government be to consider the matter as having been finally determined by Earl Russell's decision.

Some dispatch of importance has lately been sent to Minister Bigelow at Paris from Washington—probably instructing him as to our relations to the Mexican question. The London *Herald* considers the United States the natural protector of Mexico.

THE METEORIC SHOWER.

The reports by mail of the meteoric shower which took place on the night of November 13-14, and which was visible in Europe, confirm the telegram received note the next day. Professor Grant, of the Glasgow Observatory, writes:

"At 1.15 the heavens has assumed an extremely imposing aspect. Multitudes of beautiful meteors were now visible, but especially in the eastern region of the heavens, where the constellation Leo was to be seen as he gradually ascended in his course toward the meridian. Hundreds of the meteors far surpassed in brilliancy the stars of the first magnitude. In multitudes of instances they were brighter than Jupiter, and some of them even equaled Venus when she is at her greatest brilliancy. Their prevailing color was white, but some had a yellowish tinge of light, while others had a bluish tinge. In every instance they were accompanied by a straight, narrow train of well-defined light, of a beautiful emerald-green color. The length of the train varied much for the different meteors. Many of them extended over an arc of 30°, 40°, or 50°, and some were even of still greater length."

Professor Grant adds: "It was obvious that the earth had passed through the main part of the meteoric shower between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock. It may be remarked that the constellation Leo indicated the region of the heavens in the direction of which the earth is at present traveling in virtue of its annual motion round the sun."

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THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.]

DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

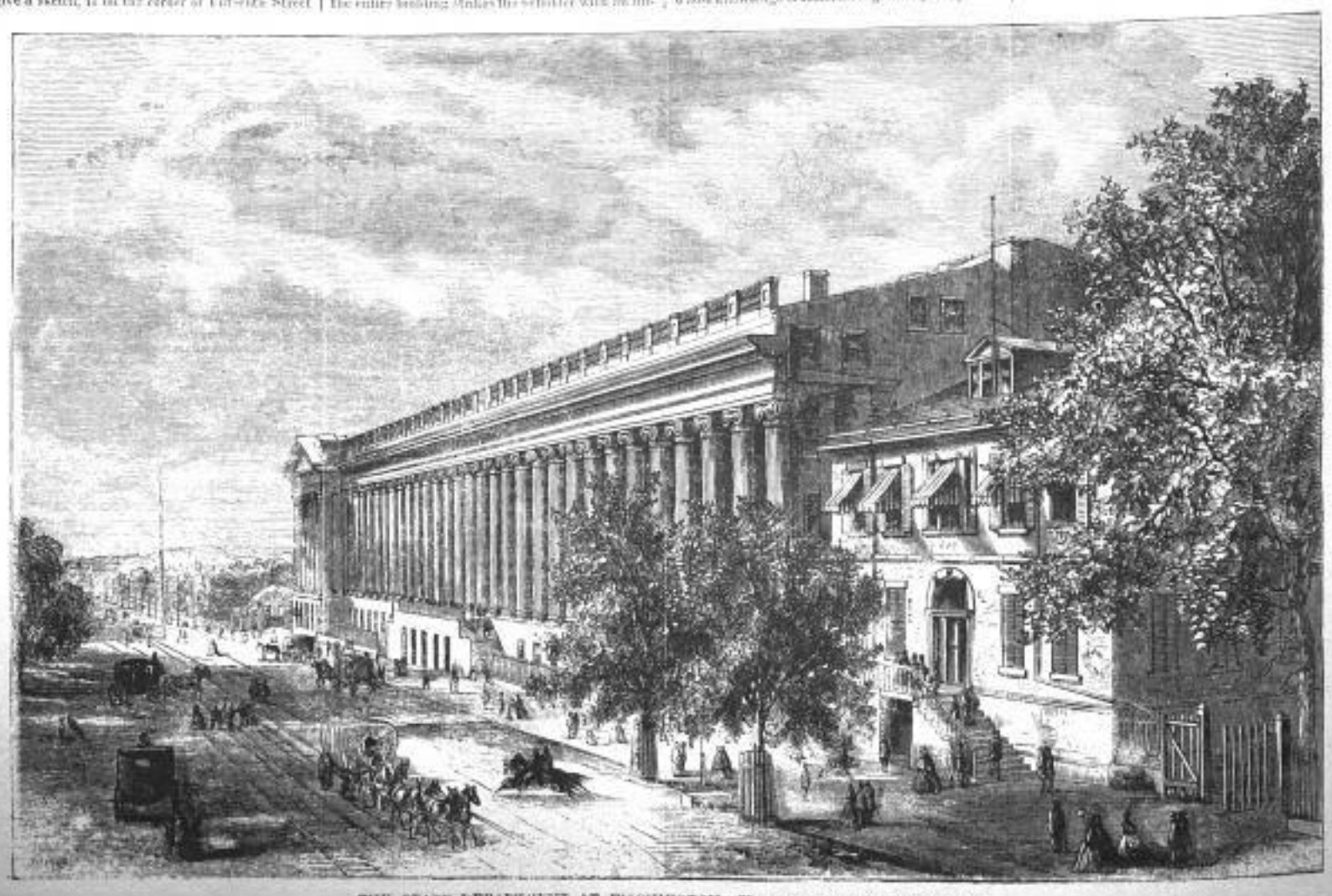
ON our first page we give a view of the interior of the Dome of the new Capitol at Washington. We also give on this page illustrations of the State and Treasury Department buildings. The Dome of the Capitol is the most prominent external feature of the building. The edifice itself is but 65 feet in height; but above this rises the magnificent dome to the height of 211 feet, making the height of the entire structure 320 feet.

The old State Department building, of which we give a sketch, is on the corner of Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and is now about to be removed to make way for the new structure. There are many interesting associations connected with this building. It has been the scene of Secretary SEWARD's labors throughout the war, and of the presentation of Foreign Ministers for many years. It was here that SEWARD's mysterious little bell tinkled so portentously to secessionists and their sympathizers. The Colonnade is a portion of the Treasury building, beyond which, lies the Potomac.

The view given of the Treasury Department is from the southeast. It is a beautiful structure. The columns are magnificent granite monoliths, and the entire building strikes the beholder with an impression of solidity. It is an instance of the vigor displayed by the Government in prosecuting the public works that during the war the labor still went on. When Washington was first occupied by the National troops, the Treasury building, in common with some others, was barricaded and defended by cannon placed upon the steps under the façade.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE, the most American of all Frenchmen, as he is styled in his own country, and whose knowledge of America is greater perhaps than that of any man in Europe, was born at Paris, January 18, 1811. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at an early age, having diversified his legal studies by learning type-setting in the printing establishment of his brother, CHARLES LABOULAYE. In the first book published by M. LABOULAYE, "A History of the Law of Real Estate, from Constantine to the present time"—an erudite work, which was published in 1839, and crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres—he is characterized as typesetter on the title page. This was followed in 1842 by a memoir of the celebrated jurist, FRANCIS CHARLES DE SAVIGNY. In the same year he became advocate in the Royal Court of Paris.



THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.]

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M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

In 1843 he published a work on the "Civil and Political Condition of Women, from the Romans to the Present Time," which was crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; and, in 1845, an "Essay on the Criminal Law of the Romans respecting the Responsibility of Magistrates," which was also crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. In 1849 he was chosen a member of the latter academy, and in the same year was made Professor of Comparative Legislation in the College of France, a position which he still holds. Within the next ten years he published numerous works, among which may be cited "Contemporary Studies on Germany and the Slavic Nations," "Religious Liberty," "Souvenirs of a Traveler," "Studies on Literary Property in France and England," "Abdallah," and several volumes of "Moral and Political Studies," and translations of "Walter's History of Civil Procedure among the Romans," Laisel's "Institutes Coutumières," "La Coutumier de Charles VI.," "Channing's Social Works," Channing's "Slavery," etc. He also edited various legal works, and contributed largely to the "Revue de Législation et Jurisprudence," the "Revue Historique de droit Français et étranger," the "Journal des Débats," the "Revue Germanique," the "Revue Nationale," etc.

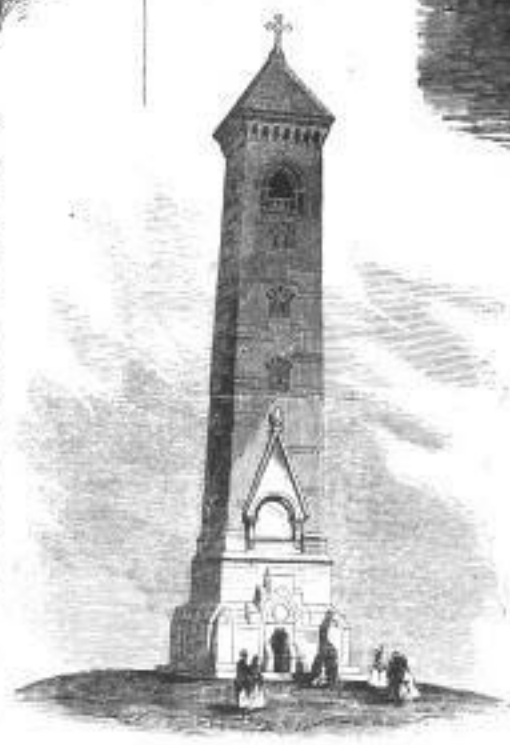
When the civil war in America broke out M. LABOULAYE was among the first to rank himself with the defenders of the North in Europe; and his name formed one of that brilliant galaxy—the Count DE GASPARIN, EDOUARD LABOULAYE, AUGUSTIN COCHIN, and HENRI MARTIN—which will rival the constellation of LAFAYETTE and BEAUMARCHAIS in the eyes of posterity. He contributed numerous able articles on American affairs to the *Journal des Débats*, and commenced a course of lectures on American History in the College of France, which were fraught with allusions to current events, and which were crowded by the *élite* of Paris. Probably nothing contributed more to disseminate a true knowledge of American affairs among the French people than these brilliant lectures, which were the sensation of the day, and which form part of the author's "Political History of the United States from the first attempt at Colonization to the adoption of the Federal Constitution," just published. But M. LABOULAYE's crowning work was the brilliant satire, "Paris in America," published in 1862—a work which displays an intimate knowledge of American manners and customs that would be marvelous in an American, and is doubly marvelous when it is remembered that the author has never visited America. The book met with unprecedented success, passing through seventeen editions in a few months. By the request of the author it was translated into English by Miss MARY L. BOOTH, of New York, the translator of MARTIN's History of France, who had translated his previous writings on America, and with whom he had maintained a correspondence since the beginning of the war.

During the continuance of the struggle, and, indeed, to the present time, the pen of M. LABOULAYE has never been idle; while the war lasted he labored to secure the triumph of the North, and since its close he has striven to insure the fruits of the victory, as the recent collective letter to the Loyal Publication Society, published on the eve of the late elections, and adjuring the nation to stand by Congress, abundantly proves. Nor is this all. Firmly persuaded that America possesses the true idea of government, it is his earnest endeavor to hold up its institutions as an example to be followed by France as soon as she shall have shaken off the incubus of imperialism. In a letter of recent date to Miss Booth he says:

"The influence of America is beginning to be powerfully felt in our journals. Before many years it will be evident that you possess the true political ideal. For my part I am aiding this movement to the best of my ability, not that I delude myself so far as to believe that there is nothing loose and imperfect in American institutions; but you have this great advantage, that the government among you is not a barrier and an obstacle every where to fetter the free development of the individual. I must tell you that one volume of my Political History of the United States—the history of the Constitution—has already been translated into Spanish at Buenos Ayres, and that a Peruvian is translating the first volume—the History of the Colonies—for Peru. It is somewhat singular that I should be used as a medium to make North America known to South America; but this is explained by Latin civilization—French books are always welcome to the Spaniards. My 'Paris in America' has also been translated at Buenos Ayres; in Paris it has reached the seventeenth edition. You see that if I have not Americanized my country it is not my fault."

M. LABOULAYE is as many-sided as GOETHE. Not only has he distinguished himself in forensic,

BURNING OF THE FERRY-BOAT "IDAHO."—(SEE PAGE 790.)



THE TYNDALE MONUMENT.—(SEE PAGE 790.)

IN MISCHIEF.

OUT OF MISCHIEF.

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historical, ethical, and humoristic literature; but for several years past he has amused himself by writing Christmas tales for children, of whom he is passionately fond, and which are marked by his characteristic brilliancy and originality. Wishing to become known to the young folks of America as he was already to their fathers, M. LABOULAYE some time since collected these tales, which were scattered through various books and journals, and sent them to Miss Bowen that she might compile therefrom a Christmas book for America. This sparkling and graceful collection of stories, edited under the eye and by the request of the author, and for which he has furnished an introduction, written specially for his young friends in America, will be published in a few days by the Messrs. HURDER BROTHERS, of New York, under the title of "Laboulaye's Fairy Book." This selection of tales, as we have said, was submitted before publication by Miss Bowen to the approval of the author, who says in response: "I am delighted that my tales will be offered by you to the American public. The choice which you have made appears to me excellent, and I shall take great pleasure in seeing myself in an American dress. I am especially delighted that 'Abdallah' finds a place in this collection. This little tale cost me more than a year's study; there is not a detail therein that has not been borrowed from some volume of Eastern travel; and I read the Koran through twice, a wearisome task, in order to extract therefrom a morality that might pat Christians to the blush though practiced by Arabs. My granddaughter, who is now five years old, and who is going to learn English, is very proud to think that her name will be known in America, and is anxious to have a copy of her own, which she shall have if she learns English."

The book, it should be said, is dedicated to M. LABOULAYE's grand-daughter, GABRIELLE. It is a charming offering to our young folks, and we are sure that they will all be grateful to our friend for thinking of them as well as of their fathers, and for making them this delightful Christmas present, which we hope in a few days to put into their hands, and which we are sure that they will read with delight.

MEMORIAL TO WM. TYNDALE.

A CEREMONY of an interesting character, not merely to those who took part in it, but to Protestants generally, took place on Tuesday, November 6, at North Nibley, a village about two miles from Wotton-under-Edge, in the County of Gloucester, England. The ceremony was the inauguration by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county (the Earl of Ducie) of the memorial raised to the memory of WILLIAM TYNDALE, upon the summit of Nibley Knoll. TYNDALE, as most of our readers are aware, was one of the first translators into English and printers of the Bible, and it is generally believed that he was born, about the year 1484, in the parish of North Nibley. There are some persons who claim for Stinchcombe the honor of being the place of his nativity; but there is, we believe, no evidence to support the claim. Indeed, there is little beyond conjecture to guide any one in fixing upon the exact place of his birth; and in North Nibley two houses are indicated as the identical premises in which he first drew breath. The Black Horse Inn—an old building certainly, but one, we should think, of a later date than TYNDALE—was formerly to bear an inscription setting forth that that was TYNDALE's birth-place; but the inscription has now disappeared. TYNDALE spent some time at the University of Oxford, and afterward went to Cambridge, it is thought, for the purpose of profiting by the Greek lectures of ERASMUS. About 1522 he was living as tutor in the family of Sir J. WALSH, of Little Sodbury, and spent his leisure time in the translation of the Scriptures; but he was obliged to leave that neighborhood in consequence of the bitter persecutions to which he was subjected by the people. On his departure he told one of his most violent opponents "that if God spared him, ere many years he would cause a boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than he did." Finding that there was no hope of printing and publishing his translations in England, TYNDALE went to Hamburg and Cologne, pursuing his work in secret; but he was discovered, and fled to Worms. He resided for some time at Antwerp, and various attempts were made by his enemies to induce him to return to England. VAUGHAN, who was then English Embassador there, worked against him, and at length TYNDALE was betrayed into the hands of the Government of the Netherlands; was, through the intrigues of two Englishmen, convicted of heresy, and was, on the 6th of October, 1536, strangled and burned at Vilverden, near Brussels. Such is a brief sketch of the chief events in the life of TYNDALE; and a few years ago, some three centuries and a half after his martyrdom, it occurred to a few gentlemen who were living in the neighborhood of Nibley that a monument to his memory should be raised, and that no more fitting place for it could be found than the knoll which overlooks the property on which he is supposed to have been born. A committee was appointed, a sum of money was raised, the execution of the work was intrusted to Mr. S. S. TEULON, architect, of Craig's Court, London, and on May 29, 1863, the foundation-stone was laid by Colonel BERKELEY, whose father (Earl FITZHARDINGE) had, jointly with the freeholders, placed four acres of land at the disposal of the committee. The memorial is a cenotaph, consisting of a square tower, 26 feet 6 inches square at the base, narrowing by gradation to 2 feet at the top, where a cornice contains a pyramidal roof, vaulted within. The tower is 111 feet in length, is ascended by a spiral staircase leading on to a gallery, whence, through large apertures, extensive views of the lovely scenery of the surrounding country can be obtained. It had been intended that the four cardinal points should be adorned with sculptures representing incidents in the life of TYNDALE; but for some reason or other this has not been done. The total cost has been £1350, and there is a debt remaining of about £300.

BURNING OF A FERRY-BOAT.

THE steamer *Idaho*, belonging to the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, was destroyed by fire on the evening of Monday, November 26, near the South Seventh Street dock in Williamsburg. She had left the dock at five minutes past 7 o'clock, and when she had proceeded about 300 yards the fire broke out, being occasioned by the upsetting of a large kerosene lamp in the "centre house," where the deck hands keep the tools, etc. The lamp was lighted, and the oil took fire, communicating the flames to the sides of the boat, and climbing up to the cabins. It was only when the olfactory nerves of the engineer were disturbed that the danger began to be known. The engines were reversed immediately, the hose was whipped out and brought to play upon the flames, but it was too late either to return to the dock or to extinguish the flames. Fortunately not more than 34 passengers were on board, as it was early in the evening. If the *Idaho* had been going from New York to Williamsburg instead of from Williamsburg to New York, there would have probably been a thousand on board, and scores, if not hundreds, of persons would have been burned to death or drowned. As it was, with only 34 passengers, when the other ferry-boat, the *Minnesota*, came to the rescue, the latter was compelled to leave the vicinity of the *Idaho*, in order to save itself, leaving several unfortunates exposed to death by fire or water. The case of those left behind was almost a hopeless one. Seizing the few life-preservers to be obtained they jumped overboard, and were picked up at length by a boat. No one was seriously injured; but it is terrible to think of what might have been the result under altered circumstances.

THE PLEBISCITUM AT VENICE.

THE plebiscitum, or voting by universal suffrage, for the annexation of Venice to the kingdom of Italy, took place on the 21st and 22d of October, the possession of that city and its provinces having been relinquished by Austria and handed over, through the mediation of a French Commissioner, to the custody of their own municipal authorities.

The people were called upon to express their wishes touching "their union to the kingdom of Italy under the constitutional monarchical government of King VICTOR EMANUEL and his lawful successors." If favorable to the union, they were to express such desire by answering "Sì," which means "ay," or "yes;" if of the contrary opinion, by answering "No." The 21st and 22d of October were the days appointed for the votes to be taken. Due notice was given, and the voting-places were crowded. On Sunday morning, the 21st, and throughout the day, every Venetian walked about with a large "Sì," printed upon a little square piece of paper, stuck in his hat or in his button-hole. The method of voting was by dropping one of these tickets into the urn or ballot-box.

The tickets were collected and counted by the commissioners appointed for that purpose at the Doge's Palace, in the grand old hall where the Doges of Venice were formerly elected. The President was Commendatore TECCHIO, Judge of the Court of Appeal, a Venetian lawyer, who has, since 1848, been living in exile from his native city, and was one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies at Turin in the time of Count CAVOUR. At the final sitting of the commission, on the 27th of October, when the returns of the voting from each of the several provinces of the Venetian territory had been scrutinized, the announcement of their almost unanimous result was received with loud applause by those present in the hall; and Signor TECCHIO came out upon the balcony, as soon as the aggregate numbers had been verified, to proclaim the fact to the assembled multitude in the Piazetta below. This is the subject of our second illustration. It was a quarter before four in the afternoon. The people welcomed the appearance of President TECCHIO, and the announcement he had to make, with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The band of the National Guard struck up a national air; the bells of all the churches in Venice rang their most joyful peals, and the guns of the ships and forts repeatedly saluted the popular suffrage for the annexation of Venice to the Italian kingdom.

THE CZAREWITCH AND PRINCESS DAGMAR.

OF the young man who, if he lives, is destined one day to succeed to the throne of the Czars, and who was united on the 9th November to the beautiful young Danish Princess, once known by the name of DAGMAR, but who in future will be styled "Mdme. the Grand Duchess MARIA FEODOROWNA," the world as yet knows very little. "His Imperial Highness Monseigneur the Czarewitch, the Hereditary Grand Duke ALEXANDER-ALEXANDROWITCH," was born on March 10 (February 26, Old Style), 1845, and is consequently upward of twenty-one years of age. He is the second son of the reigning Emperor, his elder brother, who was betrothed to Princess DAGMAR, having died at Nice last year. The youthful Czarewitch has, of course, no reputation beyond his native country, all that is known of him as a public character being that he is chief of a regiment of dragoons.

Princess DAGMAR, late of Denmark, now converted, as above stated, into the Grand Duchess MARIA FEODOROWNA of Russia, is the second daughter of the King of Denmark, and the sister of the Princess of Wales. She was born on the 26th of November, 1847, and has thus completed her nineteenth year. Though so young the Princess has already known acute sorrow. She was to have occupied the same position toward the late Czarewitch, NICHOLAS-ALEXANDROWITCH, that she now does to his younger brother. The ceremony of betrothal had taken place, and the time for the marriage was all but fixed, when death claimed the expectant bridegroom, and Princess DAGMAR was thus placed for a time in the position of a widow without ever having been a wife. It is to be hoped that the union effected on the 9th ult. will compensate her for the grief and bereavement which she previously experienced.

A story told of her Imperial Highness is to the effect that, on the day of her confirmation at St. Petersburg, the Princess, in passing along one of the salons of the Winter Palace, led by the Grand Duke ALEXANDER, her future husband, found herself all at once in the presence of the portrait of the Prince to whom she was first betrothed, and she could not refrain from weeping. "You are right," said the Grand Duke ALEXANDER, "for he loved you dearly. We will weep for him together, and we will often talk of him."

ZION SCHOOL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

IT is the peculiarity of this school that it is entirely under the superintendence of colored teachers. It was organized by the Old School Presbyterian Church, December 1, 1865. It was the last of the colored schools established on the close of the rebellion by the Northern philanthropists—at whose expense they are maintained—and it had to provide for a harder set among its pupils, in some cases the refuse of other schools. This delayed its progress for some time; but when your artist visited it in July last, it was exhibiting a steady improvement under its principal, Mr. VAN HORN, of New Jersey.

The children were apparently very obedient and attentive to their teachers, and out of eight hundred and fifty scholars enrolled had an average daily attendance of seven hundred and twenty, the number of teachers being thirteen.

One little girl, perfectly black, of four years, was quite a prodigy in her way, reading with considerable facility, and spelling words of three and four letters.

Although the Southern people seem generally opposed to the education of the negroes, still, if they must have it, they prefer to see colored people in charge of their own race to having Northern whites as teachers. A. R. W.

A WINTER RAMBLE.

DECEMBER hardly chills the air;
So soft the south wind blows to-day;
The loitering, white-fleeced cloudlets wear
A likeness of the clouds of May.

And fields are partly bare and brown,
And partly trampled o'er with snow,
And hill-sides, smooth from base to crown,
Slip down into the vales below.

This winding road will nowhere look
Straightforward—only turn and hide;
And now a bridge leaps o'er a brook
And pauses on the further side.

'Twas here bear Winter must have staid,
And here his snowy beard have shook,
And with the running water played,
And hushed the murmuring of the brook.

And up and down the frequent hills
The tireless way-side wanders on,
The quiet farms, or clattering mills,
Are passed on many a pleasant lawn.

Between its walls of moss and stone
The narrow lane turns off afield,
Whence lowing herds come slowly home
When dusky eve the day has sealed.

And wheresoe'er our footsteps stray
We find the old familiar ways—
The self-same toil, the self-same play
That crept into the olden days.

A DANGEROUS HAND.

HAVE you ever been in Switzerland? No? Then go to Thun, one of the drollest little towns in the world, and one of the pleasantest. It stands in a noble park—the Valley of the Aar—and at the extremity of an ornamental piece of water designed by the very First of Landscape Gardeners. The houses and the streets have entered into a conspiracy with the mountains, with the lake, the clouds, and the river, to fascinate and detain the onward traveler, that he may leave a little of his cash in the place. Every nook and lane is a gem begging the photographer to come and copy it; every opening is a scene, every wide space a panorama.

The town of Thun itself, small yet varied, quaint yet pretty, is one of the most original habitations of men. The balconies, the arched projecting roofs, and the pointed turrets, ran each other hard in their rivalry for the prize of attractive coquetry.

It was at this same Thun that I first caught sight of her. Now, happily, I have the right to say her. You have seen, at some theatre, a lovely fairy, in a porkpie hat, step out suddenly from behind the wings, charming all the male beholders ranging between the ages of fourteen and fourscore. That morning the drying-ground, a little below the market-place, was full of sheets—twenty times more than would be required to serve as screens for a Private Theatricals. Behind them, I heard a silver voice which said, "This way, papa! I am sure this is the way to the Freienhof."

And then there came forth from behind the white curtain a vision which made me forget every thing else. I had, of course, seen pretty girls before, but I had never yet seen my pretty girl. It was not the fair, clear complexion, nor the flaxen hair, nor the coral lips, which shot the dart; but it was the bright, spontaneous way in which those hazel eyes met mine; the extraordinary quickness with which we exchanged a glance; the slight blush and the gentle smile which followed as her eyes dropped immediately afterward; and the involuntary halt, as if one had something important to say and the other expected something important to be said. As for papa, I don't think I saw him at all *that* time. You have heard of love at first sight? That is just what it was.

They went their way, through the tiny market, into the street; and I think I remember that she walked very slowly, as if she would have been glad to sit down and rest. I was nailed to the spot, looking after her until she was out of sight. Of one thing only was I thoroughly conscious. I had seen my wife, if ever I was to have a wife. That face, that figure, and that voice, had a rent in the clouds of futurity through whose long perspective a secret presentiment showed me my future. Talk of your magic mirrors, your enchanted crystals! Talk of distant events revealed in drops of ink! There is no magic like a sympathetic glance.

The way to the Freienhof! It was the very hotel I was staying at. But the direction they took was not the way to the Freienhof. Were they going for a stroll of discovery, or had they merely mistaken their way? Time would show. Saith the proverb, "Every thing comes to him who can wait." I could wait; and did wait where I was.

While wondering at, though perfectly understanding, the novel ferment which then was working within me, my field of view was crossed by a solitary individual who was proceeding onward with uncertain steps. His make-up was fashionable, though perhaps a little seedy; but that tells for nothing on a continental trip. His black hair might be a little too ringlety; his whiskers a little too Dundreary-ish. His hat had contours and lines of beauty in its rim more suited to Rotten Row than to searches after the picturesque. He made you doubt whether he were a very gentlemanly man indeed, or not a gentleman at all. You must have seen him on some race-course, or somebody excessively like him. The face looked a little tired and worn; but it bravely carried the cast-iron smile which is peculiar to opera-dancers and people of the world obliged to play the part of universal amiables.

"I *beg* your pardon, Sir," he said, perceiving me. "I really beg ten thousand pardons; but would you do me the very great favor to tell me the way to the Freienhof?" He italicized those words with a melodious drawl. "My friend, Sir Charles, who brought me to Thun in his carriage, tried to persuade me to remain at the Bellevue. Charming house, excellent table, magnificent view, good society! Quite, in short, my style of thing, Sir. But, although the Freienhof is only second-rate, I had promised to go there—*pressed*, Sir. And when a lady is in the case—"

"Hang the fellow and his confidential talk!" I grumbled to myself. "What a nuisance to be so interrupted! At such an interesting moment, too!" So raising my hat, I coldly answered, "You have only to go straight forward; take the first turn to the left, and you will reach the Freienhof."

"Much obliged; very much indeed," he rejoined, with treacley suavity. "Such kindness to an utter stranger! Pray do me the honor to accept my card. You are doubtless at the Bellevue? You are not going to the Freienhof?"

"No, I am not, Sir," I fear I growled; internally adding, "until I think proper."

"I thank you very much. This way, I think?" And, with a honeyed bow, he took his leave.

"Mr. Percy Howard?" I muttered, looking at the card, which I had not been able to avoid receiving. "Every Howard kins with Norfolk's duke. For me, you are too mealy-mouthed. But what has become of the other parties?" I had not very long to wait. As I expected, the father and daughter had taken the wrong turn, and were now retracing their steps. She did not seem in the least surprised to find me lingering there; nor did he, for he had never given me a thought. Now or never was the time to make an attempt at something.

"Pray excuse me, Sir," I said, a little flurried, "but I think I overheard you mentioning the Freienhof Hotel. I am staying there, and this is the way to it. You can reach it almost immediately. But it is still two hours to the table d'hôte dinner; and if—if you are not too tired, there is a wonderful prospect close at hand, which will repay you for the trouble of mounting to it?"

"Indeed! What do you say, Maria? Do you think you can manage a little climbing?"

"I should like it above all things. Ever since I caught sight of it I have been wishing to get a better view of that brilliant white mountain—the Blümlisalp, I think."

"Very well, my dear. Let us go to the inn, and ask them for a guide to the spot which the gentleman is so obliging as to—"

"Quite needless, Sir," I interposed. "I was proceeding there when I saw you pass (a freak of fancy ordinarily known as a fit); and, if you allow me, I will lead the way."

"Is it far?" the papa replied. "Is it steep?"

"Neither one nor the other. To reach the point of view we have only to mount this long covered staircase by a series of low steps which are suited almost for children's feet. Is the young lady beginning to feel tired?"

"Not in the least. But if I were, here is a landing-place which will give us a minute's breathing. How curious! It is the centre of five different staircases, some running up—and some taking you down."

"This one is ours. Let us follow it. We have reached the cemetery, and have no further to climb. We have only a few steps to take on level ground; and now, if you please, look forward."

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, after a few moments' pause; "I had no idea, until now, that the earth was capable of so much beauty. Never, never shall I forget this day." After gazing again at the view, she bestowed on me a look of thankfulness which was worth all the compliments in the world. This noble sight, enjoyed in common, had set its seal on our companionship. We had already grown almost intimate. It was understood between us two that we were friends, if not something more.

"It certainly is fine," assented the senior. "Mr. Howard would describe it in his most flowery style."

"Yes," said Maria, "he would indeed; for he is not afraid to talk about what he does not understand. He confounds Romans with Greeks; and, on being made aware of his mistake, slips out of it by calling them both the ancients."

"You are prejudiced, my dear, against him. You must try and get over your dislike. I wonder, by-the-way, if he has arrived."

In Swiss travel there is a peculiarity which is pleasant or not, according to circumstances. If you are there on any social speculation, to marry off your daughters, to make acquaintances you would not be likely to pick up at home, to light upon friends by unexpected chances, you can't have a better place of meeting, nor a surer rendezvous; but if your real aim be the beauties of nature, to be enjoyed in poetic retirement and quiet, you are liable to interruption.

The fact is, that, as every body except the climbers of unclimbed peaks is pursuing a beaten track from which there is little deviation, if you meet an individual once, you are almost sure to fall in with him again. On steamer, in diligence, at glacier feet, by waterfall, you find faces which have accompanied you throughout your itinerary. If you do the Wengern Alp, they go too; if you go to see the Giessbach illuminated, you behold there physiognomies which you have already

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behold reflecting daylight at Lucerne, Berne, or Interlachen. If you like the faces, well and good; if you don't, their tracking your heels so closely becomes wearisome. The only means of escape from such comrades is to stop somewhere for a week, and let the stream pass. The summer current will bring in a supply fresh from the inexhaustible springs of British life.

In this way, even before they entered Switzerland, my charmer's father had picked up Mr. Howard; while Mr. Howard had not the least intention to loose his hold of his new acquaintance. Hence their expectation of meeting each other again at Thun.

The slightest possible shade of annoyance at her parent's partiality for his new-found friend overspread *her* face for an instant, and then she glanced again at the landscape. Turning to me, she asked: "What is that mountain which stands before us—that dark green pyramid clothed at its base with thick festoons of pine-tree forest?"

"That's my mountain—my beloved Niesen. Every body loves the Niesen. 'All round the Niesen' is a toast as popular here as 'All round the Wrekin' is in Shropshire. Niesen is a favorite name to confer on dogs and railway locomotives. Long live the noble Niesen! I stood on his top the other day."

"Indeed! Is it possible?" Maria exclaimed, regarding me, in her innocence, as an Alpine hero.

"It is not only possible, but so easy that you can make the ascent if you choose."

"Really! I should enjoy above all things to be able to say I had ascended a mountain."

After some discussion the gentleman agreed that the ascent should be made. "By-the-way," he continued, "my name is William Greenwood, of the firm of Greenwood, Darkins, & Blake, Manchester."

"And mine, Sir, is Henry Carter, son of the late John Edmund Carter, formerly of Manchester, latterly of Liverpool."

"Really! I remember your father failed in my debt, giving a dividend of eight-and-sixpence in the pound."

"Yes, Sir, he did: and five years afterward paid you in full, with interest."

"True; like an honorable man as he was. To think of meeting poor Carter's son in this way, by chance! He left you, I believe, not so very badly off?"

"I am rich by living within my income."

"And you are strolling about here, I suppose, like the rest of us, without any definite purpose?"

"I am trying to put a little method into my trip by comparing, for my own private satisfaction, the respective merits of several well-known eminences which are reached on foot with no great exertion. I scramble from one hill-top to another, and note which pleases me best."

"The volume under your arm is doubtless your guide-book. There are so many that it is difficult to choose between them."

"It is nothing so commonplace as that, but a resource for a rainy day or a leisure hour. It is the Mysteries of the Hand, by Desbarrolles, in which the science of Chiromancy is fully and seriously expounded."

"A revival of an old delusion. But if people will pry into futurity, one form of the folly is as good as another. You will tell us about it by-and-by; it is time now that we think of dinner."

At dinner I had the great satisfaction of securing the seat next to *her*. Opposite to us was Mr. Percy Howard, looking any thing but pleased at the favor I enjoyed. Maria (that I now knew to be her delightful name) did not like him more than I did, and received his advances with undisguised coldness. I fancied I observed that the waiter behind us was strange in his manner toward him, as if Mr. Howard paid too particular attention to the polish of the forks and spoons within his reach. To the discussion of our Niesen project Mr. Howard listened with open ears. It was agreed that I should go forward to Wimmis, the village at the base of the mountain, to secure horses up it, and bedrooms in the little hotel at its top, and that they would drive there early the following morning to commence the ascent immediately.

Next day I bade a brief good-by to the father and daughter, and reached Wimmis, where every arrangement was speedily made. During the inn-gossip of the afternoon singular inquiries were put to me respecting the strangers then at Thun. I answered them as well as I could, but what in truth was uppermost in my mind was the expected arrival of my fair one to-morrow.

The morrow came, and with it my new friends; but they were not alone. Mr. Howard had fastened himself upon them, and with him a gentlemanly young fellow enough — rather too *dressy* — an acquaintance of his, whom I had noticed at the table d'hôte. As soon as they alighted we set off, myself alone on foot, the rest of the party on horseback.

The ascent of the Niesen was glorious. Maria (by whose side I walked, telling her guide to proceed in advance) was in ecstasies at the harmony of sights and sounds, at the tinkling of bells from cows and goats, with the stream of the Simme rushing below. Every turn of the zigzag path presented us with a fresh point of view. As we mounted higher all was repose; soft colors—melting hues of green and brown—met our delighted eyes. The air was pure and balmy; our minds, elevated by the scenery, entirely forgot the lower world, the roar of city carriages, and the busy hum of men.

We met sledges laden with mountain cheese gliding down gently over the grass; we passed men carrying on their shoulders loads of wine and other provisions for consumption at the summit. We scaled, one after the other, the three separate masses which together constitute the Niesen. Near the top I crept down a rock, and was suddenly lost to my companion's view. Maria uttered a pretty little scream, highly flattering to my self-importance. Soon returning I had the pleasure of presenting her with a handful of snow.

At last we reached the highest pinnacle. I make no attempt to describe the panorama it commands. It made us regardless of every thing else, I believe, except each other's presence. We drank in with our eyes the snowy peaks, the outspread lakes, the meandering streams. And then—and then—the Alpine air reminded every body that meal-time was approaching. The little hotel, crouching in a hollow not far from the top, opened its hospitable doors. We dined. While dining a cloud enveloped the mountain. So the evening had to be beguiled with talk, in the course of which Mr. Greenwood referred to my studies in palmistry.

It was only natural that so obsolete an art should be disdainfully regarded by Mr. Howard and his friend.

"Will you look at my hand by way of experiment?" asked the fine young gentleman, with a mixture of curiosity and contemptuous defiance. "Tell us, if you can, what it indicates."

"I need not look at it; I have only to take it," I replied, passing his hand between my own. "Its character is apparent to the touch. Its objects, tendencies, and occupations may be summed up in one word—Pleasure." The fine young gentleman withdrew his hand from mine, and turned as red as a fresh-boiled lobster.

"One minute longer," I said, resuming it. "There are also good points about it which only require exercise and development. There is no want of intellect. There is also right-mindedness and sense of duty which may one day get the upper hand of vanity and self-indulgence." The fine young gentleman, abashed and thoughtful, resumed his seat without a word.

"What do you read on this?" inquired Maria, blushing slightly as she offered her hand.

"I read a good deal," I gravely replied, after carefully examining first one hand and then the other. "You dearly love all those about you; and, when you marry, you will dearly love your husband. But I see a willfulness which might compromise your happiness. You would risk a good deal, and might even sacrifice your real welfare, to have your own way in every thing. That is your great danger—the spirit of domination. But I see correcting influences. You will direct ably, but you will also consult. You will consider other people's wishes as well as your own, when you find them reasonable."

During this horoscopic speech Mr. Greenwood grew more and more attentive.

"You have hit off Maria neatly enough," he said. "Let us now see what you will make of me." So saying, he frankly held out his hand, turning back his coat-cuff to display wrist and all. It was an honest, prepossessing-looking hand, independent of any rules of palmistry.

"This hand," I said, "is one in ten thousand. In the first place, Sir, you are a lucky man. If you were not born with a silver spoon in your mouth, it very soon found its way thither. Ill-luck never strikes you: when it threatens to hit you it glances aside. Your very losses have turned out gains in the end. Your life will be long; your health good, as it ever has been. Intriguers have never succeeded in taking you in. You loved your wife tenderly; and you have never married again only because you love your daughter with equal tenderness."

"Any body can prophesy in that style," said Mr. Howard, impatiently, "without knowing much of the secrets of nature. There is little risk of making a blunder by supposing a young man in brilliant health and of ample means to be fond of pleasure; that a pretty girl should love her husband, after being loved by him; that an only daughter, with no mother to consult, should like to have her own way, as I am sure she ought; that a gentleman with a fortune should be fortunate, which is equivalent to saying that prosperity is prosperous. Chiromancy like that is a farce. A gipsy at a fair would tell you as much or more. As to long life, continued health, permanent welfare, and success—they are too pleasant not to be put into a prediction when there is any wish to ingratiate one's self with the parties practiced upon."

"If I had seen in those hands the reverse of what I did, I should not have hesitated to say so. Still, your criticism is not without apparent foundation. I may seem to be making plausible guesses. That I have not spoken by guess is easily proved; for here is the book I go by. I can quote you the rules it gives."

"Mere quackery: you will never convince me there is any thing in it."

"I am not myself convinced that there is. The responsibility rests with Desbarrolles. He tells me that there is a hand which is essentially voluptuous, giving itself up to indolent indulgence, and yet ardent after pleasure. It is a plump hand, almost swollen; its fingers are smooth and tapering, thick at their base, and with no knots or irregularities of form. Its skin is white and glossy, looking as if dirt would not adhere to it, sunshine tan it, nor frost redden it. It is dimpled; the palm is fleshy, the root of the thumb very largely developed. It is generally regarded as a beautiful hand. I think your friend's hand answers to this."

"And so does every lady's and gentleman's."

"Then," said Mr. Greenwood, "let us now see what your horoscope reveals."

"No, indeed, the thing is too childish; it is too palpable a piece of foolery," Mr. Howard replied.

"At least by way of pastime," Maria pleaded.

"We ought all to take our turns," urged the plump-handed friend.

"Be it, then, as you please," said Howard, offering his hand with a very bad grace.

I looked at it for some time aghast; then took the other and examined it; and then let both drop without uttering a syllable.

"You give no opinion," said Mr. Greenwood.

"I would rather not."

"I thought how it would be," said Howard. "He has got to the end of his palmistry."

"I do not wish to give unnecessary pain," I explained, "and on those hands I see things not pleasant to read."

"Out with them at once," said the friend. "They are harmless if they are not true."

"Well, then, if I must, I must. You will not be offended. The Line of the Heart is scarcely perceptible: faithlessness, evil tendencies. The Saturnian Line runs straight from the base of the middle finger quite up to the wrist: chances of imprisonment and other heavy tribulations. The Mount of Mercury excessively developed: adroitness, not always restrained by scruples; skill in the arts of daily life, in writing and caligraphy, for instance. I now understand what prompted you to take tracings of the signatures in the travelers' books at sundry hotels."

"Ah, yes! I am completing a friend's collection of autographs."

"This talent, combined with the evil influence of the forked and crooked Line of the Head, might tempt men less easy in their circumstances to procure cash by means of forgery."

"But, Sir, there is a limit to pleasantry—"

"It is the book which speaks, not I. Here it is all, chapter and verse."

At that moment the waitress of the hotel entered, and presented Howard with a letter of business-like aspect.

He opened and read it. For an instant he seemed surprised, not to say stunned; but recovered himself immediately.

"How unfortunate!" he exclaimed. "How very mal à propos! I am obliged to leave your delightful society."

"Not to-night, surely?"

"There is no help for it. My friend, Lord Castlebathaire, sends word that he is suddenly taken ill, and begs me to join him at Brienz as soon as possible. The worst of it is that, not only must I tear myself away, but I have left at Thun, with the bulk of my baggage, all the cash not required for this little excursion."

"That need not disturb you," said Mr. Greenwood. "I can let you have something till we meet again. How much will you like?"

"You are exceedingly kind. If we say ten pounds—"

"That is not enough. You don't know when you may get back to Thun. Take twenty; or, we'll say five-and-twenty. I have my check-book—"

"No, no, my very dear Sir: no check, I thank you. I appreciate your kindness all the same; *indeed* I do. Ten pounds will be quite sufficient—quite."

"Yes; but my check-book! I had it a little while ago. It was in the pocket of my paletot in the room where we washed our hands before dinner."

"Perhaps," I hinted, "by an accidental mistake, it has found its way into Mr. Percy Howard's paletot, not being able, in the twilight, to distinguish that gentleman's pocket from its own usual resting-place."

"Your joke is a little too absurd," said Mr. Greenwood, tickled at the notion nevertheless, and handing with a smile a ten-pound note to Mr. Howard.

"Very much obliged," said the recipient. "But you, Sir," to me, "do you mean to insult me?"

"It is not an insult," I replied, "nor yet a joke; but a serious suggestion. Do, if you please, feel in your pockets, and try if you can not find it there."

"I shall do no such thing, Sir," thundered Howard, simulating virtuous indignation, and working himself into a theatrical rage. "I am used to be treated as a gentleman; and were it not for the lady's presence—"

"Softly!" I said. "The case is very simple. Mr. Greenwood's check-book is missing. Oblige us by helping us to find it. Search if it has not wandered somewhere, quite by accident, of course. You have his ten-pound note; I am sure he has no wish to deprive you of it. But—did you notice my guide this morning?—the man who carried my knapsack up the Niesen? He is an agent of the Swiss police. The man who led Miss Greenwood's horse, and afterward went on before us, is another. They are hunting up a little additional evidence against a person about whom they already entertain grave suspicions. They are in the house within a moment's call. Shall we ask for their assistance to find the check-book?"

"Dear me! How very strange!" he ejaculated, with well-acted, because unblushing surprise. "Here it is! That I should not have felt it before! It must have fallen from your coat upon mine, and worked itself in in the hurry of dressing. I am truly sorry that such a trifle should have caused us a moment's uneasiness. I am uncommonly delighted to have found it."

"And so am I," I dryly rejoined. "But allow me to hint that, however much we may regret to lose your company, the climate of Switzerland hardly agrees with you, and it might be prudent to change an air which is too sharp for you. Mr. and Miss Greenwood, as well as myself, would be sorry to see you—confined—to your room."

"You are probably right," he replied, unabashed. "I shall probably follow your friendly advice. The Alps do not quite suit me. It is a lovely evening—bright moonlight—for a leisurely stroll down the Niesen. I can not miss the path. I shall leave the horse here to avoid waking up the people at Wimmis; you can make use of it yourself to-morrow. I want no guide. Those men—" he hesitatingly added.

"I think you can do without either of them. They are probably supping below in the kitchen, and you can leave by the front door of the hotel. The Swiss authorities (who like things to go on smoothly) had just as soon avoid any unpleasantness which might have the effect of alarming strangers. I think they would not be displeased if you left their jurisdiction without being detained by any untoward event—arrested, for instance—by the severity of the weather."

"I am sure you are most considerate. By-the-way, would you have the goodness to change this ten-pound note for French gold? It will be so much more handy."

"Most assuredly. Here it is."

"A thousand thanks. Good-night. I wish you all a very good-night."

He left the room with a most graceful bow, without a blush on his face or a falter on his tongue. He was gone. We looked at each other for a while in silence.

"Well, I never!" Miss Greenwood at last exclaimed.

"Nor I, exactly," rejoined her father.

"I suppose I have had a narrow escape from having the worth of my signature tested," the young epicurean quietly observed.

"But tell us," said Mr. Greenwood, "how you came to find out this gentleman's real character and avocations. It was not all chiromancy—eh?"

"Well, the facts are these: I had heard rumors at Thun. The Sunday evening I spent at Wimmis waiting for your arrival I was alone. The showery weather kept me indoors. No doubt you have been haunted by the ghost of a tune; that evening I was haunted by God Save the Queen. It would never finish. Just as the first strain was over for the twentieth time, and it was the second strain's turn to come on—Make her victorious, Happy and glorious—I heard it taken up by a chorus of voices without. Was it the force of imagination? I opened the window. No, it was not. At the foot of the Niesen, God Save the Queen is a popular air. When the chorus had died away, I left the window open, to enjoy the rushing sound of the Simme's waters and the wind whispering among the fir-trees. My thoughts were running on any thing rather than Mr. Percy Howard's concerns, when grave voices in solemn debate rose from immediately beneath the window. I looked, and there was the Council of Village Notables assembled, standing in the open air in decorous order, in spite of the rain. One of the leaders was the landlord of the inn. Among other things they discussed the expected presence of, and the measures to be taken with respect to, a suspicious stranger, who could be no other than our departed friend. After the meeting had broken up, the subject was resumed in the public room. The landlord advised forbearance and the avoidance of making any fuss, while another excited advocate for the purging Switzerland of *all* scum whatsoever, broke wine-glass after wine-glass by thumping them on the table to enforce his arguments. Between the two I heard enough to remove from my mind all doubt or uncertainty. You have witnessed the sequel, and how chiromancy helped me to bring about the denouement."

"And so the two men who acted as our guides are detectives on the track of our accomplished friend?"

"They are honest, simple, hard-working peasants, and no more policemen than you or I. It was a sudden idea of mine to invest them with that character, and you have seen the effect of a guilty conscience."

"But tell me now, seriously, Carter. Do you really believe in chiromancy?"

"I don't know enough about it to believe it. Without chiromancy it is possible to form some opinion of the persons who cross our path. But you see, at least, that it is capable of furnishing a formidable weapon to artful persons. If it could but give me the hand of her I love, that is all I wish or care for."

Mr. Greenwood opened his eyes, and kept silence—the best move a man can make on many occasions. Perhaps he did not understand, I thought; or, understanding, was his silence consent?

I believe we all slept sweetly and soundly in that lone wooden inn on the top of the Niesen. We had agreed not to ask the sunrise to wait for us to witness it. We breakfasted together; took a last lingering look at the wondrous landscape spread around us; and then wended our way downward. Aloft, was the silence of the wilderness; in descending, rural sounds again met our ears. There was the tinkling of bells worn by cows and goats, like distant village-peals ringing changes. The rush of waters and the rustling of leaves were once more audible.

On reaching the base of the mountain Maria alighted from her horse. Taking her father's arm on one side and mine on the other, she said to him, "I have become acquainted with a secret, which ought not to remain a secret between us three. Mr. Carter and I are engaged, if we can only obtain your permission. Won't you let me have my own way, just for this once? Yes, dear father, I am sure you will."

Instead of looking immensely astonished Mr. Greenwood kissed his daughter affectionately, and gave me a hearty shake of the hand.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DESPERATE CONDITION OF [illegible], WHO HAS BECOME DEEPLY INTERESTED IN A NOVEL, WHICH, NEARING THE END, HE FINDS THIRTY-SIX PAGES MISSING!

KING JOHN OF SAXONY.—The King of Saxony having been forced to knock under to Prussia, is recommended to accept the inevitable, or in other words, "to cut his coat according to his cloth." Considering the beating he has had, one may say that the Cloth in this case is decidedly "Saxony-double-milled."

LEGAL.—Why is a lawyer the most ill-used man in our social system?—Because, though he may drive his own carriage, he must draw the conveyances of other people.

GAY DE SEVRES.—They were gay deceivers it seems who flattered the Irish that they could make high-class pottery in the Green Isle. The project has fallen to the ground. Strange that in Ireland they couldn't succeed in making an Irish Bull!

MEAT IT IS!—An Irishman who has heard it stated that all flesh is grass, wishes to know whether hay is beef d-is-assed.

A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

MY WIFE.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me;
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said "it was so curly!"
While going down the stair
She cried, "Come home, dear, early."

How happy then was I,
With all I e'er desired;
I fortune could defy
While thus I was admired!
We parted at the door—
Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love, but one thing more:
I want—a new fall bonnet!"

Practice is recovering. He says: If you would cure dyspepsia—diet. If you would remedy gray hair—dye it.

Subjects for conundrums being nearly exhausted, one desperate joker has gone back to our first parents, and inquires: "Why was Eve not afraid of the measles?—Because she'd 'Adam.'"

What's best to prevent old maids from despairing?—Echo: "Pairing."

AFFIRMATIVE ART OF [illegible].—Cutting a friend and then speaking of him as you find him.

A lady, seeing her lover running in great haste to meet her, observed to him that he must be in a very great hurry to run so fast. "Madam," replied the lover, "I was following my inclination."

ARABIAN COMPLIMENT.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap a harvest."

THINGS UNKNOWN.

The young woman whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

The cow that had calves on her legs.

The identical nose of the bellows that smelled a rat.

The person that was ever felt for by the heart of an oak.

The barber who was requested to shave the beard of an oyster.

The vocalist who can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn.

The man who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton.

The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a potato.

Anybody unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any river.

The person who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers.

CUSTOMARY.—When a small boy turns knave and steals a lump of sugar out of the basin, it is a mere turn-up whether he "gets one" for his knack, or shows you two for his heels.

"I know every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck, when he exclaimed, "And that's one of them!"

Why are people of short memories necessarily covetous?—Because they're always for-getting something.

THE EARLY BIRD.

It's well to praise the early bird
For picking worms, but it's absurd
To think that bird, you can not doubt it,
Would rise could worms be got without it.

THE CLEVEREST THING IMAGINABLE.—An Accomplished Fact.

An advertisement says: "Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

PROVERBS FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

"It takes nine tailors to make a man"—but one is enough to ruin him.

"It's a long lane that has no turning"—but even with the present fashion of long trains you can't turn a *mousseline de laine*.

An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; "but this I do know—that you were born in Ireland." "Och! your Honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?" The boy got the place.

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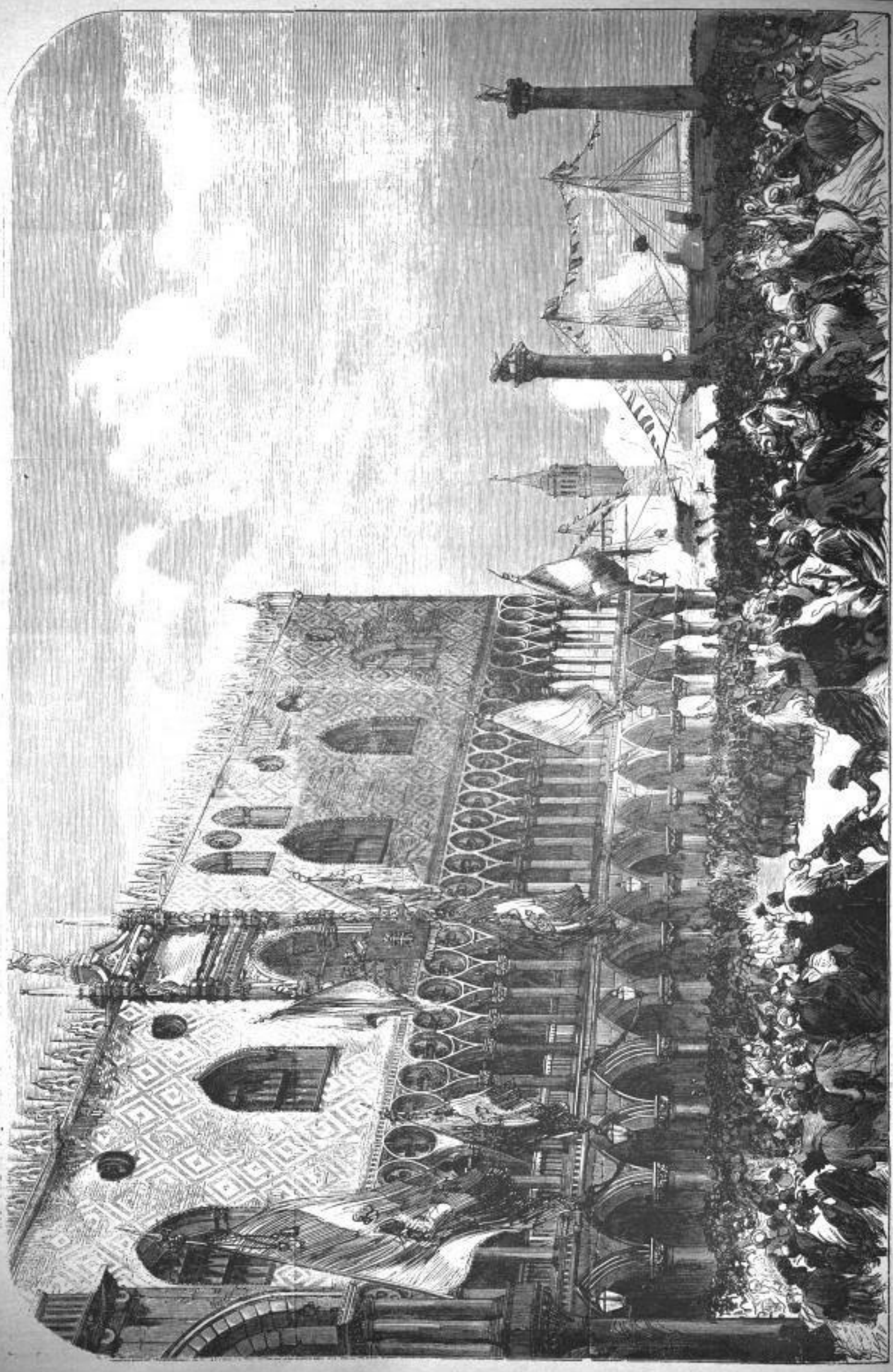

PROCLAIMING THE RESULT OF THE VOTING AT VENICE FROM THE BALCONY OF THE DOGE'S PALACE.—[See Page 796.]

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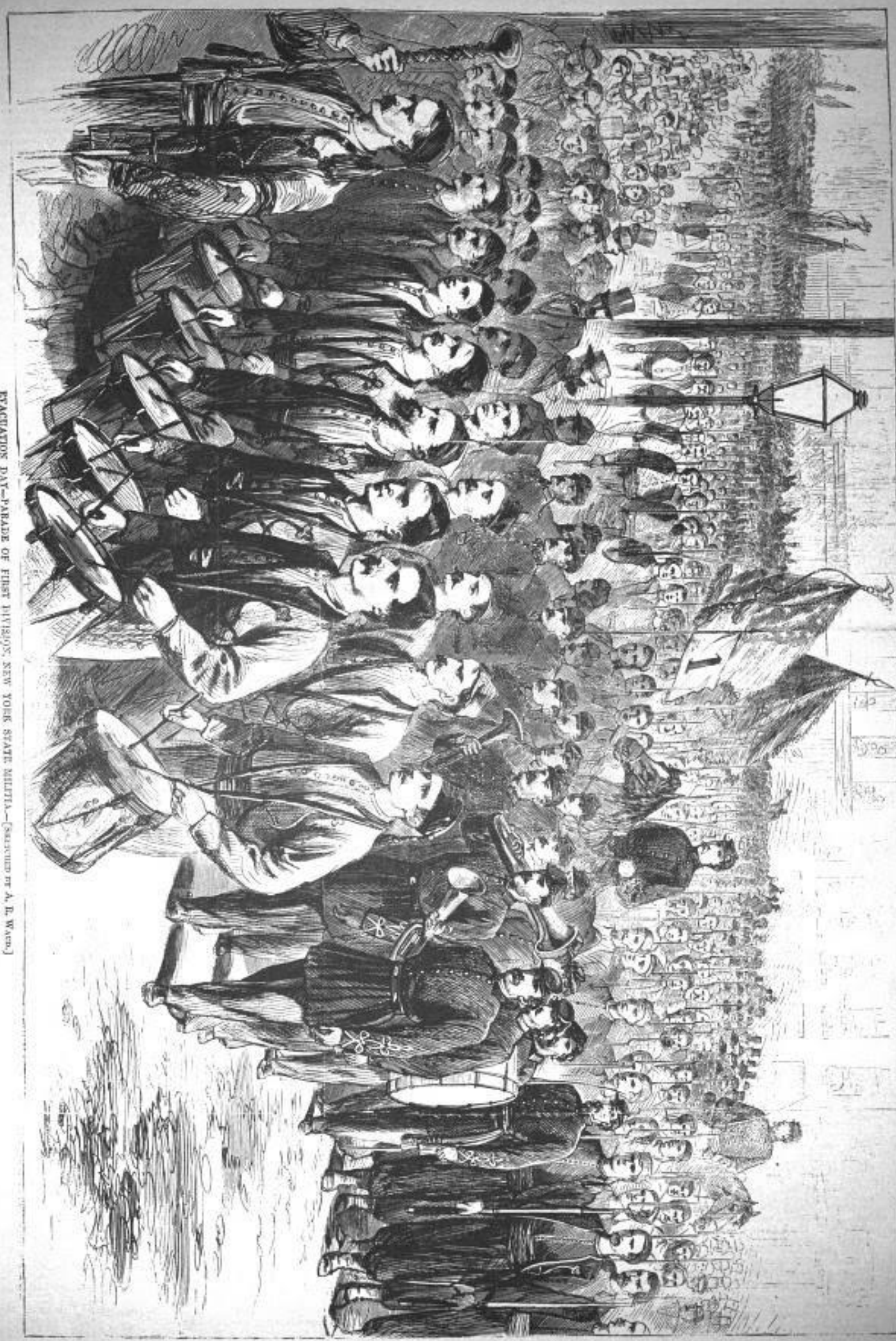

EVACUATION DAY—PARADE OF FIRST DIVISION, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

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PAUL'S WIFE.

DR. VANDERPOOL was in a quandary. His brother Paul had died—handsome, extravagant Paul, always in difficulties, yet always believed by every body, making money fast but spending it faster, and, of course, leaving not much behind him. Not much in the way of fortune, that is, but a good deal in the way of responsibility; for he left a widow and three children, the youngest a baby in arms. Dr. Vanderpool knew well enough that the income of what property there was would not more than clothe the four; and Paul's wife was an orphan, with no home to go back to. He knew, moreover, that she was as helpless as she was pretty. He remembered her well, though he had not seen her since her wedding-day, seven years before. He recalled the tender droop of the long lashes over her violet eyes—shy, sweet eyes that had beguiled Paul into matrimony, they and the baby smile the red lips wore.

Dr. Vanderpool himself had been proof against all such temptations. Shy eyes had drooped, and bright lips smiled for him in vain. What wonder that he found it hard to forgive Paul for being weaker, especially since to the other weakness he had added this last one of dying? It was a hard case for the Doctor. He was rich, had a splendid practice, and was not luxurious. Of course he could not see the wife and children of his only brother come to want; and what was more natural than that he, with a great, solitary, well-appointed, well-furnished house, should receive them into it? He knew that the world would expect it of him, and he never liked to disappoint the world. Yes, they must come to him, for a while at least, that was certain—when they should have had time to get over the worst of their sorrow, and look about them a little, it was possible some other plan might turn up.

So he wrote to Mrs. Paul, as he was in the habit of calling her. He hesitated a little about the beginning of his letter. Should he say dear sister? Somehow he did not feel as if there were any fraternal relationship between him and the pretty girl to whom he had said good-by on her bridal morning. Dear Mrs. Vanderpool—that was too cold. Dear Bessie—too familiar. He went back again to the "dear sister," and wrote it resolutely at the beginning of his letter. Poor thing! he would try to be a brother to her, he thought—that would be easy enough, too, if only it weren't for the children. He had always indulged a secret hatred for babies, doctor though he was. Of course he knew there must be children in the world—since the days of Adam and Eve there had been no such thing as coming into it full grown—they were necessary evils, of course, but evils he meant to have just as little to do with as possible. And now to have to take three of them under his own roof! He wrote so desperately, determined not to think what he wandering, and invited Paul's wife to come at once to his house as to her proper home. He would go for her if she wished—if it would add to her comfort. She must let him know her plans.

She wrote back a letter full of thanks. They could not stay where they were, and she would accept his offer for the present most gladly. But he must not think for a moment of coming for them. The children were quite used to Katy, their nurse, and she and Katy could get along with them very well on the journey. She would make her arrangements as soon as she could, and write again to let him know when to expect her. It would probably be in about ten days.

Dr. Vanderpool read the letter with a sigh of resignation. He should be as bad as married; nay, as if he had been married years ago, for here were the three children. Well, perhaps it was righteous retribution for having lived selfishly, and neglected his duties to society. It seemed that he had got to do them now, in spite of himself. Ten days more, only, of freedom! Well, he would make the most of them.

It was autumn, and a healthy time. The Doctor was not so very busy, and he began to give a series of gentlemen's dinners. If there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another it was his little dinner-parties. He knew just how to make them pleasant. He never asked too many people. His cook could have taught Professor Blot some things, and his wines were of the choicest. Not a man in his set but praised his dinners, and would give up any other engagement to come to them. Of course, after Mrs. Paul's advent they would have to be done with. Such things wouldn't answer in the house with a woman in deep mourning and her three children. So he meant to entertain his friends all round before the invasion.

The last dinner came off on the tenth day after the receipt of Mrs. Vanderpool's letter. He had not heard from her again, so he thought he was safe. In this final effort he had outdone himself, and his cook had wrought miracles. Soup, fish, boiled, roast, entrées, sweets, and at last dessert was on the table. Marcel, Tokay, Chambertin, Canary, and White Hermitage for wines. Splendid black Hamburg grapes, pale green Malagas clear as crystal, pears of every variety, nuts, and cordials.

"And all that the dainty palate could wish," for the crowning glory of Dr. Vanderpool's dinners was always the dessert.

They were just beginning to enjoy themselves, and the Doctor, sipping his wine, was telling his guests of the change about to take place in his life—picturing himself domesticated with a wife whom he did not marry, and children who would never call him father. And just as his delicious self-commiseration and his guests' laughter were at their height, a carriage was heard to stop in front of the house, and Dr. Vanderpool looked out of the window. He turned round, with consternation on his face.

"By Jove, gentlemen, she's come without a word of warning! Just like a woman. Make yourselves as merry as you can, and don't spare the wine. I'm off to go."

So the Doctor vanished, and they heard his voice presently in the hall, and pure, sweet, clear tones answering him:

"You didn't receive my letter? I am so sorry! It will follow me, I suppose; and yet I sent it two days before I started. I am so afraid I have inconvenienced you by coming unexpectedly."

The sweet pleading voice, the shy, uplifted eyes, the fitting blushes, were not without their effect on Dr. Vanderpool.

"You know you are to feel that this is home," he answered, "and that you are always welcome, whether expected or not. Here is Mrs. Willing, my housekeeper, and she shall show you to your rooms, and then give you a sort of tea-dinner—that is what you ladies like, is it not? By that time I will be ready to come to you in the drawing-room. So these are the children?"

"Yes. Little Bess is the oldest. She is almost six. Then there is Paul; and that baby in Katy's arms is your namesake—little Mark."

He thought she would tell them to kiss him, and teased himself to bear the infliction; but she said nothing about it, and he began to think that, after all, she had more sense than he had expected of her. At any rate it was a good deal better than if she had been plain; it would be something to have a pretty face at his fireside; and, save that she looked a little paler, Bessie was just as pretty as when she had gone away on the aforesaid bridal morning. He waited till Mrs. Willing had taken her in charge, promising to make her comfortable, and then he went back to his guests.

But somehow he could not be as gay as before. As I said, he was not a hard-hearted man; and, after all, Paul had been his brother, his only brother; and the child Bessie looked like a little miniature of her father. It was impossible that he should meet those bonny hazel eyes of hers unmoved. It touched him, too, to see his sister-in-law in her deep widow's mourning, her young face so shadowed and saddened.

His guests felt the change in him, and did not sit long. When they left he went into the drawing-room, but it was some time before Bessie joined him. He was very earnest in his inquiries after her comfort: had Mrs. Willing given her a good dinner? did she like her rooms? were the children very tired? what sort of journey had she had? She answered all his questions, and then conversation began to languish, and the Doctor reflected how great a stranger Paul's wife really was to him, and wondered whether they should prove to have any tastes and fancies in common. He was lagging forward subjects as industriously as he could, trying to make talk. She was listening and responding, full of secret uneasiness all the while about her darlings, away from her in this strange house, missing her, perhaps, though she was sure Katy would do her best. After a while she heard steps which she knew pit-a-patting along the hall, and the door opened softly. It was little Bess.

"Please, mamma, Paul won't say his prayers to Katy, and Mark won't stop crying, and Katy says he's tired and wants you. We tried to get on without you, but somehow we couldn't."

"Yes, dear, I'll come. Brother Mark, it seems selfish to turn your house into a nursery, and I know all this confusion will trouble you."

"Only one thing would trouble me, and that is for you not to feel at home, and to be always worrying for fear I was disturbed."

This was not untrue. Since she must come, he really wanted her to be happy.

She was gone an hour, and when she came back she reported that they were all asleep except Bess, and she was the family old lady, and would give no trouble. Then Dr. Vanderpool ventured—though half afraid of hurting her feelings—a question about Paul, and found that she seemed to consider it a relief to speak of him. She told him all about their life in the gay Western city; how kind and tender and generous Paul had always been; how sudden his sickness was, and how all through it he had seemed to be disturbed by the thought that he should leave such slight provision for her and the children. And then she looked up at the Doctor suddenly, with tears in those tender violet eyes of hers, and said:

"Oh, what *should* we have done if it hadn't been for you? I felt so lonely, so helpless, till you opened your doors to us like a haven of refuge. I pray God that I may live to make some return for your goodness."

Dr. Vanderpool felt that he was not entitled to so much gratitude. He had written to her unwillingly enough, he was conscious; feeling all the time that it was an awful bore, though something the world would expect of him, and something he could not satisfy his own conscience without doing. But he was not worthy of her thanks. Poor helpless little thing! He thought as he looked at her that the man who would not be kind to her must be a poor creature indeed.

After that matters went on very well. Mrs. Paul was not a woman of genius; nor had she much of that aggressive energy which would enable her to push her own fortunes in the world. But she compensated for these and several other deficiencies by a wonderful amount of tact—or perhaps the quality deserves a better name than tact, for it sprang from real, unselfish consideration for the tastes and happiness of other people. She knew that Dr. Vanderpool did not like children, so she made her small household as little burdensome to him as possible. She never suffered them to be obtruded upon his attention. When they had been there six months he would hardly have known them had he met them upon the street, with the exception of little Bess. She was such a womanly little being that her mother did not think it was necessary to banish her; and her Uncle Mark often found her curled up like a dormouse in some big arm-chair with a book in her hand—always and every where a book. He took to her wonderfully. She was so thoughtful, so quiet, she had so much quaint wisdom, such still, grave ways. Then, too, out of her face his dead brother's eyes seemed always to look at him, and carried him back to some of the softness and tenderness of childhood. She loved him, moreover, with an unpressuring devotion which might have stirred a colder heart than his. She never clambered into his lap, or bothered him with questions, or interfered with him in any way. But when he did notice her, when he stopped to talk to her or took her a little while on his knee, the small sweet face would become fairly radiant with pleasure, and to call out this look grew to be one of his chief delights.

Mrs. Vanderpool, too, was quiet and unobtrusive. She never was in his way, and yet he never failed to find her ready to entertain him. He grew to think it was not altogether a bad arrangement which had brought him such inmates. Once or twice he wondered whether he himself might not have been tempted to commit matrimony if he had found in time such a woman as Mrs. Paul—so unconsciously beautiful, so unselfish, understanding so well her own sphere, and keeping in it so steadily. Not that now he ever thought of marrying her, lovely as she was. A widow with three children! To such a suggestion most men would probably say, "No, I thank you."

When she had been there a year the severity of her mourning began to relax a little. She wore black still, but it was a sort of mitigated black, and became her exquisitely, as the Doctor couldn't help noticing. Her soft, golden-brown hair waved away from her fair, pensive face, without the disfiguring widow's cap; and when he came in one day, and found her sitting on the floor playing with her children, he thought she looked scarcely more than a child herself.

About this time she coaxed him to resume his gentleman's dinner parties. She had heard from Mrs. Willing how much he enjoyed them, and she could not bear that he should give them up any longer for her sake. He sent out cards of invitation, and the men, remembering with zest the gay old times, came eagerly. But something was wanting. The preparations were made as liberally as of old, and there were some added touches of grace and beauty—Mrs. Vanderpool's thought—in the flowers which breathed their fragrance every where, and the leaf garlands which entwined the baskets of fruit. But, somehow, it seemed to Dr. Vanderpool as if the salt had lost its savor. The guests told old stories. Had they grown dull, or "did he dream they were brighter before?" He rather missed his usual quiet dinner—with Mrs. Paul's gentle face opposite, and the children, as the custom had grown to be of late, coming in with the dessert. They joked him, some of them, about his family cares, and he felt that their wit was coarse.

At the next dinner he insisted on Mrs. Vanderpool's presence at the table; and she, willing enough to please him, went in and staid until after the dessert was brought on. And by-and-by they all went up into the drawing-room, and found her there, sitting at the piano, and singing softly an old song. He was annoyed to see how they all admired her. She had been quite a belle before she married Paul, and the Doctor thought there was a spice of the old coquetry in her manner now. It vexed him to see how his friends clustered round her. He wished he had let her stay up stairs; and then was unjust enough to blame her because she had been so willing to leave the children as soon as she found that he wished it.

He was in no hurry to give the next dinner; and before he had got ready for it something happened which put all such ideas out of his mind. He went home one night at quite a late hour, having been detained by a difficult case. Mrs. Paul heard him let himself in, and as he took off his coat in the hall she glided down the stairs.

"Oh, brother, little Bess is so very, very ill! How thankful I am that you are home at last!"

He looked at her, and her face shone strangely white under the hall gas-light. He put his arm round her to steady her as they went up the stairs together, and said, with a new gentleness in his tone:

"Poor girl! poor Bessie!"

She led the way into her own room.

"I've brought her in here," she said. "I thought it was best to keep her out of the nursery until we knew for a certainty what was the matter."

By this time he stood over the bedside. The child lay in a sort of stupor, her eyes half open, with a strange, glassy look in them, her cheeks and lips a vivid scarlet. He looked at her a while, counted her flying pulses, turned down the little night-gown, and glanced at the burning flesh underneath. Then he turned to his sister-in-law pityingly.

"She has scarlet-fever," he said. "We must lose no time. She is very sick indeed."

Bessie Vanderpool's face grew ghastly. She knelt down at the Doctor's feet, and looked at him with a wild, unnatural light in her eyes.

"Oh, keep her alive!" she said. "I shall die if I lose my darling! Oh, brother Mark, as you hope for the mercy of Heaven, do not let her die!"

The violence of her emotion frightened him. He had not known it was in her. What if, after all, her nature were not as calm and even as he had always fancied?

"I will do my best," he answered, soothingly; "and you, Bessie, you must be calm too, if you are to do her any good."

She was on her feet in a moment, still and resolute, ready to obey his least suggestion.

For two weeks they watched together over little Bess—the mother night and day, the Doctor whenever he could spare an hour from his patients. He began to understand Paul's wife as he had never understood her before—to see how much unselfish love and quiet heroism was in this timid, girlish creature.

For a long time he had no hope for little Bess, but her mother never despaired. It was her faith, and her tireless devotion that triumphed at last, rather than Dr. Vanderpool's skill. One day he came in from a drive and looked at the child with a brightening face.

"She will live," he said; "but I think only a mother could have saved her."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" she cried, chokingly, and then burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"I have let you half kill yourself," he said, trying to soothe her, "but you will have your reward. Now Mrs. Willing can do as well as you, and you must rest. I insist on your going to bed at once, and not getting up again until morning."

"But, brother—"

"Bessie, I have a right to be trusted. You know, or ought to by this time, that I won't let little Bess suffer. You must mind me, or I shall have two patients here instead of one."

She went then, meekly as a child. She undressed herself, took a refreshing bath, and then, for the first time in two weeks, went to bed. She thought she could not sleep, but her head had not been five minutes on the pillow before she was wrapped in a slumber which Dr. Vanderpool took care that nothing should interrupt until the next morning.

Katy had taken the two younger children out of the house to a quiet boarding-place, as soon as they knew the nature of little Bessie's illness; and the Doctor reckoned a morning and evening visit to them among his regular duties. He was getting, in these visits, curiously interested in his baby nephews. He had never noticed them much before; but now it was impossible to go to the little fellows, taken away thus from the mother-love in which their hearts delighted, without a feeling of tender pity which drew him on, before he knew it, into a systematic course of petting. They grew very fond of him. Mark, his namesake, was now a sturdy boy of two, and Paul was past four. When the Doctor began to find out what nice boys they really were, and how delightful were their coaxing, merry ways, he wondered a little at his old aversion to children.

This night, after he had sent their mother to bed, he went to them as usual. He found them in rosy health, and felt satisfied that all fear of their having taken the disease was past. He went back then with a light heart, and prepared himself for a right sitting beside little Bess. Having pledged himself to her mother that she should not be neglected, he would not intrust to any one else the task of watching her. Mrs. Willing lay down in the next room to be within call in case any thing was needed, and he took his seat by the shaded lamp with a medical journal in his hand. But he did not cut the leaves. Somehow his thoughts kept him busy.

They went back again to the old, easy-going life before Paul's wife and Paul's children came—the idle, careless ways, the luxurious habits, the sumptuous dinners. Had he been happier then? Would he change back now? Would he be willing Bessie should carry her little brood into some other man's home, sit at some other man's fireside, lifting up her shy sweet eyes, uttering her low, gentle welcomes? He felt, vaguely, that she would leave behind her an insupportable loneliness—that the old life could never be the same again as it was before she came. Just then little Bess waked up, and begged for a drink of water.

"Do you know me, childie?" he asked, gently, as he bent over her.

"Oh yes, Uncle Mark," and turning her head she touched her lips to the hand that was smoothing her pillow. "Where is mamma?"

"Resting, dear. She has taken care of you, night and day, for two weeks, and now that you are getting better I have sent her to bed."

She asked no more questions, but seemed perfectly contented with him for nurse. He found a strange sweetness in this child's love that so trusted him—almost, as he said to himself, as if he were her father.

Two weeks more, and the household began to fall back into its old ways. The children had come home; little Bess was able to sit up; and so one night, after the nursery was quiet, the mother came down for the first time in a month to her old place in the drawing-room. When Dr. Vanderpool came up stairs and found her his face brightened.

"It is good to see you here again," he said, sitting down close by her.

"And good to be here, and feel that they are all safe. It seems to me as if I never could thank God enough. And you too, Mark, what should I have done but for you?"

She looked up into his face with her shy, sweet, violet eyes, and the look tempted him—her words, too—she had never called him "Mark" like that before. He bent toward her, and his voice shook so it sounded strange to himself.

"Bessie, I have done no more than my duty for you and yours. I deserve no reward, but you said once you wished you could reward me. Will you give me yourself, and pay me so for all I ever have done or could do? I will care for your children as if they had been my own; and if a man's love can make you happy mine shall. Speak, child!"

The swift color stained her face and neck. Her eyes fell, and she waited a little while before she answered. He could hear his own heart beat in the stillness. At last her words came—so low that he could hardly catch them.

"Would it be right, Mark?"

"Upon my soul I do believe it would be right. I do believe that Paul would be more than willing to give his orphans into my keeping."

"I never thought of this before—never for one moment. You must let me have time to know my own heart. Do not ask me about it again. As soon as I can understand myself I will answer you, yes or no."

Then she went away from him, and he sat vaguely wondering at himself—remembering how he had dreaded her coming, and realizing how much dearer now than all other hopes of his life was the one of keeping her forever. Children and all; he would not have spared one of them.

Ten days went by, seeming strangely long to Mark Vanderpool, not a patient man by nature. Bessie avoided him, he thought. Would she ever be ready to answer him? Would her answer mean hope or despair?

At last one night she came to him of her own accord as he sat looking moodily into the grate. Kneeling down beside him, she laid her head against his knee.

"Do you really want me?" she asked, "children and all?"

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"I really want you." His tone was solemn with the earnestness of his love; strong with the force of his passion.

"I do not think I am good enough for you," she murmured. "Neither would I give myself to you as a reward for all your generous kindness. But if my love is worth any thing you have it."

He had her in his arms before she knew it, and was kissing her with kisses so eager that they startled her, murmuring over her such fond words as she had never dreamed this reserved, self-centred man could utter. They sounded curiously even to him as they fell on his own ears though his whole heart was in them. I doubt if gay, gallant Paul had ever loved her half so well; and I think her nature was stirred to a depth her girlhood never knew. She was almost frightened to feel how happy she was.

So the home to which she had come for refuge in her sorrow became the abiding-place of her joy. Before the spring opened she was the wife of Mark Vanderpool, and her children found in the old hater of babies the most tender of fathers.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26, 1866.

Friend Weekly:

In this right-angled city, which if their ways were as right as their angles they would do well, I feel I must address thee in the plain language, for I have just been to the Woman's Rights and Lefts and Equal Suffrage Convention, held here last Saturday, and I heard some very plain language. On the platform, which was very broad, was Mrs. ELIZABETH ARCADY STANDING, Mrs. LUCY LONGSTONE, Mrs. SUSAN BRAWNTONY, and Rev. Miss OBLIVIOUS DARK BROWN. Among the gentlemen were Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT and others, to give color to the affair. As soon as I made my appearance one of the Equal Suffragessers accosted me, and asked me if I was not the flying correspondent to *Harper's Weekly*. I owned the soft impeachment. Then said she: "I suppose thee is among those that think women ought to do nothing but nurse babies, and other household duties; but when thee remembers that many of us have no such duties, nor ever expect to have any, thee should be glad that we are left to arrange for the nursing of the Republic; for thee must own that, judging from things at the White House, one would suppose that the infant Republic had been brought up on the bottle." This remark seemed to me so poetical that I thought I would send you a sketch of what was probably in the fair speaker's mind at the time.

ANDY NURSING THE INFANT REPUBLIC, AND TRYING TO IMPROVE ITS CONSTITUTION.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ARCADY STANDING, the *née-star*, as you may remember, was the first speaker. She was dressed very nice. I don't know the names of the moire antiques and things, but she looked beautiful. ELIZABETH came forward and said: "I am sorry that our venerable Presidentess, Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, is not here, as our Mott-oh is for equal suffrage." Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT here rose and said that was a joke. (Great Applause.) "This is an equal suffrage organization. JOHN BRIGHT tells us that five out of every seven millions of Englishmen can not vote. Now I am not BRIGHT (A voice: 'Yes you are, Betsy'), but I do say that there is about that proportion of Americans that are disfranchised; and we must labor until a woman's right at the polls will be denied by none."

ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED "RUSHING TO THE POLL."

ELIZABETH now introduced Mrs. LUCY LONGSTONE, who, in coming forward, was greeted with warm applause, and proceeded to say:

"The advocates of equal suffrage are down on both political parties. The Republicans talked of 'universal suffrage,' but meant masculine suffrage all the time; and those who had been our professed friends 'went back on us.' (Applause.) Then we resolved to make fight with the colored class, 'for the colored troops fought ——,' and with them to strike, like MORRISSEY, straight from the shoulder. (Cheers.) It is proposed to insult the mothers and sisters of the land by putting the word 'male' into the Constitution; and I see the Postmaster-General is advertising for mail contracts (Cries of 'Joke! Joke!'), and designating certain lines of travel as mail routes, as though a female route wasn't worth mentioning. (Cheers.) My friends, a female route on a shopping day is one of the most interesting things, except the female herself, in nature. (Cries of 'Bully!' and 'Good!') It always seemed to me absurd to quote the Declaration of Independence about all men being created equal, ignoring the fact that women were ever created at all. All men are created equal to what? Equal to the women they are in some things, but not in knowing how to vote. Do you suppose any woman would have voted for MORRISSEY for Congress? No! They would as soon think of voting for THAD STEVENS, or any other old bachelor. The women are loyal; they all go for Union to a man." (Cheers.) Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT here rose and said that was another joke. (Renewed cheering.) That union to a man was a union that did not depend upon force of arms. (A voice: "Is that a joke?") FREDERICK: "No, Sir; I am not here to make jokes, but merely to explain them for others." (Cheers.)

LUCY continued: "In Great Britain there is a movement on foot to demand the ballot for women." FREDERICK again rose and said that the reason it got along so slow was because it was on *foot*. It had better take a carriage." (Cries of "Joke! joke!") "And," continued Lucy, "I'm afraid they will succeed before we will."

A SUFFERER OF "EQUAL SUFFRAGE."

An "equal righter" now came forward and read the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That if liberty and the pursuit of happiness are natural and inalienable rights, then we should all have our "latch-key," and the men should take their turns at the cradle; and any arrangement of society that looked to one sphere for man and another for a woman was a one-sided arrangement, and was unworthy a free people. (Cheers.)

2. *Resolved*, That we hold with LAMARTINE that there is no reason why a Restaurant-Keeper should not sell with his Spring Chickens Spring Bonnets, Artificial Flowers with his Cauliflowers, and Crinolines with Early Peace. (Cheers.)

3. *Resolved*, That we recommend the election of women to the delegate and primary elections: that very unworthy men are nominated because the brutal ones control the nominations; that we form a "ring," to secure the right man in the right place. (Immense cheering.)

After the resolutions had been considered ELIZABETH came forward and said:

"I desire, before this Convention go further, to insist that this body indulge in no fulsome adulation of the Republican party. Why, JAMES BROOKS, of New York, was the only Congressman last winter that had the nerve and decency to present the woman-suffrage memorial to Congress." (Cheers for the decency of BROOKS.)

The Rev. Miss OBLIVIOUS DARK BROWN now spoke. She said that GREELEY believed in woman suffrage, but wouldn't advocate it because he wanted to get into the Senate, and he was afraid the picture-papers would make fun of him. She was not afraid of the papers nor any pictures; had her photograph taken and hung out in Broadway, New York, and didn't care who saw it. Women are frivolous because they are irresponsible; our grandmothers didn't want to vote because they had work to do; but now we can get ladies from Ireland to do all the work for $2.50 a week and board, and that leaves us more leisure to enter upon new duties. Some one had spoken about nursing babies. All that could be dispensed with. She had seen a new invention of a cradle, which you wound up as you do a clock, and you could go out and give a lecture, and the cradle would swing until you came back. Thus the baby gave you full swing, as you did the same for it. (Cheers.) And as for the grown-up children, when the house gets too full you can send them to boarding-school, where they will always be glad to receive them with a fork, towel, and spoon. Miss BROWN said, in some of these matters she spoke without personal knowledge, as she never had a family; but she thought that women should vote first and marry afterward, as she expected to do, though it might be a long time before she could vote. (Cheers.)

After Miss BROWN had concluded the meeting listened to some speeches by the other sex for a few minutes, when they soon insisted upon an adjournment.

Miss BROWN then approached me, and seeing my massive brow, asked me if I was connected with the press. I replied that I reported for *Harper*. She said she hoped to see the time when women would set all the type on that paper, revise all the editorials, and when a smart and interesting girl would be the "devil." I replied that I hoped to see that time myself, at which she grasped my hand cordially. I tell you, dear *Weekly*, that I referred entirely to the last half-dozen words of her remark. Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOWADAYS a set of furs, of some kind, is regarded as an almost indispensable portion of a lady's winter wardrobe. The Russian, Hudson Bay, and American Sable, or Mink, as it is usually called, are the most desirable and durable kinds, while the Ermine, Chinchilla, and Siberian squirrel are much worn, and very pretty. Ermine, however, can not so well be worn on all occasions, and is especially appropriate for evening wear.

But animals of various kinds are made to meet the universal demand for furs. The Astrakhan fur or wool was used to some extent last winter; and this year the "Persianer," a wool obtained from sheep of Persia, and which is fine and glossy, is made into pelerines and short jackets for skating, as well as into collars and muffs.

It may not be generally known that an animal, whose name is totally discarded from polite society, is beginning to occupy a prominent position in the export as well as internal trade of the country. Let not the reader shrink in disgust, for the fact is that the traffic in the skin of the much-abused skunk now amounts to quite a handsome sum per year. Large shipments have been recently made to Russia, where these skins are used for the caps of grenadiers, while many are manufactured into muffs in this country. But do not imagine that a single muff is sold under the name of the original owner of the fur. By no means. In the first place, by the wonderful application of chemistry an entire metamorphosis takes place, rendering it impossible to recognize any of the original features of the skin; not the slightest odor is perceptible, and then it is announced as the "Prairie Badger," the "Colorado Catamount," the "Australian Wolf," or by some other taking title. Thus christened it is transformed into something rich and rare, and fashion settles the rest.

Why is the "Cecilian Choir" so called? is a question with many on reading the musical advertisements of the day. In brief, because St. Cecilia was the patron saint of music. But those who have recently heard the Oratorio of "Samson" performed by Dr. Cutler's choir—composed largely of boy sopranos—have doubtless noticed a pretty little story about St. Cecilia upon the programme. She was a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 295. Notwithstanding she had been converted to Christianity, her parents married her to a young Pagan nobleman named Valerianus, who, on the wedding-night, was told that Cecilia was nightly visited by an angel, and that he must forbear to approach her, otherwise the angel would destroy him. Valerianus desired to see his rival, the angel, but he was told it was impossible unless he would consent to be baptized and become a Christian. To this he consented. Afterward he found his wife at prayer in her closet, and by her side an angel clothed with brightness. Valerianus entreated him that his brother Tiburtius might be a partaker of the spiritual grace which he himself had received. The angel answered that his desire was granted, and that they both should be crowned with martyrdom in a short time. Upon this the angel vanished. Shortly after Tiburtius was converted, and both he and Valerianus were beheaded. Cecilia was offered her life upon condition that she would sacrifice to the Roman deities; but she refused, and died a martyr to the Christian religion.

The tradition is that St. Cecilia excelled in music, and that the angel was drawn from the celestial regions by the charms of her melody; hence she came to be regarded as the patroness of music and musicians.

The Mercantile Library of this city has introduced what we think will be a very popular improvement in its management. Books will be delivered at the residences of any members who choose to provide themselves with blank orders and delivery stamps, which are sold at the price of twenty for one dollar. The order with a stamp on it is sent to the Library by mail or otherwise, and the book wanted will be delivered at the person's residence, and the book to be returned taken away.

The members of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, Vancouver's Island—some of them, at least—are possessed of good lungs, and extraordinary perseverance. It is reported that a certain Mr. M'Clure recently spoke for seventeen hours without pausing or sitting down. His opponents made every effort to tire him out, refusing to allow him to lean against the table, to put his foot upon a chair for a moment, to relieve himself from the irksomeness of his position by resting his hand upon any thing, or to speak, in short, in any other than a rigidly erect and unsupported attitude. He "stood it out," however, and gained his point.

English papers bring us accounts of the display of meteors; which, it seems, occurred, as was anticipated by astronomers, and was visible in Great Britain, though not in this country. The shower was very brilliant, and lasted several hours. The London *Express* says:

"Many of the meteors appeared to have a yellowish light, others a deep red. So near to us did some of them appear that their resemblance to rockets occurred to every one, and we almost seemed to listen for the rush through the air. During the transit of the meteors the light of the other stars was scarcely to be noticed. The noiseless course gave a thrill that no artificial splendors could produce. In some cases the passage was brief and the light faint; in others, a large portion of the sky was traversed, and the luminousness both prolonged and intense. The soft-gliding motion, if such a term may be employed, was a striking characteristic."

The University of the City of New York has received a munificent addition to its endowment from Mr. Loring Andrews, a merchant of our city. The aggregate sum is $190,000. It is to be applied as follows: For a professorship of logic, intellectual and moral science, $25,000; for a professorship of the evidences of revealed religion and evangelical theology, $25,000; to complete a Greek professorship, $15,000; for a professorship of political science, $25,000; for medals and premiums to be awarded for proficiency in various branches, the income of $10,000; for chemical and philosophical apparatus, the income of $10,000.

There is now living in Rome, Oneida County (says an exchange), a lady ninety-four years of age, who has a son living seventy-five years old, a grandson fifty-five, and a great-grandson thirty-three years old, and a great-great-grand-daughter less than three years old. This reminds one of the town out West that was so healthy that the selectmen were obliged to kill a man in order to start a grave-yard.

Custom-house officers should not be too sharp. A revenue, on the Canada line, lately stopped a woman carrying a bundle. "What have you there?" he demanded. She hesitated, stammered, and then said: "Nothing dutiable." He insisted on seeing it. She resisted at first, but at length surrendered the suspected package, saying, "Take it, then, and much good may it do you!" While she went on her way he proceeded to examine his treasure, which proved to be an infant a few days old. The unfortunate officer finds the duties heavier than he expected.

A gentleman in London, having occasion one night to visit the office of a London and Glasgow telegraph company, found the door shut, and the porter inside, whose duty it was to open it, so fast asleep, and the clerk in charge so far up stairs, that no amount of knocking could obtain him admission. He went to an adjoining office and telegraphed to Glasgow, requesting the clerk there to telegraph back to the clerk in the office of the first-mentioned company, directing him to go down stairs and awake the porter. This was successfully done, and the door opened, in about twenty minutes.

Another recent telegraphic feat is, that an order, just received at San Francisco from England for 500 barrels of flour, was transmitted by cable and overland telegraph and the order filled and advices returned to the sender by telegraph on the same day.

It is stated that the Massachusetts Historical Society has offered $3000 for an old-fashioned English watch, which formerly belonged to Benjamin Franklin, and is now in the possession of a gentleman residing near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The case is of heavy silver, and the movement is still in good running order.

A singular "fish" story is told by a Pennsylvania paper. A certain German gentleman went fishing with some friends. Not having good luck time passed slowly, and the German took out his watch—a fine gold one—when a sudden jerk of his line so startled him that he let go his watch, which struck his knee and bounded off into the water, his line parting at the same instant with a sudden snap. Finding it useless to fish for the watch, the friends started for home; but, rather ashamed of their bad luck, they bought a few fishes, as other unlucky fishermen have before them. The German bought an eight-pound bass; on inspecting which he found a fish-hook sticking in its gills resembling the one he had lost. It was with a kind of savage joy that he anticipated the pleasure of eating the prime cause of his ill luck; but, strange to tell, upon cutting the fish open, he found his watch, which had not even stopped ticking.

Not long since a cousin of the French Emperor died at the Tuileries, in Paris. He was First Chamberlain and Superintendent of the Imperial Theatres. He had seventeen grand-crosses of the highest, selectest orders in Europe. But though possessed of honors and riches, Count Bacciochi was the victim of a nervous disease which tortured him with barbarous cruelty. He could not remain still without suffering the acutest pain. The nerves of motion were affected. He transacted business on foot; he dictated letters as he paced his office. He listened to the performance of operas in his latticed box, which had no seat in it, and was covered with a thick carpet that he might walk during the whole performance. Often sleep would not come to him until he had so exhausted the body that the nerves were insensible to pain. On one occasion he walked without intermission for thirty-six hours, trying to subdue pain by fatigue.

The soles of his feet were red, as if they had been boiled, and blood had been forced through all their pores. The Emperor gave him access adjoining one of the largest passages of the Tuileries, and had it covered with a thick Aubusson carpet, that the poor patient might make his painful round with least pain. He died of sheer exhaustion from want of sleep. Shortly before he died he murmured, "Norine! Norine!" repeatedly. "What is that? Do you want any thing?" asked one of the persons present. "Don't question me," replied the fast dying man. But Norine was the name of his first love—once a little shop-girl of Leghorn—whose memory had been to him an oasis in life's desert.

A singular incident recently occurred in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A young lady of pleasing appearance, and, apparently, of unusual intelligence, went before the Mayor of that place, gave her name, and stated that she was the daughter of a physician in Logansville, Indiana, but that she wished him to place her out of harm's way, as she was laboring under an uncontrollable impulse to murder others. At the same time she took a package of strychnine from her stocking and handed it over to an officer. She was placed under suitable supervision.

Some time since an association was formed to colonize Palestine; and recently the news was received that 156 Americans, members of this association, had reached Jaffa, or Joppa, and settled in the vicinity of that place. The locations occupied by them are in close proximity to the famous orange gardens, which perfume the "Valley of Sharon" almost away to Ramleh. The local authorities afforded every facility to the new-comers, their baggage and a large cargo of building wood which they brought with them having been allowed to pass the custom-house duty free.

FACT OR FANCY?

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Few questions are ever asked more idle. But the general answer, "I do," or "I do not," is worthy of it; that is to say, if "I do not believe" is to be taken in its fullest sense of dogmatic unbelief. It is impossible, in the first place, to help admitting some belief in ghosts, for that belief runs through all the history of mankind. People of all nations, languages, and religious creeds have believed in ghosts in all ages. In days as skeptical as the present the wisest of the classic ancients told their ghost-stories, wisely refraining from saying whether they believed them or not. No man among the Romans was less superstitious than the skeptical poet Lucretius; yet, instead of repudiating the existence of ghosts, he proceeds to account for them on perfectly natural and scientific principles, as being filmy emanations from the people to whom they belong.

Pliny the Younger has a famous story of a haunted house, with the usual dramatic incidents. Cicero believes, at all events, in the fact of specters appearing to the dreaming. The difficulty in all cases is scientific verification, and this is a difficulty which, from the nature of the subject, appears insoluble. That the appearance of a spirit in the sleeping or waking state has been a mental fact to numberless persons is undeniable; the question remains whether or not this mental fact is to be considered in the light of the usual phenomena of external nature; whether, to use the language of philosophy, it has an objective existence. Perhaps no person is entirely without experiences of the kind, either at first hand or second hand; and a record of such experiences, however trivial, is always interesting, although no possible accumulation of facts may lead us any nearer to the final determination of the general question. For instance, I have the following case on such unquestionable authority that I can not for a moment dispute it:

Many years ago a young surgeon, on board a man-of-war in the Indian seas, was observed by his messmates one morning to wear a very care-worn and anxious look. They questioned him as to its cause, and with some reluctance he said that the night before he had seen his father lying dead in an open coffin. He noted the circumstance in his log-book, with the date. In due time a letter came announcing the death of his father at that exact date.

No one from this story could infer the actual objective appearance of the specter; but it is difficult to refuse to the human mind in states of sleep or trance a power of clairvoyance, consisting in either the nullification of space or of time. In this case space was overleaped.

The next case I can perfectly vouch for, as an example of apparent foresight.

An English clergyman, whom I knew very intimately in Germany, lodged in the same house with a native family. On the night on which the lady of that family was confined he dreamed that the nurse came to call him in the middle of the night, requesting him to come down and christen the new-born infant, as the child was in such immediate danger that there was no time to send for the Lutheran clergyman. In the morning, however, on inquiry, the answer was that mother and child were doing well. However, in exactly fourteen days afterward the incident of the clergyman's dream actually occurred. His memory could not have deceived him, as he had mentioned the dream to his wife the next morning.

To the question whether I have ever seen a ghost? I should answer, "No," but I know some one who has—that is to say, who fully believes that he has seen one. Here is the story just as it was told to me:

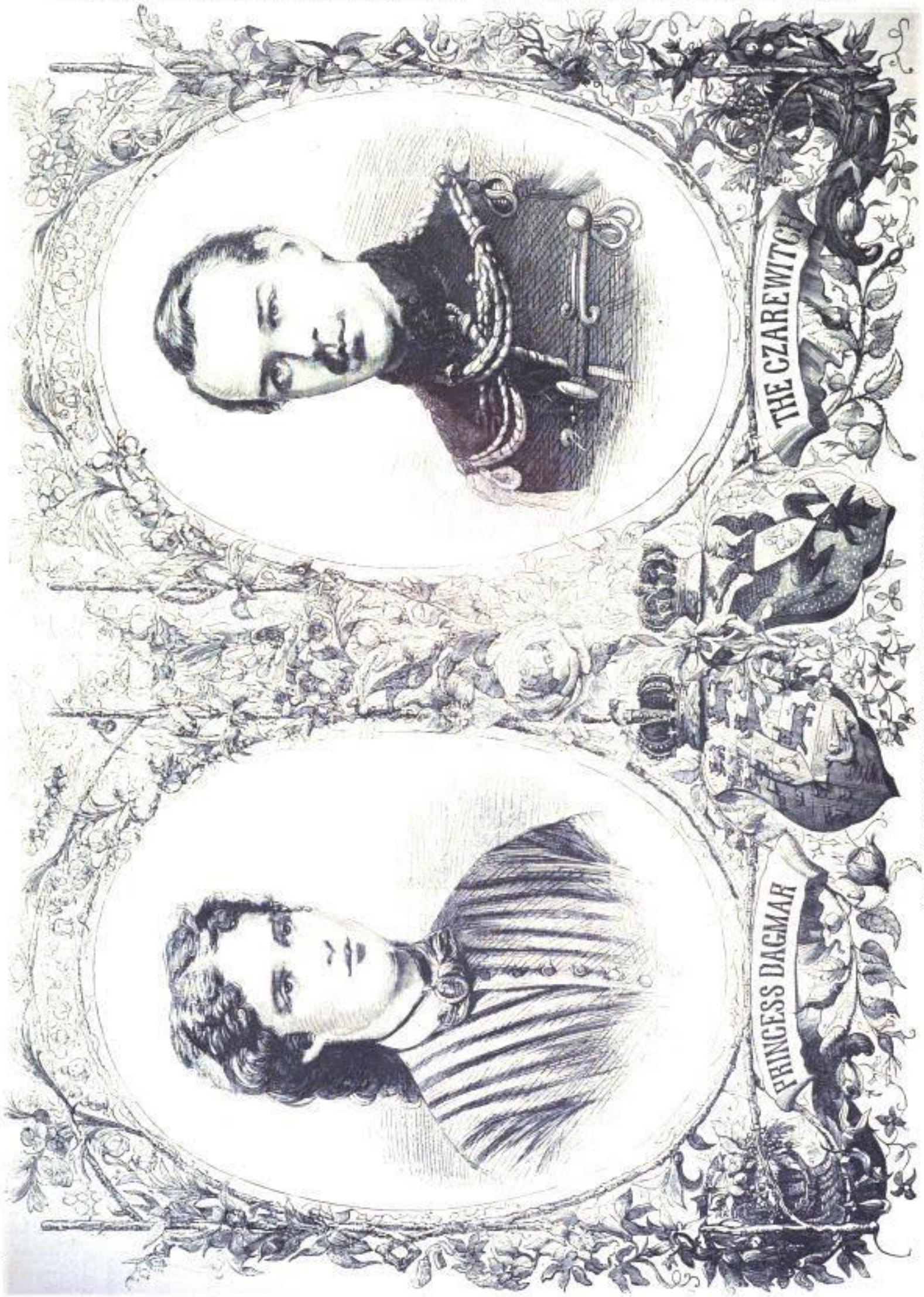
Near the town of Weimar, in Saxony, on the right of the long alley planted with chestnuts, that leads from the town up to the summer-palace of the Grand Duke at Belvidere, there is a spot bare of trees, showing the site of some ancient building, the ruins of which have almost entirely disappeared. Near this

site, among the brushwood, are openings to a most extraordinary series of subterranean passages, which, it is said, have never been thoroughly explored. Some say that human bones have been found in them; others, that persons endeavoring to explore them without a clew, have become bewildered and perished of hunger. Some attribute them to human hands, and some to natural geological causes. It is only certain that they are there, and that no one is able to give any definite account of them. As to the building, whose foundations alone are visible among the bushes, it is said to have been an ancient castle belonging to some former Dukes of Saxony. Some few years ago a friend of mine, Herr H——, of Weimar, was in the habit of making frequent visits to Oberwisma, a village at the end of the park, one of the ways to which lies through the Belvidere Allée. One evening in October, after the sun was set, he was passing along this road in a thick fog, illuminated by the moon: as he passed the spot where the ancient castle formerly stood, he was aware of an appearance in the mist beside him, which he at first did not pay much attention to, as he thought it might be the reflection of his own form. After a while, however, it struck him that the image which followed his steps so closely was accompanied by the image of a dog, and he had no dog with him. This circumstance caused him to stop and look at the figure, when, to his horror, he observed that it wanted a head.

Herr H—— walked toward it, it retired; he ran from it, it followed him; he fell into his usual pace, it continued to keep step with him; he addressed it, but it did not answer. Herr H—— is a Roman Catholic. In mortal terror he mechanically made the sign of the cross. The ghost immediately vanished in the direction of the remains of the old castle.

There is an old tradition connected with the scene of this adventure, that a former Duke of Saxony caused his son to be beheaded for some fearful family crime—either the murder of his own mother, or an intrigue similar to that which forms the foundation of Lord Byron's Parisina.

At Berka, a small bathing-place among the hills, seven miles from Weimar, there is also to be seen, on a woody knoll, the site of a ruined castle, from which the Grand Duke of Weimar derives his title of Count Berka. The old people of Berka still talk of a headless apparition which used to haunt it, and which often appeared to their grandfathers.



THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK AND THE CZAREWITCH OF RUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

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"ZION" SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 791.]

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THE STATESMAN'S LESSON.

By AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

Parks and houses, trees and meadows,
Were the Statesman's own;
Yet he walked amid the shadows
Mournful and alone.

Golden birds among his willows
Trilled a happy strain,
And the breezes stirred to billows
All his waving grain.

Sang the locust in the thicket
As it saw him pass,
And the ticking of the cricket
Sounded in the grass.

Round the clover and the daisy
Hummed the busy bee,
While the spider, feeling lazy,
Swung upon the tree.

But the humming and the swinging,
And the grasses green,
With the birds and locust singing,
Some were heard or seen.

For, to prouder souls reclaiming,
Nature's chorus are tame
To a spirit that is panting—
Longing for a name—

To a lion heart, like thunder,
Beating down the bars
That would keep a spirit under,
Soaring toward the stars!

So the Statesman, moving onward,
Discontented—wild—
On his dreams of glory pondered,
Till he saw a child—

Saw a crippled little Saxon,
Merriest of girls,
With her crutches and a flaxen
Shower of sunny curls,

Picking from the grass and mosses
Dew-drop diadems,
Weaving into rings and crosses
Tiny flower stems.

Spite of crutches, marching after
Not and faded her,
Spite of pain, so full of laughter,
Nature laughed with her.

Every hour gave greater pleasure
To this little girl,
Than could winning of such treasure
As a throne of pearl.

And the Statesman, touched and humbled
By such simple trust,
Saw his throne of glory crumbled
Finer than the dust·

And confessed the happy maiden,
With her cripple pains,
Greater than the sorrow-laden
Lord of proud domains!

"Important auxiliary to a lady's toilet."—Brunstan's Toilet Sets, for Sale by all Druggists.—*Washington Chronicle.*

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Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.

Such as:

Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 115 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

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Manufactured by THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, 95 Chambers Street, New York. Also Manufacturers of RUFFLE FLUTING IRONS. No SEAMLESS RUFFLES.

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Send for Samples.

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New York, October, 1866.

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The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a dollar per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

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GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

TUNBRIDGE, VT., *Nov. 18, 1866.*

To the Great American Tea Company, New York City:

GENTLEMEN,—Please find inclosed my seventh Club Order, amounting to $134 35, which you will fill, and send to my address by Express, to be collected on delivery.

Accept my thanks for the complimentary package.

I am, gents, your obedient servant,
JUDAH H. BOURNE.

P.S.—Please send a few blanks, which I will distribute. There are many that intend to get up Clubs the coming winter. J. H. B.

2 lbs. Uncol'd Japan	Mrs. D. Clark	at	$1 25	$2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	"	at	1 00	2 00
1 lb. Eng. Break. Cof.	"	at	50	50
1 lb. Gunpowder	Mrs. Edgerton	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	Mrs. M'Knight	at	1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Eng. Break. Cof.	J. Stafford	at	30	60
2 lbs. Black Tea	S. Townsend	at	1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb. Uncol'd Japan	"	at	1 25	1 25
4 lbs. Eng. Break. Cof.	"	at	30	1 20
2 lbs. Uncol'd Japan	Eliza Kelly	at	1 25	2 50
4 lbs. Eng. Break. Cof.	Stephen Flanders	at	30	1 20
2 lbs. Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs. "	David Tower	at	1 25	2 50
4 lbs. Uncol'd Japan	Wm. Croff	at	1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	Mrs. Thompson	at	1 25	5 00
2 lbs. "	Bela Edgerton	at	1 25	2 50
4 lbs. "	A. C. Cranton	at	1 25	5 00
1 lb. "	P. Dolong	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	C. Leonard	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	G. Leonard	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. "	T. Nichols	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	N. P. Baxter	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Imperial	W. Potter	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	N. Round	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. "	E. E. Caswell	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	"	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Uncol'd Japan	John Wiley	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Old Hyson	B. R. Clark	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	1 25

And 33 other parties, amounting in all to..$134 35

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH,
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☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—large double store.

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

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AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

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FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This Home and School was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 150; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (in Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a House as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

New York, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General Ulysses S. Grant, President.	Mrs. Hervey G. Law, Manager.
Mrs. Chas. P. Daly, Acting President.	Mrs. J. J. Van Dalsem, Manager.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. Fremont, 1st Vice-President.	Mrs. W. Greenough.
Mrs. Robert Foresten, 2d Vice-President.	Mrs. James Gollier.
Mrs. John S. Voorhies, Treasurer.	Mrs. C. Mailler.
Mrs. David Hoyt, Secretary.	Mrs. Wm. Mailler.
Mrs. Wm. S. Hillyer, Corresponding Secretary.	Mrs. Henry Baxter.

New York, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General Van Vliet.	Brevet Brigadier-General James F. Hall.
Major-General Francis C. Barlow.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General John Cochrane.	Jno. H. White.
Brigadier-General William Hall.	G. P. B. Hoyt.
Brigadier-General Rush C. Hawkins.	J. H. Pullerton.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. Theodore Thomas."

The Fair will open on the 19th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1	*Present in United States Greenbacks*	$20,000
1	Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1	corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	[illegible]
1	House and Lot adjoining above	[illegible]
1	House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	[illegible]
1	Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	[illegible]
1	Grand Piano (Steinway's)	[illegible]
2	Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	[illegible]
1	Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	[illegible]
1	Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	[illegible]
1	"Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	[illegible]
1	Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	[illegible]
25	Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $200	[illegible]
25	Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $125	[illegible]
1	Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	[illegible]
50	Silver-plated Tea Sets, at $75	[illegible]
100	Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	[illegible]
1000	Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	[illegible]
[illegible]	Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, at $6	[illegible]
[illegible]	Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, at $5	[illegible]
1000	Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, at $3	[illegible]

The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and other Fountains, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Embossed Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to .... [illegible]

Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at .... [illegible]

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 (each), or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a registered letter at our risk, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$25 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	[illegible]
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	[illegible]
30 Tickets to one address	[illegible]		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,

Capital, $2,500,000.

Great One-Price Gold Sale.

SELL NO BRASS OR SO-CALLED PLATED JEWELRY.

WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of Rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c., &c.,

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Cruet, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000.

5 for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph.

[illegible]

In all cases, upon receipt of money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to Agents, to whom great inducements are offered. Address

CALKINS & CO., [illegible] Nassau St., N. Y.

"A BEAUTIFUL FACE."—If you would know how to become "good looking" and to "look good," read "NEW PHYSIOGNOMY." If you would know how to "read character at a glance," get NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, with 1000 illustrations, showing all the "SIGNS OF CHARACTER." A splendid work for the Centre-Table, and just the thing for a Holiday Present. Prices $5, $8, and $10, postpaid, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

[illegible]

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., [illegible] Broadway, New York.

"FLYING BIRD,"

[illegible]

Mailed postpaid. FREDK BLUME, [illegible] Bowery, N. Y.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

[illegible]

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $7 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low Rates:

One Page $250 00
Half Page .... [illegible]
Quarter Page .... [illegible]

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding .... $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco .... [illegible]

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

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ADROIT.

AUNT PEGGY (*who has testamentary powers*). "Do you know, FANNY, I sometimes fancy Baby will be like me."

FANNY (*astonished into candor*). "Like you, AUNT PEGGY! Dear me! I hope Not!"

AUNT PEGGY. "You hope not, and pray why, FANNY?"

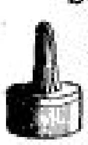
FANNY (*suddenly recollects herself in view of Aunt Peggy's powers*). "Oh! Good looks are frequently such a snare, you know, Aunty."

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D.D.& Co's SOFT CAPSULES.
See Advertisement Inside.

SURE PILE CURE.



Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted everywhere. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. HOBART, Manager, 565 Broadway, N.Y.

JOHN BONNER,
Stock Broker,
27 BROAD STREET.

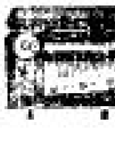
Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS'
STEEL PENS.
TRADE MARK JOSEPH GILLOTT WITH Designating Numbers.
HENRY OWEN, SOLE AGENT. MANUFACTURERS' WAREHOUSE 91 JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

PERFECTION ATTAINED.
Strength! Beauty! Cheapness!
Harding's Patent Chain-Back
Photograph Albums.

The Trade and dealers supplied at the lowest rates. Purchasers should ask for Harding's Patent Chain-Back Albums, as they are far superior to any others. WM. W. HARDING, 326 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MUSICAL BOXES,



Playing from 1 to 36 different tunes, and costing from $5.50 to $600. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

BROWNE & SPAULDING,
JEWELLERS,
WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS,
566 and 570 Broadway,

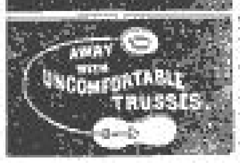
Having opened their new Store under the METROPOLITAN HOTEL with a choice selection of novelties in their line, solicit the inspection of the public and their friends.

French Marble and Cuckoo Clocks,
BRONZES, AND OBJETS D'ART,

Suitable for Bridal Presents and Holiday Gifts, in great variety.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

OLD EYES MADE NEW easily and without doctor or medicines. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.



COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, author of Medical Common Sense, &c. No. 1130 Broadway, New York.

$100 to $250 PER MONTH, and all Expenses Paid. We want Ag'ts, male and female, every where, to whom we will pay the above salary, or give a large commission. *Business entirely new, permanent, and very desirable.* For full particulars, address, with stamp, G. W. JACKSON & Co., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Our Young Folks

Is very highly praised by numerous State Superintendents of Schools and other distinguished educators, for "the freshness, vigor, and variety of its pages," "its simplicity and purity of style," "its high moral tone," "pure and ennobling sentiment," "elevating and refining influences," "life-like and attractive illustrations," as "unquestionably the best juvenile magazine published in this country."

TERMS: $2 00 a year; large discount to clubs. Specimen number, 20 cents.

Every Saturday

Is frequently enriched with admirable papers on Scientific subjects, so written as to fascinate while they instruct. It has already contained very interesting articles on Precious Stones, Engraving with a Sunbeam, Sparks, Atoms, How Fish-Hooks are Made, and similar topics. TERMS: Single Number, 10 cents; $5 a year.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

LITTLE BAREFOOT.

This touching Song is having an immense sale. Published by H. T. MERRILL & CO., 61 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.
Mailed to any address for 30 cents.

FURS.

RUSSIAN AMERICAN AND HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FURS.

Ladies' and Gents' manufactured Furs of every description on hand and to order, and warranted of superior quality and workmanship, and at such prices as can not fail to offer inducements to purchasers.

F. W. LASAK'S SON,
530 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
ESTABLISHED IN 1823.

Holiday Presents.
Established 1823.
William Gale, Jr.,
SILVERSMITH,
572 and 574 BROADWAY,
Under Metropolitan Hotel,
Has on hand a large and choice stock of
Silver and Plated Wares
Of the newest and finest designs, for
HOLIDAY AND BRIDAL GIFTS,
To which the attention of the Public is invited.

An Assorted Case of Fine Wines, &c., $15. Containing One Dozen, viz.: 2 Bottles Champagne, 1 Brandy, 2 Bourbon Whisky, 2 Port, 3 Sherry, 1 Gin. All choice brands. Packages assorted to order at equally low rates. All orders receive careful attention. O'CONNOR & Co., Wine Merch'ts, 54 Cedar St., N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP
WITH
SAPONIFIER.

Only 2 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Be particular in asking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions are attached to every package. All that is required is an iron kettle holding one or two gallons. For sale at every grocery store.

FRIENDS!
For a Fortune of FIVE to $20,000, and aid to a charitable institution, address for details,
HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
The largest Assortment of
TOYS
kept by
STRASBURGER & NUHN,
IMPORTERS,
65 MAIDEN LANE, Corner of WILLIAM St.

CHICKERING & SONS
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS

Have been awarded SIXTY-FIVE FIRST PREMIUMS, Gold and Silver Medals, OVER ALL COMPETITORS, at the principal Fairs in this country, and a PRIZE MEDAL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, LONDON, in competition with the best makers of this country and Europe.

THAT THE GREAT SUPERIORITY OF THESE PIANOS is still universally conceded is abundantly proved by the very flattering letters and testimonials received during the past few months from the MOST CELEBRATED PIANO-FORTE MAKERS AND LEADING ARTISTS OF EUROPE. Among others may be mentioned:

Mr. H. F. BROADWOOD, firm of BROADWOOD & SONS, London.

Mr. C. D. COLLARD, firm of COLLARD & COLLARD, London.

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Jules Benedict,	J. L. Hatton,
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M. W. Balfe,	S. A. Chappell,
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GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOS, WITH FULL-AGRAFFE BRIDGE, THREE UNISONS, AND ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.
Every instrument made by us is fully warranted.

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Authorized Agents in all the principal cities of the Union.

NEW BOOKS, NEW PLATES, EXTRA EDITIONS.
WOODWARD'S ARCHITECTURE and RURAL ART.
150 Designs. $1 50 postpaid.

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COUNTRY HOMES.
150 Designs. $1 50 postpaid.
Manual of the House.
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50 PER-CENT SAVED BY USING

B. T. BABBITT'S BEST MEDICAL SALERATUS, "made from common salt." Bread made with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour.
Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

Are now opening over one hundred cases of choice goods of their own importation and specially made to their order—embracing all the Novelties in

Jewelry, Clocks, Bronzes, and Fancy Goods

produced this season in Paris, London, Vienna, Geneva, Naples, Rome, etc., etc., forming the most extensive assortment of rich and rare articles of luxury ever exhibited on this continent.

T. B. BYNNER,
Importer and Dealer in
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
AGENCY FOR THE AMERICAN WATCH.
Also every variety of
SWISS AND ENGLISH WATCHES
At the Lowest Market Prices.
Orders solicited, and punctually attended to.
N.B.—Trade Price-List sent on application.
No. 189 Broadway, New York.

Is the charming novelty of the present season. It is entirely new in its combinations, and possesses the attractive features of Croquet, Ten Pins, and Billiards. Ladies will find it peculiarly attractive.

IT MAKES A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GIFT.

An illustrated descriptive book, fully describing and explaining the game, will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents, to prepay postage, &c. Order through any Bookseller, or direct, of
RICHARDSON & CO., Publishers,
540 Broadway, New York.

China & Glass Ware.

Having enlarged our Store by extending it through to Mercer Street, we now invite attention to the best stock of

China, Glass, and Plated Goods
In the City, at the lowest possible price.
DINING SETS, VASES, &c.,
From Auction.
DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,
No. 479 Broadway,
Four doors below Broome Street.

Holiday Presents. POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes and Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

DO You want Whiskers or Mustaches? My Preparation will force them to grow heavily in eight weeks on the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Will give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price $1 00. Sent by mail post free to any address on receipt of an order.
C. L. HUGHS & CO.,
Post Box 35, Rochester, Beaver County, Penn.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying small objects 500 times. MAILED FREE every where for 50 CENTS, or THREE FOR $1 00.
Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

ESTABLISHED 1797.
MEEKS'
RICH AND PLAIN
FURNITURE
686 BROADWAY.

STEREOPTICONS AND MAGIC LANTERNS,
With the latest improvements and best lenses, suitable for Schools, Public Exhibitions, and Parlor Entertainments. Priced catalogue, with list of over 2000 artistically colored Photographic Views, sent free by mail. T. H. MCALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

WANTED AGENTS, $150 per month everywhere, male and female, to sell GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Greatest invention of the age. Price $18. Every machine warranted 3 years. Address SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.'S SEWING MACHINES, 699 Broadway, New York.
FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE LOCK STITCH

THESE WORLD-RENOWNED SEWING MACHINES were awarded the highest premium at the World's Fair in London, and six first premiums at the New York State Fair of 1866, and are celebrated for doing the best work, using a much smaller needle for the same thread than any other machine.

They are made under the immediate supervision of the President of the Company, ELIAS HOWE, Jr., original inventor of the Sewing Machine, and are *adapted to all kinds of sewing.*

STAIR RODS STAIR RODS

That require no cleaning, in Brown, Plain Gilt and Silver, with Patent Fastenings, which prevent the rod slipping from its place, and can be adjusted in an instant. For sale by all Carpet Dealers, and manufactured only by W. T. & J. MERSEREAU, 62 Duane St., N.Y.

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 521.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE THOMAS MEDAL.

THE Gold Medal voted by the Legislature of Tennessee to Major-General THOMAS, the hero of Mill Spring, Chickamauga, and Nashville, is to be presented by Governor BROWNLOW on the 15th of December. That day is the second anniversary of the Battle of Nashville, and the presentation of this elegant medal will be the principal feature in its celebration.

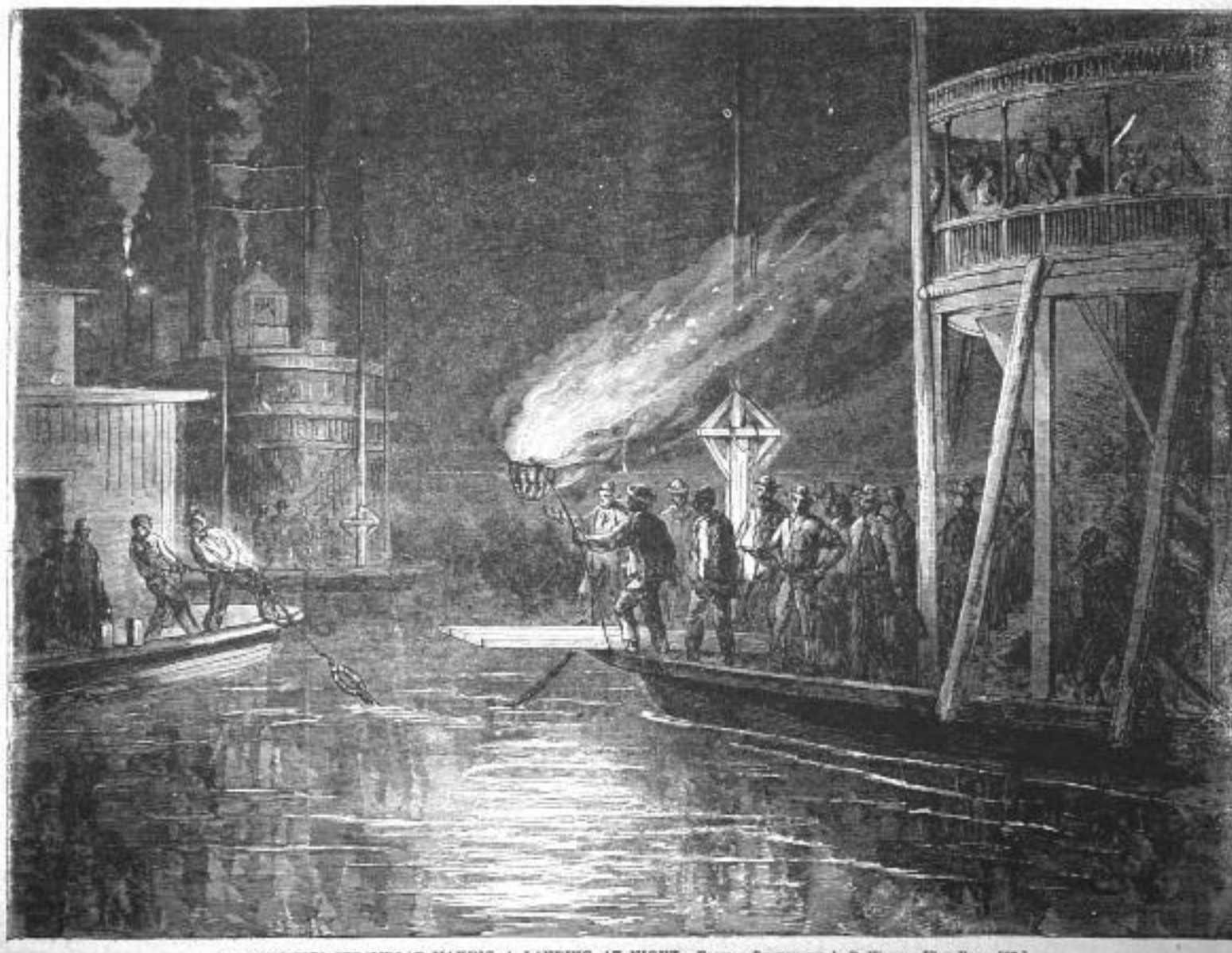
Generals GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, and SHERIDAN will always hold the place in history which they now hold in the popular estimation, as the four great Generals of the War for the Union. General THOMAS was born in Southampton County, Virginia, in July, 1816. He graduated at West Point in 1840, and in 1861 succeeded to the position formerly held by General LEE in the regular army—that of Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry. In 1863 he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship in that army; and, after his victory at Nashville, to a Major-Generalship. When he fought the battle of Mill Spring, early in 1862, he commanded a corps of BUELL's army, and he retained command of the same corps under ROSECRANS. Our readers will remember the new hopes awakened by the victories gained by GARFIELD and THOMAS at Middle Creek and at Mill Spring, which were so soon followed by the captures of Forts Henry and Donelson, and of New Orleans. In one respect General THOMAS has been more fortunate than our other great Generals. He has never suffered a defeat on the field. Even at Chickamauga, when the right and centre of the army were driven from the field, he alone stood fast, and, by the help of reinforcements which came upon the field just in time, and almost by accident, succeeded in holding his ground.

THE THOMAS MEDAL (Obverse).

THE THOMAS MEDAL (Reverse).

But THOMAS's crowning victory was gained at Nashville, December 15, 1864. No battle of the war had been more critical. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in sending Gen. HOOD Northward, staked the Confederacy upon HOOD's success. Whether HOOD succeeded or failed was of more immediate and momentous consequence than the issue of SHERMAN's advance to the Atlantic sea-coast. But with SHERMAN's success and HOOD's defeat combined there was no hope left.—HOOD seems to have been subject to some fatality or evil genius. He waited for days in front of Nashville, while THOMAS was quietly but rapidly concentrating all the available forces of the West—and when THOMAS was prepared HOOD threw down the wager of battle, and was beaten and routed as no army save LEE's was routed during the war. HOOD's army was not only defeated; it was obliterated.

The Medal, of which we give an illustration, is of gold, and displays a workmanship admirable in every particular. Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., by whom the work was executed, consider the medal one of the most successful productions that they have sent



A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT MAKING A LANDING AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

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from their work-shops. The *obverse* presents a beautiful medallion head of the General surrounded by this Inscription: "To Major-General GEORGE H. THOMAS, from the State of Tennessee." The reverse has upon it, in *bas relief*, a view of the Capitol at Nashville, about which is inscribed General THOMAS's Message from Chattanooga at the time when it was so closely besieged by BRAGG: "I will hold the town till we starve," etc.

Beneath the Capitol, and in line, is placed the words: "By joint resolution, adopted Nov. 2, 1865." In size the medal is about three inches in diameter, its weight being one pound Troy. It is a token of regard and appreciation that General THOMAS may well be proud to receive from the State of Tennessee.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

RESTORATION AND SUFFRAGE.

THERE is no royal road to restoration. The social and political systems and traditions of a State can not be violently torn up by the roots and new systems introduced without long delays and patience and prudent deliberation. There is no magical word that will conjure the difficulty away. Universal suffrage alone, or impartial suffrage alone, is no more a sure solution than universal amnesty or universal disfranchisement of the late rebels. Suffrage, indeed, is an essential element in the process of restoration, but it is only a part of it. The question is very complicated. It can be settled only gradually and by the increasing light of experience as we advance. The chief danger of the situation is impatience. A year ago it was confidently asserted by intelligent men that if the work of reconstruction were not accomplished by the end of the last session of Congress the people would put the Union party out of power. The event has hardly justified the prediction. Those intelligent men were profoundly mistaken. The country is just as patient and steady as it was during the war; and while it hopes and wishes for the earliest possible restoration, it means to make no leap in the dark.

We lately showed that the ineligibility to office of certain specified leaders of the late rebellion at the pleasure of Congress, and without depriving them of the vote, was a cardinal necessity of the method of restoration. There is another of the utmost importance, and that is the enfranchisement of the colored citizens of the unrestored States. The political object of this is twofold. First, to avoid the inevitable consequences of depriving a vast population of political power in the midst of those who have the power and are hostile to the unenfranchised; and, second, to create a large and, in some quarters of the lately disturbed section, a controlling body of loyal voters. The authority to do any thing toward this result, like that of the President's action in appointing Provisional Governors, is derived from the necessity of providing for the public safety after a severe and prolonged war, which is not at an end, whether there are forces in the field or not, until the people by their representatives so declare.

It is therefore merely a question of policy, and not of principle, as has been sometimes stoutly asserted, how this enfranchisement shall be procured—whether it shall proceed directly from the National Government, or whether efficient motives shall be presented to persuade those who at present exercise the political power to enlarge it. Undoubtedly, as a matter of fact and experience, it is always wiser that radical political changes should proceed from the immediate political community to be affected by them. But this is not always practicable; especially when such changes are essential to purposes over which those communities have no control, and to which they may even be opposed.

It is equally a point of expediency whether the suffrage, by whatever authority established, shall be limited only by age, residence, and legal innocence of crime, or whether the capacity of reading and writing shall be added. The imperative rule is merely that, whatever the qualification, it be truly equal, in order that no privileged political class shall be created. Those who claim that suffrage is a natural right do not deny that it must be regulated by certain uniform conditions which do not work a deprivation of the right. Thus, a certain maturity of age is always deemed indispensable, and is a provision approved by universal common sense. So the ability to read and write is urged by many Americans as a further qualification, upon the ground that in this country no citizen has reached the age of twenty-one and is unable to read and write except through a willful rejection of the opportunities equally afforded him with every other man. But this is true only of what were lately called the Free States. In the late Slave States there was no general public provision of education, and it was a legal offense to teach the laborers to read or write. And this brings us to the practical bearing of the subject.

Senator MORRILL has introduced a bill regulating the electoral franchise in the District of Columbia. The action of the Senate will be significant as showing its views of the whole question. But we hope that, while there will be the amplest comparison of views, no action at this time will be allowed to establish a precedent. The subject should be left unfettered; for it may be very proper to do in the District of Columbia what would be extremely unwise in some of the unrestored States. The bill of Senator MORRILL, according to the statement from Washington, provides that every male adult, legally innocent, who is a citizen of the United States and has lived six months in the District, who can write his name and read the Constitution of the United States, and who took no voluntary part in the rebellion, shall be a voter. This may be an admirable and timely provision in the District, but how would this serve as a system of suffrage in the unrestored States, bearing in mind that the object is to develop a numerical loyal vote for the Government, and to move toward actual pacification?

It is indisputable that if Congress should enfranchise only every loyal male adult in the late Slave States who could read and write, the political power in all of them would be intrusted to an insignificant fraction of the people. Of course if the bulk of the educated class and those who have had the habit of leadership and superiority were altogether excluded from political power, it would be necessary to maintain an imposing national military force to protect the political class. But if, as is plain in any event, the army must remain for a long time in the unrestored States, would not the chance of general pacification be greatly increased, not by disfranchising the vast majority of the citizens, but by disabling certain persons from office, and by politically opposing one part of the population to another, the loyal to the disloyal. The moment the colored citizens are enfranchised and are so securely protected that they will not fear to exercise their rights, they will, by laws which are entirely superior to pride and prejudice, gradually come to be politically treated as the foreign voters are treated in the city of New York.

The question of suffrage in the unrestored States is to be regarded politically, in connection with other questions, in its bearings upon the most prompt and permanent restoration of the Union. We must not be superstitious. We must not suppose that the mere ballot is the open sesame of the situation. If Congress enfranchises the colored citizens of the unrestored States, it must not only defend them with rifles but with education. In the long-run, the ballot is a wise weapon only in intelligent hands; and while at present the same instinct which kept the hands of the colored people true to the Union would undoubtedly keep their votes no less true, there would be demagogues enough who would strive to hold them in ignorance that they might hereafter control them more easily. Extension of political power to the freedmen is essential to the national peace. If it can not well be compassed by just but indirect coercion of their neighbors, it must be accomplished directly by the national power, and that power must secure the object of its action by providing education also.

THE SECRETARY AND SPECIE PAYMENTS.

THE Secretary of the Treasury says that he will adopt no policy that is likely to lead to a commercial crisis. But at the same time he suggests that the legal tenders may be curtailed at the rate of six instead of four millions a month, and he has no suggestion whatever to offer with regard to the curtailment of National Bank notes. Here is a contradiction which some of the Secretary's friends might possibly do well to explain.

The National Currency, of which about $300,000,000 are afloat, is redeemable in legal tenders. By law the National Banks are required at all times to hold legal tenders equal in amount to twenty-five per cent. of their liabilities. In fact, they are expected to be able to pay all their liabilities in legal tender on demand. There are at the present time about $385,000,000 of plain legal tenders in existence. If the Secretary curtails these at the rate of six millions a month, or $72,000,000 a year, wherewithal will the National Banks redeem their issues, and how shall we escape a commercial crisis?

Those who claim to know the private views of Secretary M'CULLOCH say that he is looking out for the Government, and for the Government only—leaving the National Banks to look out for themselves. If this be the case it would be but fair to say so. That the National Banks must break, if Mr. M'CULLOCH withdraws the legal tenders in which they are bound to redeem their issues, is too clear to need demonstration. Set a pyramid on its head and it will fall to the ground. Take away the base on which the superstructure of National Currency and National Bank discounts has been erected and the whole edifice must come down. There are many who hold that the National Banks must break sooner or later in any event. Without stopping to controvert this proposition, it must be clear to the meanest comprehension that they must break, and break badly, if the Government suffers them to go on issuing currency and expanding their discounts, while at the same time it is steadily withdrawing the medium in which their issues are redeemable and their deposits payable.

It is just possible, but not at all likely, that the United States can resume specie payments without a violent commercial crisis. To escape that crisis the change must be gradual and spread over a long period of time. Gold must decline slowly and steadily to par, prices must fall with it, and commerce and finance must contract *pari passu*, so that on the day of resumption the banks shall owe so little that they can pay their notes in coin. Such a gradual resumption is possible, as we said. But it is not in the least likely, and the main reason why it is not likely is, that the National Banks are morally certain to keep their issues out and their discount line full so long as they can legally do so. A few institutions here and there, managed by men of experience, will prepare for the storm in due season. But by far the greater number of the twelve hundred National Banks scattered over the country, if uncontrolled by law, will continue to issue currency and discount paper to the very last moment of their existence. This is the history of banking throughout the world.

To secure by law a resumption of specie payments without a commercial crisis would imperatively require restrictions upon the issues and the discounts of National Banks. They should be compelled to hold a reserve of specie in proportion to their issues and their loans, such reserve to increase as the legal tenders were withdrawn. To do this without ruin would involve a severe contraction of discounts and a large recall of currency. Whether such contraction and recall could be effected without causing wide-spread commercial distress is an open question. But it is clear that if the National Banks can not contract and reduce their issues without causing a financial crisis, that crisis has become inevitable, and the longer it is delayed the more severe will it prove.

No passage of the Secretary's Report is more thoughtworthy than the sentence in which he says that the past few years' experience of paper-money has so demoralized and debauched public sentiment that not a few influential leaders of public opinion are actually opposed to all steps which lead to the resumption of specie payments. It is too true. At least two leading metropolitan journals, to say nothing of half a dozen leading Members of Congress, are openly opposed to currency contraction, and to any and all measures which may tend to make the United States dollar equal in value to the dollar of other countries. It is notorious that, from being one of the cheapest, this has become one of the dearest countries in the world to live in; that taxation here is more oppressive than in Great Britain; that industry is becoming paralyzed, and commerce precarious; that our people are becoming poorer daily, while foreign nations are steadily enriching themselves at our expense; and that this state of things must go on, and grow steadily worse, so long as our currency remains in a condition of disgrace. At the same time it is obvious that, the agony of resumption once passed, our resources are such that the country would speedily recover, the cost of living would fall, taxation would be lighter, the reward of industry and commerce would be sure, capital would flow hither from all parts of the world, and the condition of all classes would be improved. Yet, in spite of all this, there are found leading men and leading organs of opinion which denounce all measures leading to resumption, and cling to paper-money doctrines. Well may the Secretary declare that the experience of the war has debauched men's minds.

It now remains to be seen what action Congress will take on the recommendations of the Secretary. If the majority are in the same temper as last year but little can be expected of them. It is said, however, that the cost of living has begun to tell upon the views of Western constituencies, and that members who last winter were opposed to any reduction of the currency will now consent to invest Mr. M'CULLOCH with larger powers. It is due to him to say that his administration has, in the main, entitled him to unusual confidence.

POLITICAL "CLAIMS."

AMONG the many ingenious explanations of Mr. SEWARD's separation from the great party with which he was so long connected is one which declares him to have resolved upon the ruin of the party because it failed to nominate him for President at the Chicago Convention of 1860. This is the most common and the most popular speculation; and certainly none more shameful in itself, or, if true, more injurious to Mr. SEWARD, can be imagined. There are those in high positions, and of unquestioned honesty, who are reported to have quoted words of Mr. SEWARD's which favor the suggestion. But we are quite sure that his present position has no such simple and summary explanation. The great political disappointment of his life is probably an element in the explanation; but his invincible optimism and the doctrinaire or theoretical tendency of his mind must both make part of any satisfactory theory.

Our object now, however, is not the solution of a painful problem, but to consider the ground upon which Mr. SEWARD's disappointment is supposed to rest. This, in a word, is said to be the refusal of the party to recognize his claims. It is urged that he did more than any one else to create the Republican party, and to insure its success; that he gave all his powers to it; that he was its acknowledged national leader; and that, when victory was probable, it was the duty of the party to recognize his claims by nominating him for the Presidency. But those who say this—Mr. SEWARD himself if he think this—forget all the important facts. Mr. SEWARD is a politician. He left the Whig party when the Whig party was plainly gone forever as a political power, and he left just at the proper moment. Having taken his new position he naturally brought all his force to bear to fortify and maintain it. His party associates willingly acknowledged his services, and in his own State elected and re-elected him United States Senator.

But they did this not because he had any claim, or could have any claim, upon official position, but because he seemed to them by experience and capacity and availability the best candidate. When his name was presented to the National Convention for the Presidency his experience and capacity were not denied, but it was the conviction of the Convention that he was not an available candidate in Pennsylvania and other States which were essential to success, and that, even were his election probable, it would transfer what was called the Albany Lobby to Washington. Mr. SEWARD's "claims" were not urged. In the brief and touching speech in which the chairman of the New York delegation moved that the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN be made unanimous he spoke of Mr. SEWARD as a statesman well known to the country and thoroughly proved, whose powers and sagacity would insure a faithful administration of the Government. But the chairman was much too wise to insinuate, whatever he may have thought, that the party or the Convention were ungrateful.

The truth is, that the people may claim any political service of any citizen, but no citizen can have any political claim whatever upon the choice of the public, except that which is founded upon the general conviction of capacity and discretion. The feebleness and inefficiency which are usually held to characterize the public service in many departments, as compared with private enterprise, spring from the custom of appointing men to office, not for fitness or competency, but for party service or "claims." Somebody drums up voters, or hires carriages, or calls meetings, or breaks heads, and when success alights upon the party banner he is rewarded by a small office. We knew one such candidate, who, being bred to an honest trade, sighed for the repose of a Custom-house berth, and who pleaded, not his capacity and industry and fidelity, but that he had "done all the dirty work of the party for ten years." And if it be a question of claims, his were indisputable.

Offices which involve the prompt and economical administration of the details of the Government, and still more those which involve its general foreign and domestic policy, can not be considered as party rewards to which claims may be established by party service without the most vital injury to the public welfare. That Mr. SEWARD may have supposed otherwise, and have felt that he was betrayed by his party because he was not nominated for the Presidency, only shows how false a theory upon the subject has prevailed among us. Suppose it had been adopted, and, because of his "claims," Mr. SEWARD had been nominated in 1860 and elected President— We prefer not to pursue the supposition further. Only let us remember that the sole claims to public trusts in this country which can be safely considered are common sense or discretion, capacity, honesty, industry, and fidelity to equal human rights. Partisan diligence certainly does not invalidate these, but it can not supply their place.

FOREIGN WAR.

THE one thing for which every enemy of this country at home and abroad most fervently prays is a foreign war. Abroad, it would justify the prophecies of every Tory sympathizer with the rebellion who has insisted that the consequences of our victory would be a military spirit which must necessarily be fatal to a popular government; and at home, it would renew the troubles from which we are emerging. He is a very poor student of history and human nature who supposes that a war with England or France would unite the late insurgents heartily with the Government of the loyal country. It is one of those silly theories which can be entertained for a moment only by those who would leave the settlement of our national questions to emotions of generosity and an assumed fraternity. Nobody can seriously doubt that the spirit which still controls the late insurgent States would hail with delight the prospect of a foreign war. But it would not be delight at the opportunity of healing the breach by defending the Govern-

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ment; it would be satisfaction in the prospect of the overthrow of the Government. Suppose a foreign force, landing at any port below the Capes of Virginia, would it be repelled with energy by the late Confederates or saluted with enthusiasm?

The answer to that question reveals the peculiar peril of foreign complication, and it also shows why Democratic leaders are not averse to it, and why the Administration should be closely watched. Public confidence in the President is not profound, and the course of the Secretary of State is not reassuring. There is nothing which the loyal people of this country would at this time so earnestly oppose as a foreign war; but it is in the power of an administration to put the country in a difficult position from which war may readily appear to be the only honorable escape. Congress will, therefore, undoubtedly require the amplest information upon every subject with which the State Department is charged. There is supposed to be in that Department a jealousy of Congressional inquisition—a feeling that inquiry is sometimes impertinence. But the State Department is but a branch of the public service, and Congress has the clear right to demand that the country shall know how it is being served; and, above all, shall know that its wishes and purposes are not being thwarted.

The correspondence with France lately published shows how heartily LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes to get out o. Mexico. He said last year that he would withdraw his troops in three divisions, the first to move in November. When November came he stated to Mr. BIGELOW that he proposed to remove the whole force at once, and perhaps not until March. To this intimation the Secretary of State sent rather a peremptory and a purely diplomatic reply by the Atlantic cable. A simple request to know the reason of the change of determination would have been both cheaper and wiser. For after the reasons alleged why the United States could not acquiesce in the change of plan, which were very feeble reasons, LOUIS NAPOLEON'S reply was exactly what every body who has watched the Mexican affair expected. He said in effect that the presence of large bodies of United States troops upon the Mexican border, which occasionally crossed the line, their open sympathy with the Mexican opponents of the empire, and the equally frank expressions of opinion by General SHERIDAN, commanding in the Gulf Department, and of General GRANT, chief of the armies of the United States, made it dangerous for him to divide his retiring forces, and would expose the last division left in the country to peculiar peril.

This is a very simple and sensible explanation, which, it seems to us, might have occurred to the Department of State. Indeed, in this age of common sense and general intelligence, a simpler and more sensible diplomacy might be wisely adopted than that which assumes that under all circumstances the other party is trying to do precisely the opposite of what it declares. When once the French occupation of Mexico was seen to be a total mistake and failure, the work of a sagacious diplomacy was to assume that the French Emperor wished to withdraw, as he undoubtedly did, and not to wear even an air of menace which would merely furnish him a pretext for rejoinder and debate.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has begun its work with a will. It seems very conscious that it is not to remain in session for eight months, and that after the long debates of the year the country looks seriously for results. There has been some boyish effervescence, and, of course, there has been a profuse shower of propositions from every side to solve the problem of the time. We repeat the hope which we expressed during the last winter, that some representative whose radical convictions are as unquestionable as those of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS will save Congress and the country from the disgrace of his unchecked talk and action. The motion of this gentleman that the House should adjourn during the reading of the President's Message was not so much an insult to the President as to the whole country; and his remarks at the banquet of reception were both untimely and foolish.

That the President has disgracefully assailed Mr. STEVENS is true. Does Congress then mean to make the President its model of decency? He is quite as good at the game of vindictive vituperation as Mr. STEVENS. Did the President help himself or his cause by the 22d of February speech or by his Western speeches? Will Congress help itself by imitating him? Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS should be taught that Congress is the immediate representative of the people of the United States, and that its forgetfulness of dignity and propriety is infinitely more offensive than that of the Executive officer.

It is a very common and a totally false idea that decency of manner and language is incompatible with strong conviction or effective action. We hear it said that the President is a coarse man and must be coarsely encountered. No conclusion could be more untrue. A Congress which should steadily pursue its course, tranquilly fulfilling the popular will, quietly passing necessary bills over the Executive veto, without a word of derision or acrimony, and while it paralyzed any unwise or dangerous Executive attempts, preserved profound silence toward the Executive officer, would confound him a thousandfold more than a Congress which bandied insults with him. And so a leader who should represent the unbending popular will, and refuse to abandon himself to rhetorical or sarcastic fury, would have a power in the House, with the country, and over the Executive, which Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, with all his brilliant antics, can never reach. Let us hope that some members will reflect that it was the apparent assent of the House to the vagaries of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS a year ago which so seriously disturbed its hold upon many of the most loyal men in the country, who, however, had no alternative but to support Congress when the issue was fairly joined in the canvass. If it be an impeachable offense, as General BUTLER seems to suppose, for the Executive Department of the Government to bring the Legislative into contempt, what is the remedy when the Legislative branch retorts? May not that account be considered settled, and the Impeachment be reserved?

The very power of Congress, however, and its support by the country, will tend to make it moderate and mannerly. There is really no contest between it and the President, for the force is too much on one side. Even the Democrats desert him. Surely no public man ever encountered such sudden and bitter retribution. It is not much more than a year since the chief orator at the Democratic Albany meeting nominated him for next President. And now a Democratic leader in the House says that to attempt to shoulder the present Executive would destroy any party. After that nothing can be said. The country has a right to expect hearty, honest, and efficient work from its representatives, and neither sneers nor sarcasms upon the President. There was a time when they were legitimate weapons, but it is happily passed.

MURDER, CONTINUED.

THE ferry-boat *Idaho*, of the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, left her dock in Williamsburg on the evening of November 26, and when she had gone about five hundred yards a large lighted kerosene lamp was upset, and the boat instantly took fire. The engines were reversed, the hose was rigged, but so rapid and fierce were the flames that it was impossible to regain the dock. Fortunately another ferry-boat, the *Minnesota*, came up and rescued the passengers. But she could not approach very near on account of the fury of the fire, and to save herself was compelled to leave several persons on the burning steamer. These, seizing life-preservers, jumped into the water, and were picked up by a row-boat.

Our readers will remember that we described a fire upon the Sound steamer, the *Plymouth Rock*, a few weeks ago. That, also, was caused by a kerosene lamp. We earnestly advise every traveler, before embarking upon any steamer whatever upon which he must pass the night, to ascertain whether it carries kerosene lamps. If it does, let him with others act as a committee of vigilance and safety. And this should be done until a law can be passed forbidding any steamer whatever to light itself with kerosene lamps. Their use should be as rigorously prohibited upon steamers as the free transport of gunpowder. It is plain that, unless some positive restriction is placed upon them, we shall presently record some appalling accident arising from their use.

Before the investigation of the loss of the *Evening Star* is satisfactorily finished there is that of the steamship *Suwanee*, which sailed from New York the morning after the burning of the *Idaho*. A day or two after she struck upon a shoal, and was got off only by lightening her of part of her cargo. She ran for the Delaware Breakwater, anchored, took in more freight, and sailed again, apparently without examination or repair. On the 3d of December she was struck by a hurricane off the South Carolina coast, and went down at about eight o'clock the next morning, the ship's company having previously put to sea in three boats. The supercargo says that when the *Suwanee* sailed from New York she was loaded down, "with her guards under water."

Human life is not only lost, it is squandered among us. Who is responsible for suffering a steamer to go to sea loaded so heavily that her guards were under water? The *Suwanee's* freight was arms for the Republic of Mexico. Her owners are announced as Messrs. STARKS & CARY, of Philadelphia, and ELIJAH H. CATTELL, of New Jersey. By whom was she chartered? Somebody conspired with the storm to sink her. Somebody made sure of her destruction. How many vessels similarly doomed, if they chance to encounter a similar hurricane, are leaving the port of New York every week? The intelligent American people are sent to sea in winter in rotten old tubs overloaded and undermanned, or they are conveyed by hundreds in steamers with lighted kerosene lamps dancing along marble tables until they tumble and kindle the dry, light wood-work around them, and the kind folk good-naturedly think it is very shocking! If these lines are read by any traveler upon such a steamer, we advise him again to look about him.

NOW AND THEN.

WE do not know where to look for a more striking illustration of the regeneration of the country than is to be found in the position, sympathies, and words, upon certain subjects, of the late and the present Chief Justice of the United States. It is not ten years since Judge TANEY uttered the Dred Scott decision, and misrepresented history to prove that in the idea of the American Government men of African descent had no rights which other men were bound to respect. His successor, Judge CHASE, is the President of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, and upon taking the chair at the late meeting of the Pennsylvania branch he said: "When I find myself in any position incompatible with labor for the poor, the needy, and the oppressed, that position shall not hold me."

Such words by such a man upon such an occasion show how heartily American sentiment now tends toward its fundamental principle of Justice and Equal Rights.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 4:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner gave notice of his intention to introduce resolutions for the entire control of Congress over the subject of reconstruction, and the right to exclude the late rebellious States from representation in Congress, and from voting on amendments.

In the House, an additional rule was adopted for the appointment by each Congress of a standing committee on freedmen's affairs.—The Bounty bill of the last session was referred to the Military Committee for amendment, and the bill increasing the pay of members to the Judiciary Committee for repeal.—A resolution was adopted insisting upon the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment; also a resolution instructing the Committee on Territories to inquire into the propriety of providing Territorial governments for the late rebel States.

December 5:

In the Senate, a bill, introduced by Mr. Wade, for the admission of Nebraska into the Union as a State was ordered to lie upon the table for the present.—The Committees for the session were announced.—A resolution offered by Mr. Williams, instructing the Committee on Retrenchment to inquire to what extent the President has the right to restore confiscated property under the laws of the United States, was adopted.—The House bill taking away the President's Amnesty power was referred to the Committee on Judiciary.—Mr. Sumner then introduced the resolutions of which he had given notice the previous day. They were read and ordered to be printed.—The joint resolution proposing a Constitutional Amendment making the President ineligible for re-election was referred.—The House resolution continuing the Committee on Reconstruction was concurred in.

In the House, a bill was passed limiting the number of peremptory challenges in criminal cases; also a bill protecting the rights of loyal citizens in the South.

December 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull reported favorably from the Judiciary Committee the House bill to repeal the Amnesty power of the President. The bill went over under the rules.

In the House, the Post-office Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of conferring upon the Post-office Department the same jurisdiction over telegraph lines which it now exercises over post-offices and post-roads.—A Select Committee of three was appointed to proceed to New Orleans to investigate the July riot.—The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the propriety of directing martial law to be proclaimed in those counties of the Southern States where Union men have been murdered, and the laws not enforced against the murderers.—The Committee on Foreign Affairs was instructed to inquire as to the measures necessary to secure the recognition by other nationalities of the principle of our Naturalization Laws.—Mr. Schenck's bill to fix the times for the regular meeting of Congress was discussed at length. It was provided, in the first section, that Congress shall meet on the 4th of March.

December 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade reported back the bill for the admission of Nebraska, with a recommendation that it pass.—Mr. Edmunds, of the Committee on Retrenchment, to whom was referred the bill to regulate the term of office, reported a substitute which provides that the President shall suspend from office only in cases wherein the holder is guilty of misconduct or crime, or from some other reason has become disqualified or incapable of performing his duties, the President also to have power to fill vacancies occasioned by natural causes during the recess of the Senate.—A resolution was adopted that the Committee on the Post-office inquire as to the expediency of the Post-office Department assuming control of the telegraph lines.—Mr. Morrill's bill for "impartial restricted suffrage in the District of Columbia" was discussed.

In the House, Mr. Ward introduced a bill to reorganize the Southern States, providing for Provisional Governors, universal suffrage, State conventions, etc.—The President was requested to furnish a complete list of persons pardoned for offenses during the rebellion.—The Reconstruction Committee were requested to report upon the expediency of admitting Southern Representatives.—The bill convening the next Congress on the 4th of March passed by 124 to 9.—The Senate bill of last session regulating Invalid Pensions was reported, with some amendments, and passed.—The Surratt correspondence was laid before the House.

ARREST OF SURRATT.

There can scarcely be a doubt that in John H. Surratt our Government has secured Booth's chief accomplice. America, Europe, and Egypt have been successively the hiding-place of this criminal. For nearly fifteen months he has been watched and followed. The first intimation which our Government received of his whereabouts was by a letter, dated September 27, 1865, written to Secretary Seward by A. Wilding, Vice-Consul of Liverpool. Surratt, it seems, fled to Canada after the assassination, where he remained four months, and on the 19th of September, 1865, arrived in Liverpool. The informant from whom Vice-Consul Wilding got his information became acquainted with Surratt on the passage from Montreal to Quebec.

Surratt was traveling under the name of M'Carthy, and was introduced to the informant as a passenger who "had compromised himself." On the passage from Quebec to Liverpool Surratt became confidential; spoke of having great difficulty in escaping from the United States to Canada; smiled when some connection with the assassination of Lincoln was imputed to him; admitted that he had been in the Confederate service, engaged in conveying intelligence between Washington and Richmond, and that he was concerned in a plan for carrying off Lincoln from Washington, which was entirely concocted by Booth and himself, and that he came to Canada just before the assassination; and, finally, he declared his real name to be Surratt. While in Canada, he said, he received a letter from Booth indicating the necessity of a change in their plans, and, in compliance with the letter's request, started for Washington. But whether he went there or not he did not say, but said that on his way back to Canada he heard of the assassination and hurried to escape. Our Minister, Mr. Adams, had not sufficient evidence to warrant Surratt's arrest, although the latter was for several weeks within the province of our Consulate.

On the 25th of October Mr. Potter, our Consul-General at Montreal, furnished Mr. Seward with corroborative evidence as to Surratt's departure for Montreal. According to Mr. Potter's information, Surratt was then in Montreal, waiting to receive money from Canada, when it was his intention to start for Rome. In Canada he had been secreted most of the time in Montreal, and latterly by a Roman Catholic priest at Three Rivers. He was disguised, having dyed his hair, eyebrows, and mustache, stained his face, and put on glasses. It appears that Surratt had manifested no signs of penitence, but had told his friends that, if he could live two years longer, he would serve Johnson as he had Lincoln.

On April 23, 1866, Mr. Seward was informed by Mr. King, at Rome, that Surratt had enlisted in the Papal guards under the name of John Watson, and was stationed with his company at Sezze. Mr. King's informant declared that Surratt had confessed to him his participation in the assassination, and declared that Jefferson Davis "had incited or was privy to it."

At Rome, July 21, 1866, a statement was signed by the principal informant against Surratt to the effect that this informant had been at the beginning of the rebellion teaching school in a small village in Maryland (Little Texas, or Ellangowan), and there became acquainted with Weichman and Surratt. Weichman, it will be remembered, was the principal witness for the Government at the trial of the assassins of Lincoln. About six months before the end of the war this informant removed to Washington. Weichman was there with him. From difficulties with Weichman, he left Washington and joined the Union army as a substitute. His native country was Canada, and thither he found his way, having been captured by the rebels, imprisoned in Castle Thunder, and finally released by General Winder on his promise to go to Canada.

He had met Surratt lately in Italy, and the latter had acknowledged that he was the instigator of the murder of Lincoln, and had acted in the instructions and orders of persons he did not name, but some of whom are in New York and others in London. He said a party in London offered him £10,000 to publish a statement of the affair, but he refused. He was now receiving money from parties in London. He did not know Jeff Davis, but had acted under instructions under his immediate orders. When the assassination took place he was in New York.

During last month Surratt was supposed to be in the hospital at Sora, Italy. He had been arrested, but had escaped. On the 17th of November he succeeded in getting off from Naples for Alexandria, Egypt, where he was recently captured.

THE BROADWAY ROBBERY.

Charles Cady, head book-keeper and confidential clerk of Riker & Co., brokers in gold-mining securities at No. 48 Broadway, on the day before Thanksgiving decamped, taking with him certificates of stock valued at over $100,000, which he abstracted from the safe. The safe was blown open on the 1st of December—the third day after the disappearance of Mr. Cady, and the loss was discovered. On the subsequent Thursday the thief was arrested at the Tontine Hotel in this city, confessed his guilt, and delivered up the stolen property. He had made arrangements for sailing the next day (Friday) for New Orleans.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT'S MESSAGE.

Governor Pierpont sent in his Message to the Virginia Legislature December 3. He recommends the passage of the Constitutional Amendment. In regard to the Amendment he asks:

"But are the conditions imposed by Congress hard? Congress indicated that the disabilities enumerated in the Amendment are not to be perpetual, by reserving to itself the power to repeal them. The conditions are not nearly as hard as they might be. The person of the citizen is safe; his property is not threatened with confiscation; it is not proposed to administer our laws by strangers; the power over the question of suffrage is left with the States. For the sake of securing peace and its blessings, may it not be an act of exalted patriotism for a portion of the old and the middle-aged citizens to yield gracefully to a necessity they can not avert? It only brings the young men a little earlier into public life, and will lead to the earlier development of their energies. By the acceptance of the Amendment tranquillity will be secured to the South. The young men and the old men will enter upon a new field of prosperity; intercommunications will be opened between all parts of the country, and by the exercise of a little forbearance, in a few years a perfect restoration will be effected."

GOVERNOR PATTON ON THE AMENDMENT.

In a special Message transmitted December 6 to the Alabama Legislature Governor Patton recommends the passage of the Amendment. His principal argument is, that the refusal to adopt the Amendment allows the Radicals an opportunity to impose their own terms of restoration. The hardness of the measure, he thinks, will be mitigated "by time and the influence of our representatives."

NEWS ITEMS.

Professor Samuel G. Brown, of Dartmouth College, and author of the valuable memoir of Rufus Choate, has been elected President of Hamilton College.

The Central Pacific Railroad is complete to Cisco, 93 miles east from Sacramento.

The Tennessee House of Representatives has voted against a bill providing for the maintenance of free common schools in that State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

December 5:

The London *Times* indorses the President's Message, and declares that the Alabama claims ought to be immediately settled.

December 6:

(LONDON.)—Two more regiments have been ordered to Ireland, and three ironclads to the Irish coast.

(DUBLIN.)—Frequent arrests of Fenians continue to be made. The Governor of the City Prison has asked for a military guard.

(MARSEILLES.)—Dispatches received from Candia state that the insurgents had blown up a convent, and that 2000 Turks had lost their lives by the explosion.

December 7:

(LIVERPOOL.)—All the depots of arms in this city have been placed under armed guards. The excited state of feeling among the Irish population renders these precautions necessary.

(PESTH.)—The Hungarian Diet has agreed to the address to the Emperor of Austria, proposed by M. Deak.

December 8:

(LONDON.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland are evidently assuming still more alarming proportions, as it is reported here to-day that, in addition to the troops already dispatched to that island, two cavalry regiments have been ordered to the scene of disturbance.

December 10:

(LONDON.)—The *Times*, in an editorial this morning, says that the Fenians have been fairly checkmated, and that it would be madness on their part to attempt rebellion. Cardinal Cullen has issued a pastoral, urging the Irish people to obedience to the law and the avoidance of all secret societies. Arrests continue to be made, and more artillery will leave for Ireland soon.

(PARIS.)—The new Minister to the United States, M. Berthemy, sailed for New York on Saturday.

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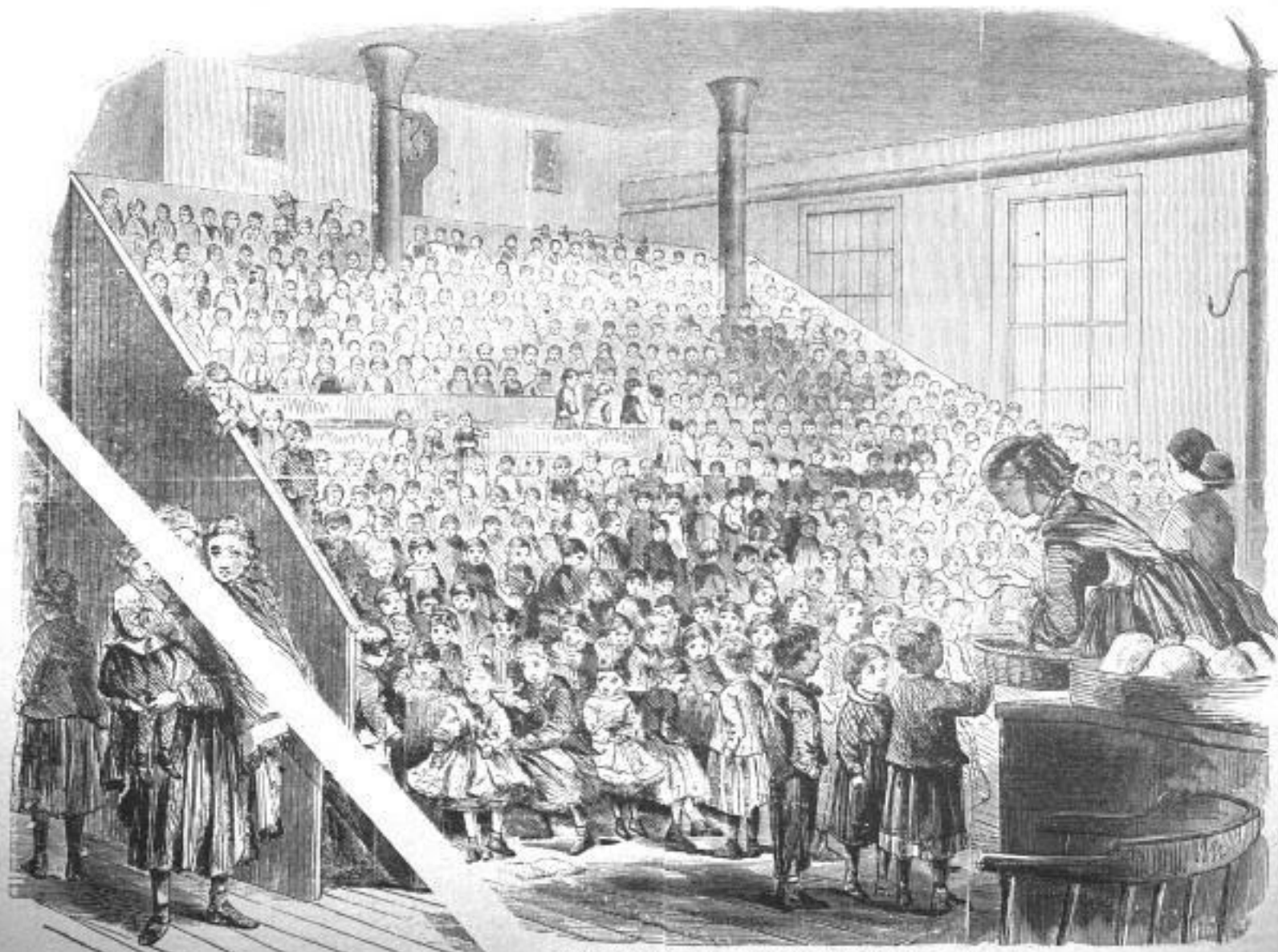
MRS. FOX, HER DAUGHTERS, AND LIEUTENANT HERSELDERSER.—(See Page 806.)

MONUMENT TO MAJOR-GEN. J. F. REYNOLDS.—SKETCHED BY JOS. BEHMER, JR.—(SEE PAGE 806.)

INFANT CLASS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

Among the interesting features connected with the Ladies' Five Points Mission, established in this city on the site of the "Old Brewery," there is none more remarkable than the Infant Class, which is the subject of an illustration on this page. The room extends through the entire depth of the building, and is about twenty-five feet in width. Over two hundred children, varying from two to six years and of almost every nationality, are seated upon elevated forms, and are daily drilled in the alphabet, rudimentary spelling, and singing. In due time they are "promoted" to a class higher, and, if they can be retained long enough, are advanced to the higher studies taught in the institution. Over five hundred regular scholars throng the rooms of this flourishing Mission, and the Board of Managers are about making arrangements to enlarge the Mission buildings. No charity can more forcibly commend itself to our citizens. Our sketch represents the Infant Class at the time of dismission, in the act of receiving lunch.



INFANT CLASS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION, NEW YORK CITY—RECEIVING LUNCH.

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(Continued from No. 517.)

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book II.—Fatal Friendship.

CHAPTER V.

THE LETTER FROM THE "ALLIANCE" OFFICE.

Upon the evening of the day on which Mrs. Halliday and the dentist had discussed the propriety of calling in a strange doctor, George Sheldon came again to see his sick friend. He was quicker to perceive the changes in the invalid than the members of the household, who saw him daily and hourly, and he perceived a striking change for the worse to-night.

He took care, however, to suffer no evidence of alarm or surprise to appear in the sick chamber. He talked to his friend in the usual cheery way; sat by the bedside for half an hour; did his best to arouse Tom from a kind of stupid lethargy, and to encourage Mrs. Halliday, who shared the task of nursing her husband with brisk Nancy Woolper—an invaluable creature in a sick room. But he failed in both attempts; the dull apathy of the invalid was not to be dispelled by the most genial companionship, and Georgy's spirits had been sinking lower and lower all day as her fears increased.

She would fain have called in a strange doctor; she would fain have sought for comfort and consolation from some new quarter. But she was afraid of offending Philip Sheldon; and she was afraid of alarming her husband. So she waited, and watched, and struggled against that ever-increasing anxiety. Had not Mr. Sheldon made light of his friend's malady, and what motive could he have for deceiving her?

A breakfast-cup full of beef-tea stood on the little table by the bedside, and had been standing there for hours untouched.

"I did take such pains to make it strong and clear," said Mrs. Woolper, regretfully, as she came to the little table during a tidying process, "and poor dear Mr. Halliday hasn't taken so much as a spoonful. It won't be fit for him to-morrow, so as I haven't eaten a morsel of dinner, what with the hurry and anxiety and one thing and another, I'll warm up the beef-tea for my supper. There's not a blessed thing in the house for you don't eat nothing, Mrs. Halliday; and as to cooking a dinner for Mr. Sheldon, you'd a deal better go and throw your victuals out into the gutter, for then there'd be a chance of stray dogs putting by 'em, at any rate."

"Phil is off his feed, then; eh, Nancy?" said George.

"I should rather think he is, Mr George. I roasted a chicken yesterday for him and Mrs. Halliday, and I don't think they ate an ounce between them; and such a lovely tender young thing as it was too—done to a turn—with forcemeat and a little bit of sea-kale. One invalid makes another, that's certain. I never saw your brother so upset as he is now, Mr. George, in all his life."

"No?" answered George Sheldon, thoughtfully; "Phil isn't generally one of your sensitive sort."

The invalid was sleeping heavily during this conversation. George stood by the bed for some minutes looking down at the altered face, and then turned to leave the room.

"Good-night, Mrs. Halliday," he said; "I hope I shall find poor old Tom a shade better when I look round to-morrow."

"I am sure I hope so," Georgy answered, mournfully.

She was sitting by the window looking out at the darkening western sky, in which the last lurid glimmer of a stormy sunset was fading against a back-ground of iron gray.

This quiet figure by the window, the stormy sky, and ragged hurrying clouds without, the dingy chamber with all its dismally significant litter of medicine-bottles, made a gloomy picture; a picture which the man who looked upon it carried in his mind for many years after that night.

George Sheldon and Nancy Woolper left the room together, the Yorkshirewoman carrying a tray of empty vials and glasses, and among them the cup of beef-tea.

"He seems in a bad way to-night, Nancy," said George, with a backward jerk of his head toward the sick chamber.

"He is in a bad way, Mr. George," answered the woman gravely, "let Mr. Philip think what he will. I don't want to say a word against your brother's knowledge, for such a steady studious gentleman as he is had need be clever; and if I was ill myself, I'd trust my life to him freely; for I've heard Barlingford folks say that my master's advice is as good as any regular doctor's, and that there's very little your regular doctors know that he doesn't know as well or better. But for all that, Mr. George, I don't think he understands Mr. Halliday's case quite as clear as he might."

"Do you think Tom's in any danger?"

"I won't say that, Mr. George; but I think he gets worse instead of getting better."

"Humph!" muttered George, "if Halliday were to go off the hooks, Phil would have a good chance of getting a rich wife."

"Don't say that, Mr. George!" exclaimed the Yorkshirewoman reproachfully; "don't even think of such a thing while that poor man lies at death's door. I'm sure Mr. Sheldon hasn't any thoughts of that kind. He told me before Mr. and Mrs. Halliday came to town that he and Miss Georgy had forgotten all about past times."

"Oh, if Phil said so, that alters the case. Phil is one of your blunt outspoken fellows, and always says what he means," said George Sheldon. And then he went down stairs, leaving Nancy to follow him at her leisure with the tray of jingling cups and glasses. He went down through the dusk, smiling to himself, as if he had just given utterance to some piece of intense humbug. He went to look for his brother, whom he found in the torture-chamber, buried with some mysterious process in connection with a lump of plaster of Paris, which seemed to be the model of ruined battlements in the Gothic style. The dentist looked up as George entered the room, and did not appear particularly delighted by the appearance of that gentleman.

"Well," said Mr. Sheldon the younger, "busy as usual? Patients seem to be looking up."

"Patients be —— toothless to the end of time!" cried Philip, with a savage laugh. "No, I'm not working to order; I'm only experimentalizing."

"You're rather fond of experiments, I think, Phil," said George, seating himself near the table at which his brother was working under the glare of the gas. The dentist looked very pale and haggard in the gas-light, and his eyes had the dull sunken appearance induced by prolonged sleeplessness. George sat watching his brother thoughtfully for some time, and then produced his cigar-case. "You don't mind my smoke here?" he asked, as he lighted a cigar.

"Not at all. You are very welcome to sit here, if it amuses you to see me working at the cast of a lower jaw."

"Oh, that's a lower jaw, is it? It looks like the fragment of some castle-keep. No, Phil, I don't care about watching you work. I want to talk to you seriously."

"What about?"

"About that fellow up stairs; poor old Tom. He and I were great cronies, you know, at home. He's in a very bad way, Phil."

"Is he? You seem to be turning physician all at once, George. I shouldn't have thought your grubbing among county histories, and tattered old pedigrees, and parish registers had given you so deep an insight into the science of medicine?" said the dentist, in a sneering tone.

"I don't know any thing of medicine; but I know enough to be sure that Tom Halliday is about as bad as he can be. What mystifies me is, that he doesn't seem to have had any thing particular the matter with him. There he lies, getting worse every day, without any specific ailment. It's a strange illness, Philip."

"I don't see any thing strange in it."

"Don't you? Don't you think the surrounding circumstances are strange? Here is this man comes to your house hale and hearty; and all of a sudden he falls ill, and gets lower and lower every day, without any body being able to say why or wherefore."

"That's not true, George. Every body in this house knows the cause of Tom Halliday's illness. He came home in wet clothes, and insisted on keeping them on. He caught a cold; which resulted in low fever. There is the whole history and mystery of the affair."

"That's simple enough, certainly. But if I were you, Phil, I'd call in another doctor."

"That is Mrs. Halliday's business," answered the dentist, coolly; "she knows that if she doubts my skill, she is free to call in whom she pleases. And now you may as well drop the subject, George. I've had enough anxiety about this man's illness, and I don't want to be worried by you."

After this there was a little conversation about general matters, but the talk dragged and languished drearily, and George Sheldon rose to depart directly he had finished his cigar.

"Good-night, Philip!" he said; "if ever you get a stroke of good luck, I hope you'll stand something handsome to me."

This remark had no particular relevance to any thing that had been said that night by the two men. Yet Philip Sheldon seemed in no wise astonished by it.

"If things ever do take a turn for the better with me, you'll find me a good friend, George," he said, gravely; and then Mr. Sheldon the younger bade him good-night, and went out into Fitzgeorge Street.

He paused for a moment at the corner of the street to look back at his brother's house. He could see the lighted windows of the invalid's chamber, and it was at those he looked.

"Poor Tom," he said to himself, "poor Tom! we were great cronies in the old times, and have had many a pleasant evening together!"

THE QUIET FIGURE BY THE WINDOW.

Mr. Sheldon the dentist sat up till the small hours that night, as he had done for many nights lately. He finished his work in the torture-chamber, and went up to the common sitting-room, or drawing-room as it was called by courtesy, a little before midnight. The servants had gone to bed, for there was no regular nightly watch in the apartment of the invalid. Mrs. Halliday lay on a sofa in her husband's room, and Nancy Woolper slept in an adjoining apartment, always wakeful and ready if help of any kind should be wanted.

The house was very quiet just now. Philip Sheldon walked up and down the room, thinking; and the creaking of his boots sounded unpleasantly loud to his ears. He stopped before the fire-place, after having walked to and fro some time, and began to examine some letters that lay upon the mantle-piece. They were addressed to Mr. Halliday, and had been forwarded from Yorkshire. The dentist took them up one by one, and deliberately examined them. They were all business letters, and most of them bore country post-marks. But there was one which had been, in the first instance, posted from London; and this letter Mr. Sheldon examined with especial attention.

It was a big, official-looking document, and embossed upon the adhesive envelope appeared the crest and motto of the Alliance Insurance Office.

"I wonder whether that's all square," thought Mr. Sheldon, as he turned the envelope about in his hands, staring at it absently. "I ought to make sure of that. The London post-mark is nearly three weeks old." He pondered for some moments, and then went to the cupboard in which he kept the materials wherewith to replenish or to make a fire. Here he found a little tin tea-kettle, in which he was in the habit of boiling water for occasional friendly glasses of grog. He poured some water from a bottle on the side-board into this kettle, set fire to a bundle of wood, and put the kettle on the blazing sticks. After having done this he searched for a tea-cup, succeeded in finding one, and then stood watching for the boiling of the water. He had not long to wait; the water boiled furiously before the wood was burned out, and Mr. Sheldon filled the tea-cup standing on the table. Then he put the insurance-office letter over the cup, with the seal downward, and left it so, while he resumed his walk. After walking up and down for about ten minutes he went back to the table and took up the letter. The adhesive envelope opened easily, and Mr. Sheldon, by this ingenious stratagem, made himself master of his friend's business.

The "Alliance" letter was nothing more than a notice to the effect that the half-yearly premium for insuring the sum of three thousand pounds on the life of Thomas Halliday would be due on such a day, after which there would be twenty-one days' grace, at the end of which time the policy would become void unless the premium had been duly paid.

Mr. Halliday's letters had been suffered to accumulate during the last fortnight. The letters forwarded from Yorkshire had been detained some time, as they had been sent first to Hyley Farm, now in possession of the new owner, and then to Barlingford, to the house of Georgy's mother, who had kept them upward of a week, in daily expectation of her son-in-law's return. It was only on the receipt of a letter from Georgy, containing the tidings of her husband's illness, that Mr. Halliday's letters had been sent to London.

Thus it came about that the twenty-one days of grace were within four-and-twenty hours of expiry when Philip Sheldon opened his friend's letter.

"This is serious," muttered the dentist, as he stood deliberating with the open letter in his hand; "there are three thousand pounds depending on that man's power to write a check!"

After a few minutes' reflection he folded the letter and resealed it very carefully.

"It wouldn't do to press the matter upon him to-night," he thought; "I must wait till to-morrow morning, come what may."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. BURGRAM'S UNCERTAINTIES.

The next morning dawned gray and pale and chill, after the manner of early spring mornings, but them ripen into never such balmy days; and with the dawn Nancy Woolper came from the invalid's chamber, more wan and sickly of aspect than the morning itself.

Mrs. Halliday started from an uneasy slumber.

"What's the matter, Nancy?" she asked, with considerable alarm. She had known the woman ever since her childhood, and she was startled this morning by some indefinable change in her manner and appearance. The hearty old woman, whose face had been like a hard, rosy apple shriveled and wrinkled by long keeping, had now a white and ghastly look which struck terror to Georgy's breast. She who was usually so brisk of manner and sharp of speech had this morning a strange, subdued tone and an unnatural calmness of demeanor. "What is the matter, Nancy?" Mrs. Halliday repeated, getting up from her sofa.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Georgy," answered the old woman, who was apt to forget that Tom Halliday's wife had ever ceased to be Georgy Crudock; "don't be frightened, my dear. I haven't been very well all night—and—and—I've been worrying myself about Mr. Halliday. If I were you I'd call in another doctor. Never mind what Mr. Philip says. He may be mistaken, you know, clever as he is. There's no telling. Take my advice, Miss Georgy, and call in another doctor—directly—directly!" repeated the old woman, seizing Mrs. Halliday's wrist with a passionate energy, as if to give emphasis to her words.

Poor timid Georgy shrank from her with terror.

"You frighten me, Nancy," she whispered; "do you think that Tom is so much worse? You have not been with him all night; and he has been sleeping very quietly. What makes you so anxious this morning?"

"Never mind that, Miss Georgy. You get another doctor, that's all; get another doctor at once. Mr. Sheldon is a light sleeper. I'll go to his room and tell him you've set your heart upon having fresh advice; if you'll only bear me out afterward."

"Yes, yes; go, by all means!" exclaimed Mrs. Halliday, only too ready to take alarm under the influence of a stronger mind, and eager to act when supported by another person.

Nancy Woolper went to her master's room. He must have been sleeping very lightly, if he was sleeping at all, for he was broad awake the next minute after his housekeeper's light knock

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had sounded on the door. In less than five minutes he came out of his room half dressed. Nancy told him that Mrs. Halliday had taken fresh alarm about her husband, and wished for further advice.

"She sent you to tell me that?" asked Philip.

"Yes."

"And when does she want this new doctor called in?"

"Immediately, if possible."

It was seven o'clock by this time, and the morning was brightening a little.

"Very well," said Mr. Sheldon; "her wishes shall be attended to directly. Heaven forbid that I should stand between my old friend and any chance of his speedy recovery! If a stranger can bring him round quicker than I can, let the stranger come."

Mr. Sheldon was not slow to obey Mrs. Halliday's behest. He was departing on his quiet breakfastless, when Nancy Woolper met him in the hall with a cup of tea. He accepted the cup almost mechanically from her hand, and took it into the parlor, whither Nancy followed him. And then for the first time he perceived that change in his housekeeper's face which had so startled Georgina Halliday.

The change was somewhat modified now; but still the Nancy Woolper of to-day was not the Nancy Woolper of yesterday.

"You're looking very queer, Nancy," said the dentist, gravely scrutinizing the woman's face with his bright, penetrating eyes. "Are you ill?"

"Well, Mr. Philip, I have been rather queer all night—sickish and faintish-like."

"Ah! you've been overfatiguing yourself in the sick room, I dare say. Take care you don't knock yourself up."

"No; it's not that, Mr. Philip. There's not many can stand hard work better than I can. It's not that as made me ill. I took something last night that disagreed with me."

"More fool you," said Mr. Sheldon, curtly; "you ought to know better than to ill-use your digestive powers at your age. What was it? Hard cold meat and preternaturally green pickles, I suppose; or something of that kind."

"No, Sir; it was only a drop of beef-tea that I made for poor Mr. Halliday. And that oughtn't to have disagreed with a baby, you know, Sir."

"Oughtn't it?" cried the dentist, disdainfully. "That's a little bit of vulgar ignorance, Mrs. Woolper. I suppose it was stuff that had been taken up to Mr. Halliday."

"Yes, Mr. Philip; you took it up with your own hands."

"Ah! to be sure; so I did. Very well, then, Mrs. Woolper, if you knew as much about atmospheric influences as I do, you'd know that food which has been standing for hours in the pestilential air of a fever-patient's room isn't fit for any body to eat. The stuff made you sick, I suppose."

"Yes, Sir; sick to my very heart," answered the Yorkshire woman, with a strange mournfulness in her voice.

"Let that be a warning to you, then. Don't take any thing more that comes down from the sick room."

"I don't think there'll be any chance of my doing that long, Sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't fancy Mr. Halliday is long for this world."

"Ah, you women are always ravens!"

"Unless the strange doctor can do something to cure him. Oh, pray being a clever man who will be able to cure that poor helpless creature up stairs. Think, Mr. Philip, how you and him used to be friends and play-fellows—brothers almost—when you was both his of boys. Think how bad it might seem to evil-minded folks if he died under your roof."

The dentist had been standing near the door drinking his tea during this conversation; and now for the first time he looked at his housekeeper with an expression of unmitigated astonishment.

"What, in the name of all that's ridiculous, do you mean, Nancy?" he asked, impatiently. "What has my roof to do with Tom Halliday's illness—or his death, if it come to that? And what on earth can people have to say about it if he should die here instead of any where else?"

"Why, you see, Sir, you being his friend, and Miss Georgy's sweet-heart that was, and him having no other doctor, folks might take it into their heads he wasn't attended properly."

"Reason I'm his friend? That's very good logic! I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Woolper; if any woman upon earth, except the woman who nursed me when I was a baby, had presumed to talk to me as you have been talking to me just this minute, I should open the door yonder and tell her to walk out of my house. Let that serve as a hint for you, Nancy; and don't you go out of your way a second time to advise me how I should treat my friend and my patient."

He handed her the empty cup and walked out of the house. There had been no passion in his tone. His accent had been only that of a man who has occasion to reprove an old and trusted servant for an unwarrantable impertinence. Nancy Woolper stood at the street-door watching him as he walked away, and then went slowly back to her duties in the lower regions of the house.

"It can't be true," she muttered to herself; "it can't be true!"

The dentist returned to Fitzgeorge Street in less than an hour, bringing with him a surgeon from the neighborhood, who saw the patient, approved the treatment, spoke hopefully to Mrs. Halliday, and departed, after promising to send a saline draught. Poor Georgy's spirits, which had revived a little under the influence of the stranger's hopeful words, sank again when she discovered that the utmost the new doctor could do was to order a saline draught. Her husband had taken so many saline draughts, and had been getting daily worse under their influence.

She watched the stranger wistfully as he lingered on the threshold to say a few words to Mr. Sheldon. He was a very young man, with a frank, boyish face and a rosy color in his cheeks. He looked like some fresh young neophyte in the awful mysteries of medical science, and by no means the sort of man to whom one would have imagined Philip Sheldon appealing for help, when he found his own skill at fault. But then it must be remembered that Mr. Sheldon had only summoned the stranger in compliance with what he considered a womanish whim.

"He looks very young," Georgina said, regretfully, after the doctor's departure.

"So much the better, my dear Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist, cheerfully; "medical science is eminently progressive, and the youngest men are the best educated men."

Poor Georgy did not understand this; but it sounded convincing; and she was in the habit of believing what people told her; so she accepted Mr. Sheldon's opinion. How could she doubt that he was wiser than herself in all matters connected with the medical profession?

"Tom seems a little better this morning," she said presently.

The invalid was asleep, shrouded by the curtain of the heavy old-fashioned four-post bedstead.

"He is better," answered the dentist; "so much better, that I shall venture to give him a few business letters that have been waiting for him some time, as soon as he wakes."

He seated himself by the head of the bed, and waited quietly for the awakening of the patient.

"Your breakfast is ready for you down stairs, Mrs. Halliday," he said, presently; "hadn't you better go down and take it, while I keep watch here? It's nearly ten o'clock."

"I don't care about any breakfast," Georgina answered, pitiously.

"Ah, but you'd better eat something. You'll make yourself an invalid if you are not careful; and then you won't be able to attend upon Tom."

This argument prevailed immediately. Georgy went down stairs to the drawing-room, and tried heavily to eat and drink, in order that she might be sustained in her attendance upon her husband. She had forgotten all the throes and tortures of jealousy which she had endured on his account. She had forgotten his late hours and unholy mysterings. She had forgotten every thing except that he had been very tender and kind throughout the prosperous years of their married life, and that he was lying in the darkened room up stairs sick to death.

Mr. Sheldon waited with all outward show of patience for the awakening of the invalid. But he looked at his watch twice during that half-hour of waiting; and once he rose and moved softly about the room, searching for writing materials. He found a little port-folio of Georgina's, and a frivolous-minded inkstand, after the semblance of an apple, with a gilt stalk and leaflet. The dentist took the trouble to ascertain that there was a decent supply of ink in the green glass apple, and that the pens were in working order. Then he went quietly back to his seat by the bedside and waited.

The invalid opened his eyes presently, and recognized his friend with a feeble smile.

"Well, Tom, old fellow! how do you feel to-day?—a little better, I hear from Mrs. H.," said the dentist, cheerily.

"Yes, I think I'm a shade better. But, you see, the dozen of it is I never get more than a shade better. It always stops at that. The little woman can't complain of me now, can she, Sheldon? No more late hours, or oyster-suppers, eh?"

"No, no, not just yet. You'll have to take care of yourself for a week or two when you get about again."

Mr. Halliday smiled faintly as his friend said this.

"I shall be very careful of myself if I ever do get about again, you may depend upon it, old fellow! But do you know I sometimes fancy I have spent my last jolly evening, and eaten my last oyster-supper on this earth? I'm afraid it's time for me to begin to think seriously of a good many things. The little woman is all right, thank God. I made my will upward of a year ago, and insured my life pretty heavily soon after my marriage. Old Crudock never let me rest till that was done. So Georgy will be all safe. But when a man has led a careless, godless kind of a life—doing very little harm perhaps, but doing no particular good—he ought to set about making up his account somehow for a better world, when he feels himself slipping out of this. I asked Georgy for her Bible yesterday, and the poor, dear loving little thing was frightened out of her wits. 'Oh, don't talk like that, Tom!' she cried; 'Mr. Sheldon says you are getting better every hour'—by which you may guess what a rare thing it is for me to read my Bible. No, I'll, old fellow! you've done your best for me, I know; but I'm not made of a very tough material, and all the physic you can pour down this poor sore throat of mine won't put any strength into me."

"Nonsense, dear boy! that's just what a man who has not been accustomed to illness is sure to think directly he is laid up for a day or two."

"I've been laid up for three weeks," murmured Mr. Halliday, rather fretfully.

"Well, well, perhaps this Mr. Burkham will bring you round in three days, and then you'll say that your friend Sheldon was an ignoramus."

"No, no, I sha'n't, old fellow! I'm not such a fool as that. I'm not going to blame you when it's my own constitution that's in fault. As to that young man you brought here just now, to please Georgy, I don't suppose he'll do any more for me than you have done."

"We'll contrive to bring you round between us, never fear, Tom," answered Philip Sheldon, in his most hopeful tone. "Why, you are looking almost your old self this morning. You are so much improved that I may venture to talk to you about business. There have been some letters lying about for the last few days. I didn't like to bore you while you were so very low. But they look like business letters; and perhaps it would be as well for you to open them."

The sick man contemplated the little packet which the dentist had taken from his breast-pocket, and then shook his head wearily.

"I'm not up to the mark, Sheldon," he said; "the letters must keep."

"Oh, come, come, old fellow! That's giving way, you know. The letters may be important; and it will do you good if you make an effort to rouse yourself."

"I tell you it isn't in me to do it, Philip Sheldon. I'm past making efforts. Can't you see that, man? Open the letters yourself if you like."

"No, no, Halliday, I won't do that. Here's one with the seal of the Alliance Insurance Office. I suppose your premium is all right?"

Tom Halliday lifted himself on his elbow for a moment, startled into new life; but he sank back upon the pillows again immediately, with a feeble groan.

"I don't know about that," he said, anxiously; "you'd better look to that, Phil, for the little woman's sake. A man is apt to think that his insurance is settled and done with when he has been pommeled about by the doctors and approved by the board. He forgets there's that little matter of the premium. You'd better open the letter, Phil. I never was a good hand at remembering dates, and this illness has thrown me altogether out of gear."

Mr. Sheldon tore open that official document which, in his benevolent regard for his friend's interest, he had manipulated so cleverly on the previous evening, and read the letter with all show of deliberation.

"You're right, Tom!" he exclaimed, presently. "The twenty-one days' grace expire to-day. You'd better write me a check at once, and I'll send it on to the office by hand. Where's your check-book?"

"In the pocket of that coat hanging up there."

Philip Sheldon found the check-book and brought it to his friend, with Georgy's port-folio, and the frivolous little green glass inkstand in the shape of an apple. He adjusted the writing materials for the sick man's use with womanly gentleness. His arm supported the wasted frame as Tom Halliday slowly and laboriously filled in the check; and when the signature was duly appended to that document he drew a long breath, which seemed to express infinite relief of mind.

"You'll be sure it goes on to the Alliance Office, eh, old fellow?" asked Tom, as he tore out the oblong slip of paper and handed it to his friend. "It was kind of you to jog my memory about this business. I'm such a fellow for procrastinating matters. And I'm afraid I've been a little off my head during the last week."

"Nonsense, Tom! not you."

"Oh yes, I have. I've had all sorts of queer fancies. Did you come into this room the night before last when Georgy was asleep?"

Mr. Sheldon reflected for a moment before answering.

"No," he said; "not the night before last.

"Ah! I thought as much," murmured the invalid. "I was off my head that night then, Phil, for I fancied I saw you; and I fancied I heard the bottles and glasses jingling on the little table behind the curtain."

"You were dreaming, perhaps."

"Oh no, I wasn't dreaming. I was very restless and wakeful that night. However, that's neither here nor there. I lie in a stupid state sometimes for hours and hours, and I feel as weak as a rat, bodily and mentally; so while I have my wits about me I'd better say what I've been wanting to say ever so long. You've been a good and kind friend to me all through this illness, Phil, and I'm not ungrateful for your kindness. If it does come to the worst with me—as I believe it will—Georgy shall give you a handsome mourning-ring, or fifty pounds to buy one, if you like it better. And now let me shake hands with you, Philip Sheldon, and say thank you heartily, old fellow! for once and forever."

The invalid stretched out a poor, feeble, attenuated hand, and, after a moment's pause, Philip Sheldon clasped it in his own muscular fingers. He did hesitate for just one instant before taking that hand.

He was no student of the Gospel, but when he had left the sick chamber there arose before him suddenly, as if written in letters of fire on the wall opposite to him, one sentence which had been familiar to him in his school-days at Barlingford:

And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed him.

The new doctor came twice a day to see his patient. He seemed rather anxious about the case, and just a little puzzled by the symptoms. Georgy had sufficient penetration to perceive that this new adviser was in some manner at fault; and she began to think that Philip Sheldon was right, and that regular practitioners were very stupid creatures. She communicated her doubts to Mr. Sheldon, and suggested the expediency of calling in some grave elderly doctor to supersede Mr. Burkham. But against this the dentist protested very strongly.

"You asked me to call in a stranger, Mrs. Halliday, and I have done so," he said, with the dignity of an offended man. "You must now abide by his treatment, and content yourself with his advice, unless he chooses to summon further assistance."

Georgy was fain to submit. She gave a little plaintive sigh and went back to her husband's room, where she sat and wept silently behind the bed-curtains. There was a double watch kept in the sick chamber now; for Nancy Woolper rarely left it, and rarely closed her eyes. It was altogether a sad time in the dentist's house; and Tom Halliday apologized to his friend more than once for the trouble he had brought upon him. If he had been familiar with the details of modern history he would have quoted Charles Stuart, and begged pardon for being so long a-dying.

But anon there came a gleam of hope. The patient seemed decidedly better; and Georgy was prepared to revere Mr. Burkham, the Bloomsbury surgeon, as the greatest and ablest of men. Those shadows of doubt and perplexity which had at first obscured Mr. Burkham's brow cleared away, and he spoke very cheerfully of the invalid.

Unhappily this state of things did not last long. The young surgeon came one morning, and was obviously alarmed by the appearance of his patient. He told Philip Sheldon as much, but that gentleman made very light of his fears. As the two men discussed the case it was very evident that the irregular practitioner was quite a match for the regular one. Mr. Burkham listened deferentially, but departed only half convinced. He walked briskly away from the house, but came to a dead stop directly after turning out of Fitzgeorge Street.

"What ought I to do?" he asked himself. "What course ought I to take? If I am right, I should be a villain to let things go on. If I am wrong, any thing like interference would ruin me for life."

He had finished his morning round, but he did not go straight home. He lingered at the corners of quiet streets, and walked up and down the unfrequented side of a gloomy square. Once he turned and retraced his steps in the direction of Fitzgeorge Street. But after all this hesitation he walked home, and ate his dinner very thoughtfully, answering his young wife at random when she talked to him. He was a struggling man, who had invested his small fortune in the purchase of a practice which had turned out a very poor one, and he had the battle of life before him.

"There's something on your mind to-day, I'm sure, Harry," his wife said before the meal was ended.

"Well, yes, dear," he answered; "I've rather a difficult case in Fitzgeorge Street, and I'm anxious about it."

The industrious little wife disappeared after dinner, and the young surgeon walked up and down the room alone, brooding over that difficult case in Fitzgeorge Street. After spending nearly an hour thus he snatched his hat suddenly from the table on which he had set it down, and hurried from the house.

"I'll have advice and assistance, come what may," he said to himself, as he walked rapidly in the direction of Mr. Sheldon's house. "The case may be straight enough—I certainly can't see that the man has any motive—but I'll have advice."

He looked up at the dentist's spotless dwelling as he crossed the street. The blinds were all down, and the fact that they were so sent a sudden chill to his heart. But the April sunshine was full upon that side of the street, and there might be no significance in those closely-drawn blinds. The door was opened by a sleepy-looking boy, and in the passage Mr. Burkham met Philip Sheldon.

"I have been rather anxious about my patient since this morning, Mr. Sheldon," said the surgeon; "and I've come to the conclusion that I ought to confer with a man of higher standing than myself. Do you think Mrs. Halliday will object to such a course?"

"I am sure she would not have objected to it," the dentist answered very gravely, "if you had suggested it sooner. I am sorry to say the suggestion comes too late. My poor friend breathed his last half an hour ago."

END OF BOOK I.

INDIAN BARBARITIES—THE BOX FAMILY.

As a specimen of perils to which the settlers on our Southwestern frontier are exposed, we have only to refer to the sad story of the Box family, recently rescued from LAWYANTA (White Bear), Chief of the Kiowas, by Lieutenant HEASELBERGER, of the Third United States Infantry. The rescue took place some sixty or eighty miles south of the Arkansas River.

The prisoners all belonged to one family, and at the time they were taken by the Indians were returning from a visit to some sick relatives, and were but a few miles from home when surprised and captured.

In the melée that caused the head of the family (JAMES BOX) was killed and scalped. The remaining members of the family were immediately taken, placed on animals, and hurried to the haunts of the savages. The names of those secured were: Mrs. Box and child (11 months old), and three daughters—MARGARET, aged 17 years; JOSEPHINE, 15 years old; and ISA, 7 years old. In the haste of their relentless foe the child fell from the arms of its mother while the Indians were goading the worn-out animals that carried her. It was crushed to death among the rocks; the mother not being even allowed to dismount and see it.

The mother and the two elder daughters were subjected to the most inhuman of cruelties and out-

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rages by their brutal captors, while the youngest, owing to her youth, although she shared a fate less horrible, was, nevertheless, most barbarously used. The child, unable to understand the commands of her fiendish taskmasters, was placed with her feet on live coals until they were literally roasted. This was the parting of squaws." When rescued she had almost forgotten her mother tongue.

The family had been in captivity ten weeks when Lieutenant HESSELBERGER, toward the close of September, heard of their situation from some friendly Indians. The Lieutenant started immediately from Fort Dodge, where he was stationed, and went to the Indian camp of LANTANTA, accompanied by two soldiers and a friendly Indian chief. LANTANTA insisted upon a ransom, and, to save delay in rescuing the captives, this was yielded. The family belonged to Texas; after their rescue they were brought to Fort Leavenworth.

LANDING OF A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

ALL steamers plying on the Western waters carry a brasier, in which, when making a landing, or loading and unloading freight at night, a brilliant flame is procured by filling it with dry pine chips. Flickering with a lurid glare, it produces most fantastic effects of light and shade, as the swarthy "hands" pass and repass, "wooding up," or stand grouped around the gang-plank. When the steamboat backs out again the brasier is reversed by a dextrous twirl on its axis, the blazing coals are dropped in swirling waters, and darkness reigns again. A. R. W.

THE REYNOLDS MONUMENT.

A BEAUTIFUL Monument was erected to the memory of Major-General J. F. REYNOLDS, April 13, 1865, in Lancaster Cemetery, Lancaster City, Pennsylvania. It is inclosed in a lot, together with smaller monuments, by a fence of cedar. The Monument is built of white marble. It is sixteen feet high and four feet square at the base. Upon the sides it contains the names of ten battles—namely, FORT BROWN, MONTEREY, BUENA VISTA, ROCK RIVER, MECHANICSVILLE, GAINES'S MILL, SECOND BULL RUN, FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORSVILLE, and GETTYSBURG. Upon the shaft, in front, are cut, in relief, a sword, sash, belt, gauntleted gloves, and a pistol; upon the right side, two cannons crossed, and a large 3 in the centre; on the left, crossed flags; and behind, an eagle and a United States shield.

NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THIS work, which we illustrate on page 808, connects Perryville, on the north side of the Susquehanna, with Havre de Grace, on the south, and makes the route from Philadelphia to Washington an uninterrupted one. Hitherto the Susquehanna at this point has been crossed by means of ferry-boats. The opening of this bridge by the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Company was celebrated November 26. The engineers and practical bridge-builders and railroad officers from other lines have thoroughly examined the great structure in all its parts, and are unanimous in their approval of the strength, beauty, and perfect safety of the bridge, which has already been tested by a weight of four times that of a train of loaded cars, in its entire length of three-fourths of a mile. All are loud in their praise of the decided genius shown by its able engineer, GEORGE A. PARKER, and of the foresight and courage of the originator, SAMUEL M. FELTON, the late President of the road, who has been so well succeeded by ISAAC HINKLEY. The bridge has cost fully one and a half millions of dollars, but will be hailed as being worth even that heavy sum, though it is an enormous outlay for one structure on a road of but one hundred miles in length.

THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE.

WE have had within a year or two several magnificent experiments of what could be done with boats. Of these the ROSS WINANS cigar-yacht experiment and the trip across the Atlantic made by the *Red, White, and Blue* are notable examples. But even these are now thrown into the shade by the race now being run across the Atlantic by the yachts *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*. A wager of thirty thousand dollars is staked by each yacht on its own success. The winning vessel will therefore secure sixty thousand dollars and an enviable reputation. Extensive preparations are being made by English yacht clubs to receive these novel adventurers from the American metropolis. In the course of a few days the Atlantic Telegraph will announce the result of the race.

The tonnage of the three yachts is nearly alike, the *Fleetwing* being of 206 tons, the *Henrietta* 205, and the *Vesta* 201. These yachts are the finest and swiftest ever built in the United States. The following are the articles of agreement entered into by the owners October 27:

GEORGE and FRANK OSGOOD bet PIERRE LORILLARD, Jun., and others, thirty thousand dollars that the *Fleetwing* can beat the *Vesta* to the Needles, on the coast of England. The yachts to start from Sandy Hook on the second Tuesday in December, and to sail according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, waiving the allowance of time. The sails to be carried are mainsail, foresail, jib, flying-jib, jib-topsail, fore and main gaff-topsails, main-topmast stay-sails, storm stay-sails and try-sails.

The yacht *Henrietta* enters the above race by paying thirty thousand dollars, subscription by members of the New York Yacht Club. Any minor points not embraced in the above, that can not be settled by Messrs. OSGOOD, LORILLARD, and BENNETT shall be decided as follows: Each shall choose an umpire, and the umpires chosen, in case of disagreement, to choose two others; twenty per cent. of the money to be deposited with Mr. LEONARD W. JEROME on Saturday, the third of November; balance to be deposited on the first Tuesday of December—play or pay.

VICTOR EMANUEL IN VENICE.

IN our last Number we illustrated the announcement of the result of the Venetian Plebiscite from the balcony of the Doge's Palace. The scene which we illustrate on page 812 represents the arrival of King VICTOR EMANUEL's barge, and is directly in front of the Doge's Palace, which is too far to the right to be embraced in the picture. On the left, also, only the heads of a large number of gondolas, crowded and arranged for the festival, appear.

The Italian King made his triumphal entry on November 7. There were without doubt half a million of people in Venice on that day. The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune* thus describes the scene:

Here the glory of Venice came forth to meet him. At the result of the Plebiscite, if perfect agreement had not prevailed before, perfect contentment and gentleness followed. When he stepped upon the quay a grand arch rose over him, flowers wreathed, capped with his crown, bearing the human, living effigy of Venice as a Sea Queen, attired in bridal robes, reaching down to him her hand, with the ring clasped in it wherewith she used to wed the Adriatic; behind her a train of waiting ladies and sea-nymphs lingered, and the motto stood:

"Welcome to our elected King, Victor Emanuel!"

The pillars of the arch were inscribed with the names of the heroes of the war of independence, and the battles they had fought. The railway platform shelved down to the canal, where the splendid gondolas were waiting, and as the King received the welcome of the Podesta here, every housetop, and window, and foot of standing-room supported some human being waving the tri-color, whether in flag or handkerchief, and the multitude of them making loud vivas. The day was bright on city and canal. The King, with a sort of bluff stolidity, looked steadily into the Podesta's face; he bowed with grave graciousness to balcony and barge, and behind him came the bray of drums, borne by the National Guards, whose close ranks made an aisle of citizen gray, tipped with crimson. The space was very contracted; but to counteract the narrowness of the land the canal was deep with gondolas, all of them having their canopies withdrawn, and holding in the naked shells thrice their usual complements.

The whole surface of the water, even to far recesses under the shadows of strange churches and tenements, was an expectant humanity, outstretching hands. They crowded the iron bridge before the depot, so that none dared pass; they climbed upon the flying buttresses of an opposite church; a tall scaffold near by was one great frame-work of boys and men: some roofs and palaces afforded precarious foothold for those adventurous even to death. The King, uncovered, in the midst of his cabinet and the royal household, followed by the Embassadors of almost every civilized state, walked courteously down the margin to the royal barge. This was constructed upon the amended model of the famous *Bucentaur*, wherein the Doges went solemnly to wed Venice to the Adriatic. It was a grand gondola, propelled by twelve rowers, dressed in straight nautical hats, wearing crimson sashes, slippered, in blue trowsers, and at their throats the tri-colored tie, pinned with the royal crown.

TAKING A WHALE.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

EARLY one morning while we were cruising off the coast of Peru for sperm whales I was dozing on the maintop-gallant cross-trees. Suddenly something seemed to go right through my brain. I woke to discover that it was the wild voice of Zadik—the Captain's harpooner—a tall, swarthy, straight-haired youth, half Kanaka, half English. He was very tender-hearted, but an excellent whaleman, whose power of vision was truly remarkable. He stood on the other side of me, shrieking with all the force of his lungs:

"There blows!—there blow-ow-s!—there—there—there—blows!"

"Where away!" thundered old Captain Boom, glancing aloft.

"On the weather-bow, four miles off, heading to leeward!"

This answer sent an electric thrill through every vein: the old ship lurched as if she felt it too.

Up came old Boom, with spy-glass slung over his shoulder, mounting two ratlines at a time. When on the cross-trees he just gave one squint with his telescope; then his voice rang through the ship like a great saw going through a board.

"Back the main-yard—clear away the boats!" It would have done you good to see the men jump to falls and braces. The ship came up slowly, and Boom went down like lightning by means of a back-stay.

Zadik, following him, sprung like a deer into the starboard boat.

"Lower away!" growled the Captain. Buz-z-z! buz! buz-z-z! sounded the falls, and swash! went the four boats, almost simultaneously, into the water.

The merry dogs bundled into them, and away they flew, the Captain's taking the lead.

"Snap your oars, ye griffins! Make the fire fly, my bull-dogs! Long and strong's the word! Break your backs every mother's son of ye!" gritted the old fellow through his teeth.

In a similar manner the other officers encouraged their crews, until they had proceeded about four miles, when orders were given to stop pulling.

"None o' your dare-devil pranks, Tom, if you get alongside a whale!" said the skipper, to his son—a lad of fifteen, who belonged to the after-thwart in the first mate's boat.

Tom—the ship's favorite—smiled and shook his curly head. At the same moment the water broke into a whirlpool a few fathoms astern.

There was a hurried whispering; then the boats were forced round as a very small whale—a calf—rose to the surface. We perceived at once that the creature had been struck by some other crew, for the shank of an iron protruded from its body. It seemed very weak and in much pain, moving slowly and now and then reeling sideways with sudden plunge. It swam in a circle as if bewildered, and the noise of its spouting somehow reminded me of the wailing of a child.

"Paddle ahead!" was the order, for every man believed that the mother of the calf—the cow whale—was not far off.

The first mate was seen within darting distance.

"Give it to him!" he shrieked, and whiz, whiz! went the harpooner's irons, one after the other, into the animal's body. For a few moments the little whale, as if half stupefied, remained nearly motionless: then, breaching, it came down, writhing and whirling its flukes in great agony, after which it sounded. It was too weak to drag the boat very fast or very far; it soon rose about fifty yards ahead.

"Haul line!" ordered the mate, now in the boat's bow, lance in hand.

As he spoke the water on one side of the calf suddenly parted with a roar like a cataract, and an enormous leviathan—the cow whale—boomed up from the surface, beating the sea with her flukes and spouting thunder.

Round and round her offspring she swam, but soon paused, as if half paralyzed with astonishment and grief at the situation of the sufferer. A moment she remained thus, then moved ahead slowly and gently, occasionally turning, as if to entice the little creature to follow. In fact the calf endeavored to do so, but was too badly crippled to swim; it made a few feeble plunges toward its parent and then began to writhe and wheel in great agony. Perceiving that it was now in its flurry, the mate stopped hauling line, and remained watching the animal until its blood-red spout no longer rose, and it rolled over quite dead.

Now the behavior of its mother was pitiful to witness. She seemed unwilling to believe that her young one was really dead. Round it she slowly swam, spouting with a noise something between a shriek and a gasp. Then she moved ahead as before, and like one half crazed, seemed not yet to have abandoned the hope of being followed by her offspring.

Meanwhile her enemies were rapidly but stealthily advancing. Soon the Captain who was foremost was near enough to dart.

"Let her have it!" he growled. Zadik raised his harpoon; at the same moment the cow gently rubbed its great head against the little whale, as if to ascertain the reason why it would not follow her.

Zadik lowered the point of his weapon; his wild eyes softened.

"That whale's just like a human mother, Captain," said he, "and I haven't the heart to strike it!"

"Dog!" hissed Boom, "what ails ye? Dart! dart! I tell ye!"

As he spoke a sudden change came over the whale, which now, half turning, saw the boat. Wrathful and wild for revenge, she breached, the whole length of her enormous body, out of water; then falling back with the din of a hundred thunder-bolts, she made straight for the boat, her bristling jaw wide open, her broad flukes beating the sea!

"Stern! stern!" gritted old Boom, and every man of his crew except Zadik turned pale.

The harpooner had changed with the leviathan. The flush of fight was now on his cheek, and there was fire in his eye. His dark brow was wrinkled; the ends of his straight black hair bristled like spear points. He motioned to the Captain to keep off a little, and, being obeyed, sent both irons whizzing into the side of the monster's hump!

Maddened with pain, fiercer than ever, the whale made a swift dash toward the boat, which she must have grappled had not the Captain, by a dextrous movement, whirled the light vessel to one side. Thus baffled, the monster dove, shaking a savage warning with her flukes as she disappeared. Away went the boat, swift as a whirlwind, the line humming around the loggerhead, and the crew cheering like wild demons in answer to the cheers of those who were pulling after them.

Zadik and the Captain changed places, and the "old lion," as we called Boom, soon had his lance ready. The whale came up a quarter of an hour later, and "Haul line!" was the order. When within darting distance the skipper sent his long weapon quivering into the monster's body. Enraged beyond all bounds, she came booming toward us in a cloud of whirling spray tossed by her busy flukes.

"Stern! stern!" from the "old lion," and every time he spoke he was either darting his lance into the whale or pulling it back. Thicker and faster flew the spray, almost hiding the animal from us, until suddenly its great head, bursting from the white foam cloud, we saw the bristling jaw within six inches of the skipper!

Had the nerves of Zadik failed him, the old man must have perished the next minute. But the voice of the half-breed rang like the clang of a hammer, as with ready steering-oar he whirled the boat's broadside toward the monster, and then gave the order to "stern!"

Snap! went the monster's closing jaw, just missing the boat's bow; and whiz-z-z! went the old lion's lance again into her body alongside the hump!

Now, as she dashed furiously toward us, our shipmates arrived to take part in the combat.

The long-limbed first mate, who had left the calf to be towed by an extra boat's crew from the ship, attacked the monster on one flank, while the Captain and his second and third mates battled desperately upon the other. The cheers of the men, the crashing of the whale's flukes, mingling with such wild cries as "Lay me on!" "Keep off a little!" "Now then—steady as you are!" "Stern! stern! stern!" "Pull ahead!" "Hoo, hoo! take that, old queen!" "Mind yourself at that oar!" "Now then, Mr. Spooner—there's a 'good sight!'" "Whang! whang! whang! three lances into her that time!" "Hooray! hooray!" etc., etc., were heard on all sides, while so thick was the spray that no man could see his neighbor distinctly.

Vigorously pressed—with lance after lance piercing her body—her jaws and flukes avoided by the vigilant harpooners—the whale soon acknowledged the power of her assailants by sending up into the spray-cloud a light red fountain of blood! With exultant screams the lancers, still attacking, buried their weapons in her writhing body, from which the spout rose darker and lower every moment.

Suddenly, with one tremendous whirl of her flukes, she struck the first mate's boat, shivering it to atoms! Then slowly round and round she swam, the dark blood-spout now ascending scarcely six inches!

The Captain and his third and second officers churned her with their lances, when, turning over, fin out, and half lifting her flukes and head in one last spasm of agony, she expired!

The first mate's crew, being good swimmers, had not yet been picked up; in fact, the Captain had been too busy to notice which vessel was stove. Now, as the poor fellows were helped into his boat, he looked in vain for his son!

The sad story was soon told; poor little Tom was far down under the sea, whither his frame, crushed by the whale's flukes, had been dragged by sharks.

The Captain groaned and bowed his head. He did not lift it until we were alongside the ship. While we were cutting in the whale we looked in vain for him.

"He is down in the cabin," said the mate, "weeping and sobbing like a child. He will never be a happy man again!"

"Ay, ay," said Zadik, gloomily. "I felt as if no good would come of our striking that whale! We killed *her* offspring, and she killed the Captain's son!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NEW READING.—"Dirt cheap!" is the usual expression; but the connection between filth and cholera, which we know to our cost exists, makes it certain that we ought now to say Dirt dear.

INTELLECTUAL REMARKS.—Why is the profession of a dentist a most anomalous one?—Because the more he "stops" the faster he gets on.

MAXIMS FOR THE DAY.

All things are cheap which are purchased with others' money.
Without a bribe justice is weak.
Policy is the mother of principle.
A lean conscience makes a fat office.
Never spare the public money.
Illegal voting is the mother of good luck.
Never sell your vote on credit.
Patriotism covers a multitude of sins.
One good turn of office deserves another.

Why is a false calf like the last verse in a plaintive poem?—Because it completes an L-E-G.

Why was the rebellion like a promissory note?—Because it was put down with black and white.

What proof is there that Robinson Crusoe found his island inhabited?—He saw a great swell pitching into a little cove.

"We have equal rights," said a dwarf to a giant. "Very true, my good fellow," replied the giant, "yet you can not walk in my shoes." "Ditto," retorted the dwarf.

HOW TO KILL TIME.—Shoot Every Day.

MEDICAL.—Our doctor's ceiling fell in the other day. To prevent a recurrence of the accident, he immediately repaired it with sticking-plaster.

PRECARIOUS STYLE OF LIFE—Dwelling in other people's memory.

"My son," said an astronomer the other day, "you see the earth turns over on its axis, and makes one revolution round the sun each year." "Then, pa, does France turn on its axis when it makes its revolutions?" "No, my son, not exactly, it turns on its bayonets."

The other evening a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual," was the good-humored reply.

Why is a hotel ghost like a policeman?—Because it is an inn-spectre.

"Ethan Spike" shared the general disappointment in regard to meteors. He says: "While the clock was striking 6 I observed a luminous body in the 49th parallel in the bee line with the constellation Zendabel bearin sow west of the gut of Kansas at about 45 degrees above the Public Garding. It [illegible] rapidly and appeared nearly as large as a piece of chalk. Accordin to a previous understandin with the Savans who was settin in consert with me, I despatched a nigger boy with the information to Cambridge—but ten minits later discovered the luminus body to be the green light of a Bowdoin horse car."

An old writer quotes the following neat epigram in praise of woman:

"Adam alone in Paradise did grieve,
And thought Eden a desert without Eve,
Until God, pitying his lonesome state,
Crowned all his wishes with a lovely mate:
No reason then hath Man to slight or flout her,
Who could not live in Paradise without her."

Ah! but neither could he live there with her!

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself. Jonathan replied that he had two good, substantial reasons: In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and, in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

EPITAPH ON A BONE MERCHANT.

Here lies the bones
Of William Jones,
Who, when alive, collected bones;
But Death, that bony, grizzly spectre,
The most amazing bone collector,
Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy
That here he lies in bona fide.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed: "Well, I dunno about that. I've blowed my nose a great number of times, and I've never broke it yet."

"Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Tremins; "the doctor has given Flock's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

Brigham Young has been making inspecting tours round about his dominions. He was "insulted" by a rough backwoodsman, who propounded Artemus Ward's question direct: "How's your mother-in-law?"

It is said the reason the stars didn't shoot was because the police were on the watch for them.

When Madame Rachel saw her stout sister Sarah dressed for the part of a shepherdess, her comment was: "Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined on her flock."

WONDERFUL.—A contemporary, recording the fall of a person into the river, says, "It is a wonder that he escaped with his life." Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years?—The letter M.

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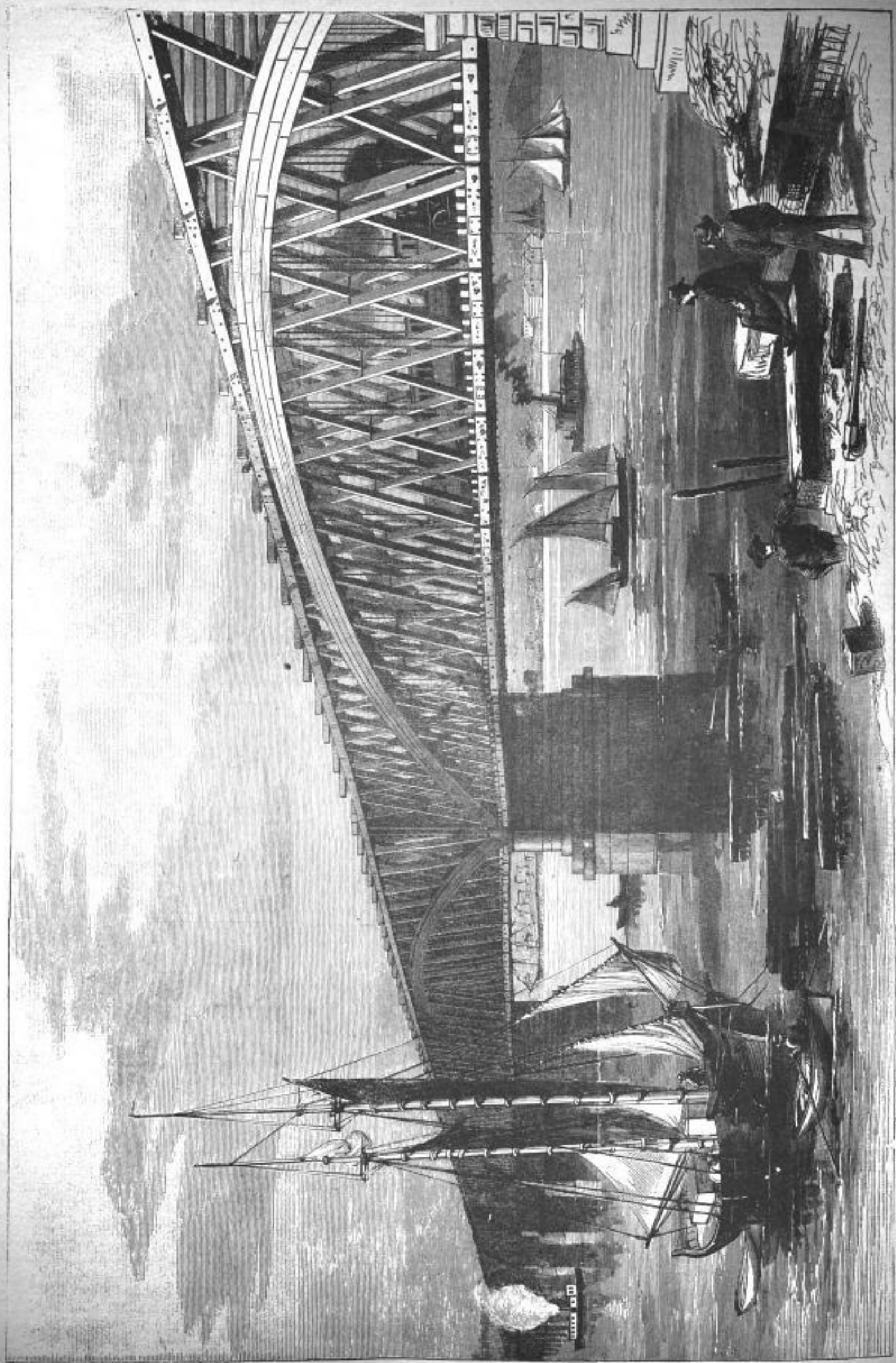

THE PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA, CONNECTING PERRYVILLE WITH HAVRE DE GRACE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER & SON, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 317.]

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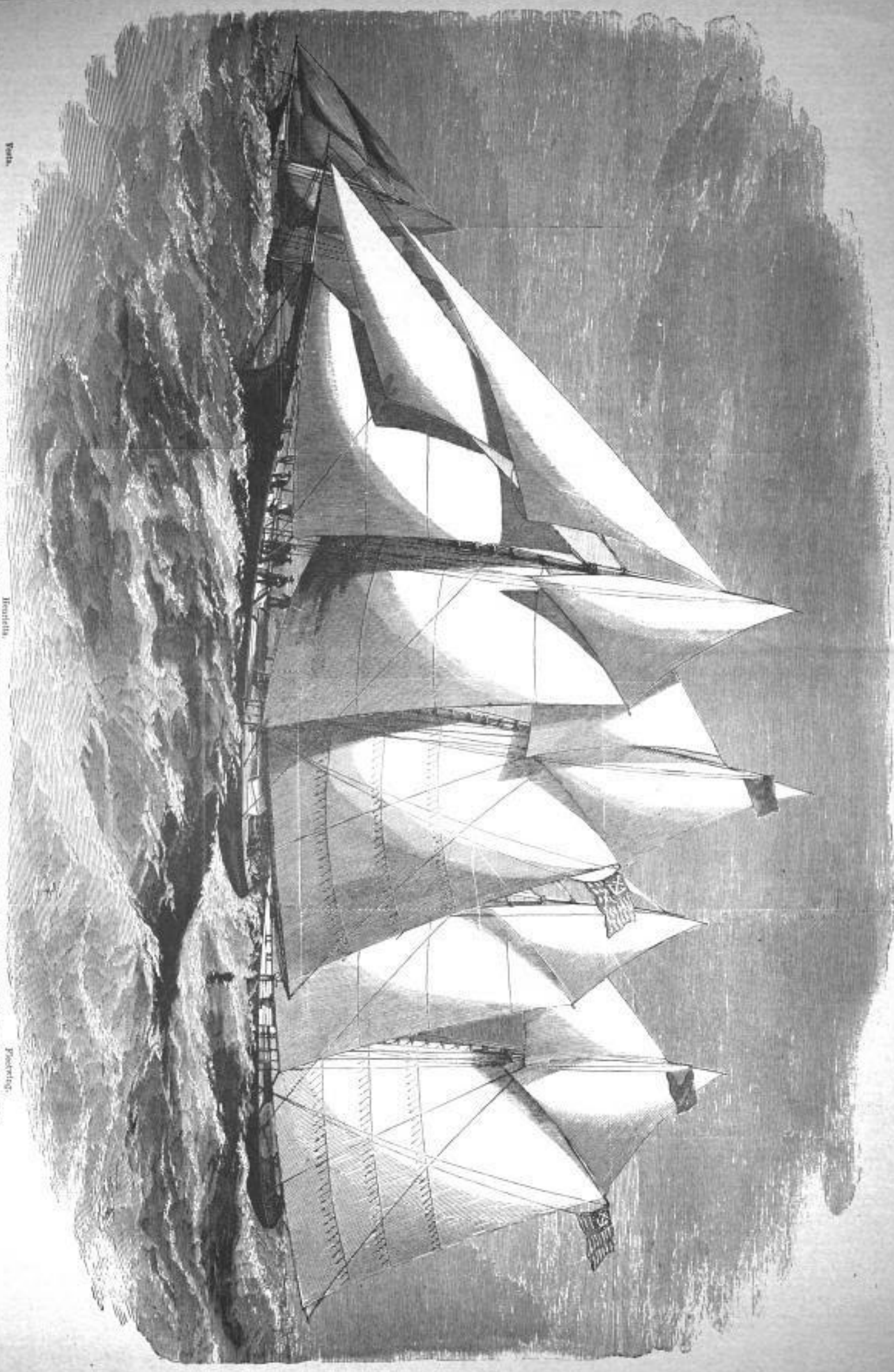

THE YACHTS "HENRIETTA," "FLEETWING," AND "VESTA," ON THEIR GRAND RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC FROM SANDY HOOK TO COWES.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

Vesta.

Henrietta.

Fleetwing.

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KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pretty picture, prettily set, that fair young face crowned with a lavish abundance of plaited tresses, looking forth from the quaintly-carved window-frame! The owner of the face was Katerina Kester; and if you had lived in the village of Gosau, or within twenty English miles of it, I should not have needed to say more. You would have known her by repute, if not by sight. But, as it is, I had better explain who she was. Katerina's father, Josef Kester, kept an inn at the village of Gosau, in Upper Austria, close to the beautiful lake of Hallstadt. Not *the* inn where travelers stopped to dine and halt their horses, and whence they took boats for excursions on the lake: that was the Black Eagle. Josef's hostelry bore the sign of the Golden Lamb, and was of much humbler pretensions, being frequented only by the country people, or occasionally receiving a footsore "Bursch," or German traveling workman, tramping through his probationary year of apprenticeship. The Black Eagle was thriving, the Golden Lamb was decaying. The epithets black and golden might, indeed, have been reversed in their case: for the eagle had a glaring gilt beak and gilt talons, and a bright gilt crown on each of his two cruel-looking heads; while to believe that the poor Lamb had ever been golden was a strain on one's faith, so begrimed and dingy had he grown with the blackening effects of time and weather. But the lamb, whether black or golden, possessed something of more beauty—ay, and some people thought of more value—than any article within the well-furnished house guarded by the fierce, spread, double-headed eagle. Katerina Kester, the landlord's daughter, was famed among the Gosauers, and for many a mile around Gosau, as being the prettiest girl in those parts. That might not be saying that she was really beautiful; for glorious is beautiful as Nature has been in making the surrounding scenery delightful to the eyes, she has not scattered female loveliness among its inhabitants with so lavish a hand. The women are in general tall and strong, but meagre, bony, brown-skinned, and betraying the effects of hard work and hard fare by a premature appearance of age. Katerina, however, was as fresh and fair and rounded as a Hebe. Her mother had been a Saxon woman, from Tetsa on the Elbe; and from her Katerina inherited a blonde, peach-like skin, large, limpid, light-blue eyes, and an enormous wealth of fair hair. This hair was splendid from its silky quality and great quantity; but it had not the warm richness of color which painters love. It was not golden, but resembled rather the pale brightness of moonlight than the dazzling glow of sunshine; and when unrolled it fell down straight on her knees in a silky mass, unbroken by one ripple. So much for the picture; now for its frame. The Golden Lamb was an old house built chiefly of timber, and it had a great balcony running along two sides of it, whence a fine view up and down the lake was to be had. The window of Katerina's room was surrounded by carved wood-work, and garnished by a creeper plant, which thrust its delicate tresses even into the chamber when the frame filled with small glass panes was hooked back to admit the fresh air. On this particular Sunday morning the summer breeze came softly in at the window, brightening the rose on Katchen's cheek, ruffling the bright, smooth lake into dimples, and displaying the grace and lightness of the sunshine that waved backward and forward with a cooling movement.

"Ah, what a fine day!" thought Katerina. "Dry and bright, but not too hot. Last night's shower will have laid the dust on the highway. How nice!" Katerina did not appreciate the full beauty of the grand scene that lay stretched out before her bedroom window. Lake and mountain were familiar to her sight, and, if I must tell the truth, one village belle was fonder of receiving them of giving admiration. It seemed to her very natural that people who had known her from a child should take unvarying pleasure in gazing on her pretty face, and extolling the length and softness of her hair. But if you had made any great demand on Katerina's powers of admiration on behalf of the lake and the mountains, she would have turned away with a petulant look, and would have told you that she had seen them every day—every day since she was born. The Kesters were Protestants, and attended service at the evangelical church in Hallstadt. Now to go from Gosau to Hallstadt there is but one really practicable way, and that is to row thither in a boat on the lake; therefore it seems odd that Katchen should have cared about the dust on the high-road. But Katchen had a lover who was the owner of a stout traveling-carriage and good team of horses, and who being, moreover, a steady driver, and a smart, honest young fellow, was often employed to convey travelers along the more unfrequented routes in the beautiful lake district—routes where railways were not, and diligences even few and far between. This lover, Fritz Rosenheim, was expected to-day at Gosau. He had passed through the village the week before on his way to Ischl, and was to return toward Salzburg on this bright Sunday morning. For this reason the state of the road was interesting to Katchen. There was no regular engagement between her and Fritz Rosenheim. Old Josef Kester set himself very much against the idea of such a thing. He liked Fritz heartily, and was glad to see him, but—Fritz was poor. That was a misfortune from which the landlord of the Golden Lamb had suffered severely; and he was most to say that he would never willingly expose his child to the cold, nipping air of poverty. But Gosau folks maintained that Josef Kester had started in life with as good prospects as most men, and that it was mainly his own fault if things had gone ill with him, and the poor "Lamb" had gradually been shorn of its golden fleece. Gosau folks were not less hard in their judgment of the misfortune-ful men than London folks or Paris folks. But there was a grain of truth in what they said for all that. Josef had too much of the merit possess good-humor which distinguishes many of his countrymen to push his way energetically through the world. Perhaps he could reckon as many pleasant hours in his poor life as the richest of his neighbors. But the pleasant hours were over and gone, and had left him with empty pockets to look old age in the face. The hard-working, well-to-do neighbors mind sometimes—but this they never acknowledged—envy the clear, smooth forehead and placid smile which made old Josef look younger than his years; but they had only to put their hands in their pockets and feel a soft bundle of very dirty and tattered bank-notes to recover their self-esteem and good-spirits immediately.

Katchen drew in her head from the window and went to take one more look at herself in the green mirror, which distorted her pretty face in a heart-breaking manner. But Katchen knew the original was fair, and was not distressed by the bad translation she beheld in her glass. She proceeded to perch a tiny sugar-loaf black hat on the top of her thick plaits of hair, and to stick a long silver arrow into the coil at the back.

"Katchen! Katchen!" called her father from the lake below. He was sitting in a little boat just beneath her window, dressed in his best clothes, and ready to row to Hallstadt to church. "Make haste, my child, service will have begun!"

"Coming, father, coming!" said Katchen, as she ran swiftly down the stairs, through the open house door, and stepped into the little boat that lay rocking gently within a stone's-throw of the inn. Katchen stood up in the boat and took an oar, which she managed with strength and skill. All the young women about Hallstadt and Gosau were used to propel themselves about the lake, and to handle an oar was as ordinary an accomplishment as to wield a knitting-needle. Katchen rowed standing, and at every dip of her paddle into the water she bent well forward, displaying in the action a plump, well-turned leg and neat ankle, encased in the Sunday gear of white stockings and stout black boots.

"Fine bright day, Herr Kester!" shouted a neighbor, whose boat, propelled by four stout damsels, shot past Katchen's.

"Ay, very fine, very fine. Bright, as you say, but not sultry. Any news up your way?"

"Nothing very interesting," bawled back the neighbor, whose boat was rapidly shooting ahead of the Kesters' little craft. "Only one thing your Katchen may care to hear. Fritz Rosenheim got a return fare at Ischl. Some foreigners wanted to go back to Salzburg the very day he was coming away. Lucky for him, isn't it?"

"My Katchen doesn't care a button about it," roared Josef, angrily; but it is to be feared his words did not reach the ears for which they were intended. Katchen's pink cheeks grew scarlet, and she knit her fairen eyebrows.

"Why should you say that, father?" she asked, pettishly. "I do care a button, more than a button, for Fritz's good luck."

"You don't care in the way neighbor Nelbeck meant. And I don't choose to allow folks to talk to me as if you did, Katchen."

"But, father, I do care—"

"Nonsense! You think you do when you're contradicted, but it's all moonshine. You know you wouldn't marry Fritz if I gave my consent to-morrow."

"Will you try me, father?"

"No, I won't. I disapprove of the whole thing. The prettiest girl in the district to throw herself away on a poor devil of a ketcher—a fellow who knows nothing in the world but how to guide his horses up and down the mountain roads, rain or hail, shade or shine—it's monstrous! And you, that might do so much better too! Better, doubtless as you are, than many a well-portioned lass I could mention."

The boat grated the pebbly landing-place at Hallstadt while Josef Kester was still in the midst of his grumblings against Katchen, against his poverty, against his neighbors, and especially against the guilty Fritz—guilty, by his own confession, of being in love with a pretty girl whose father did not want him as a son-in-law. The crime is heinous, though, alas! too common. But old Josef's discontent disposed itself in words, and left him placid and smiling as usual when he walked into the little evangelical place of worship, followed by his pretty daughter.

CHAPTER II.

Katchen sat very still during the long controversial discourse that flew high over the heads of the simple congregation. Very still and seemingly attentive sat little Katchen, but her thoughts were busily occupied, and not with the sermon. "Was she really, really so fond of Fritz after all? or was her father right in saying it was only moonshine?" She acknowledged to herself that she never did feel so kindly disposed toward her lover as when some sage adviser set before her the folly and unsuitableness of marrying him. Next to this spur to her affections came the idea of any other girl winning Fritz Rosenheim. The young man was very popular, and in his roving life he had opportunities of making many acquaintances. Smart chamber-maids at the big hotels in Salzburg and Ischl knew and smiled upon him. Even landladies' daughters at the mountain inns condescended to a little flirtation with the good-looking ketcher. And his unfriggling good-humor and gallant bearing toward the fair made the jingle of his horses' bells a very welcome sound to many feminine ears along his line of route. But then— To be sure it was very nice to have Fritz so admiring and so devoted, and to hear him protest that there was not in all Austria, nay, in all Germany, a girl fit to wipe the little shoes of Katerina Kester. Yes, that was pleasant, without doubt. But it wouldn't last so! Fritz couldn't be content to let that agreeable state of things continue comfortably. It was very unreasonable of him, but he actually wanted to have a formal promise of marriage from his idol, and to be publicly betrothed to her. Katchen gave such an impatient little shiver at the idea of being irrevocably bound to marry Fritz, and tossed up her head so like a wild colt that has never known bit or bridle, that I, for my part, believe her father to have been right about the moonshine, and that she wasn't so very much in love after all.

The cessation of the pastor's sonorous German polysyllables startled her from a reverie. Katchen was not much given to reverie in general, but there was still a wide-eyed look of abstraction on her countenance as she walked forth with her father from the little church. At the entrance they came on quite a crowd of country-folks, some of whom had just been hearing mass in the Catholic chapel. A rosy, well-fed couple of Sisters of Mercy passed through the knot of people, receiving pleasant and respectful salutations alike from the orthodox and the heretics. Josef Kester was known to every body, and stood for some time exchanging gossip with his neighbors, and taking long, luxurious pulls at the gaudy china pipe suspended by a green cord round his neck. Katchen, still in an unusually thoughtful mood, walked slowly down to the brink of the lake, whence a narrow wooden plank ran out a short distance into the water, for the convenience of boatmen and their passengers. Katchen seated herself on a pile of wood cut and stacked for fuel, and stared absently at the lake, and the opposite hills rich in color, and steeped in a great glory of sunlight.

"Good-day, Mam'sell Katerina," said a high, thin voice close at her ear. She started and looked round. The address was unusually formal and respectful. Her own acquaintance never bestowed on her the title of "Mam'sell," and usually abbreviated the nearness of her Christian name. The polite speaker was a tall, spare man of about five-and-forty, with a very high, bald forehead, a sallow face, and thick, hay-colored mustaches. He wore spectacles, and blinked very much with his light-gray eyes. "Good-day, Mam'sell Katerina," said he again, seeing that Katchen stared at him without speaking. "I fear you do not recognize me. I am Caspar Ebner, the landlord of the Black Eagle in Gosau, at your service." And he drew himself up a little, and twisted his fingers in a heavy silver watch-chain that crossed his black satin waistcoat. Herr Ebner wore a suit of dark-blue cloth, with gilt buttons, a tall, shiny French hat, and the black satin waistcoat aforesaid.

"Thou dear Heaven!" cried Katchen, jumping up from her seat and making a little courtesy. "I beg your pardon, Herr Ebner, but I couldn't for the moment think who it was." She might have added that her surprise was not much diminished when she did know who it was; for the rich landlord of the Black Eagle had never accosted her in her life before, though she knew him by sight well enough, and had sometimes fancied he looked at her with a certain amount of admiration.

"The Herr Pastor was somewhat lengthy to-day," said Ebner, half seating himself on the leg of wood on which Katchen had resumed her place.

"Was he?" asked she, without thinking of what she was saying, for her brain was busily trying to puzzle out why Herr Ebner should speak to her.

"Yes; somewhat lengthy. At least I fancied so. You were a more devout and attentive listener, mam'sell. I observed your absorption."

Katchen colored, partly from a prick of conscience, partly at the idea of having been watched. Then the thought that was in her mind came to her tongue, although she had not wished to betray it. "I never saw you in church before, Herr Ebner," said she.

It was now the landlord's turn to color; that is to say, the lemon hue of his face deepened to orange. "Most likely not, Mam'sell Katerina. I—in fact, I don't go to church in a usual way. I read though, and think a good deal on these subjects, and I have formed, I confess, certain theories, which—" Here he stopped abruptly, catching Katchen's point-blank stare of bewilderment. "I—I beg pardon. These grave and speculative topics are hardly suited to one so young, and—and—ahem—so lovely as yourself."

"Here's father!" cried Katchen, with an unmistakable look of relief; and she even made a little step toward her father and away from Ebner.

"Good-day, Herr Ebner," said Kester, pulling off his soft felt hat—a courtesy which the other instantly required by lifting his own stiff, shiny head-covering high in the air. "I've been staying behind to have a little chat with some old neighbors, and kept this young woman of mine waiting, you see."

Old Kester glanced sharply at his daughter as he spoke, and Katchen noticed that her father did not seem nearly so much surprised as she had been to see the host of the Black Eagle speaking so affably to her.

"I am—I mean—see you," stammered Ebner, with an awkward hesitation.

"Are we going to row back to Gosau now? Yes, we are," said Kester, promptly.

"My boat is here, with three of the boatmen from St. Emmeran. Would you—that is, if Mam'sell Katerina— It's hot, rowing in the middle of the day—"

"Thank you, Herr Ebner," responded the rival landlord, with—to Katchen—astonishing alacrity; and then, before she understood the arrangement clearly, she was handed into Ebner's boat and seated in state on a cushioned bench under an awning, instead of standing up with a heavy paddle in her sunburnt hand. One of the boatmen made Kester's deserted little craft fast to the stern of the larger boat, and away they went, swiftly cutting a bright furrow through the glassy water, and breaking into fragments the peaceful shadows of the great hills that lay deep in the lake with their peaks pointing downward into a second and still bluer heaven than that which stretched overhead. Katchen was bewildered. That she should be in a boat at all, without aiding to propel that boat, was wonderful; but that the Black Eagle should have doffed his usual imperial decorum, and—instead of sticking his long talons into the fleece of the Golden Lamb—should coo with dove-like softness, and invite his rival even into his own nest—this was more wonderful by far. Not that Caspar Ebner was really very fierce in himself. But Katchen was used to think of him as a very high and mighty personage—one to whose successful rapacity was partly owing the decay and ill fortune that hung about the meeker Lamb. Josef Kester's ill success was, on his own showing, always "somebody else's" fault. In this respect, perhaps, Josef Kester was not entirely singular. And so the indefinite "somebody else," who wrought all the mischief to the Golden Lamb, had gradually taken shape in Katchen's mind, and Herr Caspar Ebner was its living embodiment.

Many an evening in the old raftered kitchen of the inn had Katchen listened to her father's long speeches, uttered oracularly from behind dense clouds of coarse tobacco-smoke, when the old man would descant on the Lamb's ill-treatment and the undeserved prosperity of the Eagle, and lament the strange perversity of travelers who would frequent Herr Ebner's house, to the neglect and detriment of his own establishment. And now, behold here was her father sitting placidly under the enemy's awning, rowed luxuriously by the enemy's boatmen, and chatting cheerfully with the enemy himself! The boat scudded along lightly, bounding to the strong strokes of the rowers, and soon reached the landing-place at Gosau, where Katchen was handed out by Herr Ebner, with much politeness, though a little awkwardly. She and her father bade him farewell, and thanked him, and were about to draw their own little boat up high and dry on the beach, but Ebner desired his own boatmen to do that, and asked Kester and Katchen to do him the honor of dining with him, as the mid-day meal was just ready. Josef made some little objection, but only by way of what he considered good manners; for he finally accepted the invitation for his daughter and himself, and they followed their host into his private sitting-room at the Black Eagle. It was a pleasant apartment on the ground-floor, with windows looking on to the lake. Here the cloth was laid for dinner, and a tall chamber-maid came forward to take Katchen's hat from her, and to offer her any assistance she might need in the arrangement of her dress. She had, of course, taken the cue from her master's behavior, for Katchen knew well enough that at most times Therese would consider herself quite above waiting on the daughter of old Josef Kester, of the Golden Lamb. The dinner was very good and the wine excellent, but somehow the little party did not seem to be quite at ease. Josef, it is true, ate and drank unrestrained by shyness; but Katchen was too full of wonder at the unexpected honor to feel much appetite, and Herr Ebner blinked nervously through his spectacles, and hesitated and stammered in his speech in a very disconcerting manner. When the dinner was over, the guests rose to take their leave, Josef protesting that he must go, as he had "so many things to attend to." Ebner accompanied them to the entrance-hall, and there bashfully offered a bunch of roses to Katchen. He had had them gathered in his little garden during dinner-time, and now they were lying ready to be presented in a tasteful little straw basket. Katchen took the fragrant June roses with a smile and a bright blush of pleasure. It was certainly very nice to be treated like a real lady, and she was quite enough of a coquette to enjoy the consciousness of being admired. But all of a sudden she gave a start, and the color left her round cheeks for a moment, to rush back deeper than before; for there stood Fritz Rosenheim right in the doorway, looking at her in blank astonishment. He had a long driving-whip in his hand and wore his smartest suit—a bright blue postillion's jacket, studded with silver buttons, leathern breeches, and high boots coming above the knee; and in his low-crowned hat, stuck on one side of his head, was fastened a branch of rich red carnations, the gift, probably, of some coquettish chamber-maid or landlady along his line of route.

"Good-day, Fritz," said Katchen, desperately, speaking first; for poor Fritz's presence of mind seemed clean gone. He muttered some salutation in reply, and then turned to grasp the hand which Josef Kester heartily held out to him. "Welcome, Fritz, my boy," said he; "I expected you to-day, for I heard news of you from old Nelbeck." Then Fritz dropped his hat respectfully to the landlord of the Black Eagle, who gravely nodded in return.

"I've brought some travelers from Ischl, Sir," said Fritz; "a foreign lady and gentleman and their courier. I told them they couldn't be any where better treated or more comfortable than at the Black Eagle in Gosau."

"They will be taken care of, ketcher. I hope you have seen to your horses. Yes—eh? Well, then, go and tell the kellner to give you a bottle of Rudesheimer to drink my health in."

Fritz touched his hat again, and made way for the Kesters to pass out. Josef said, as he went away, "See you to-night, Fritz; you'll come and smoke a pipe in the old kitchen as usual."

Katchen walked home in a state of ill-humor that darkened her pretty childish face. She was vexed that Fritz should have come upon her just when he did—vexed to see him touch his hat like a servant to the man at whose table she had been dining—vexed with poor Herr Ebner for his good-nature in treating the ketcher to wine. Why should Fritz accept his wine? He was able to pay for it. And vexed above all with her father for inviting the young man to come and "smoke a pipe in the kitchen as usual." As usual! What would the landlord of the Black Eagle think of them? *He* never smoked pipes in the kitchen with a ketcher. This last was a very unworthy thought, and ungenerous toward Fritz, who would never have been ashamed of association with her before the highest in the land. But then I really do believe old Josef had been right about the moonshine. Still, objecting as he did to any semblance of love-making between Rosenheim and his daughter, he should not have encouraged the young man to come to his house. But this was Josef's way—one of the many weaknesses in his easy-going nature that had helped to smooth the down-hill path on which he had slidden so rapidly from comfort to poverty. He liked Fritz. The young fellow's cheery talk and pleasant manner, and the news he brought from the busy world he traversed in his journeys, were very agreeable stimulants after the sluggish monotony of life at the Golden Lamb. And, like many inert men, Josef Kester loved nothing better than to witness and hear of traits of energy and activity in which he was not expected to participate. As to the after-consequence of all this familiar intercourse, why, that would come all right somehow. The young folks would make love a little—why not?—but it would be all in a wild and purposeless sort of way that would hurt neither of them very deeply. He could be very angry when any one took it for granted that the moonshine meant something real, and spoke as old Nelbeck had spoken. Not the less angry, perhaps, from a secret self-reproach in the matter. But the moment Fritz reappeared he could not resist the temptation of his company, and, besides, the young man wouldn't be so desperately in earnest. In this he was thoroughly mistaken; but it was a comfortable theory, which lightened his own responsibility, and therefore Josef Kester clung to it.

THE HAPPY UNION.

CHAPTER I.

* * * * * *

IT was moonlight—when is it not moonlight when lovers meet?—and Algernon, emerging from the window of an attic, crept stealthily along the gutter to a window at the extremity of his father's palatial mansion. Thrice tapped he gently at the window, which was slowly raised almost before the completion of the signal. At the window appeared the loveliest face and form that ever the chaste moon shone upon, and Phillis Maythorne was worthy to be an attendant maid on the Casta Diva.

"Oh, Halgernon!" she said (Phillis was low born and ill-educated, but lovely still). "Oh, Halgernon! I know you'll be found out, and I shall have warning."

"So let it be, love!" replied the enraptured youth. "I will marry you, despite all family opposition. I shall be of age in two years."

"But if I was to be out of place all that time! what should I do? Father's dead, mother's a cripple, and says she can't keep out of the house much longer."

"I will work for you," cried Algernon. "Yes, like a day-laborer, if needful. But I have intellect—some say genius—and by the power of my pen I will ring my name unto the stars, and yours with it, my dear Phillis."

"Oh, how fine you talk!" said Phillis, with a deep sigh. "I could listen to you until it was time to call the cook, who's a heavy sleeper."

But it was not to be. Dian was unmindful of the happiness of poor Phillis; for by her light old Jowler, the gardener, returning late from his club at the Lion,

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saw what was going on in the gutter. There was a light burning in the library, and Jowler knew that the Governor was up, finishing his last cigar and imbibing his "night-cap."

CHAPTER II.

It is easy to guess the consequences of Jowler's discovery and revelation. Mr. Goldwig had amassed his many thousands, and Algernon was his heir.

"Marry a dust-pan! a house-broom! a mop-twirler! had he toiled for that!" Gog and Magog forbid it.

Phillis was dismissed with a month's wages. Algernon was sent to the Continent, with a tutor, and a letter of credit on Laffitte.

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER III.

How differently the future developed itself to Phillis and Algernon! She, poor maid! clung fondly to the memory of her first love, scorning all offers from swains in her own grade of life, remembering only this, repeating only this: "She'd been sweet-hearted by a gentleman," and some day—yes, though long years succeeded long years—he would prove faithful to his vows and marry her.

Algernon, also, was inconsolable for a time, but his dissipated tutor soon taught him the use of money-letters on Laffitte, and in the whirlpool of Parisian vice and pleasure Phillis was soon forgotten, and her pure love laughed at and contemned!

Mr. Goldwig did not value his money so that his heir was weaned from the folly of his first love.

CHAPTER IV.

Goldwig was the occupant of a hideous marble tomb in a country church-yard, and Algernon was lord of thousands. Phillis was the patient nurse of an irritable old woman, the widow of a Nabob!

Riot, the gaming-table, infamous associates, made vast inroads on the inherited thousands, and at last—But let us not anticipate.

Phillis found her reward after twenty years of silent endurance— But again let us not anticipate.

CHAPTER V.

The village children were to have a holiday and a great feast at Mrs. Maythorne's cottage. It was the owner's birthday. Yes, Phillis had come back to her native place the week before, and was thus about to inaugurate her return. She was changed from the beauteous girl into the buxom woman, although Time had recorded against her five-and-fifty years. The morning was one of the loveliest the young spring had yet put forth, and Phillis took her way toward the old work-house. A feeble man, dressed in the parish garb, opened the gate, but without making an obeisance. Phillis gazed at him for a moment; the pauper returned her look somewhat defiantly at first, but after a few moments he exclaimed, in a low voice,

"No!"

Phillis almost fell to the ground at the sound of the man's voice, and it was with great effort that she could reply, "Yes."

In another moment her arms were about the neck of Algernon! Algernon the pauper! Algernon, who in the hour of prosperity had abandoned his lowly first love!

CHAPTER VI.

To Phillis's great joy Algernon proved to be unmarried; and as he much preferred liberty, a comfortable cottage, and a buxom help-mate—a nurse would be the better word—the bans were published on the next Sabbath morn, and before the new moon waned Phillis led her Algernon to the hymeneal altar, and in the work-house the sounds of revelry were heard at midnight. And, later still, Bunker the Beadle was coming home in a wheel-barrow!

Were we not right to call our story "The Happy Union?"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The shops are beginning to put on their holiday attire. A Christmas hue pervades the City generally. The little folks return from their daily airings, with wonderfully large eyes, and chatter till bedtime about Santa Claus—some with a most profound belief in the individuality of St. Nicholas, while others—like a little Miss of very few years, whom we chanced to overhear the other day—whisper the suspicion, "I know who Santa Claus is! It is papa and mamma, and Uncle Dick!" The older folks are beginning to puzzle their brains; and the puzzle becomes fearfully perplexing in a walk down Broadway. For every thing is so "nice," so "pretty," so "convenient," and "*so cheap*"—the polite clerks say—where shall the selection commence? It is a puzzle!

The decided change in the length of walking-dresses, and in the circumference of crinoline, has quite startled many of the ladies. They scarcely know whether to follow the fashion or not. But, in the end, they will be obliged to do so. The time for dragging half a yard of silk through muddy or dusty streets has passed pro tem. The luckless gentlemen who have often met with the unhappy experience of treading on the trail of a lady who was sailing along in front of them will hail the new era with satisfaction.

There is no end to the novel names given to ladies' hats nowadays. One of the very latest styles is called the "Butter Dish." They are described as being "a cross between a turtle-shell and a wash-pan;" and the fair wearers say they are "so nice!"

It is of no use to fancy that your eldest boy will be content without a new pair of skates this winter. You may as well open your pocket-book and yield gracefully. Most likely, too, every one of your girls—always supposing you have a bevy of them—will imperatively demand skating hat, jacket, gloves, etc., in addition to a pair of first-class skates, just as soon as King Frost has fairly commenced his reign.

And speaking of frosty weather reminds us of a nice point of law recently decided in Minnesota. It appears that a certain Mr. A——, living somewhere in that State, rented his house to Mr. B—— till "cold weather." During the last "cold snap" Mr. A—— informed Mr. B—— that "cold weather" had come, and he must quit the premises. Mr. B—— said "cold weather" had not come, and they went to law about it. After a long and critical examination of a host of witnesses, the jury decided that "cold weather" does not, according to law, come until the 1st of December. This decision is binding authority throughout the State, and hereafter "cold weather" will not come in Minnesota until the first day of December.

Among the numerous and often strange legal reports which find their way into our newspapers there recently appeared a case with the following very curious title: "The United States *vs.* Two Large Worms." It is a proceeding to forfeit an apparatus for distilling petroleum, on an allegation that the owner had not rendered proper returns and paid the proper tax to the collector of internal revenue.

An exchange says: "There was a great fall in pork at Chicago last week, but nobody was hurt." Such falls are sometimes fatal.

Somebody gives the following sensible advice to those who write for newspapers and magazines: "Say the most possible in the least space. Pitch right into your subject. Make the title and first sentence so that it must be read; and so of the second, no matter what has preceded or is to follow."

The New Haven *Journal* tells a nice little story about a couple of pet wolves, whose sportive gambols in a yard on a certain street of that city have lately excited the curiosity of passers-by. They are said to be very tame—so tame that they are the "nicest playthings in the world." The other day a gentleman went down to see them, and the lady of the house remarked to him that they were very tame. "Just see here," said she, and she fondled them as if they were innocent little babies. "You put your hands upon them, and see how tame they are," she invitingly said to the guest. Of course he would, but, as he approached, four rows of teeth admonished him to keep at a safe distance. At this the woman assured him that it was only a playful demonstration, and, to show him how exceedingly well tamed they were, she entered the house and returned with three little kittens which she placed before the wolves. Then she engaged in further conversation with the guest, and, soon after, both hearing a faint squeak, turned around just in time to see the tail of kitten number three going down the mouth of the tamest wolf. The visitor immediately took his departure, after making a liberal offer for the wolves to take home for an infant child to play with in the absence of its mother.

They have spirited girls in Ohio, who evidently believe in certain phases of "Woman's Rights." Not long ago, a young lady of that State having heard that a young man of her acquaintance was "halting between two opinions," and not likely to vote at all without some coaxing, took her father's buggy on the day of election, went to the house of the absentee, brought him to the polls, "voted him," and then carried him home again.

An exchange relates a story of cholera times, which reminds one of the decision made in olden times by Solomon:

"A sugar refiner at Lille generously fitted up the room adjoining his engine-room as a steam-bath, and allowed all persons in the town seized with cholera to be brought thither. Not one of the persons exposed in this steam-bath died of that disease. One woman—a factory girl in a cotton manufactory of Lille—was so scalded during a bath as to be unable to work for two days, and, with singular ingratitude, she brought suit against her benefactor to recover the two days' wages she lost. The judge, summoning all his gravity to his countenance, thus addressed her, after hearing her and her witnesses' testimony: 'Madame, I should not hesitate to sentence the defendant to pay you the wages of the two days you have lost could I at the same time force him to restore the cholera which you yourself confess you lost in his house; unable to strain my power so far, I must dismiss your case.' The audience approved by great laughter the judge's decision, and the woman, covered with confusion and pursued by jeers, quitted the court-house."

Farinaceous food, although much recommended for invalids, is frequently very injurious to the stomach, unless a small quantity of animal food be taken with it. Many persons still retain the rather old-fashioned theory that a sick person must be fed solely upon toast, porridge, and similar articles. But, in truth, a weak stomach is frequently rendered still more feeble by the long and exclusive use of a farinaceous diet. Wherever no acute disease exists, which would render it improper, a small portion of meat, either in the solid form or as broth, should be taken occasionally.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

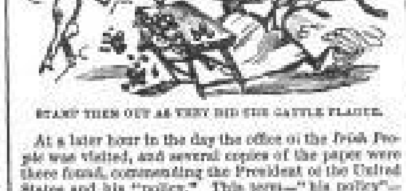
Home of De Sauty, Trinity Bay, N. F., Dec. 12.

Dear Weekly:

Here I am, getting all of the first shocks by the Ocean Telegraph of the shocking doings in Ireland by the Fenian Rinderpests, and the way the "'ome Government," as De Sauty says, "his stamping hit hout."

The charges of the Judge of the Four Courts in Dublin were terrible, only equaled by the charges of the Ocean Telegraph Company for the within news.

It seems that about half past five o'clock yesterday morning a small Irish boy was found carrying a turkey, and it was supposed by the police to be intended for the rations of the Fenian army, then momentarily expected to land on the Quay. The policeman immediately confiscated the turkey as being contraband of war, on account of its having "drum-sticks" in its possession. The act was immediately telegraphed to the British Admiralty Office, when four iron-clads and seven transports were dispatched across the Channel to prevent any further demonstrations of that kind. The Admiral of the fleet told our correspondent that if he found the boy or the turkey he would



STAMP THEM OUT AS THEY DID THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

At a later hour in the day the office of the *Irish People* was visited, and several copies of the paper were there found, commending the President of the United States and his "policy." This term—"his policy"—was often referred to in that paper, and in the back numbers, but they never saw an explanation of it in the paper; and the editor, who was subsequently arrested, was unwilling to explain the "policy," and evaded doing so by saying that he did not know what it was. The authorities considered it preposterous that an editor should write about and commend a thing he knew nothing about. He and the publisher were therefore accordingly committed for contempt by the magistrate, who made the remark, that "Hif they could find hout what the 'policy' hof the President of the United States was they would stamp hit hout has they did the cattle plague." The Home Government, hearing of the articles in the *Irish People*, immediately sent sixteen regiments of riflemen to take possession of the office. They also confiscated the "shooting-sticks" of the office as contraband of war. Four little boys who were looking in at the window and flattening their noses on the glass were arrested on the charge of lending their countenance to the affair.

In the lower counties, a boy with a pike that he had just caught in a brook was sent to the Castle, and the pike was taken possession of by the magistrate, who immediately ordered out the local military to watch for other boys with fish, as he had received orders to arrest any one in his section found with "pikes;" and he told the captain of the militia they must be stamped out.

THE COVE OF CORK.

By a dispatch sent by the Agent of the Associated Press from Liverpool we learn that the Cove of Cork himself was arrested, and that further particulars will be sent on.

Intelligent Fenians here consider the stamping, out of the Fenians an impossibility, as Head Centre Stephens has more "stamps" in his possession than the whole English army in Ireland; and they say it looks reasonable that the party who has the most "stamps" can do the greatest amount of stamping.

There are now iron-clads stationed all around the coast of Ireland, each vessel but six miles apart, and with guns that can carry with accuracy three miles; it therefore seems impossible that any considerable number of Fenians from New York will be able to land.

The office of the Ocean Telegraph at Valentia was seized by the Irish police, because word had been sent to the authorities of Dublin that there were some "forty batteries" in the building. Imperative orders were given to stamp out the office if such was the case. The police not being able to find any batteries about there, merely some cups with wires running into them, concluded not to disturb the office, but merely to anchor a man-of-war in the harbor, to protect the Government against a charge by the clerks of the Company, as they had received word from America that Mr. Field, at a dinner-party, had said that "on or about the first of December there would be a new rate of charges adopted by the Company," and they were not going to be caught napping, like "The Queen's Own" were in Canada, but intended to be ready for any *charge* that might be made.

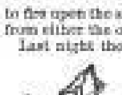
Toward evening the offices of other papers in the interior towns were visited, and all articles contraband were confiscated. In the town of Kilkenny was found in one of the newspapers two tails, illustrated with cuts, which were supposed to belong to the famed "Kilkenny Cats" of history, and the tails had been put up in the paper to create a sensation. Apart from this incident there were no signs of a fight or rebellion, and the fears are confined entirely to the police and soldiers of the large towns.

I understand the English Government is now engaged in building mortar batteries all along the shore, for the purpose of firing on the ships, as word has just come to the Government's ears that two thirds of all of the crews in the iron-clads are either tainted with Fenianism or the scurvy, and they have manned these shore batteries with the native Irish, who are used to

MORTAR PRACTICE.

to fire upon the ships in case they receive any "slack" from either the officers or crews of the vessels.

Last night the Judge of the Four Courts gave orders to all his specials that if they should discover any thing like Fenianism on their boats they should stamp it out. This morning one of the native police exhibited in the Court-room what he considered a specimen of Fenianism



ALREADY STAMPED OUT.

The Judge explained more fully his meaning to the special, and discharged him with a slight reprimand.

The very Latest.—The Fenians are now besieging the Ocean Telegraph Office, telegraphing to their friends in America to send over to them the "stamps," as they want to be stamped out of the country as fast as possible.

P.S.—I do not indorse the matter here set forth; I give it you as a subject of news, merely saying that the Rinderpest does not affect your own C. O. W.

THE DEATH-WALK.

The lattice-window, diamond-paned,
Stood open as the twilight waned,
And scattered lustre crimson-rayed
Upon the cottage floor,
As, half his disk above the ground,
The angry, sinking sun around
His shining lances played,
In blood steeped o'er and o'er.

"He will not come, he will not come!"
A plaintive whisper faltered out,
As rose the shadows round about:
"The night is blind, the wind is dumb;
The dew will change to frosty rime—
O, weary, weary, weary time!
He will not come, he will not come!"

The ruddy lustre of the sun
Grew copper-bronzed, then purply dun,
And all the crush of piled-up cloud,
Like scarcely-molten ore,
Cooled quickly down from gray to sward,
While here and there a flickering dart,
That almost seemed to hiss aloud,
Lit up the glowing core.

O wistful eyes, O straining sight!
There is no passing shadow falls
Upon the distant, leafy walls,
Athwart the sinking purple light;
No youthful footfalls gayly pass
From ringing road to silent grass,
And echo through the coming night.

"He will not come!" pale Lilly sighed,
Say rather whispered hoarsely low,
As in her hand she laid her brow.
O, better she aloud had cried,
With flood of tears and throbbing breast,
Than thus had watched the sun to rest,
And felt with light how hope subsided!

O, weary, weary, weary time!
The Summer's dew makes Winter's rime,
The flush of hope brings chilling fears,
And Joy is drowned in her own tears.

The sun is gone, the fires died out
Which warmed the heaped-up, cindery bank
Of ragged clouds, piled rank on rank:
And not a star all round about,
Nor glimmer of the moon on high,
Was seen in all the dreary sky.
Perhaps the fever in the sight
Of that lone watcher of the night
Shone out into the sombre air;
For surely there was life and light
And ghostly, wandering figures there.
Her soul looked forth into the gloom,
And in a misty glimmer traced
Now eyes, now lips, hands interlaced,
A breezy down, a sheltered room,
A waste with yellow heather broom;
And every where with beauty graced
A figure smiling, double-faced:

A singing brook came leaping down
'Tween broken banks; the summer rain
Had filled them to the very crown;
Had changed the limpid drops to brown,
The purling note to loud refrain.
The low-arched bridge which spanned the stream
Lay half beneath the brawling rush
Of saucy waves, now low, now flush
With either shore, and white as cream.
A timid form—it was her own—
Stood bending near the narrow ridge,
Which now was all of that old bridge
The water had not overflown;
And as she quivered on the shore,
A cheering voice spoke in her ear,
A handsome form stood by her side,
And in the tumult of her fear,
With nervous arm and rapid stride,
Her safely o'er the torrent bore.

With drooping lids and heaving breast
Her more than thanks her voice confessed,
And love, full-armed in tender might,
Flashed on the stranger's eager sight
In quiv'ring lip and flushing cheek—
O, let thine eyes no farther seek,
Pale watcher by the lattice-pane
Since twilight trembled on the wane,
To trace the downward path of flowers,
Trod blissfully on summer eve
With him the lord of Lyndon's towers,
Till leaves and blossoms seemed to weave
A deathless garland round thine head,
As one to joy and honor led.

Fair path, which grew so wild and steep!
Bright eve, which darkened into cloud!
Till storm-drops round thee 'gan to weep,
And sullen winds to wail aloud,
And leaves and blossoms tempest-tossed,
All withered as by sudden frost,
Fell dead in whispering thy name—
Thy name! So young, so weak—lost, lost!
O, lost to all but death and shame!

"He will not come!" with listless hand,
And outward show of self-command,
She closed the lattice, but a throb
Of pain, that was not sigh nor sob,
Clove through her heart and brain;
She never bent beneath the throe,
But slowly whispered hoarse and low,
"He'll never come again!"

There was a merry rout on Lyndon Hill;
The amber light
Through all the mansion's many windows shone;
On stately tree and garden's flowery zone,
And with its fan-like rays
Woke to a glow the swarthy cheek of night.
And from its low-browed hall, of wont so still,
The busy hum of many voices came;
The chant of blithesome lays,
Of beautiful words the loud acclaim,
All hailing one proud name;
And made the air
With joyous sound and radiance fair
Exultant and aflame.
Thus rang the words from voice to voice:
"Fair Margaret, our Lyndon's choice!"

There came an echo on the wind,
A glimmer on the midnight blind,
That murmured at the cottage-door,
That lit the lattice-pane,
To tell the news from Lyndon Hill,
Of Lyndon's choice, of Lyndon's will,
To Lilly watching, sick, heart-sore,
Since twilight 'gan to wane.

She never moved, she never spoke,
When on her ear the tidings broke,
But with a strangely vivid glance,
That flashed in one bright ray,
Then settled in a deadly stare,
She sat upon her lowly chair,
And head unbent in rigid trance
Of living death she lay.

O, weary, weary, weary time!
The Summer's dew makes Winter's rime,
The flush of hope brings chilling fears,
And Joy is drowned in her own tears.

On Lyndon Hill the summer Eve
Sat crowned with gold; her fleecy robe
Of white and rosy-tinted cloud
But half concealed her azure sleeve,
And girdle of the ruby proud:
And on her flushing cheek from each ear-lobe
There hung a diamond star,
That glittered wide and far.

And as the Eve, so was the Morning fair,
As following Night, who stole between away,
He came in vigor through the radiant air.
Forth shone the lovely day,
Not lovely only in its liquid light,
And breezes leste, but in its flush of hope,
Which all encompassed in its living scope,
And made its very shadows bright.
Love's jubilee it was, and so it shone,
And made day's eyes as lovely as its own.

The bride of Lyndon met the dawn
With eyes of light and cheek of rose,
And heart that throbbed with joyous throes
In greeting of the love-lit morn.
But there was one with face forlorn,
Whose cheek was as the falling snow
Upon an icy stream below,
False Lyndon's love-bride all forsworn.
From her deep sunken eyes a fire
Streamed forth with sullen flame,
While firmly closed in anguished ire
And bitterness of shame
Were her thin lips, now white, now red,
As if from sudden wounds they bled.

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Two brides—but one false groom!
Fair Margaret and Lilly fair;
The one with living blossoms in her hair,
And brow of light and cheek of bloom;
The other with a sallow skin
All blanched without and seared within.

For bridal both arrayed
In fleecy robes of chastest white,
A coronal of orange-blossoms made
Decked Margaret's braids of night;
The virgin bridal-wreath
Which trembled with her breath:
In pallid Lilly's tresses brown
With silver leaves there gleamed a crown
Of roses blanch as death.

Fair bridemaids deftly flitted round
The bride of hope with tender care,
And voices timed unto the sound
Of fond solicitude were there;
And treasures rare
Of gifts on every side were found.
But ah, alone, alone!
With frozen cheek, but burning brain,
Pale Lilly like a bleach white stone
Stood by the lattice-pane.

Alone, alone, alone!
The merry bells were ringing out
With beautiful clang and joyous tone
The joyful message round about;
But every clear and tuneful note
Her weary brain in discord smote,
For on her barely ear they fell
The boom of death's low solemn knell.

Then as the hour nearer sped
When Lyndon false his bride should wed,
She drew from out a sombre niche
A flask of sallow green,
And drop by drop upon her lip
She let the draught unhallowed drip;
'Twas full of grain as black as pitch,
With shining film between.

The pepper and the henbane juice
Were there, and herbal poisons fell,
To woe and shame of dreadful use,
Whose hellish names I dare not tell.
And as she drank the deadly brew
Her features sickened in the sight;
And not her robe of snowy hue,
Nor wreath of roses pure and bright,
As lip and cheek were half so white.

Then from her throbbing heart the rush
Of blood came mantling to her face;
And o'er her neck and cheek the flush
Of ruby life brought fire and grace.
Light filled her eyes, and forth she stole
With all the loveliness her own.
And so in beauty heavenly fair,
While not a cloud her face o'ercast,
Into the sunny air she passed:
And at a tranquil pace,
In bridal white and roses in her hair,
Within her heart despair,
And poison in her very breath,
Went forth upon her walk of death.

Across the garden, with its flowery feast
Of bright-eyed petals, breathing odors sweet,
And through the orchard where the branches arch
Not overhead, all gnarled and weather-fossed;
Along the pleasant lane, where green
The grass fringed all the way, and sunshine sent
Into wild-eyed hedge and pollard trees between,
Her snowy robe shone like a brighter flame.
The birds, which once would flutter to her feet,

THE DEATH-WALK—"I AM YOUR BRIDE!"

Flew scared away, and even the household cat,
Who brisk with joy would gambol up to her,
Sunk whining back; and some she chanced to meet
Of humble villagers, who used to greet,
Her coming with a hand upraised,
And hearty speech, in tribute to her worth,
Beside the path stood silent and amazed,
As if she were some spirit upon earth.
So passed she on in loveliness supreme
And vestal white; now through the serried field,
By nodding ranks of wheat-ears half revealed,
Where trembling poppies shone with ruddy gleam,
And blue-eyed corn-flowers watched her half concealed.
There by the creaking gate, where lazy midge
Hung floating in the air, or toilsome bee
Swept buzzing by; then o'er the narrow bridge—
The very keystone of her memory!—
Where once had rolled the waves so white and hoarse,
Now gurgling gayly in their narrow course;
And so, by bleach-white road and deep green-sward,
She reached the border of the gray church-yard.

An instant by the open gate
Her silent footstep paused to wait.
Forth rang the merry marriage-peal
Above the sacred roof,
When mid the clang there smote her ear
An echo rolling swiftly near,
The echo of a carriage-wheel,
And clamp of horses' hoof.

She glided with a spirit-tread
Among the living, o'er the dead,
Upon her face a hectic bloom,
A glitter in her eye.
Low whispers followed by her side
Of breathless awe: "Is this the bride?"
From clustered crowds on grass and tomb,
Who watched her flitting by.

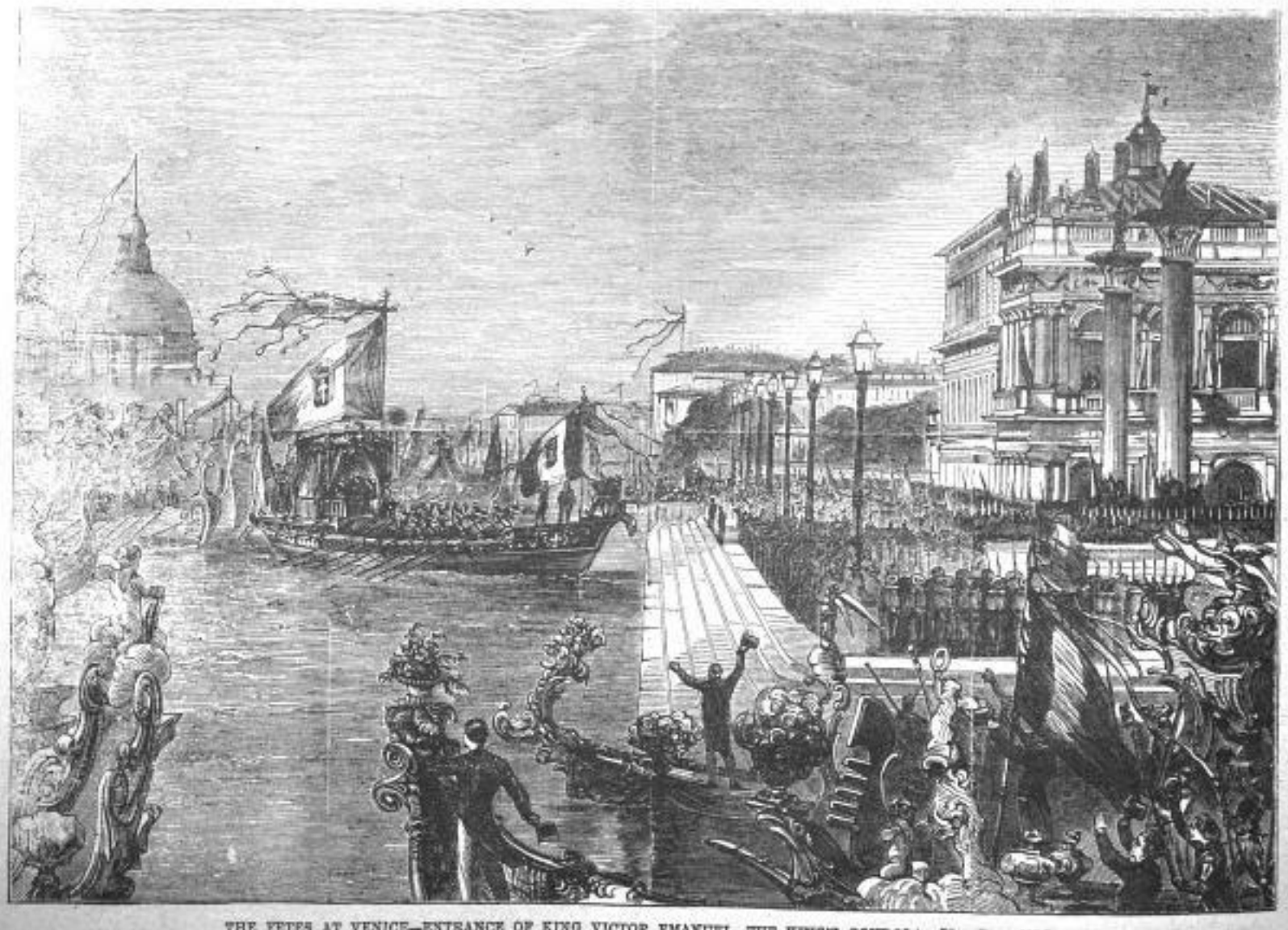
Mid champ of bit and klirr of steel,
The jingling of the harness bright,
And whirr of many a carriage-wheel,
Fair Margaret, all love and light,
By Lyndon's side in beauty trod
The pathway to the house of God—
O bridegroom false! bride fair and leal!

But as they neared the open door,
There stood a phantom them before,
A second bride, in like array,
With lovely face unveiled,
Which flushed and bright an instant shone,
Then sickened to the hue of stone;
A rigid form, which barred the way,
As if 'twere armed and mailed.

How quailed false Lyndon at her gaze,
With feeble knee and parching tongue,
And craven hands that clutched and clung
About his bride, dumb with amaze!
"What brings you here?" he whining said—
Her white face looked so like the dead,
Her deep eyes set in deadly glaze.

"I am your bride!" No other word
Between her parted lips was heard;
Then with a shiver and a moan,
And hands that to her bosom clang,
Upon the earth a white form rolled.
False bells! ye should a dirge have tolled,
That, echoing through wood and stone,
The bride-peal had entrang!

O bridal bells! O jangling chords!
O discord far too deep for words!
O wedding morn, with hope so rife,
You brought two brides, but not one wife!



THE FETES AT VENICE—ENTRANCE OF KING VICTOR EMANUEL—THE KING'S GONDOLA.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

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TAKING A WHALE.—SKETCHED BY E. WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 805.]

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A MODEL PAPER.—The *Watchman and Reflector* of Boston has an enviable reputation for ability and enterprise. It has not been surpassed in merit by any religious journal in the country. But it aspires to higher excellence, and proposes to become, with the opening of the New Year, one of the most comprehensive family papers in the world. It will be greatly enlarged, and published on a double sheet; one sheet devoted, as hitherto, to religious matter; the other to literary, social, monetary, and agricultural articles. This latter department will be new and peculiar, with a rich variety of contents, embracing articles on current moral, social, and political questions; on the leading men of the age in thought and action; reviews of important books; tales for the family circle; agricultural and gardening matter for farmers; and monetary articles and reports of the markets for business men.

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NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

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1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, at $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemen's Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Eastern Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,275
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a registered letter at our risk, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express in the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$33 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	41 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 00	100 Tickets to one address	80 00
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THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CROSSING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL SIZES with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have seen it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
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General Agents for the West.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

ESTABLISHED 1860.

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WORTH $500,000.

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Splendid List of Articles.

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1000	Gold and Silver hunting-cased Watches	$15 to 125
3000	Dress Patterns and Balmoral Skirts	14 to 60
2000	Revolving Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to 25
1000	Tea, Tab., & Des. Sp'ns & F'ks (½ doz.)	12 to 75
4000	Napkin-Rings & Butter-Knives (½ pair)	5 to 20
4000	Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 to 30
1000	California Diamond Rings and Pins	5 to 20
6000	other articles enumerated on circular	4 to 30

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10, and 100 for $15.

We publish below an extract from one of our numerous complimentary letters, with a view of inspiring confidence in the minds of those who may have been deceived by some of the impostors who imitate our business:

"FORT LYON, *October* 4, 1866.

"J. H. WINSLOW & Co.: *Gents*,—There have been quite a number of men sending for Jewelry, &c., from this place to New York and other places; and, so far, have only found J. H. WINSLOW & Co. honest and truthful in that business. Every thing that has been sent for has come at the proper time, and was just what it was represented to be. There has been no article sent that could have been bought for less than double the money it cost.

"I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"A. J. THAYER, Co. K, 5th U. S. Vol. Infantry."

J. H. WINSLOW & Co., 208 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

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One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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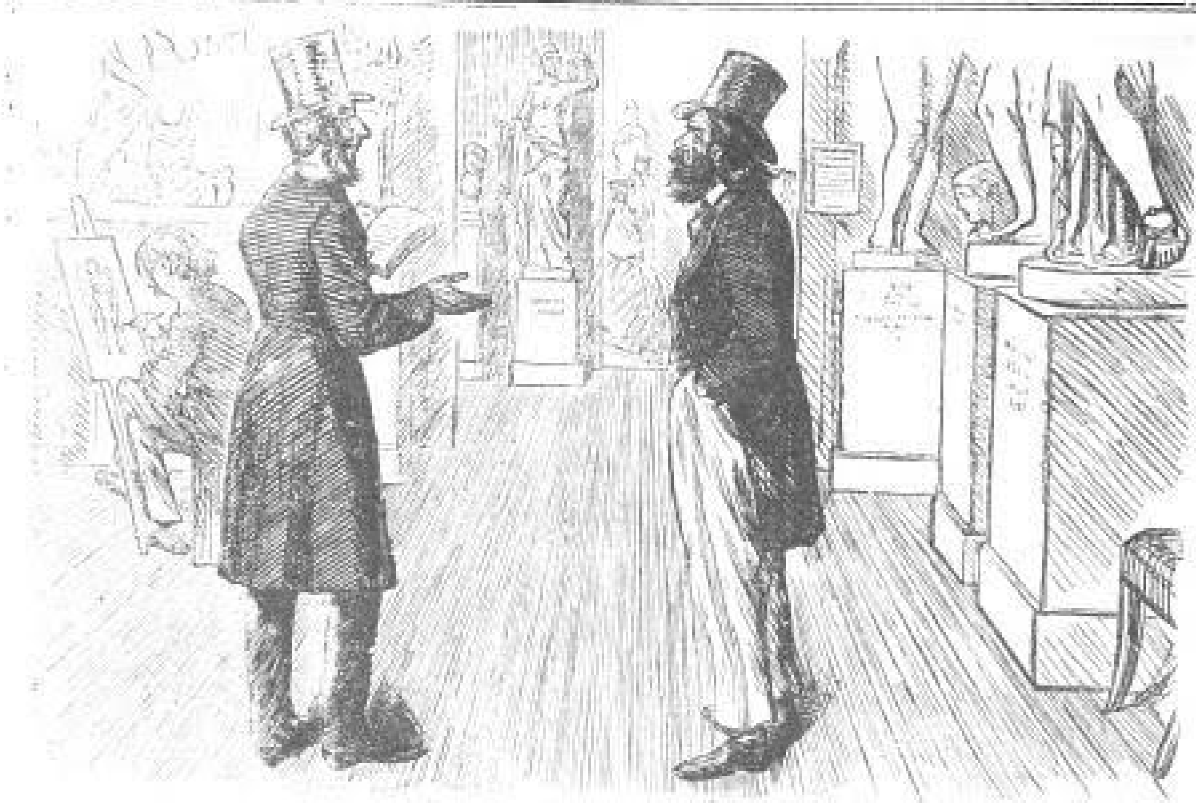


"INGENUAS DIDICISSE," AND SO ON.

URBANE FOREIGNER. "The—ah—Contemplation of these—ah—Relics of Ancient Art in the Galleries of Europe must be most Int'r'sting to the—ah—Educated American!"

AMERICAN TOURIST. "Wa'al, don't seem to care much for these *Stone Gals*, somehow, Stranger!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

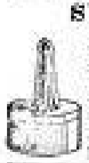
Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D.D.&C° SOFT CAPSULES. See Advertisement Inside.

$100 to $250 PER MONTH, *and all Expenses Paid.* We want Ag'ts, male and female, every where, to whom we will pay the above salary, or give a large commission. *Business entirely new, permanent, and very desirable.* For full particulars, address, with stamp, G. W. JACKSON & Co., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md.

JOHN BONNER,
Stock Broker,
22 BROAD STREET,
Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

SURE PILE CURE.



Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. ROMAINE, Manager, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

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JOSEPH GILLOTT. TRADE MARK WITH Designating Numbers.
HENRY OWEN, SOLE AGENT, MANUFACTURERS' WAREHOUSE, 91 JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

PERFECTION ATTAINED.
Strength! Beauty! Cheapness!
Harding's Patent Chain-Back
Photograph Albums.
The Trade and dealers supplied at the lowest rates. Purchasers should ask for Harding's Patent Chain-Back Albums, as they are far superior to any others. WM. W. HARDING, 326 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing from 1 to 36 different tunes, and costing from $5.50 to $600. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

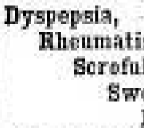
Holiday Presents.
Established 1821.
William Gale, Jr.,
SILVERSMITH,
572 and 574 BROADWAY,
Under Metropolitan Hotel,
Has on hand a large and choice stock of
Silver and Plated Wares
Of the newest and finest designs, for
HOLIDAY AND BRIDAL GIFTS,
To which the attention of the Public is invited.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENT.
THE new AMERICAN ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE, patented Aug., 1866. Price each, Class 1, for *Family or Manufacturers'* use, with fixtures, &c., all complete, $15. Will do *fine or coarse stitching* on ALL KINDS of materials from *Cambric* to the THICKEST WINTER OVERCOAT or LEATHER. Sews *rapid, firm,* and *beautiful; perfectly reliable.* Simple in its movements and EASY TO UNDERSTAND. Is the VERY BEST machine for FAMILY USE. *Samples of goods* sewed and returned by mail *for examination* when postage is sent. Machines *selected with care,* adjusted for *special work,* and forwarded, securely packed in substantial wooden boxes, per express, to any part of the country on RECEIPT OF PRICE. Testimonials from those using them for manufacturing and family use on view at the Salesroom. Experienced Agents wanted. Address all orders AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 969 Broadway, New York.

BROWNE & SPAULDING,
JEWELERS,
WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS,
568 and 570 Broadway,
Having opened their new Store under the METROPOLITAN HOTEL with a choice selection of novelties in their line, solicit the inspection of the public and their friends.

French Marble and Cuckoo Clocks,
BRONZES, AND OBJETS D'ART,
Suitable for Bridal Presents and Holiday Gifts, in great variety.



Holiday Presents. POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N. Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

Dyspepsia,
Rheumatism,
Scrofula,
Swollen Glands,
Eruptions of the Skin,
All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of these Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use Strumatic Mineral Baths. For sale at every respectable drug store.

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RUSSIAN AMERICAN AND HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FURS.
Ladies' and Gents' manufactured Furs of every description on hand and to order, and warranted of superior quality and workmanship, and at such prices as can not fail to offer inducements to purchasers.
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520 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
ESTABLISHED IN 1823.

London-made Collars.
The Cavalier.
The Cromwell.
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The Guards.
The London.
The Milton.
The Prince of Wales.
The Patti.
The Paris.
The Reform.
The Shakspeare.
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A beautiful variety of the above goods, elegant in style and perfect in manufacture, are now offered at
Popular Prices
BY
UNION ADAMS,
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ESTABLISHED 1817. MEEKS RICH AND PLAIN FURNITURE 686 BROADWAY

J. F. BROWNE & CO.,
HARP MANUFACTURERS,
Warerooms, 581 Broadway, New York,
OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
Strings, Music, and every requisite for the Harp.
Established, London, 1810; New York, 1841.

STAIR RODS
In Brown, Fine Gilt, and Silver, with Patent Fastenings, which prevent the rod slipping from its place, and can be adjusted in an instant. Manufactured only by W. T. & J. MERSEREAU, 62 Duane St., New York.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,
Are now opening over one hundred cases of choice goods of their own importation and specially made to their order—embracing all the Novelties in
Jewelry, Clocks, Bronzes, and Fancy Goods
produced this season in Paris, London, Vienna, Geneva, Naples, Rome, etc., etc., forming the most extensive assortment of rich and rare articles of luxury ever exhibited on this continent.

T. B. BYNNER,
Importer and Dealer in
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
AGENCY FOR THE AMERICAN WATCH.
Also every variety of
SWISS AND ENGLISH WATCHES
At the Lowest Market Prices.
Orders solicited, and punctually attended to.
N.B.—Trade Price-List sent on application.
No. 189 Broadway, New York.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—KALDENBERG & SON, the only manuf. in the U. S. Estab. 1853. Finest assortment, and most complete stock always on hand. All goods warranted genuine. Any shape or size of Pipe made to order. Send for circulars. Repairing, boiling, &c. 4 and 6 John St., n. B'way.

NEW MUSIC.
Nearest and Dearest (Lith.), by J. R. Thomas, 50c. Do not Heed her Warning (reply to Gipsy's Warning), by Henry Tucker, 30c. One of the largest stocks of music merchandise in the United States. C. M. TREMAINE, Publisher, 481 Broadway, New York.

"The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."
THE GOLD PEN—BEST AND CHEAPEST OF PENS.
MORTON'S GOLD PENS
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.
For Sale at his Headquarters, No. 25 MAIDEN LANE, New York, and by every duly appointed Agent at the same prices.
A Catalogue, with full description of Sizes and Prices, sent on receipt of letter postage.
A. MORTON.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
The largest Assortment of
TOYS
kept by
STRASBURGER & NUHN,
IMPORTERS,
65 MAIDEN LANE, Corner of WILLIAM St.

THE HOME AND TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Engraved on Steel. Agents wanted in every State and County. Apply to JOHN C. M. RAE, No. 100 Liberty St., New York.

Our Young Folks
Receives the most flattering notices from the Press. The *Utica Telegraph* says: "Never before was such a magazine given to the young folks of any country. . . . We hail with delight this exquisite monthly, not good only, but beautiful." Another says: "The best of illustrations are to be found in it, while the greatest of American writers delight to entertain our young folks in their very best style." So say all. Terms: Two Dollars a year; Single or Specimen Number, 20 cents.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

Every Saturday
Reproduces promptly for American readers the first class Serial Tales written for the best European Periodicals, by such authors as EDMUND YATES, HENRY KINGSLEY, EDMOND ABOUT, MISS THACKERAY, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, ANTHONY TROLLOPE; exquisite Short Stories and Sketches by FRANCES POWER COBBE, ALEXANDER SMITH, JEAN INGELOW, M. D. CONWAY; and charming Poems by MISS ROSSETTI, ROBERT BUCHANAN, MATTHEW ARNOLD, and A. C. SWINBURNE. Terms: Single Number, 10 cents; $5 00 a year.
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For a Fortune of FIVE to $30,000, and aid to a charitable institution, address for details,
HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

"FLYING BIRD,"
CHARACTERISTIC piano piece by Jaderski........ 50c.
L'AFRICAINE Waltzes, by Godfrey.................. 40c.
NINE PINS QUADRILLE, with figures................ 35c.
I HAVE HEARD SWEET MUSIC.....violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.
NELLIE'S GONE FOREVER......violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.
Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME, No. 208 Bowery, New York.

China & Glass Ware.
Having enlarged our Store by extending it through to Mercer Street, we now invite attention to the best stock of
China, Glass, and Plated Goods
In the City, at the lowest possible price.
DINING SETS, VASES, &c.,
From Auction.
DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,
No. 479 Broadway,
Four doors below Broome Street.

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 522.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Is a patch of clearing, scarcely more
  Than his brawny double hands,
With woods behind and woods before,
  The Settler's cabin stands;
A little, low, and lonesome shed,
With a roof of clap-boards overhead.

Ay, low, so low the wind-warped eave
  Hangs close against the door—
You might almost stretch a bishop's sleeve
  From the rafter to the floor;
And the window is not too large, a whit,
For a lady's veil to curtain it.

The roof-tree's bent and knotty knees
  By the Settler's axe are braced,
And the door-yard fence is three felled trees
  With their bare arms interlaced;
And a grape-vine, shaggy and rough and red,
Swings from the well-sweep's high, sharp head.

And among the stubs, all charred and black,
  Away to the distant huts,
Winds in and out the wagon-track,
  Cut full of zigzag ruts;
And down and down to the sluggish pond,
And through and up to the swamps beyond.

And do you ask beneath such thatch
  What heart or hope may be?
Just pull the string of the wooden latch,
  And see what you shall see:
A hearth-stone broad and warm and wide,
With master and mistress either side.

And 'twixt them, in the radiant glow—
  Prattling of Christmas joys—
With faces in a shining row,
  Six children, girls and boys;
And in the cradle a head half-hid
By the shaggy wolf-skin coverlid.

For the baby sleeps in the shaded light
  As gently as a lamb,
And two little stockings, scarlet bright,
  Are hanging 'gainst the jamb;
And the yellow cat lies all of a curl
In the lap of a two-years' blue-eyed girl.

On the dresser, saved for weeks and weeks,
  A hamper of apples stands,
And some are red as the children's cheeks,
  And some are brown as their hands;
For cakes and apples must stead, you see,
The rich man's costlier Christmas-tree.

A clock that looks like a skeleton,
  From the corner, ticks out bold,
And that never was such a clock to run
  You would hardly need be told,
If you were to see the glances proud
Drawn toward it when it strikes so loud.

The Settler's rifle, bright and brown,
  Hangs high on the rafter-hooks,
And swinging a hand's-breadth lower down
  Is a modest shelf of books;
Bible and Hymn-book, thumbed all through,
"Baxter's Call"—and a novel or two.

"Peter Wilkins," "The Bloody Hand,"
"The Sailor's Bride and Bark,"
"Jerusalem and the Holy Land,"
  "The Travels of Lewis and Clarke;"
Some tracts—among them "The Milk-maid's Fall,"
"Pleasure Punished," and "Death at a Ball."

A branch of sumach, shining bright,
  And a stag-horn deck the wall,
With a string of birds'-eggs, blue and white,
  Beneath. But, after all,
You will say the six little heads in a row
By the hearth-stone make the prettiest show.

The boldest urchin dares not stir,
  But each heart, be sure, rebels,
As the father tips on the newspaper
  With his brass-bound spectacles;
And knitting-needle with needle clicks,
As the mother waits for the politics.

He has rubbed the glass and rubbed the bow,
  And now is a fearful pause:
"Come, Molly!" he says, "come Sue, come Joe,
  And I'll tell you of Santa Claus!"
How the faces shine with the glad surprise,
As if the souls looked out of the eyes.

In a trice the dozen ruddy legs
  Are bare; and speckled and brown
And blue and gray, from the wall-side pegs,
  The stockings dangle down;
And the baby, with wondering eyes, looks out
To see what the clatter is all about.

"And what will Santa Claus bring?" they tease,
  "And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
  And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and tries
The charm of the dear old lullabies.

So happily the hours fly past,
  'Tis pity to have them o'er,
But the rusty weights of the clock, at last,
  Are dragging near the floor,
And the knitting-needles, one and all,
Are stuck in the round, red knitting-ball.

Now, all of a sudden the father twirls
  The empty apple-plate—
"Old Santa Claus don't like his girls
  And boys to be up so late!"
He says, "And I'll warrant our star-faced cow,
He's waiting astride o' the chimney now."

Down the back of his chair they slide,
  They slide down arm and knee—
"If Santa Claus is indeed outside,
  He sha'n't be kept for me!"
Cry one and all, and away they go—
Hurrying, flurrying—six in a row.

In the mother's eyes are happy tears
  As she sees them flutter away;
"My man," she says, "it is sixteen years
  Since our blessed wedding-day,
And I wouldn't think it but just a year
If it wasn't for all those children here."

And then they talk of what they will do
  As the years shall come and go;
Of schooling for little Molly and Sue,
  And of land for John and Joe;
And Dick is so wise, and Dolly so fair,
"They," says the mother, "will have luck to spare!"

"Ay, ay, good wife, that's clear, that's clear!"
  Then, with eyes on the cradle bent:
"And what if he in the wolf-skin here
  Turned out to be President!
Just think! oh wouldn't it be fine—
Such fortune for your boy and mine!"

She stopped—her heart with hope elate—
  And kissed the golden head;
Then, with the brawny hand of her mate
  Folded in hers, she said:
"Walls as narrow, and roof as low,
Have sheltered a President, you know."

And then they said they would work and wait—
  The good, sweet-hearted pair—
You must have pulled the latch-string straight,
  Had you in truth been there,
Feeling that you were not by leave
At the Settler's hearth that Christmas-Eve.

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Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly.

This Number completes the Tenth Volume of *Harper's Weekly*. This has been a volume unusually replete with interest. The illustrations, both in number and variety, have surpassed those of any illustrated periodical. Our readers need not be reminded that the year now closing has been a period of great moment in the world's history. The European Continent has passed through the most significant revolution of the last fifty years, out of which a great Protestant Power has come which rivals even the Second French Empire. At home, to the period of bloody civil war there has succeeded a no less critical period of reconstruction. The events of this important year, both Domestic and Foreign, have been illustrated in the *Weekly*, and have been continually the subject of editorial comment. Every number of the *Weekly* is electrotyped, and the ten volumes now completed may be obtained at $5 per volume. The contents of these volumes comprise, besides illustrations of all interesting current events and portraits of prominent personages, an amount of general literature—representing the best productions of the last decade—which is alone worth the price of the whole series.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Tenth Volume of* Harper's Weekly, *ending with No. 522, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* Title-page and Table of Contents.

☞ *Dealers may obtain* Cloth Covers *for Binding the Volume at Seventy-five cents each net.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 29, 1866.

WHAT NEXT?

The North Carolina Legislature, by a vote of 93 to 10 in the Lower House, and 44 to 1 in the Upper, has rejected the Amendment. Arkansas, Alabama, and Florida have done likewise. Governor Humphreys recommends its rejection to the Mississippi Legislature, and Governor Orr to that of South Carolina. The Georgia Legislature would prefer a Territorial Government, according to the telegram, rather than the Amendment; and the President of its Senate, "amidst great applause," declared that "human forbearance has its limits, and the worm will turn if trodden on." Mr. Raphael Semmes, Moral Philosopher, announces, in a lecture at Galveston, that he has been at home endeavoring to restore his State to her place in the Union without tarnishing her honor. The Milledgeville *Southern Recorder* declares that "if this Union is to stand, the rights of the South must be respected." Mr. Alexander H. Stephens is equally strenuous against the Amendment, and for "the continuous rights of States." Every leader of opinion, every newspaper of influence, the Legislatures and the Governors in the unrestored States, are unanimous against the Amendment. Not a single powerful voice in those States has been raised for it.

Meanwhile the petition of the loyal Louisianians, signed by Governor Wells and others—the declaration of Ex-Governor Holden, the President's Provisional Governor of North Carolina, and of a Committee from that State—and the statements of the Southern Loyalist Association in Washington, all agree that the governments of the unrestored States are in the hands of men hostile to the National Government—that the Union men in these States are consequently oppressed and in constant danger—that the liberty and property of the Freedmen are virtually at the mercy of the disloyal—that justice for loyal men in the civil courts is uncertain, and military protection inadequate. To these statements must be added the reports of great destitution in certain districts; the general apathy or sense of insecurity which springs from the consciousness of a radical derangement of local public affairs; the unwillingness of capital or labor to move toward disturbed States, and the necessary paralysis of industry. Looking at these facts, with a due knowledge of history and experience of human nature, it is not very difficult to understand the situation with which the country is now called to deal.

The Amendment we must consider virtually rejected as a condition of restoration. The President's policy, or experiment, has also failed. The unrestored States must therefore be considered as substantially in the condition in which they were when the Presidential experiment began—with this advantage, however, that their real spirit has been fully revealed. Yet we would not be unjust to those who have honestly acquiesced: who took up arms and fought; were beaten, and own it, and now ask only that the conditions of restoration shall be just in themselves, consonant with the spirit of the Constitution and with the national safety. But such are not the men nor the sentiments which control the action of the unrestored States.

In this situation, then, the first question is, whether Congress should hope for a reaction of opinion, and for the adoption of the Amendment by the unrestored States, and postpone further action of its own toward restoration? But upon what ground can a change of feeling be reasonably expected? The first response to the offer of the Amendment was the New Orleans massacre, when the controlling opinion of the late rebel States relied upon the Executive to sweep out Congress with a bayonet. Then came the Philadelphia August Convention, stimulating the unrestored States to refuse the Amendment, and claiming to represent the true sentiment of the country upon the subject. It was not surprising that those States then sneered at the Amendment. But when the question was formally submitted to the people, and they universally and overwhelmingly approved the Amendment as the condition of restoration; and after the author of the Philadelphia address, which incited the States to oppose the Amendment, told them distinctly that they must accept it or prepare for more stringent measures, there is a general and haughty refusal. Undoubtedly the country believed that conditions so just and generous would be, if not heartily, yet at least silently accepted. Their imperious rejection reveals a state of mind which indicates the wisdom and necessity of other measures. The refusal of the Amendment must dispel a great deal of the doubt which many loyal men had of the actual national necessity of more stringent and radical measures. They perhaps believed in a kind and reasonable feeling in the unrestored States, which it is now evident does not exist, or does not control State action.

It would appear, then, that Congress, the only adequate authority, must begin exactly where the President did. The people of the unrestored States rebelled, and framed new local governments, which were overthrown by the National arms. They were left without any lawful government in their States, nor can they lawfully acquire any except such as is initiated and approved by Congress. Congress must therefore specify by whom the first step toward such a Government shall be taken; and when its Constitution is finished it must be, in the judgment of Congress, of such a republican form that the guarantee of the Union may be pledged to it. This leaves in the limbo of political metaphysics, where they belong, all theories of Territorial condition or State suicide. Those are abstractions which Mr. Lincoln properly described as pernicious. Equally so is the President's assertion, and that of the Democrats who support him, that the States having been prevented from seceding have all their rights unimpaired. Why, then, did he appoint Provisional Governors, and define the qualifications of the suffrage?

There is no need of entangling ourselves with theories and definitions. The one imperative necessity is, that the measures which Congress takes to restore the governments of the States shall be just, wise, generous, and in the spirit of the Constitution. And we reserve to another day comments upon the various propositions already made.

THE SENATE AND THE VOTING OF WOMEN.

Senator Cowan's proposed amendment to the District Suffrage bill provoked a lively discussion upon the subject of the voting of women. It was well understood that the amendment was offered merely to perplex the action of the Senate. The Senator from Pennsylvania, who may be said to have gone to the bottom in the late political storm, evidently supposed that many of his associates would either vote for it upon general principles, in which case they would seem to be perilously extravagant; or would vote against it, in which case they would disclose the radical tendency of the time. But, as usual in his political calculations, he was disappointed. The question of the voting of women was felt not to be seriously before the Senate. It is a subject upon which the public mind has not hitherto been sufficiently interested to declare itself, and the Senate could not know what the country wanted.

A law is strong only when it is the expression of public opinion; and the present work of the true friends of the amendment proposed by Senator Cowan is the awakening of the public mind. The vigorous discussion of the subject will soon reveal the truth that there is no adverse argument. If women have the same natural rights as men, and the same civil rights and duties, including the owning of property and taxation, the whole question is settled; they have a right to the same protection of their rights that all others enjoy. Senator Reverdy Johnson, always first in a poor cause, could only say that if they voted they must also do military duty. But there must be sharper arguments than that, or the question will go by default. For women, as citizens, have always done and always will do that work in the public defense for which their sex peculiarly fits them. The care of the young warriors, the nameless and innumerable duties of the hospital and home, are just as essential to national safety as fighting in the field. A nation of men alone could not long maintain a contest.

Senator Frelinghuysen spoke well of "the high and holy mission of women." But however excellent his remarks, they did not bear upon the point, for it is only proposed to derive some more practical advantage to society from that mission. Let us all be reasonable. Why is it that the incessant frivolities and absurdities in which women are engaged does not suggest to us to enlarge upon their "high and holy mission?" If people with a high and holy mission may innocently sit bare-necked in hot theatres to be studied through pocket-telescopes until midnight by any body who chooses, why should the high and holy mission be disgraced if they go and quietly drop a ballot in a box to help secure good laws for their children? And as for "the mire of politics" upon which orators wax eloquent, the truth is that they are miry because good men and women will have nothing to do with them. Yet their presence would purify them. And is the commonwealth necessarily safer because intelligence and refinement so often refrain from politics? The other public affairs in the conduct of which men and women associate are far from miry for that very reason.

But there is no use in getting hot and arguing the question with a red face. The difficulty with those who urge the suffrage of women is that they repel sympathy by overstatement. They speak of the oppression of the female sex as if it were an oppression like that of slavery. But it is nothing like it. There was seldom a slave, however ignorant and imbruted, who would not gladly have received his freedom. But there are very few of the most cultivated and intelligent women who seem seriously to wish to vote. That, however, is merely matter of habit. They have exactly the same interest in good government that men have, and there is no more reason for vesting political power in a sex than in a class or in a race. A State that refuses to treat them in this matter as it does men ought logically to refuse to permit them to hold property or to be taxed. It ought to treat them as incompetent and perpetual minors. But happily the tendency of society is not backward to Oriental barbarism. Good sense has set aside most of the foolish old laws in regard to women; and when John Stuart Mill proposes in Parliament that they shall be enfranchised, and the Senate of the United States, upon whatever occasion, deliberately discusses the subject, the end is as visible as when the blossom begins to set.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS AND THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

A timely and valuable article by the Hon. John M. Read of Philadelphia has lately been published, reviewing the true constitutional position of the Executive in regard to amendments of the Constitution, and the conduct of the present Executive in relation to the Amendment now pending. The article shows conclusively that the Executive is forbidden to interfere with an amendment in any way whether in Congress or in a State Legislature, and any use of the Executive authority to defeat an amendment is a violation of the Constitution. Judge Read shows, by reference to the record, that none of the first twelve amendments were ever submitted to the President. The thirteenth, that of emancipation, was by an error presented to the President; but the Senate on the 7th February, 1865, declared that the presentation was an inadvertence and should not constitute a precedent.

The present Amendment, the fourteenth, passed the Senate on the 8th of June, 1866, and the House on the 13th. On the 18th a concurrent resolution requested the President to transmit it to the Executives of the several States. On the 22d he complained that it was not submitted for his approval, and proceeded to argue against the expediency and constitutionality of the action of Congress—and this upon a subject of which he had no more official right to speak than the Queen of England. But, not content with arguing, he arrayed the force of the Executive patronage against the Amendment. The Captains of the Executive party, Senators Dixon, Doolittle, and Cowan, denounced the Amendment as unjust and insulting; and, finally, the Philadelphia Convention of the 14th of August declared that the late rebels were degenerate sons of heroes if they could submit to "the humiliations thus sought to be imposed upon them." Mr. Reverdy Johnson called for the second reading of this passage, and it was read, while the Convention rose and cheered. When the proceedings were reported to the President he stigmatized a co-ordinate branch of the Government as calling itself "the Congress, and hanging on the verge of the Government." All this was part of the action of the Executive to defeat a constitutional amendment.

Judge Read then proceeds to show that two-thirds of a quorum only are necessary to pass a bill over the veto or to propose an amendment, and that the word "House" is used in the Constitution as synonymous with quorum. Thus there has always been a constitutional quorum in Congress whether the late rebel States were represented or not. The consequences of this position are evident and of the utmost importance. If this Congress be competent to propose amendments, why are not three-quarters of the States which compose it competent to ratify amendments? But if the Congress be not competent, then all national legislation from the year 1861 is [illegible], and the President, Chief Justice, General, and all Foreign Ministers are equally so. Apply the theory of the incompetency of Congress to the army and navy, and to all our financial obligations and relations, and what would be the result?

Judge Read's conclusion is, that the ratification of three-fourths of the States now represented in Congress is sufficient for the Amendment; and, secondly, that the ratification should be addressed to the President of the Senate instead of the Secretary of State as at present. This view is presented with admirable clearness, ample learning, and discretion, and the brief paper is worthy the most careful consideration of every well-meaning citizen.

COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

It was a long time after the whole country was traveling by railroad before the cars were even tolerably ventilated; and the most useful movement toward that result was raising the roof of the car. It was a great relief and very simple, but it was very long before we reached it. There is exactly the same slowness and difficulty in procuring more appropriate and convenient buildings for colleges. The old brick barrack rides us like a nightmare. We are slow to believe in a University that does not assert its existence in huge piles of building like cotton mills, as if there were some similarity in the necessary appliances to produce cotton cloth and scholarship.

The whole subject, of which this is but a detail, is considered carefully and sagaciously in a little pamphlet by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, and submitted as a report to the trustees of the Agricultural College at Amherst in Massachusetts. He calls it "A few things to be thought of before proceeding to plan buildings for the National Agricultural Colleges." And it is a truly valuable series of suggestions upon the general topic. The huge monumental buildings for charitable purposes in cities spring from want of ground room. Yet in cases where compactness of space would seem most desirable and convenient, as in certain reformatory and penal institutions, the large buildings have not been found necessary. Mr. Olmsted refers in illustration to the agricultural colony of Methay, the Norfolk Island penal colony, when under Captain Maconochie, the Irish penal establishment near Dublin, and the Children's Aid Society in New York. In arranging the buildings for an Agricultural College, however, it is not only essential to determine in what way the necessary College lecture and reading rooms, the laboratory and gymnasium, the museum and armory shall be distributed, but the spirit and character of the farmer's life, with his taste and circumstances, must be borne constantly in mind. These points are all treated by Mr. Olmsted with great insight and good sense.

As for the dormitory system, the old college barracks and commons are satisfactory to no one. Hitherto they have been erected from motives of supposed convenience, and are part of the medieval tradition. But in the great Continental universities they are unknown; and in this country the Michigan University, which has the largest number of students of any college in the country, and which even the orator of the Harvard Alumni last summer declared to be, upon the whole, the truest University in the land, has the buildings necessary for the college purpose, but not the vast dormitories. Mr. Olmsted says that one of the faculty of one of the oldest American colleges is of opinion that special lodgings for students can not sufficiently be dispensed with; but he thinks they will take the form of club-houses, or houses for the exclusive use of as many students as can be domestically cared for by a family. We hope so. It will be another proof of our advancing civilization.

PAYING THE STATE DEBTS.

Controller Hillhouse, of this State, has addressed a letter to Senator Morgan upon a subject of the greatest interest to all the States. He proposes that the National Government shall provide for the war debt of the States in some fair and adequate manner. Had the Government drafted from the beginning, the payment of large bounties, and consequently the debts, would have been avoided. In paying the bounties the States did only what the National Government would have been obliged to do, for the war would not otherwise have been carried on successfully, and as the payment was for the preservation of the Union the States may justly expect some reimbursement.

General Hillhouse refers to the action of the first Congress which assumed for the Union the revolutionary war-debt of the States, and he reasons that to relieve property from the weight of State debt is to enable it to respond to the claims of the United States. The State Governments have the same right with the Union to provide for their own preservation. But if the taxing power of the Government should ever be extended to reach every source of revenue in the State, the State must fall. Therefore national taxation must stop at a point which leaves sufficient revenue to the State, or the whole system crumbles. The Controller then shows, from the actual and prudently estimated future financial condition of the country, that the Government will be easily able to provide for the payment which he recommends: and he

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proposes that the Government relinquish for that purpose to the States the tax on incomes. The receipts from this source for the year ending June 30, 1866, were $60,000,000—a sum adequate to the proposed object, yet which would still leave the National Government amply provided for its own wants. But if it were not so, the loss of this tax would readily be supplied by the annual increase of other revenues. Thus the States which had made no debt during the war, or which have paid it, could discontinue the tax altogether. Other States would continue it, but might properly reduce it to three per cent.

This plan, as General HILLHOUSE remarks, is not an assumption by the United States of the debts of the States, nor of their payment in any form. Each State would pay its own debts from the property of its own citizens, while the National Government would simply relinquish a single source of revenue. The letter of the Controller is very lucid and concise, and his suggestion, in view of the rapid increase of the revenues, is well worthy the most thoughtful attention.

WEST POINT.

THE Report of the last Board of Visitors to West Point speaks in general terms of satisfaction with the condition and arrangements of the Academy, but states that many changes may be advantageously made. It proposes that the number of students be increased from 292 to 400. Such a change is plainly desirable, and we see no reason for limiting the number to less than 500. The suggestion that the Academy should be the scientific military school of the nation, and not undertake to teach the lower and higher general branches, is also excellent. It certainly should not be a primary or grammar school. But the great necessity is that the admission should be determined by competitive examinations. If there are to be 300 or 500 students, let them be the 300 or 500 best prepared, and not those whom chance or personal partiality favors. Above all, let West Point be a school of chivalric fidelity to the American principle. Let every youth educated by his country for her service be taught that he is a son of Liberty, and that the glory of the flag which he is to bear is that it is the flag of equal human rights.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE SLEEP?

WE know that there are some sluggards in the world; but we apprehend that their fault is not so much in wasting time in sleep as in a wakeful idleness. They hate activity, and we would have no objection to their having a long night of sleep, provided they would do diligently when awake. Most of those who act the part of the sluggard, according to SOLOMON'S description, are probably idlers who seek after pleasure at hours when they ought to be asleep; and so, in the morning, when the men who do the world's work, either mental or bodily, are busy, fresh from nature's sound and healthy sleep, they toss about in bed wearily, lolling, continually saying, as they turn from this state, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

Some of these idlers do really sleep much more than they ought to do, simply because they eat so much that they must sleep. Eating is one of their chief enjoyments. They make a god of their belly, and so stupefy the brain by the consequent engorgement that they must sleep more than other men.

Men who make a business of life—who love activity—in their abhorrence of idlers and sleepy men are apt to give themselves too little time for sleep. They forget that there is in the old couplet, so often quoted, an "early to bed" as well as an "early to rise." They are encouraged to their encroachments on the proper hours for sleep by the stories that are often told of the little time given to sleep by some of the great men of the world. If the stories be true, which we much doubt in regard to some of them, we are very clear that more work might have been accomplished in the long-run if more time had been daily given to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

That we may have a suitable appreciation of this matter let us consider what sleep is, and what it is for.

Sleep is a singular condition. How opposite to the wakeful state! It has been often likened to death, and called its sister; but it is like death in only a few of its phenomena—its stillness, its insensibility to external things: but even when profound the blood courses as usual in its channels, the respiration goes on, and nutrition is probably even more active than in the wakeful state, and when not profound the senses respond to impressions and the mind revels in a jumble of thoughts, or even sometimes moves with all its accustomed regularity.

Sleep is a mysterious condition. Many have been the speculations about it by philosophers and physiologists, but no one has as yet settled, satisfactorily, upon its nature, though we know much in regard to its phenomena and the circumstances that influence it.

The object for which this condition was ordained by the Creator is obvious enough. It is for the restoration and reinvigoration of the system after exhaustion by labor. But it is not needed for this purpose by the whole system. The wearied muscles need no sleep; merely rest is all that is necessary for them. It is the brain and nerves that require sleep, for their action is something besides motion, and therefore something besides the cessation of motion is required by them. The mind must cease to use the brain and nerves, both in making impressions upon the world around, and in receiving impressions from it through the senses. And the more perfect this cessation the more perfect is the sleep.

It has been very generally said that sleep is required especially for the repair of the system—that the machinery of the body needs to lie by for repair just like any other machinery. But this has been disputed, on the ground that nutrition and repair are going on all the time. And yet we think that it must be granted that sleep is necessary for the perfection of this repair, at least if we use this word in its widest sense. During the rest which sleep gives to the brain and nervous system changes undoubtedly occur in the arrangement of the particles, which make a completion of those changes of repair that are going on at all times during the wakeful state. And beyond this there may be some changes which can not be effected at all while the machinery is in motion.

It is essential, then, to health that sufficient time be given to sleep; for if it be not done there will be imperfect restoration or repair after exhaustion. The result here is cumulative. If there be each night only a small deficiency in repair there will be a gradual but certain undermining of the health. It may be mentioned as a significant fact in this connection that even a severe and long-continued pressure of anxiety and labor is not apt to produce insanity so long as the sleep is not broken in upon materially.

It is better to have too much than too little sleep; for, let it ever be remembered, that the amount accomplished in labor either of body or mind is far from being proportioned to the length of time employed.

Some need more time for sleep than others. How much is required in each individual case must be ascertained by observation. From six to eight hours sleep is ordinarily needed by adults. JOHN HUNTER and FREDERICK THE GREAT, it is said, got along with five hours; but we think that they would have done more and lived longer if they had slept more. NAPOLEON is said to have had even less sleep than this; but the contrary has been asserted by BOURRIENNE, who had ample opportunities of knowing his habits. Besides, he was a good sleeper. He slept soundly, and took little time to get to sleep. Whenever he was deprived of his regular rest he made up for the loss by naps, into which he could drop so readily that it is said that he could take "forty winks" at any time.

Children need more sleep than adults, partly at least because there is not merely repair to be provided for but growth. Some parents discontinue the daily nap of the child too soon. It should be continued through the third year, and in some cases even longer.

LITERARY.

LABOULAYE'S "Fairy Book," just published in beautiful form by the HARPERS, is truly delightful. It will take its place with the choicest fairy lore upon the little shelves and in the sweet hearts of children. The author, whose name is so kindly known to us as one of our most intelligent and faithful French friends during the war, dedicates the volume in a charming preface to his grand-daughter, and he adds a most genial letter to his young friends in America. Miss MARY L. BOOTH, the translator of HENRI MARTIN'S "History of France," and of LABOULAYE'S "Paris in America," has translated the stories with remarkable grace and skill, and the profuse illustrations are of the most fascinating kind for the young reader. We speak patronizingly of the young reader, but we confess that we have read every word of the book with eagerness and delight: and although the stories are called the Fairy Tales of Many Nations, yet they are all of one land, the dear and familiar fairy land of Cinderella and Puss in Boots, and Ali Baba and the Arabian Nights.

Miss MULOCK'S new novel, "The Two Marriages," is just issued by the HARPERS. Her name is the passport for her charming books to every heart and hearth. The tender, touching story of "A Noble Life" is not less winning than her famous novel of "John Halifax," and the new volume will have the same wide circulation and admiration.

In "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," by CHARLES LEVER, the "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," by GEORGE MACDONALD, "Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg," by Mrs. LYNN LINTON, "Rachel's Secret," by the author of "The Master of Marton," "Bernthal," from the German of L. MUHLBACH, and "Madonna Mary," by Mrs. OLIPHANT, the author of "Miss Marjoribanks," the HARPERS have reprinted the most noted and remarkable of the late English novels, and provided for every taste.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade, from the Committee on Territories, reported the bill for the admission of Colorado, with a favorable recommendation.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 38 yeas to 122 nays.

December 12:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was debated, and an amendment extending the suffrage to females was rejected, 9 to 37.

December 13:

In the Senate, in debate on the District of Columbia Suffrage bill, Mr. Dixon's amendment, requiring that voters shall be able to read and to write their names was rejected. The bill was then passed, 32 to 13.

In the House, the Deficiency Bill was passed. A concurrent resolution was passed to take a recess from Thursday, the 20th of December, to Thursday, the 3d of January.

December 14:

In the Senate, the Deficiency bill was passed.—It was voted to adjourn on the 20th till January 3.

In the House, Mr. Shellabarger presented a memorial from the loyal people of Louisiana, asking Congress to establish, under the care of the United States, a Government for that State. The document is signed by the Governor and several thousand electors of Louisiana. It was referred to the Select Committee on the New Orleans riots.—The Senate bill, granting universal suffrage in the District of Columbia, was taken up and passed by a vote of 128 to 46.

December 17:

In the Senate, the usual honors were paid to the memory of Senator Wright.

In the House, a translation of the letter from the Emperor of Russia, acknowledging the joint resolution congratulating him on his escape from assassination, was read and applauded.

THE MATAMORAS AFFAIR.

The following are the facts in regard to the recent occupation of Matamoras by General Sedgwick:

Up to November 24 Canales continued to hold the city with about 1500 troops. Escobedo threatened it with about the same number from the outside. On the 24th Canales informed General Sedgwick unofficially that he could not control his troops for want of money to pay them, and requested him to occupy the city. General Sedgwick, through Colonel Perkins, requested Canales to state this officially, which he did; whereupon it was agreed that the United States forces should occupy the plaza and attend to the good order of the town, while Canales occupied the fortifications as heretofore. The Rio Grande papers do not credit the story that Canales could not control his troops, but intimate that it was a ruse to get the American forces into the city for its better defense against the threatened attack of Escobedo.

Early on the morning of the 24th a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Rio Grande, from Brownsville to Matamoras, and a detachment of United States forces, under Colonel Perkins, crossed and took command of Matamoras. These forces belonged to the Nineteenth United States Colored Infantry. A small force of the Fourth Cavalry had preceded them. A small body of colored troops had also been passed over the ferry the night previous, and held Santa Cruz and other points leading to the city, which is about a mile distant.

The same evening General Sedgwick arranged a parley at some point on the river, between Canales and Escobedo. Escobedo announced his intention of attacking the place at an early hour on the morning of the 27th, in response to which General Sedgwick called his attention to the fact that the American flag was flying over the plaza.

Thus were stationed the United States forces in Matamoras, and Canales's troops in the fortifications, when Escobedo resolved to carry it by assault. He began firing at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and it was immediately answered from the forts. Soon after from 1000 to 1500 men were formed in line, and marched to the assault of Fort Monterey in fine style. Canales commanded Fort Monterey in person, and the assault was repulsed. Canales followed up the advantage he had gained, and in a moment his cavalry and infantry were in hot pursuit of the flying forces of Escobedo.

On the 26th the *Elizabeth Ross* arrived from Galveston with dispatches to the Sherman-Campbell expedition from Washington, immediately after which the United States forces were withdrawn to this side of the Rio Grande. It is said that Escobedo and Canales have become reconciled.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston *Courier* of December 15 contains the report of the Legislative Committee appointed to take into consideration the question of the adoption or rejection of the Constitutional Amendment. The Committee state that they have given the important question a careful consideration, and have come to the conclusion to recommend to the Legislature that the Amendment be not adopted. This recommendation will no doubt be acted on at once, and the Amendment may, therefore, so far as the Palmetto State is concerned, be considered as rejected. The Government, it is known, fully agrees with the decision which has been arrived at by the Committee. The *Courier* also contains the report of the Committee appointed by the Legislature to consider the question of a call for a National Convention, which report is directly antagonistic to the position just occupied by Ex-Governor Perry.

ALABAMA.

The reading of Governor Patton's Message in favor of the Amendment caused considerable excitement in both Houses of the Legislature. In the Senate, after some discussion for and against the Amendment, a motion to refer the Message to the Committee on Federal Relations was carried by a vote of Yeas 24, Nays 5; Messrs. Bell, Fielder, Garrett, Sykes, and Woodlief voting in the negative. In the House there was so much confusion that that body adjourned. On the following day the Committee on Federal Relations, to whom the Governor's Message was referred, reported that they "had duly and maturely considered the same; and deeming it unnecessary and inexpedient to enter into an argument for their Report, the Committee are of the opinion that the General Assembly should not ratify the proposed amendments." They therefore reported a joint resolution that "the State of Alabama refuses to ratify" the Amendment. This resolution was adopted by a vote of 27 to 2 in the Senate, and 69 to 8 in the House.

GEORGIA.

The Legislature adjourned *sine die*. The feeling manifested was most unfavorable to any reconsideration of the Amendment. The Speaker of the House, in his closing address, bade the country to hope the trial of fanaticism would exhaust itself, and Constitutional principles yet prevail. The President of the Senate urged all to obey the laws and cleave to the Constitution; but human forbearance had its limits, and the worm would turn if trodden on. Great applause was manifested in both Houses at these sentiments. The veto of the Extension of the Homestead Act was sustained. Five vetoes were sent in, and only that of the Stay Law was overridden.

RAILROAD STATISTICS.

Mr. R. D. Baxter lately presented to the Royal Statistical Society of London a paper on the railroads of the world, the most interesting part of which is, that the United States, in the number of miles of railway in operation and under construction, is far ahead of the whole of Europe combined, Europe, Great Britain included, having but about 50,000 miles, while we in this country have 45,000 miles of railroad, of which near 35,000 miles are in active operation. Our railroads would, in a single line, twice surround the globe.

NEWS ITEMS.

Hon. William D. Northend, the Democratic candidate who was defeated by General Butler, intends to contest General Butler's seat in the next Congress.

Albert H. Inman, a recent graduate of Yale College, and Miss Eddy, a young lady, were drowned at Pascoag, near Providence, Rhode Island, on the evening of December 13, while skating.

The destitution at Chattanooga, Tennessee, is so wide-spread that it is proposed to open soup-houses, at which such of the poor as are unable to work, and such as can not obtain employment, can receive one wholesome meal a day.

Governor Fletcher has issued a supplementary proclamation to the citizens of Lafayette and Jackson counties, Missouri, stating that twenty-four companies of cavalry and ten of infantry will be retained in those counties. He says: "Whenever I am satisfied that the people of those counties will enforce the law, and by their support of the civil authority give legal protection to the law-abiding citizens, the troops will be withdrawn."

The missing steamship *Britannia* arrived at this port December 11.

A petition, fifty-two feet long, containing the names of nearly all the prominent citizens of New Mexico, has been forwarded to Washington, praying for an increase of the military force in that Territory, as being absolutely necessary to protect the lives and property of the people against the Indians.

The Colorado Legislature organized December 18. The majority favor State admission, notwithstanding the opposition of Governor Cummings.

Dates from Tampico to the 3d instant, represent Northern Mexico in a deplorable condition. No legitimate business is being done, and the greatest uncertainty for the future prevails. The Liberals have made burdensome forced loans on the people. The Imperialists have done likewise. At San Luis Potosi $60,000 were recently exacted, the latter by Mejia.

The United States iron-clad steamer *New Ironsides* was entirely destroyed by fire at League Island, December 16.

Professor Agassiz is said to be busily at work writing his Travels in Brazil. The book will be of a popular character rather than scientific.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

December 10:

(LONDON.)—Many of the delegates from the British American Provinces, having in view the final settlement of the Confederation scheme, have arrived. They have formed themselves into a Conference, and selected Mr. M'Donald to preside over their deliberations.

(PARIS.)—The departure of the French fleet of war vessels and transports for Vera Cruz is now said to be fixed for next week. The vessels are fully manned and provisioned, and are expected to reach their destination about the middle of January.

A telegram from Hanover reports the commencement of oppressive measures against the people by the Prussian authorities.

December 11:

(LONDON.)—The steamer *Bolivar* has been seized in the Medway on suspicion of being a Fenian cruiser. A large quantity of arms and ammunition and thirty tons of gunpowder were found on board the steamer.

(BERLIN.)—The King of Prussia has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on the King and Crown Prince of Denmark.

The military budget has been laid before the Chambers.

Governor Wright, the American Embassador, is seriously ill.

(PARIS.)—The evacuation of Rome by the French troops will be virtually completed to-day.

(ROME.)—The man who gave the information which led to the arrest of John H. Surratt is a French Canadian, named St. Marie. He was formerly a Union soldier, and served in the Papal Zouaves. Both he and Surratt were in love with the same lady in Washington, and St. Marie betrayed Surratt through jealousy.

He says Surratt told him that Lincoln's assassination was a preconcerted plot, that he (Surratt) carried direct from Jeff Davis's Cabinet, at Richmond, the principal details of the plot to Washington; and that the assassination was not only in accordance with the desires of Davis's Cabinet, but was done by their directions and orders.

December 12:

(LONDON.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland are increasing. Another regiment of artillery has been ordered and will soon proceed to Ireland.

A factory for the preparation of Greek fire has been discovered by the police in Dublin.

December 13:

(LONDON.)—A most appalling explosion has occurred in a colliery at Barnsley, in the County of York. The loss of life was frightful. The bodies of over three hundred dead have already been taken from the mine, and many others are still unaccounted for.

A second explosion took place in the same colliery, at Barnsley, while a large number of miners were trying to save the survivors of the previous disaster, and thirty additional lives were lost. A third explosion took place at 10 o'clock this morning. There is no longer any hope for those in the pit, and they must now all be dead.

It is estimated that three hundred and fifty human beings in all have lost their lives by this terrible catastrophe.

Another terrible explosion has taken place in a colliery in Stafford, attended with great loss of life. Two hundred men went down into the mine this morning, of whom only thirteen have been taken out alive, and they are badly injured. All the rest, it is believed, are dead.

It has been clearly proved that the steamship *Bolivar*, which was recently seized in the Medway, was not designed for the Fenians. She belongs to Colombia, and will be delivered to the agent of that Government as soon as possible.

Dispatches received to-day from the East report that a rupture of the relations between the Governments of Turkey and Greece is imminent.

(PARIS.)—The *Moniteur* this morning has a telegram dated Mexico, December 3, and signed by Bazaine and Castelnau, which says: "Maximilian is still in Orizaba, though there has been as yet no decision as to his future movements. As the evacuation must be completed in March it is urgent that there should be no delay in the arrival of the transports. The mission of Sherman and Campbell, who left Vera Cruz on the 3d, appeared to be of a most conciliatory character."

The Empress Eugenie has finally decided to visit the Pope of Rome.

December 14:

(PARIS.)—Under the new organization the French army, with the usual reserves, will foot up about 1,200,000 men. It is expected that such a mighty standing army in times of peace will have no good effect. There is much misgiving to the project among the thoughtful in this city.

(BERLIN.)—The Government of Prussia is about to send Envoys to Vienna. Now that peace has come, there is a determination on the part of both Austria and Prussia to renew their former commercial relations. Negotiations to this end will be immediately signed by the Envoys.

December 16:

(FLORENCE.)—The King of Italy opened the National Parliament on Saturday. In his opening speech he wished Italy joy of the freedom she had gained. He said that France, faithful to her promise, had withdrawn from Rome, and that the best understanding existed between Italy and Napoleon. He declared that he would respect the territory of the Papal States. He hoped that the moderation of the Italian people and the wisdom of the Pope, and a spirit of conciliation on both sides, would remove all differences, and said it was his wish that the Pope should remain independent in Rome. He concluded by referring to the great and glorious future Italy had before her, and declaring that she must by every means develop her resources to achieve her position as a great nation.

(PESTH.)—The House has passed the address of M. Deak in reply to the Emperor of Austria.

December 17:

(LONDON.)—It is stated semi-officially that General Almonte has received assurances by telegraph that Maximilian has abandoned his intention of leaving Mexico, and of an avowed determination to put himself at the head of the loyal Mexicans and fight for his crown.

(VALETTA, Malta.)—A United States sloop of war has arrived here, bound to Alexandria to take Surratt back to America.

THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

The condition of this lady is considered hopeless. Besides her deranged mental condition, she suffers from a tubercular affection of the lungs, from which a fatal result is feared.

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HAULING HOME THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS.—[Drawn by H. W. Herrick.]

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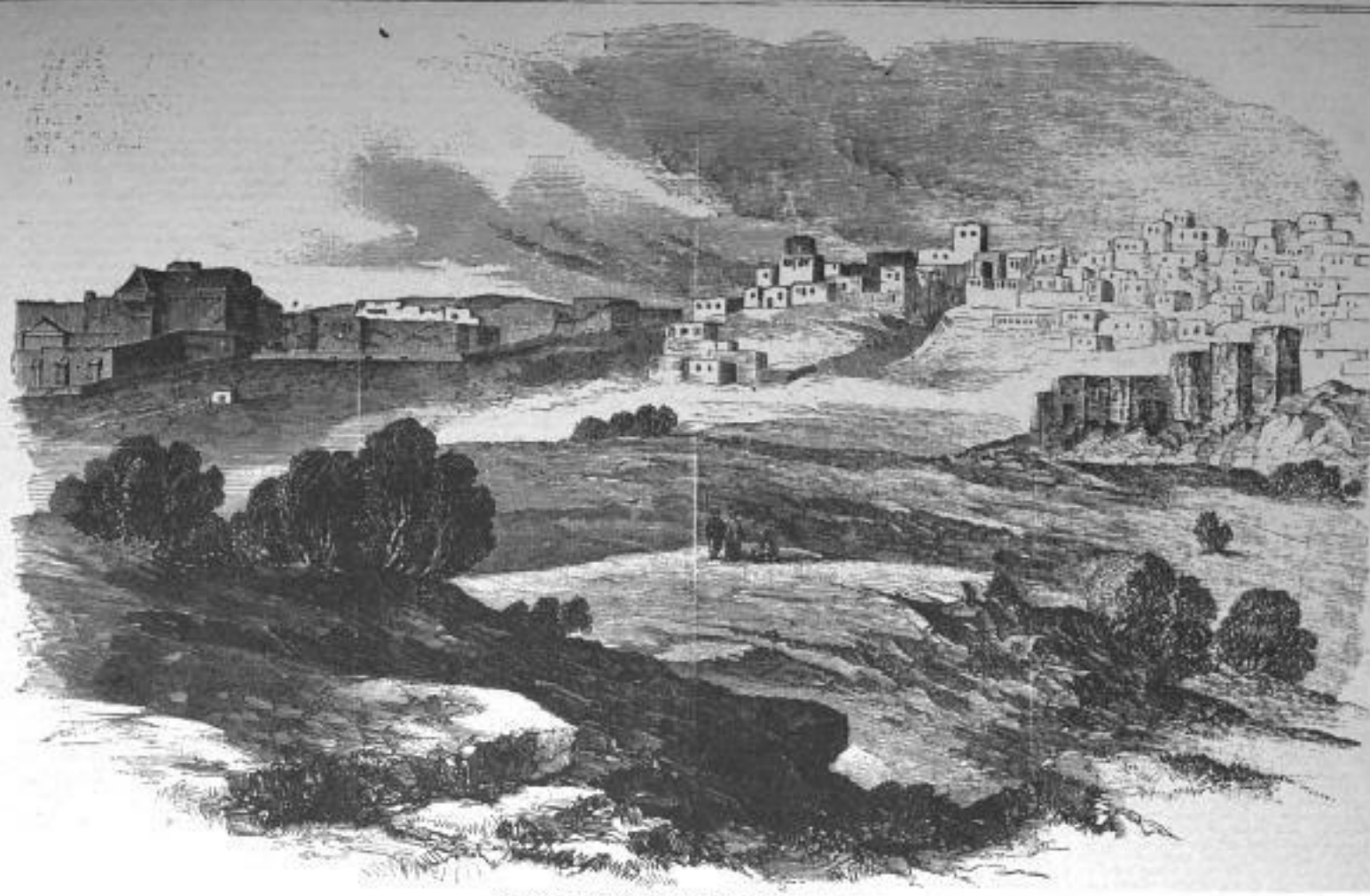


BETHLEHEM—SCENE OF THE HOLY NATIVITY.

BETHLEHEM.

AMONG our Christmas illustrations we give on this page two, touching more nearly the sacred nature of this joyful season: a View of Bethlehem—the scene of the Nativity; and a beautiful representation of the Wise Men of the East following the Star to Bethlehem. The two pictures are intimately related to each other, the centre of interest in either case being the manger-cradle, "where the young child lay." No place has associations so sacred as Bethlehem. About here dwelt the shepherds to whom the angels sang that everlasting Gospel carol of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." This story of the angels with their message and song still glorifies Bethlehem in the thought of the Christian. For him the sky above the little village is still the scene of that angelic pomp, and the hills still resound with that first Christmas song of Glory and Peace and Good-Will. And he ever follows the Wise Men to pay his adoration to the new-born King and Redeemer.

MIMI'S CHRIST-CHILD.

THE great kitchen had been swept and scoured and dusted to the last point of cleanliness; the hearth had been newly redded, and the iron dogs high piled with oak and hickory logs.

Directly in front of the roaring fire sat Mimi, in her little blue chair, her elbows upon her knees, her chin within her palms, and her great brown eyes fixed upon the fantastic flames whirling and dancing up the chimney.

At the other side of the room, with her back to Mimi and the fire, stood a tall, bony woman, of middle age, laboriously kneading a mass of wheaten dough, and solacing her labor by humming a psalm-tune.

The only other occupant of the room was a great tortoise-shell cat who lay at Mimi's feet, her legs stretched out toward the fire, her head crouched upon the bricks, and her yellow eyes sleepily blinking as they too watched the blaze, which made of them two great topazes.

The purring of the cat, the grave melody of the hymn, and the crackling of the fire, mingled pleasantly with each other and with Mimi's reverie, until at last she said, softly:

"Eunice!"

"'Up, Israel! to the Temple haste,
And keep your festal day!'"

sang the woman, plunging vigorously at the dough.

"Eunice!" called Mimi again.

"What say?" and, still anchored by the data in the clinging mass of dough, Eunice turned her head over her shoulder, and looked in some surprise at the motionless little figure in the blue arm-chair.

"Do you know how to make plum-pudding, Eunice?" asked Mimi, after a little pause.

"Of course I do! I can make a'first-rate plum-pudding, only your pa don't like 'em, so we never have 'em."

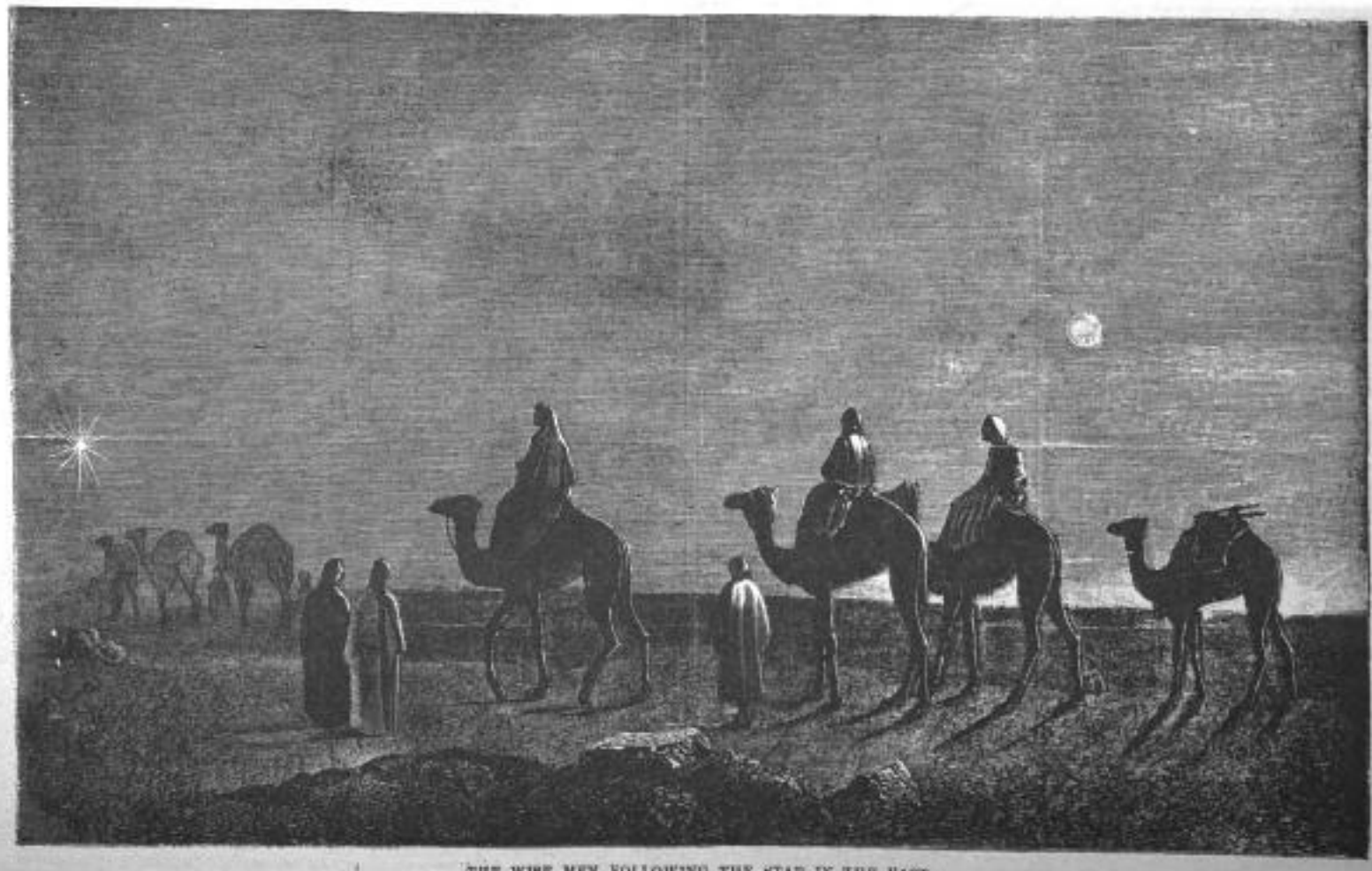
Mimi made no reply, and after a moment Eunice went on with her work and her tune.

"'How pleased and blest was I?'" sang she, when again she was interrupted.

"Eunice, what are we going to have for dinner to-morrow? It is Christmas-day."

"I know that. We're agoing to have baked beans and brown bread and Injun pudding. We've had that dinner every Christmas-day this ten year."

The dough was now so thoroughly kneaded as to



THE WISE MEN FOLLOWING THE STAR IN THE EAST.

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"dough" from the hands that had worked it; and Eunice, making it into a shapely mass, placed the wooden cover upon the bread-trough, and over this laid a thick white cloth. Then she went to the sink to wash her hands; and finally came toward the fire rolling down her sleeves.

"Lois Richardson says they are going to have a roasted goose and plum-pudding for dinner to-morrow, and games in the evening; and to-night they will all hang up their stockings, and Santa Claus will put something in every one," said Mimi, without changing her position."

"Like enough! The Doctor's folks hold to them sort of things," replied Eunice, rather contemptuously.

"Well, I think they are real nice sorts of things, and I wish we did them too," said Mimi, somewhat hastily, as she changed her position so as to look up in the brown, thin face of the housekeeper, who, still mechanically pulling at her sleeve, said, softly:

"Ten years ago—ten years ago to-night!"

"Since what, Eunice?" asked Mimi, eagerly.

"Since we kep' Christmas," replied Eunice, drily, adding directly: "Now I'm going up to fix me, and you had as well go and set with your pa. He'll be kind of lonesome to-night, I reckon."

"Why, Eunice? Why will he be lonesome to-night? And why haven't we kept Christmas for ten years? That's as old as I am—almost. The twenty-seventh of December I shall be ten."

"Yes—that was the most of it, I expect," said Eunice, absently, as she stood still plucking at her sleeve.

"The most of what? What do you mean, Eunice? I wish you would tell me!" exclaimed Mimi, petulantly.

"If wishes was horses beggars might ride," quoted Eunice, smiling grimly as she left the room.

Mimi looked after her a moment, and then, pushing back her chair a little impatiently, went toward a door at the farther end of the kitchen.

"I'll ask papa," murmured she, softly turning the latch and entering the room as quietly as possible, for Mr. Beverly was a man whom most persons found as much as they liked, and even his bright and petted little daughter was apt to restrain her step and her voice in his presence to much quieter demonstration than usual.

Especially to-night, for the Squire, as Eunice liked to call him, had upon his face a look which Mimi had learned to know, and did not love. A look of gloom, and sorrow, and stern endurance, a reader of expression would have said; but to Mimi it was only the look which meant papa did not wish to speak or to be spoken to, and that she was to make no noise, or even look at him too directly. So, just glancing at him, sitting far back in his study-chair, his arms folded, his head slightly bent, his eyes—hardly visible under the gray and frowning brows—fixed upon the dying fire, she sat quietly down a little behind him, and with her small hands clasped upon her knee began again to wonder, but more drearily than before, why Christmas-eve was so uncomfortable a time in her ordinarily cheerful home, and what Eunice could have meant by her vague hints and allusions.

But at ten years old one does not wonder long at any thing, and Mimi presently began to study, as she had often done before, the figures in a large painting hanging over the fire-place.

The scene was a stable—the rough beams cobweb-draped, the farming utensils scattered around. In the fore-ground was a group consisting of a lovely woman holding an infant in her arms—an infant upon whose tiny features the painter had tried to impress the tenderness, the holiness, the conscious sacrifice which from his birth marked the Holy Child as one distinct from the sons of men. Behind the mother and infant stood the venerable form of Joseph; and at the right-hand side were dimly seen the figures of the Wise Men coming to do homage to the baby Christ. At the left-hand side of the painting were some oxen kneeling, their great brown eyes fixed in dumb adoration upon the scene before them.

Mimi knew what the picture meant, for she had often talked of it with Eunice, and she now sat thinking of the sweet old story that it told, until, half-unconsciously, she said:

"I wonder if the cattle really do kneel in their stalls on Christmas-eve? Eunice says some people believe it. Do you, papa?"

"What, child?" asked her father, never raising the gray head from its drooping posture.

"Do you believe the cattle kneel in their stalls on Christmas-eve, because that is the time the Lord was born?" asked Mimi, reverently.

"I know nothing about it. Why do you ask me? I have nothing to do with Christmas-eve or its legends. Go away, child, and play with your doll, or talk to Eunice."

He leaned forward as he spoke, and laid his forehead in his clasped hands. Mimi stood for an instant looking at him, and longing with all her loving little heart to soothe and comfort this mysterious grief; but the habit of obedience to her father's commands was stronger than the tender impulse, and she crept silently to the door, opened and shut it as softly as she could, and stood again alone in the kitchen.

"Eunice told me to go to papa, and papa tells me to go to Eunice," thought the poor child, sadly. "Doesn't any body want me or love me when it is Christmas-eve? I wish there was a little Christ in our barn, and I would go and stay with him. And then the cows—I wonder if our cows know it is Christmas-eve, and if they will kneel in their stalls! I mean to go and see."

So Mimi took from the peg behind the door her little Rob Roy cloak, threw it across her shoulders, and drew the hood over her head, looking, with her sweet earnest face and brown curls, more like the Red Riding Hood in a picture than like a little New England country girl. Then quietly letting herself out at the back-door, she stood for a moment upon the step looking about her. It was just after sunset, and a warm glow still lingered in the west, melting imperceptibly into the cold, hard blue of the sky overhead, where already some stars were glittering bright and sharp as bayonet points. A north wind was sweeping over the wide fields, and, catching the edges of the snow-wreaths, whirled them off in feathery clouds to fall presently a minute snow-shower upon another spot. Far away upon the hill-side stood the solitary house in view; and as Mimi noticed the ruddy light streaming from all the windows she knew that Lois Richardson's "good time" was in progress.

A little shudder ran through the child's frame. Partly it was the north wind, that just then flung a shower of icy spray into her face; partly it was the chill at her heart, which she had brought from her father's study.

She made a backward step and laid her hand upon the latch; but just then a cow lowed from the barn, and Mimi paused.

"I will just run and see if they are kneeling," said she, aloud, and jumping off the step, she hurried along the path dug through the deep snow to the barn, and, with fingers already numb with cold, raised the wooden latch of the little door, and leaving it wide open, went in.

The five cows and the pair of oxen were all in their places, but the cows were busily eating their hay, standing the while so sturdily upright that Mimi was quite disgusted.

"Well, they were oxen, I guess, in the real stable. Maybe cows don't know," murmured she, and passed on to Star and Bright, who were certainly not in a standing position, but whether they could be said to kneel, or whether they were merely lying down, Mimi could not at first determine; and she was still bending over them, while they, looking back at her with great, luminous eyes, seemed to wonder what she could want, when she was startled by a sound from behind the mound of hay in the barn-floor—a sound of a little child cooing and talking to itself in sweet, inarticulate baby-talk.

"Oh, if it should be another little baby Christ!" thought Mimi, thrilling with awe and delight, and slipping between the stanchels, she crept on tip-toe to the mound of hay and peeped around it.

A baby, a pretty, laughing baby lay there, holding up a little mottled foot to catch a ray of light which, streaming through a knot-hole in the western wall of the barn, fell directly across him, and which he, poor little dear! took, perhaps, for one of the "clouds of glory" he had "trailed" from Paradise.

But the baby was not alone. Just beyond him lay a woman, young and lovely as the Madonna of the picture, except that her sweet face was whiter than any face Mimi had ever seen, and thinner and sadder. She was asleep, but in such a strange position, with her head hanging to one side and her eyes half open, and her hands tightly clenched. It was so strange and awful a sleep that Mimi, standing and peeping at it around the pile of hay, shivered again as she had done at the kiss of the north wind, and was creeping a little back when the baby, catching sight of her, began to coo again, holding up his arms and stirring his feet impatiently as who should say,

"I'm glad to see you, you dear little girl. Come and take me up, won't you?"

Mimi understood the appeal as well as if it had been spoken; and with a sudden impulse she rushed forward, snatched up the little thing, and darted away toward the house without glancing again at the pale woman still motionless in her strange sleep.

"Sakes alive, Mimi, what have you got there?" exclaimed Eunice, as the breathless little figure flew into the kitchen, and closing the door behind her, stood with her back against it as if fearful of pursuit.

"Oh, Eunice, it's a little Christ-baby, I believe, and its mother is asleep in the barn, and oh, she's so dreadful white and still."

"In the barn—in our barn?" asked Eunice, incredulously, as she came forward and looked closely at the child in Mimi's arms, and then, with a sort of gasping exclamation, took it in her own and carried it into the full light of the fire.

"Yes, she's on the hay-pile in the bay, and she's just as sound asleep as she can be," panted Mimi.

"Now the Lord save us if it should be so, and this very night of all the nights in the year," murmured Eunice, and then she laid the little patient baby back in Mimi's arms and hastened toward the door. With her hand upon the latch she turned, and the child saw that all the ruddy color had gone out of her face, leaving it almost as ghastly, though not half so white as that of the sleeper in the barn.

"Where's David, do you know?" asked she, sharply; and Mimi answered, wonderingly:

"No; I suppose he's at his own house."

"I'll run there first, it's only a step. You keep the baby quiet, Mimi, and don't let it cry for your life."

She was gone and the door closed, and Mimi, almost wondering if she were awake and all this was real, seated herself in the little blue arm-chair with the baby upon her knees and studied his pretty face and great brown eyes which looked up at her with a strangely familiar glance.

She was still so engaged when heavy steps were heard without; and Eunice, opening the door, held it for David, who entered with cautious steps, carrying in his arms the lifeless form of the woman Mimi had seen in the barn.

"Right in here, Dave, and don't make noise enough to start a weasel. I wouldn't have the Squire come out now not for a hundred dollars," whispered Eunice, showing the way to her own bedroom, a small chamber opening from the kitchen. David, stepping with painful caution, followed her in and laid his helpless burden upon the bed.

"Now run home and send up Nancy just as quick as she can come! Hurry now, man, if you ever hurried in your life!"

"Yes'm!" answered David, scuttling away as fast as he could, while Eunice, with great tears running down her cheeks and dropping off her pointed chin, began to undress the cold, still figure upon her bed, whispering all the time:

"Poor dear cretur! Poor gal! To think of her coming to this! Poor lamb!"

Then suddenly she beckoned to Mimi, who went to her, still carrying the baby in her arms, and wondering if all the mysteries that had perplexed her so long were about to end in this one great mystery. No sooner was she within reach than Eunice, grasping her arm with unconscious force, led her to the bed, and, pointing to the white face upon the pillow, said:

"It's your own sister, Mimi Beverly. It's your father's oldest child, and if she isn't dead she's nigh it, with cold and starving and hard work. What do you think of that?"

"My sister! I haven't any sister!" stammered Mimi, half-frightened at the housekeeper's earnest tone.

"None that ever was spoke of in this house since the night ten year ago this Christmas-eve, that she ran away with a man her father had forbid her ever to speak to or think of again, and the next day they was gone. It killed her mother, for she took sick that night, and three days after laid in her shroud; and then your father cursed her, and the curse clung to her. She wrote after a while, and begged to be forgiven, and to be told if her mother forgive her before she died. The Squire wrote back an answer—what it was I don't know, but them as knows him can guess; and from that day her name has never been heard in this house no more, no not half so much, as if she'd been dead; but year by year I've seen that same was at work in the Squire's heart, and as one Christmas after another has come round they've laid heavier and heavier on his head, till they've bent it almost into the grave. Whether it's the dead mother or the cursed daughter he's mourning for I can't say, but now's the time to find out, and you're the one to do it, Mimi. Thank the Lord there's a little warmth at last in this hand!—and here's Nancy coming. Go, child, and tell it any way you like! There's them as puts words into the mouths of such as you, when the wise ones couldn't find a word to say for themselves."

As she spoke she gently pushed Mimi out of the bedroom and closed the door. The child hesitated but for a moment, and then, with a strange light kindling in her eyes, and a bright color burning on her cheeks, she went directly to the door of the study, and entered with the baby in her arms.

It was dark now, except a dull red gleam from the dying fire; but Mimi could see that her father had laid his arms upon the table with his head upon them, and as she opened the door she thought she heard a stifled moan. Without waiting to lose her courage Mimi came directly to his side, and said, softly:

"Papa, here is a little Christ-child come to make us all well and happy."

Without reply the father raised his head and looked at her, and in the faint light Mimi saw that he had been weeping. Encouraged, she knew not why, she knelt and laid the baby upon his knees.

"Papa dear, didn't the baby Christ come to make every body love every body else, and forgive them all they had done naughty? and won't you forgive my sister because of this little baby that she has brought to you? and she is—perhaps she is dead herself; but won't you forgive her, father?"

The flutter of Mimi's heart stopped farther speech, but she raised her little pale face appealingly to his, and the baby, looking up at him with the self-same brown eyes, murmured an inarticulate petition for love and pardon.

The father looked at one and the other, and passed his hand vacantly across his forehead.

"Your sister, Mimi? What about your sister? Who told you of your sister? Oh, Mary, Mary!"

He clasped his hands across his eyes in a burst of passionate grief, but in a moment commanded himself, and asked again:

"Mimi, what did you say about your sister, and what is this baby?"

"It is her baby, dear papa. It is my own sister's own baby; and she is here too; and I found them in the barn, and thought it was a little Christ-child—and so it might be for us, mightn't it, papa?"

"Mary come home! Mary here!" exclaimed the father, hastily but kindly putting the baby again into Mimi's arms, and rising to his feet.

"Yes; but she is very sick, and perhaps she isn't alive at all. Eunice and Peter's wife are trying to wake her up, but she sleeps so sound they don't know if she will ever wake. Will you forgive her, papa, if she does?"

"If the Lord and she can forgive me, Mimi, it is but very little for me to forgive her," said the Squire, solemnly. And then he stood for a moment with his gray head bowed upon his hand, and Mimi thought that he was thanking the good God who had sent a comforter to find him.

Some hours later, when Mary Perceval opened her heavy eyes consciously upon this world again, she found her father bending over her with love and pardon in his face. She was too weak as yet to speak, but her pleading eyes spoke for her, and as the father bent to kiss her he whispered:

"Let us forgive each other, my child, as God forgives us both."

And so the great still house grew merry once again with the sound of children's happy voices and pattering feet, and Mimi found the lonely places of her life filled with the sweet new loves that had come to it; for the pale and gentle Mary tried hard to fill the place of a mother to the little sister whom her misconduct had robbed of a mother's love and care; and the baby—the Christmas baby—became from the very first the joy and the pride of Mimi's heart.

And when Christmas-eve came round again, Eunice, compounding a mighty plum-pudding, watched the children hanging their stockings in the chimney corner, and said:

"Well, Miss Perceval, I shall always stick to it, it was something out of the common that put it in Mimi's head to go looking in the barn after a Christ-child, as she calls it. If she hadn't found you there you'd have been gone afore morning to a sartainty, and maybe Noel too."

"Yes," answered Mary, in her gentle voice, "it was the Christ-child himself who sent my little sister to me. I am sure of it."

KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

KATCHEN, on reaching home, ran into her own room, and, having fastened the door, relieved her mortified feelings by giving loose to a copious flow of tears. They were childlike tears: an April shower which fell easily, and gave place to sunshine, without leaving any stormy ground-swell behind them, as a fit of weeping will do in more passionate natures. She had made many high resolves that she would not, by any persuasion, give her company to the smokers in the kitchen. She would stay up there by herself, and be miserable without knowing why. But as the afternoon wore on she repented of her resolution, and at last, about supper-time—that is to say, between four and five o'clock—she put her head outside the door to listen to what was going on. She heard her father's rich bass voice rolling out short, disjointed sentences between pauses that, she knew, were delightfully occupied by smoking; and then she heard a ringing laugh that made her heart beat a little quicker, and, after a farewell glance at the green mirror, she stole down stairs quietly, and went down to the kitchen with an assumption of perfect indifference to the presence of any one there. Besides her father and Fritz there was another man seated at the table, smoking a long pipe, which Katchen at once perceived to be a real meerschaum. The stranger was a singularly ugly man, with flat, blunt features and a short bull neck; but he looked good-humored withal, and intelligent. He was dressed in a frock-coat and trowsers, instead of the peasant costume worn by the usual frequenters of the Golden Lamb. There was no one else there, for the one stout serving-maid who, with Katchen, performed all the indoor work of the house, had leave on Sunday evenings to visit her friends. So Josef Kester and his two guests had the spacious kitchen all to themselves. A little table was drawn up close to one of the open windows, whence a sweet scent from the woodbine came in with the pure air, but was speedily choked and stifled by the heavy clouds of tobacco-smoke that almost hid the smokers from view. Each man had before him a great glass tankard of foaming amber beer. No one noticed Katchen at first, and she went and sat down at another window furthest removed from that where the men were, and, pushing back the lattice, leaned her elbows on the sill and looked out at the lake. Presently she felt that some one was standing very close to her, but she would not turn round; and then Fritz's voice said in her ear, "My Katchen, won't you speak to me?"

"Your Katchen, indeed! Not quite. And besides—" Here Katchen gave a pretty toss of her head in the direction of the stranger.

"Oh, you needn't mind him," said simple Fritz, delighted to think that he had discovered the reason of his sweet-heart's show of coolness. "He's a very good fellow; Johann Laurier, a Swiss courier. He has come from Ischl with the foreign lady and gentleman. And he knows—that is, I told him—that you and I—"

"What did you tell him, Herr Rosenheim? How dare you talk about me to a stranger without my permission?"

It seemed fated that whatever Fritz said or did to-day should affront Katchen.

This state of things was not entirely unprecedented; but Fritz always fell into the error of trying to reason about what was quite unreasonable, and, being neither so quick-witted nor so nimble of tongue as his pretty antagonist, he got the worst of the argument, even though he were thoroughly in the right.

"I suppose you're too proud to acknowledge me for a lover, now that you've dined with Herr Ebner, and been rowed in his boat. I heard of it. The folks at the Black Eagle say all sorts of things."

"The folks at the Black Eagle! And what do I care for them, or for you either, if you are so ignorant as to listen to the gossip of such as them? As to being proud, I can tell you I think father is quite as good as Herr Ebner, even though he may not be as rich. But he was as rich once, and richer too."

"Well, Katchen, I'm sorry if I've made you cross—"

"Cross!"

"Well, if I've offended you, then. But it seemed as if you would hardly speak to me to-day when I first saw you, and now you are as cold and stand-offish as you can be; why or wherefore, I'm sure I don't know. I love you with all my heart, Katchen, and I never shall love another girl the same as I do you."

And Fritz ventured to take up the plump sunburnt little hand that lay on Katchen's lap. He held it tightly in his broad brown palm for a moment, and then the willful girl jerked it away with a pettish exclamation, and walked off toward her father. "You tease me," said she, over her shoulder. It was somewhat trying to her lover, that, while Katchen was extremely exacting in her demands on his devotion, she resented any show of tenderness on his part; and sometimes, when he was most earnest in his expressions of love, she would turn all he said into ridicule, and make the house ring with laughter at his protestations. To-night, however, she was not in a laughing mood, but went and sat beside her father, resting her hand on his shoulder, and apparently absorbed in thought. She was conscious, though, of Fritz's rueful puzzled look as he resumed his seat, and silently took long pulls at a perfectly cold pipe; and she was conscious, also, of the admiring gaze that Monsieur Jean Laurier cast upon her flushed face. "Your daughter, Mr. Landlord?" said he, with a polite bow.

"Yes, Herr Laurier, my little Katerina—Katchen, as she's always called. Child, this gentleman is a great traveler, and can tell you of wonderful places he has seen, and wonderful people too. He speaks all languages—"

"Not quite all, Herr Landlord," modestly put in Laurier.

"Yes, yes, all, I say—all that are worth speaking. You should have come down before, you puss, and you would have heard such things about Rome, and Paris, and Vienna. I've been relating part of my history to the Herr, and he thinks it very hard that a man like myself should have been so ill-treated by fortune. But, lord! I could explain it if I liked. A good deal of it is the fault of others. However, no more on that score. It can't interest a stranger."

Nevertheless, no stranger was ever half an hour beneath the roof of the Golden Lamb without hearing Josef Kester's version of his own misfortunes.

"What fine hair the Fraulein has!" said Laurier, turning the discourse.

"Our Katchen? Yes, friend, you may say so; and a pretty color, too; not like the coarse black horse-hair one sees hereabouts. Her blessed mother was a Saxon, and she has her mother's hair."

"It's long, too, I suppose," pursued the courier. "It seems all coiled round and round, so."

"Long! I believe you. Pull that bodkin out, Katchen, and let the Herr see its length."

And, as Katchen hesitated, he took the pins out with his own hand, and the great silky plaits tumbled down over her shoulders.

"Unplait it, child. It's nearly twice as long when it's all loose. There, Herr Laurier, did you ever see a prettier sight than that in your travels?"

The Swiss got up, and took a long soft tress in his hand, weighing it with a thoughtful look.

"Don't mind me, mam'zell; I've a daughter as old as you, at home in Lausanne. I tell you what, there's a friend of mine, a hairdresser in Paris, who would give you almost any sum you'd like to ask for this hair. It's all the fashion just now, and they can't get enough of it any where."

Katchen jumped back, and hastily twisted up her hair into one great lump, looking meanwhile half in terror, half in indignation, at the courier. But old Josef roared with laughter.

"No, no, thank you. Not to make a wig for our empress herself, God bless her! We're not so poor as that comes to, yet a while. Don't look scared, Katchen. I should like to see the barber who'd put scissors near your head."

"I'm not scared, father. How stupid you are! But I don't want to make a show of myself any longer, that's all."

Laurier was more a man of the world than poor Rosenheim, and had lived in it some twenty years longer, so, instead of apologizing, or arguing, or retracting, he began a description of the wonderful head-dresses that the ladies wore in Paris, the fine feathers, and flowers, and jewels which adorned their borrowed locks. And in listening to this topic of feminine interest Katchen had time to recover her composure, and even put in a few questions of her own. Before the evening was over, Laurier had established himself in the good graces of both father and daughter.

"Whenever I come this way I shall certainly pay you a visit, Herr Kester," said the courier. They parted with many good wishes on both sides, and Fritz was well pleased to receive a tolerably gracious farewell from his capricious lady-love.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day things resumed their old monotonous course at the Golden Lamb. Fritz and the friendly courier were far away on their road to Salzburg. Laurier had said that if he chanced to travel in their direction next year he should certainly come and see the Kesters; but meanwhile, there was all the autumn, and winter, and spring to get through. Gradually—Katchen could scarcely trace how—it came to be no unusual thing for Caspar Ebner to drop in to the Golden Lamb of an evening, and before long it was quite an established custom for the Kesters to be taken to and from the church at Hallstadt in his boat. Little presents of flowers, and fruit, and choice cheese, or a bottle of fine Rudesheimer, were sent from the Black Eagle to the Golden Lamb; and once Herr Ebner brought out from his pocket a pair of bright gold ear-rings, which he begged Katchen to accept. But there she refused. And the refusal brought on an argument which ended in a formal offer of Caspar Ebner's hand and heart. "Herr Ebner," said Katchen with a gasp, "you can't be in earnest!"

"Not in earnest, Katerina! Is it possible that you have been blind to my feelings all this time? Can you honestly say so?"

"Well, I fancied, perhaps, that you liked me a little, and—and—thought me pretty; but I never believed that you really—really—" And Katchen began to cry. Why would people be so tiresome, and serious, and in earnest? Ebner was terribly distressed at sight of her tears.

"My child, my child," said he, "pray don't cry in that way. I wouldn't grieve or vex you for more than I can tell. Try to think seriously of what I have said

to you. I love you, Katerina, better than I believe you will ever be loved again."

"But I d-don't love you," sobbed Katchen.

"I don't expect you should, all at once. Indeed no. I am twenty years older than you, my child, and staid and dull in your eyes. But I will be kind to you—oh, Katchen, if you will let me, I will be so kind to you! You shall be mistress of every thing I possess, and your father shall have a home with us while he lives. I have plenty."

"But I am quite, quite poor. I have not a kreutzer of dowry. Perhaps you didn't know?" And the blue eyes looked up into Herr Ebner's spectacles with a naive expression of wonder. The spectacles flashed all over their unmeaning surface as he shook his head, but the eyes behind them were very soft and tender when he answered:

"I did know, I do know: but, my child, no riches could make you more dear to me."

Katchen had a heart, in spite of her frivolity, and it was touched by the generosity and disinterested affection of her middle-aged suitor. But to marry him! Ah, that was another thing! And then there was Fritz. No, it couldn't be. But Ebner refused to take her answer at once. He would give her a week to consider of his proposal, and meanwhile would not obtrude himself on her in any way. "Only," said he, as he went away, "do try to be good to me, my child—try to be good to me."

When old Josef Kester heard of the proposal he was elate with joy and pride.

"Ain't you astonished, father?" said Katchen.

"Astonished? Not a bit of it. I saw, long ago, that the man was desperately in love with one of us two, and I naturally supposed it to be you."

But his pleasure was suddenly quenched when his daughter protested that, though she felt deeply grateful to Herr Caspar Ebner, and proud of his good opinion, she could never consent to be his wife. At first Josef treated this as mere childish folly that meant nothing. But the more he argued, and the angrier he grew, the more obstinate became Katchen's opposition. So at last he took refuge in his old system of letting her take her own way—for the present.

Two or three days of the week went by, and Katchen had by no means made up her mind as to the answer she should give Caspar Ebner. Her father's tactics of non-opposition were beginning to tell. She thought of the grandeur that lay at her feet, ready to be picked up. The fine clothes, the servants, the importance, the chance of travel, perhaps even of seeing Vienna—all these temptations crowded through her mind pell-mell. And then, duty to her father! Ought not that to weigh with her? In the midst of her indecision came a letter from Fritz. That is to say, a letter written by some friend at Fritz's dictation, for his own caligraphic powers extended only to the crooked signing of his name. A letter from Fritz! She had never received one from him before.

"MY OWN KATCHEN,—I am right glad that I can send you this letter. A trusted friend here at Salzburg writes it down, but the words are all my own. You seemed somewhat cold when I saw you last; but I fear I was to blame. To confess the truth, I was jealous of the landlord of the Black Eagle. Yes indeed. Was I not a fool? Just as if you would think of him! But true love is always kin with jealousy, they say. I know your worth, my angel, and feel sure of your fidelity. But only I would advise, go not too often to Herr Ebner's house. Folks will talk else. I shall see you, please Heaven, early in the year. Meanwhile, forget me not.

"Thine, ever loving,

"FRITZ ROSENHEIM.

"Greet thy father heartily for me."

Katchen was as uncertain as the sea in her moods; and this unlucky letter sent her into a most hard-hearted and contemptuous frame of mind. "He is sure of me, is he? Could he say more if we had been betrothed before the whole village? And why shouldn't he be jealous, indeed? As if it were impossible to love any one better than him! Advises me not to go to the Black Eagle! It's downright insolent. I know very well what I'm doing." And so she worked up her wrath to boiling-point. On a sudden she crushed the offending letter in her hand, and ran down to the water's brink, where her father was pottering about the old boat, trying to mend it in an awkward, unworkmanlike way. He looked tired and aged, and conscious of waning strength and failure in his attempt. His clothes were very threadbare and shabby. His broad placid forehead was puckered up into ignoble crow's lines. The down-hill path was getting steeper and steeper; the downward pace quicker and quicker. Tears came into Katchen's eyes as she looked at him, and, with an impulse born of many mingled emotions, she ran to him, and putting her hands on his shoulders, said, "Father, would you really like me to marry Herr Ebner? Would it make you happy?"

"Child! it is as if you had dropped from heaven! I was just brooding over a tangled web of troubles, and thinking that there was but one way to unravel them, and that you wouldn't take that way, when behold, you come with the welcomest words on your lips that I've heard this many a long year."

"Would it really and truly make you happy, father?"

"Happy! More happy than I thought ever to be again, child."

"Then I will," said Katchen, in a low voice.

Josef kissed his daughter, and blessed her, but repressed any exuberant demonstrations of joy, although he could have leaped and shouted aloud. Thought he: "If I say too much, she'll begin to argue on the other side, and change her mind altogether." Josef was growing cunning.

CHAPTER V.

Not to be tempted to break his word to Katchen, Herr Ebner had gone away from Gosau, thus leaving her quite free and unmolested for her week of consideration. Had Ebner been on the spot, Josef Kester would have strorn up to the Black Eagle to give him the good tidings secretly. As it was, he had no choice but to wait un... the end of the week. The days passed slowly with him, but to Katchen they seemed to fly past with un... [illegible] rapidity. She sat idly dreaming from morni... [illegible] ...ight, scarcely making a pretense of turning th... [illegible] ...spinning-wheel, before which she sat nearly a... [illegible] The servant girl was indignant, and complain... that all the work fell on her shoulders; but old Josef bade her hold her tongue, and gave hints of some grandeur that was shortly to befall the family, to which Liese listened open-mouthed. At length dawned Saturday morning. The year was well advanced now. Cold winds, chilled by the mountain snows, rushed across the lake and whistled in the scanty foliage, stripping the boughs barer and barer at every gust. The early morning hours were raw and comfortless, although toward mid-day the sun gained power and brightness. When Katchen arose that Saturday morning she felt as though a light hand were pressing on her heart. "I must decide—I must decide!" These words rang in her ears as if another had spoken them aloud, but they were only uttered by her own anxious thoughts. She came down to prepare breakfast so pale and heavy-eyed that even slow-witted Liese perceived there was something wrong, and bluntly asked her young mistress what was the matter with her, for which attention Liese received a sharp snubbing. Old Kester noticed Katchen's wan looks, but said nothing. In truth, he was a little anxious himself. She had promised to marry Herr Ebner, and that was well; but he did not wish his child to be unhappy.

"It is cold," said Katchen, turning from the table to cower over the great cooking-stove in the kitchen. "I'm so cold, I can't eat." There she sat all the morning, idly clicking her knitting-needles now and again. Slowly the day wore on. Dinner-time came, but Katchen was still too cold to eat, she said, though the sun was high in the heavens. She tasted a few spoonfuls of soup, and then wrapped a warm cloak around her and went out. It was impossible, she said to herself, to sit there any longer, fancying every step to be Ebner's, and expecting to see him each time the latch clicked. Katchen wandered down to the lake's brink, where a pile of fuel was stacked, and sat down on some logs, just as she had done that Sunday at Hallstadt. She thought of that day, and of the many subsequent days when she had received kindness from Caspar Ebner, and she remembered the high character he bore, and his reputation for honor and honesty. She summed up his good qualities in her mind one by one, and asked her heart—so she phrased it mentally—could she consent to be his wife? and something, which I too must call her heart for want of a better word, answered, "No!"

"He is far better than I—far, far better. He is true, and gentle, and generous. Can't I marry him?" "No!"

"He is a learned man compared to ignorant little me, and rich and well thought of. Can't I marry him?" "No!"

"He offers a home to father, and will smooth his last years, and will be a son to him. Can't I marry him?" "No!"

Katchen was aghast. She had fancied there was nothing to be done but for her to say unconcernedly, "I will have this man for my husband." To bring herself to this point might be difficult, but the point once reached, all would be settled. And now, behold, when she said "I will," some voice in her bosom answered "*I won't!*" All this time, too, the image of Fritz was haunting her brain. She tried not to think of him, and even thought she was not thinking of him: but there was his face, looking sadly and fondly at her, if she but closed her eyes an instant in her efforts at reflection. Truly this "self" of hers was a most incomprehensible and unmanageable antagonist, and Katchen at last resolved to give up the struggle and float with the tide. Just as she had arrived at this philosophical decision a footstep crushed the pebbles on the beach, and Caspar Ebner stood before her. He advanced with outstretched arms, but Katchen jumped up with a start and made quite a leap backward.

"Did I frighten you, Katerina?" said Ebner, a little crest-fallen.

"No, only you came sudden like."

"Are you not cold here, sitting still? The air blows chill from the lake. Will you walk a little way with me?"

Katchen's knees trembled as she complied with his request. She was in a nervous fever of apprehension, but Ebner did not at once broach the important topic. This was a respite: but then she almost wished he would plunge boldly into the subject, waiting was so dreadful. She had not to wait long, however.

"Katchen," said Ebner, when they had walked a few yards side by side, "have you thought of what I said to you?"

"Yes," said Katchen, in a faint little voice.

"I kept my word, did I not? I went away and left you quite free." No answer.

"Katchen, may I hope you have a kind word to say to me? It will be easy for you, but oh, how precious to me!"

"It—it isn't easy," said Katchen, with a childlike catching of her breath.

"Well, no; perhaps not quite *easy* for a young maiden to say; but you will say it, eh, Katchen? You will tell me that you will be my wife, my treasure, my darling, the mistress of my home?" And he caught her two cold little hands in his, bending down his tall form so as to look into her face. The action roused Katchen into energy. She wrenched away her hands, though he held them in a strong grasp, and clasped them before her tearful eyes.

"No, no, no, I can't. Indeed—indeed I can't. Don't be angry with me; I am grateful indeed. You are very kind and very generous, but I can't marry you." And she sobbed as though she would choke. Ebner stood and looked at her. A hundred thoughts rushed through his mind, but he could find only one word.

"Why?" he said, jerking the syllable dryly out of his throat.

"Because I—I can't," sobbed Katchen.

It did not sound logical, but it was true.

"You can. If you choose to say *yes*, you can, unless there is some one else that you love." Ebner's throat seemed to get dryer and dryer, and the words came huskily. Katchen caught at them. They seemed to to offer a tangible reason.

"There is some one who loves me very much—" she began, and then stopped short. Ebner's brow darkened into a frown, and he looked sternly at the weeping girl.

"You have deceived me, then," said he at last. "I trusted in you. I saw you were childish, but I did not think you dishonorable."

"Dishonorable! Oh dear, oh dear, what makes you say such things, and look like that?"

"Yes, dishonorable. I repeat it. Cruel and heartless. You have been playing with me; drawing me on; and all the while you were the promised wife of another man. Why did you not tell me so at once, honestly?"

"But I'm not," retorted Katchen, roused to anger in her turn. She was in the wrong, but that did not make her the less angry. "I'm not his promised wife, and how dare you say so? I'll never have him. I don't love him, nor you, nor any body. I wish I had never been born, I do. You're all cruel and unkind, and I hate you, every one!" Katchen wrapped her cloak over her head, and ran off sobbing, with her apron at her swollen, tear-stained eyes. Ebner was astounded. Was this his sweet, bright, good-tempered Katchen? This pettish, passionate, unreasonable girl? Caspar Ebner was in love, it was true, but then he had just been refused; and that, perhaps, helped to make him clear-sighted. At all events he did not perceive that Katchen had been strangely wayward, capricious, and, he thought, deceitful. When a man seriously means to ask a girl to be his wife it is difficult to persuade him that she is not fully aware of his intention. He could not but believe that Katchen had understood his feelings from the first, and now she cast him off and told him of some one else who loved her. His amour propre was deeply hurt. In truth, Ebner had not been at all unconscious of the advantages which Katchen would have derived from his alliance. She was penniless, burdened with a shiftless old father, and in a humble rank of life; but if she had consented to marry him he would never have made her feel these things by word or deed. Now they came vividly before his mind. He had been willing to give up his easy, selfish, bachelor life to raise this ignorant little peasant girl to be the mistress of his home; more than willing—eager to do so, but now under the shock of her unreasonable behavior he said to himself that it would have been a sacrifice. And so he walked slowly home, scorching out the pain of disappointed love with the heat of his angry resentment. But alas! the anger would soon pass, and leave the wounded heart still smarting.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A CLEAR, bright, sunshiny day—cold and cutting though it may be—coming any time within two weeks of Christmas, is actually "snapped up" by New York ladies. We do not mean to insinuate that the dear creatures are physically hungry so soon after Thanksgiving: though to a superficial observer their collapsed appearance might naturally give that impression. But they are mentally longing and languishing for a sight of the "pretty things" which make Broadway so glittering during the holidays. And, really, they (we mean the "pretty things," which, of course, includes the ladies) are well worth not one only, but many promenades up and down our great thoroughfare. Moreover, it is now very comfortable threading one's way through the crowds. The chance of receiving a dagger-like glance from a lady, upon whose trailing skirt you have unfortunately trodden, is reduced to a minimum. Short dresses, and crinoline of exceedingly diminished circumference, are "all the rage." Very pretty many of them are—and certainly convenient. We advise every body who wants to walk down Broadway and see the "things" *comfortably*, to make haste before the fashion changes. Now it is quite possible for several ladies, dressed in the highest style, to stand before a shop-window, at the same time, and satisfy their curiosity in regard to what is exhibited. Formerly two was the greatest number possible; and even they seriously interfered with each other. Ah, the wonderful changes of fashion!

Do not forget to let the children themselves buy, with their carefully-saved pennies, some little gifts for the Christmas-Tree, or to put secretly into the hanging stockings. They will enjoy the *giving* quite as much as the receiving.

There will be no need to remind loving fathers and mothers to make the coming Festival a happy one to their own children. But that poor shoeless boy who comes to your basement door for the kitchen fragments; those two thinly-clad little girls who often pass your window, laboriously carrying a basket of coal—not a very large one either—and whose red fingers have often excited your pity; that pale, sad-looking young woman who comes to ask for plain sewing—will you or any one remember them and many others, to whom some appropriate Christmas gift would be a godsend, filling their hearts with unaccustomed gladness? Let those whom God has blessed with plenty remember the poor and suffering.

The quiet old folks shiver on the first coming of the sharp, keen, winter days, draw nearer to the bright coal-fire, and sit musingly, toasting their feet. Not so young America. He is up before light in the morning, peeps from the window, half-dressed, to see if the ground is white. If there is no chance of snow-balling he rushes out and slides or skates on the ice in the gutter until the breakfast bell brings him in with red and glowing cheeks. But if you are nervous, any body, shut your ears—for here he comes rushing tumultuously into the house, leaving every door open, and shouting vociferously, "*The Ball is up! the Ball is up!*" There is no help for it—he must be "fixed up" and go to the Park.

It is a matter of some interest to married ladies that a Virginia court recently decided that a wife's clothing belongs to *herself*, in spite of the legal absurdity that a married woman can own nothing. The case was that of theft of clothing from a married lady. The defense set up that the stolen clothing belonged to the husband, and not to the wife, and, therefore, that there was no theft of the plaintiff's clothes as charged. The court took the matter into consideration, and finally decided that a wife owns her own clothing, and not the husband, and the thief was sent to the penitentiary.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from the far West, refers in the following pathetic strain to the finale of the "Mercer Brigade:"

"All will remember how strongly the ladies, when on the eve of departure from their Eastern homes, protested against the idea that they were going to the Territory in search of husbands, and that they were only coming here in search of work, and that they would *never* get married. Oh no, never! Poor things, they did not know what attractive beings the men of this coast, particularly those who lived in Washington Territory, were. They have all lost their hearts, and most of them have found that which they were seeking, viz.: a lodge in a vast wilderness with a man in it. One lady met her husband for the first time at 2 in the afternoon, and at 9 that evening they were married. That would be called quick work at the East."

A Massachusetts paper tells a comic story of a newly-married couple who attended a launch in a certain city. A staging gave way at a certain point in the proceedings, and down tumbled the gentleman plump into the water. Before he was rescued his wig came off and floated away. When he was pulled out, bald and drenched, his wife refused to recognize him, and besought the crowd that they would save her husband, pointing frantically to a bunch of hair drifting down the tide.

Any one who is doubtful of Brigham Young's opinions will have a clear conception of them from a brief extract from a recent address by him. In speaking of the city of Lowell, he says: "Two thousand good, God-fearing men should go there, and take to themselves seven wives apiece. It is written in the Bible, 'And in that day seven women shall lay hold of one man, saying, we will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.' The Government of the United States does not intend that that prophecy shall be fulfilled, and the Lord Almighty means that it shall."

The Portland papers state that the third period in the history of the burned district has commenced—the period of restoration. The first was the period of desolation, the second the period of chaos, but now elegant and substantial buildings are being erected with wonderful rapidity.

Among the many interesting relics found in the graves on the battle-field of Antietam during the removal of the dead to the National Cemetery was an ambrotype likeness of a handsome young lady, apparently about seventeen years old. She is sitting in a chair, and dressed in plaid, with short sleeves, bare arms and neck. About her neck is a gold chain, which hangs down by her side as if attached to a locket. Her hands are clasped, and from her arm is suspended an ornamental leather satchel. From appearances her hair was of light auburn color, and, as the ladies term it, "frizzed" in front and braided on the sides; the open braids hang gracefully over her cheeks. Her face is round and expressive, with a small dimple in her chin. This likeness was found on an unknown body.

A recent English work—containing many pretty verses—has the following, which mothers will enjoy reading:

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
  Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
  Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
  One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
  Ten little toes;
Only a golden head,
  Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
  Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
  Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
  Troubled with naught;
Only a tender flower,
  Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
  While we are here.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"YOU want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

Bassompierre, French ambassador to Spain, was telling Henri Quatre how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world." "Ah," said Henri, "what a very amusing sight, to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!" "I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

"I say, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?" "Please, yer Honor," said John, "it's an ould one o' your's that the Missis gave me yesterday."

Dr. Franklin's celebrated receipt for cheap sleigh-riding runs as follows: Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft; put your feet in a pail of ice water; drop the front-door key down your back; hold an icicle in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other. He says you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it's a great deal cheaper.

"Bridget," said a mistress to her Irish servant, "where's the gridiron?" "An' sure, ma'am, I'm just after giving it to my sister's own cousin, Bridget O'Flaherty; the thing's so full of holes it's no good at all."

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberias. "No, indeed," answered Tibe, "they have got plenty of fire: the bells are ringing for water."

There was an old Dutchman at Delft,
Loved naught but pipe, beer, and himself;
  So a clammy sea daughter,
  A nymph of the water,
Changed him into a mermanish elf.

Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a turner's sign and put it over a lawyer's door. In the morning it read: "All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

TELEGRAPHIC.—Why must a telegram be slower in transmission than most letters?—Because it must go by so many posts before it reaches its destination.

Said a wag to a friend: "Miss ——, though a rather broad-featured young lady, has a very benign countenance." "Yes," said the friend, "it is seven-by-nine."

WITHOUT THE MEANS.—When an Irish priest rebuked his parishioner for drunkenness, and told him that "whenever he entered an alehouse to drink his guardian angel stood weeping at the door." "And if he had sixpence he'd be in himself," was Pat's reply.

The newest Yankee notion is an umbrella with a gutter round the edge and a spout at one corner.

A gentleman said to his Hibernian servant: "Pat here comes a funeral; do you know who is dead?" "Faith, I guess, Sir, it must be the man in the coffin," was the reply.

What is the greatest virtue in a sea-captain?—Weeklessness.

ROMANTIC DEATH.—A young lady drowned in tears.

THE CONJUGAL BANQUET.

Twelve sorts of meat my wife provides,
  Nor fails me of a dish;
Four are of flesh, of fruit are four,
  The other four are fish.

For the first course she stores my board
  With birds that dainties are;
And first a quail,* and next a rail,
  A bittern, and a jar.†

With these my appetite, when cloy'd,
  For fish she renders sharp;
And serves me up a lump, a pout,
  A gudgeon, and a carp.

Then the dessert with fruit abounds,
  All fitting well the season—
A medlar and an artichoke,
  A crab, and a small reason.

Now can a man have such a wife
  And not upon her dote,
Who every day provides him fare
  Which costs him not a groat?

* Quail, to quarrel. See Johnson's Dictionary.
† Jar, an old word for quarreling.

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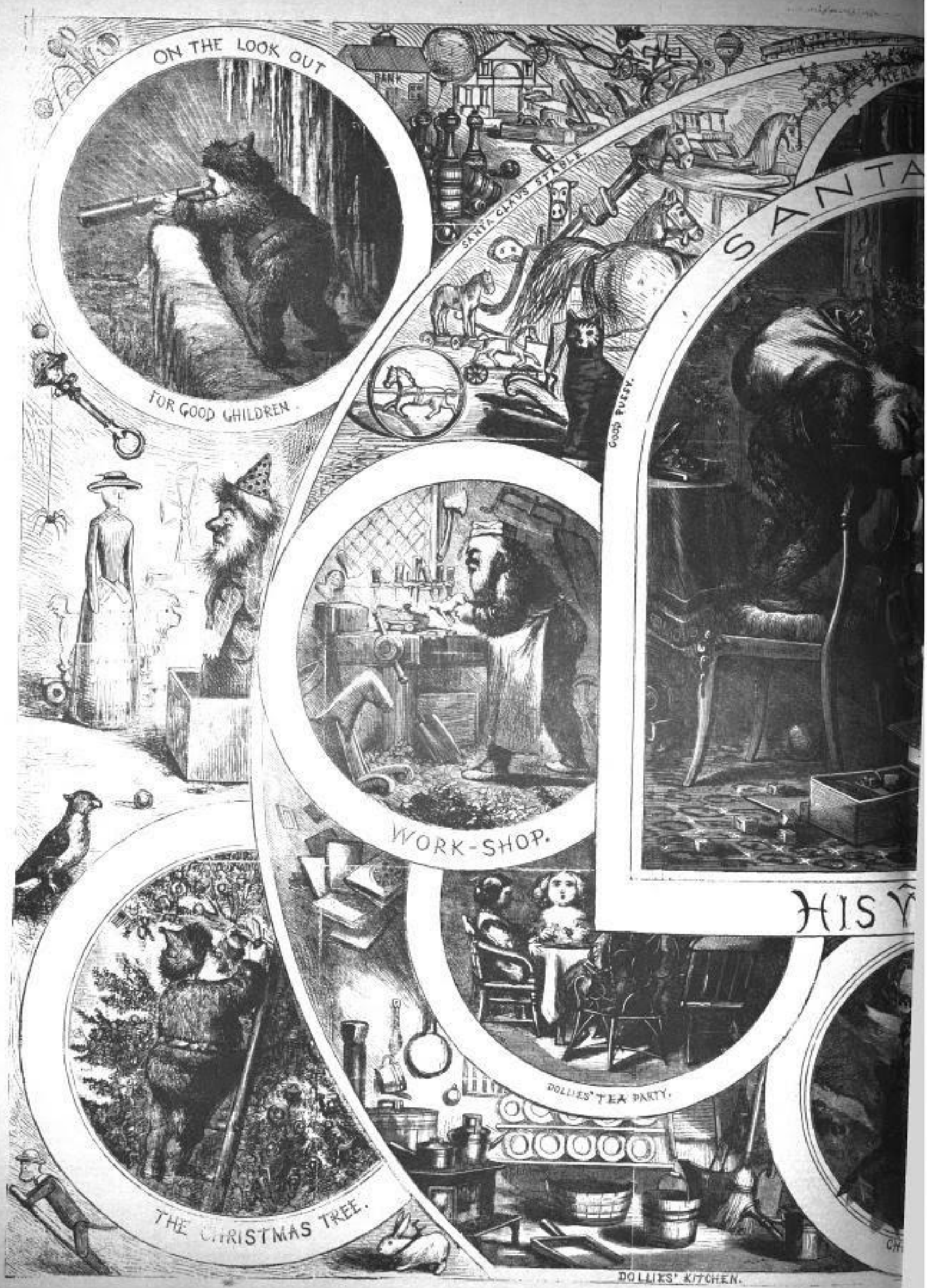

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A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS.

By CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there:
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap:
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixem!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow:
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath:
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread:
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose:
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book II.—The Two Masters.

CHAPTER I.

A GOLDEN TEMPLE.

In the very midst of the Belgian iron country, under the shadow of tall sheltering ridges of pine-clad mountain-land, nestles the fashionable little watering-place called Forêtdechêne. Two or three handsome hotels; a bright white new pile of building, with vast windows of shining plate-glass, and a stately quadrangular court-yard; a tiny street which looks as if a fragment of English Brighton had been dropped into this Belgian valley; a stunted semi-classic temple, which is at once a post-office and a shrine whereon mortals perform their worship of Hygeia by the consumption of unspeakably disagreeable mineral-waters; a few tall, white villas scattered here and there upon the slopes of pine-clad hills; and a very uncomfortable railway-station—constitute the chief features of Forêtdechêne. But right and left of that little cluster of shops and hotels there stretch deep, sombre avenues of oak, that look like sheltered ways to Paradise—and the deep, deep blue of the August sky, and the pure breath of the warm, soft air, and the tender green of the young pine-woods that clothe the sandy hills, and the delicious tranquillity that pervades the sleepy little town and bathes the hot landscape in a languorous mist, are charms that render Forêtdechêne a pleasant oasis amidst the lurid woods and mountains of the iron country.

Only at stated intervals the quiet of this sleepy hollow is broken by the rolling of wheels, the jingling of bells, the cracking of whips, the ejaculations of drivers and supplications of loiterers; only when the railroad carries away departing visitors, or brings fresh ones, is there any thing like riot or confusion in the little town under the pine-clad hills—and even then the riot and confusion are of a very mild order, and create but a transient discord among the harmonies of nature.

And yet, despite the Arcadian tranquillity of the landscape, the drowsy quiet of the pine-groves, the deep and solemn shade of those dark avenues, where one might fondly hope to find some Dryades lingering beneath the shelter of the oaks, there is excitement of no common order to be found in the miniature watering-place of Forêtdechêne; and the reflective and observant traveler, on a modern sentimental journey, has only to enter the stately white building with the glittering plate-glass windows in order to behold the master-passions of the human breast unveiled for his pleasure and edification.

The ignorant traveler, impelled by curiosity, finds no bar to his entrance. The doors are as wide open as if the mansion were a hotel; and yet it is not a hotel, though a placard which he passes informs the traveler that he may have ices and *sorbets*, if he will; nor is the bright, fresh-looking building a theatre; for another placard informs the visitor that there are dramatic performances to be witnessed every evening in a building on one side of the quadrangle, which is a mere subsidiary attachment to the vast white mansion. The traveler, passing on his way unhindered, save by a man in livery, who deprives him of his cane, ascends a splendid staircase and traverses a handsome antechamber, from which a pair of plate-glass doors open into a spacious saloon, where, in the warm August sun-light, a circle of men and women are gathered round a great green table, gambling.

The ignorant traveler, unaccustomed to the amusements of a Continental watering-place, may perhaps feel a little sense of surprise—a something almost akin to shame—as he contemplates that silent crowd: whose occupation seems so much the more strange to him because of their silence. There is no lively bustle, none of that animation which generally attends every kind of amusement, none of the clamor of the betting-ring or the exchange. The gamblers at Forêtdechêne are terribly in earnest: and the ignorant visitor unconsciously adapts himself to the solemn hush of the place, and steps softly as he approaches the table round which they are clustered—as many sitting as can find room round the green-cloth-covered board; while behind the sitters there are people standing two or three rows deeps, the hindermost watching the table over the shoulders of their neighbors. A placard upon the wall informs visitors that only constant players are permitted to remain seated at that sacred table. Perhaps a third of the players and a third of the lookers-on are women. And if there are lips more tightly contracted than other lips, and eyes with a harder, greedier light in them than other eyes, those lips and those eyes belong to the women. The ungloved feminine hands have a claw-like aspect as they scrape the glittering pieces of silver over the green cloth; the feminine throats look weird and scraggy as they crane themselves over masculine shoulders; the feminine eyes have something demoniac in their steely glare as they keep watch upon the rapid progress of the game.

Half a dozen moderate fortunes seem to be lost and won while the traveler looks on from the back-ground, unnoticed and unseen; for if these plate-glass doors swung suddenly open to admit the seven angels of the Apocalypse, carrying the seven golden vials filled with the wrath of God, it is doubtful whether the splendor of their awful glory, or the trumpet-notes that heralded their coming, would have power to arouse the players from their profound abstraction.

Half a dozen comfortable little patrimonies seem to have changed hands while the traveler has been looking on; and yet he has only watched the table for about ten minutes; and this splendid salle is but an outer chamber, where one may stake as shabby a sum as two francs, if one is shabby enough to wish to do so, and where playing for half an hour or so on a pleasant summer morning one could scarcely lose more than fifty or sixty pounds. Another pair of plate-glass doors open into an inner chamber where the silence is still more profound, and where around a larger table sit one row of players; while only here and there a little group of outsiders stand behind their chairs. There is more gilding on the walls and ceiling of this chamber; the frescoes are more delicate; the crystal chandeliers are adorned with richer clusters of sparkling drops that twinkle like diamonds in the sun. This is the temple of gold; and in this splendid chamber one may hazard no smaller stake than half a napoleon. There are women here; but not so many women as in the outer saloon; and the women here are younger and prettier and more carefully dressed than those who stake only silver.

The prettiest and the youngest woman in this golden chamber on one particular August afternoon, nine years after the death of Tom Halliday, was a girl who stood behind the chair of a military-looking Englishman, an old man whose handsome face was a little disfigured by those traces which late hours and dissipated habits are supposed to leave behind them.

The girl held a card in one hand and a pin in the other, and was occupied in some mysterious process, by which she kept note of the Englishman's play. She was very young, with a delicate face, in whose softer lines there was a refined likeness to the features of the man whose play she watched. But while his eyes were hard and cold and gray, hers were of that dense black in which there seems such an unfathomable and mysterious depth. As she was the handsomest, so she was also the worst-dressed woman in the room. Her dimsy silk mantle had faded from black to rusty brown; the straw-hat which shaded her face was sunburnt; the ribbons had lost their brightness; but there was an air of attempted fashion in the puffings and trimmings of her alpaca skirt; and there was evidence of a struggle with poverty in the tight-fitting lavender gloves, whose streaky lines bore witness to the imperfection of the cleaner's art. Elegant Parisians and the select of Brussels glanced at the military Englishman and his handsome daughter with some slight touch of supercilious surprise—one has no right to find shabbily-dressed young women in the golden temple—and it is scarcely necessary to state that it was from her own countrywomen the young person in alpaca received the most chilling glances. But those Parthian arrows shot from feminine eyes had little power to wound their object just now. The girl looked up from her perforated card very seldom; and when she raised her eyes, it was always to look in one direction—toward the great glass-doors opening from the outer saloon. Loungers came and went; the doors swung open and closed again as noiselessly as it is possible for well-regulated doors to open and shut; footsteps sounded on the polished floors; and sometimes, when the young person in alpaca lifted her eyes, a passing shadow of disappointment darkened her face. A modern Lawrence Sterne, on a new Sentimental Journey, might have derived some interest from the study of the girl's countenance; but the reflective and observant traveler is not to be encountered very often in this age of excursionists; and Maria and her goat may roam the highways and byways for a long time before she will find any dreamy loiterer with a mind attuned to sympathy.

The shabbily-dressed girl was looking for some one. She watched her father's play carefully—she marked her card with unfailing precision; but she performed these duties with a mechanical air; and it was only when she lifted her eyes to the great shining plate-glass doors which opened into this dangerous Paradise that any ray of feeling animated her countenance. She was looking for some one, and the person watched for was so long coming. Ah, how difficult for the arithmetician to number the crushing disappointments, the bitter agonies that one woman can endure in a single half hour! This girl was so young—so young; and already she had learned to suffer.

The man played with the concentrated attention and the impassible countenance of an experienced gamester, rarely lifting his eyes from the green cloth, never looking back at the girl who stood behind him. He was winning to-day, and he accepted his good fortune as quietly as he had often accepted evil fortune at the same table. He seemed to be playing on some system of his own; and the neighboring players looked at him with curious eyes, as they saw the pile of gold grow larger under his thin, nervous hands. Ignorant gamesters, who stood aloof after having lost two or three napoleons, contemplated the lucky Englishman and wondered about him, while some touch of pity leavened the envy excited by his wonderful fortune. He looked like a decayed gentleman—a man who had been a military dandy in the days that were gone, and who had all the old pretensions still, without the power to support them—a Brummel languishing at Caen; a Nash wasting slowly at Bath.

At last the girl's face brightened suddenly as she glanced upward; and it would have been very easy for the observant traveler—if any such person had existed—to construe aright that bright change in her countenance. The some-one she had been watching for had arrived.

The doors swung open to admit a man of about five-and-twenty, whose darkly-handsome face and careless costume had something of that air which was once wont to be associated with the person and the poetry of George Gordon Lord Byron. The new-comer was just one of those men whom very young women are apt to admire, and whom worldly-minded people are prone to distrust. There was a perfume of Bohemianism, a flavor of the Quartier Latin, about the loosely-tied cravat, the wide trowsers, and black-velvet morning-coat, with which the young man outraged the opinions of the respectable visitors at Forêtdechêne. There was a semi-poetic vagabondism in the half-indifferent, half-contemptuous expression of his face, with its fierce mustache, and strongly-marked eyebrows overshadowing sleepy gray eyes—eyes that were half hidden by their long, dark lashes; as still pools of blue water lie sometimes hidden among the rushes that flourish round them.

He was handsome, and he knew that he was handsome; but he affected to despise the beauty of his proud dark face, as he affected to despise all the brightest and most beautiful things upon earth; and yet there was a vagabondish kind of foppery in his costume that contrasted sharply with the gentlemanly dandyism of the shabby gamester sitting at the table. There was a distance of nearly half a century between the style of the Regency dandy and the Quartier Latin lion.

The girl watched the new-comer with sad, earnest eyes as he walked slowly toward the table, and a faint blush kindled in her cheeks as he came nearer to the spot where she stood. He went by her presently, carrying an atmosphere of stale tobacco with him as he went; and he gave her a friendly nod as he passed, and a "Good-morning, Diana!" but that was all. The faint blush faded and left her very pale; but she resumed her weary task with the card and the pin; and if she had endured any disappointment within those few moments, it seemed to be a kind of disappointment that she was accustomed to suffer.

The young man walked round the table till he came to the only vacant chair, in which he seated himself, and after watching the game for a few minutes began to play. From the moment in which he dropped into that vacant seat to the moment in which he rose to leave the table, three hours afterward, he never lifted his eyes from the green cloth, or seemed to be conscious of any thing that was going on around or about him. The girl watched him furtively for some little time after he had taken his place at the table; but the stony mask of the professed gambler is a pitiless object for a woman's earnest scrutiny.

She sighed presently and laid her hand heavily on the chair behind which she was standing. The action aroused the man who sat in it, and he turned and looked at her for the first time.

"You are tired, Diana?"

"Yes, papa, I am very tired."

"Give me your card, then, and go away," the gamester answered, peevishly; "girls are always tired."

She gave him the mysteriously-perforated card and left her post behind his chair; and then, after running about the great saloon with a weary, listless air, and wandering from one open window to another to look into the sunny quadrangle, where well-dressed people were sitting at little tables eating ices or drinking lemonade, she went away altogether, and roamed into another chamber where some children were dancing to the sound of a feeble violin. She sat upon a velvet-covered bench and watched the children's lesson for some minutes, and then rose and wandered to another open window that overlooked the same quadrangle, where the well-dressed people were enjoying themselves in the hot August sunshine.

"How extravagantly every body dresses!" she thought, "and what a shabby, poverty-stricken creature one feels among them! And yet if I ask papa to give me a couple of napoleons out of the money he won to-day he will only look at me from head to foot and tell me that I have a gown and a cloak and a bonnet, and ask me what more I can want, in the name of all that is unreasonable? And I see girls here whose fathers are so fond of them and so proud of them—ugly girls, decked out in silks and muslins and ribbons that have cost a small fortune—clumsy, awkward girls, who look at me as if I were some new kind of wild animal."

The saloons at Forêtdechêne were rich in monster sheets of looking-glass; and in wandering discontentedly about the room Diana Paget saw herself reflected many times in all her shabbiness. It was only very lately she had discovered that she had some pretension to good looks; for her father, who could not or would not educate her decently or clothe her creditably, took a very high tone of morality in his paternal teaching, and in the fear that she might one day grow vain of her beauty, had taken care to impress upon her at an early age that she was the very incarnation of all that is lean and sallow and awkward.

CHAPTER II.

THE EASY DESCENT.

Among the many imprudences of which Horatio Paget—once a captain in a crack cavalry regiment, always a captain in his intercourse with the world—had been guilty during the course of a long career, there was none for which he so bitterly reproached himself as for a certain foolish marriage which he had made late in life. It was when he had thrown away the last chance that an indulgent destiny had given him, that the ruined fop of the Regency, the sometime member of the Beef-steak Club, the man who in his earliest youth had worn a silver gridiron at his button-hole, and played piquet in the gilded saloons of Georgina of Devonshire, found himself laid on a bed of sickness in dingy London lodgings, and nearer death than he had ever been in the course of his brief military career; so nearly gliding from life's swift-flowing river into eternity's trackless ocean, that the warmest thrill of gratitude which ever stirred the slow pulses of his cold heart quickened its beating as he clasped the hand that had held him back from the unknown region whose icy breath had chilled him with an awful fear. Such men as Horatio Paget are apt to feel a strange terror when the black night drops suddenly down upon them, and the "Gray Boatman's" voice sounds hollow and mysterious in the darkness, announcing that the ocean is near. The hand that held the ruined spendthrift back when the current swept so swiftly oceanward was a woman's tender hand; and Heaven only knows what patient watchfulness, what careful administration of medicines and unwearying preparation of broths and jellies and sagos and gruels, what untiring and devoted slavery, had been necessary to save the faded rake; who looked out upon the world once more, a ghastly shadow of his former self, a penniless, helpless burden for any one who might choose to support him.

"Don't thank me," said the doctor, when his feeble patient whimpered flourishing protestations of his gratitude, unabashed by the consciousness that such grateful protestations were the sole coin with which the medical man would be paid for his services; "thank that young woman, if you want to thank any body; for if it had not been for her you wouldn't be here to talk about gratitude. And if ever you get such another attack of inflammation on the lungs, you had better pray for such another nurse, though I don't think you're likely to find one."

And with this exordium, the rough-and-ready surgeon took his departure, leaving Horatio Paget alone with the woman who had saved his life.

She was only his landlady's daughter; and his landlady was no prosperous householder in Mayfair, thriving on the extravagance of wealthy bachelors, but an honest widow, living in an obscure little street leading out of the Old Kent Road, and letting a meagrely-furnished little parlor and a still more meagrely-furnished little bedroom to any single gentleman whom reverse of fortune might lead into such a locality. Captain Paget had sunk very low in the world when he took possession of that wretched parlor and laid himself down to rest on the widow's flock-bed.

There is apt to be a dreary interval in the life of such a man—a blank, dismal interregnum, which divides the day in which he spends his last shilling, from the hour in which he begins to prey deliberately upon the purses of other people. It was in that hopeless interval that Horatio Paget established himself in the widow's parlor. But though he slept in the Old Kent Road, he had not yet brought himself to endure existence on the Surrey side of the water. He emerged from his lodging every morning to hasten westward, resplendent in clean linen and exquisitely-fitting gloves, an unquestionable over-coat, and varnished boots.

The wardrobe has its Indian summer; and the glory of a first-rate tailor's coat is like the splendor of a tropical sun—it is glorious to the last, and sinks in a moment. Captain Paget's wardrobe was in its Indian summer in these

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days; and when he felt how fatally near the Bond Street pavement was to the soles of his feet, he could not refrain from a fond admiration of the boots that were so beautiful in decay.

He walked the West End for many weary hours every day during this period of his decadence. He tried to live in an honest, gentlemanly way, by borrowing money of his friends, or discounting an accommodation-bill obtained from some innocent acquaintance who was deluded by his brilliant appearance and specious tongue, into a belief in the transient nature of his difficulties. He spent his days in hanging about the halls and waiting-rooms of clubs—of some of which he had once been a member: he walked weary miles between St. James's and Mayfair, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill, leaving little notes for men who were not at home, or writing a little note in one room while the man to whom he was writing hushed his breath in an adjoining chamber. People who had once been Captain Paget's fast friends seemed to have simultaneously decided upon spending their existence out of doors, as it appeared to the impecunious Captain. The servants of his friends were afflicted with a strange uncertainty as to their masters' movements. At whatever hall door Horatio Paget presented himself, it seemed equally doubtful whether the proprietor of the mansion would be home to dinner that day, or whether he would be at home any time next day, or the day after that, or at the end of the week, or indeed whether he would ever come home again. Sometimes the Captain, calling in the evening dusk, in the faint hope of gaining admittance to some friendly dwelling, saw the glimmer of light under a dining-room door, and heard the popping of corks and the pleasant jingling of glass and silver in the innermost recesses of a butler's pantry; but still the answer was—not at home, and not likely to be at home. All the respectable world was to be out henceforth for Horatio Paget. But now and then at the clubs he met some young man, who had no wife at home to keep watch upon his purse and to wail piteously over a five-pound note ill bestowed, and who took compassion on the fallen spendthrift, and believed, or pretended to believe, his story of temporary embarrassment; and then the Captain dined sumptuously at a little French restaurant in Castle Street, Leicester Square, and took a half bottle of chablis with his oysters, and warmed himself with chambertin that was brought to him in a dusty cobweb-shrouded bottle reposing in a wicker-basket.

But in these latter days such glimpses of sunshine very rarely illumined the dull stream of the Captain's life. Failure and disappointment had become the rule of his existence—success the rare exception. Crossing the river now on his way westward, he was wont to loiter a little on Waterloo Bridge, and to look dreamily down at the water, wondering whether the time was near at hand when, under cover of the evening dusk, he would pay his last half-penny to the toll-keeper, and never again know the need of any earthly coin.

"I saw a poor fellow in the Morgue one day—a poor wretch who had drowned himself a week or two before. Great God, how horrible he looked! If there was any certainty they would find one immediately, and bury one decently, there'd be no particular horror in that kind of death. But to be found like that, and to lie in some river-side dead-house down by Wapping, with a ghastly placard nailing on the rotting door, and nothing but ooze and slime and rottenness round about one—waiting to be identified! And what knows, after all, whether a dead man doesn't *feel* that sort of thing?"

It was after such musings as these had begun to be very common with Horatio Paget that he caught the chill which resulted in a very dangerous illness of many weeks. The late autumn was wet and cold and dreary; but Captain Paget, although remarkably clever after a certain fashion, had never been a lover of intellectual pursuits, and imprisonment in Mrs. Kepp's shabby parlor was odious to him. When he had read every page of the borrowed newspaper, and pished and pshawed over the leaders, and groaned aloud at the announcement of some wealthy marriage made by one of his quondam friends, or chuckled at the record of another quondam friend's insolvency—when he had poked the fire savagely half a dozen times in an hour, cursing the pinched grate and the bad coals during every repetition of the operation—when he had smoked his last cigar, and varnished his favorite boots, and looked out of the window, and contemplated himself gloomily in the wretched little glass over the narrow chimney-piece—Captain Paget's intellectual resources were exhausted, and an angry impatience took possession of him. Then, in defiance of the pelting rain or the lowering sky, he flung his slippers into the furthest corner—and the furthest corner of Mrs. Kepp's parlor was not very remote from the Captain's arm-chair—he drew on the stoutest of his varnished boots—and there were none of them very stout now—buttoned his perfect over-coat, adjusted his hat before the looking-glass, and sallied forth, umbrella in hand, to make his way westward. Westward always, through storm and shower, back to the haunts of his youth, went the wanderer and outcast, to see the red glow of cheery fires reflected on the plate-glass windows of his favorite clubs; to see the lamps in spacious reading-rooms lit early in the autumn dusk, and to watch the soft light glimmering on the rich bindings of the books, and losing itself in the sombre depths of crimson draperies. To this poor worldly creature the agony of banishment from those palaces of Pall Mall or St. James's Street was as bitter as the pain of a fallen angel. It was the dullest, deadest time of the year, and there were not many loungers in those sumptuous reading-rooms, where the shaded lamps shed their subdued light on the chaste splendor of the sanctuary; so Captain Paget could haunt the scene of his departed youth without much fear of recognition: but his wanderings in the West grew more hopeless and purposeless every day. He began to understand how it was that people were never at home when he assailed their doors with his fashionable knock. He could no longer endure the humiliation of such repulses, for he began to understand that the servants knew his errand as well as their masters, and had their answers ready, let him present himself before them when he would: so he besieged the doors of St. James's and Mayfair, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill no longer. He knew that the bubble of his poor foolish life had burst, and that there was nothing left for him but to die.

It seemed about this time as if the end of all was very near. Captain Paget caught a chill one miserable evening on which he returned to his lodging with his garments dripping, and his beautiful varnished boots reduced to a kind of pulp; and the chill resulted in a violent inflammation of the lungs. Then it was that a woman's hand was held out to save him, and a woman's divine tenderness cared for him in his dire extremity.

The ministering angel who comforted this helpless and broken-down wayfarer was only a low-born, ignorant girl called Mary Anne Kepp—a girl who had waited upon the Captain during his residence in her mother's house, but of whom he had taken about as much notice as he had been wont to take of the colored servants who tended him when he was with his regiment in India. Horatio Paget had been a night-brawler and a gamester, a duelist and a reprobate, in the glorious days that were gone: but he had never been a profligate: and he did not know that the girl who brought him his breakfast and staggered under the weight of his coal-scuttle was one of the most beautiful women he had ever looked upon.

THE MAGIC CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"THE Saint of Christmas leaves his charmed treasures
Only in houses where there is gold to buy.
What though small voices ask for childish pleasures,
Among the poor—he makes them no reply.

"Ah well, his great close fare shut out the crying:
He can not drive in narrow streets, we know,
Or find his way to hearths in darkness lying"—
A woman thought, and looked into the snow.

When, greener than all Springs can make their greenness,
A giant Tree grew in the freezing air,
And from the far sky's beautiful sereneness
Strange shapes of wondrous calmness gather'd there.

Some, through their Peace, show'd dimly the scarr'd faces
That fell, in mouldering battle-pits, away:
These brought fair fruits from ever-shining places,
That children of dead soldiers might be gay.

Next, shadows of worn living mothers slowly—
From the thick night below—came, sad to see,
And, with a tenderness most sweet and holy,
Hung pretty toys on the enchanted Tree.

Then, as a dove, a radiance descended,
And show'd these children of the poor, the dead,
Kneeling beneath two bleeding Hands extended
With Christ's dear blessing for each little head.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE FIELD-DAY.

By GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

SHERMAN'S army rarely ever halted long enough in one place to permit of those splendid reviews which are so thrilling to the beholder, and which, at the same time, is of more importance—stimulates the esprit du corps of the troops. Neither did the officers or men have leisure to indulge in those sports which are a feature of armies doomed to long sieges or permanent stations.

While, near the close of the war, negotiations were pending between Sherman and Johnston, our army was exercised in drilling and reviewing, while sports and fun of one kind or another filled up the hours.

It was in every sense a "field-day" in Raleigh. In every "sense," for Nature was in full accord with the hopes and wishes of the triumphant Union army, and she put on her brightest robe to assist in the celebration of the day. Here and there the sky was flecked with fugitive white drifts floating in the else "unclouded blue." The beautiful blue was all the more intense by contrast with the exquisite, tender green of spring that decked the trees which overarched the gardens and the streets. Roses were every where; the gardens were filled with them; the walks, the borders of beds of pinks and tiger-lilies, the hedges, the houses, the very roads were redolent with roses. On every side, turn which way they would, the delighted eyes were met by countless roses of every variety and hue—red, white, yellow, damask, crimson; and their fragrance filled the air, greeting the early morning with their dewy freshness, and lulling the senses with their sweets at noonday.

It would have been, indeed, the very "Valley of Roses," only Raleigh is situated on a hill. So profuse were the roses that thousands of lovers might have reposed on rose-leaved couches; but on that bright day the roses blushed and bloomed with nobler purpose, bowing their beautiful heads in honor and welcome to the brave soldiers of the Twentieth Army Corps.

And what a grand sight it was, as our brave boys filled the broad avenue leading to the Capitol, marching in full company front, the generals with their staffs all finely mounted, the triangular red, white, and blue brigade banners, the more honorable regimental flags, begrimed with battle-smoke, rent and torn with shot and shell! What pictures of dauntless deeds and bravery such "colors" paint! And how the heart beats as, passing the reviewing general and the group of officers around him, they bend gracefully in honor, while the bands of music roll out the thrilling salute. As the head of each division approaches its commander leaves the column, taking his stand at the left of the reviewing officer. And then, last and grandest of all, out from a cloud of golden dust the artillery rumbles, massed in full battery, four and six pieces in perfect alignment. How the ground trembles beneath that tread and roll! What an overwhelming idea of strength, of terrible death-dealing power, there is in that mass of men and metal!

At last they have all passed by, and in perfect order. By one and another road they are marching to their camping-ground. Let us now follow the reviewing officers, and for a while share the hospitalities of one of the most popular generals in the army.

The tents of the general and his staff are pitched in the garden of a house of some ill-natured pretensions to elegance and good taste. Whether the architecture or material of the mansion—which is owned by a rebel general officer, would come up to the Northern standard of utility or beauty is questionable. The garden, however, is unqualifiedly lovely, and the lawn answers very well for a passable parade-ground.

Here groups of officers meet in kindly interview. You greet, perhaps, a brother soldier who is seen here for the first time in many weeks, although both were marching in the same grand army, yet the direction of the columns was widely apart. A large portion of the company surrounds the commanding general, who, in an easy, conversational tone, is discussing the campaign just ended, or hints at schemes for future movements. The superior officers now and then offer suggestions, or some one tells a story for the enjoyment of the company. Then, perhaps, there is a general discussion—not a warm one, though all are smoking—and presently they all discuss something else—some simple beverage like commissary whisky, or North Carolina apple-jack, with more cigars. Meanwhile the musically inclined—a few of them—enter the house, where there is a piano. They join in chorus, earnestly, if not artistically, Hailing Columbia, duly glorifying the Star-spangled Banner, or pathetically imploring the soul of Brown the elder to continue his advance movement till he brings up somewhere, or, at least, until "this cruel war is over." The music, which, by-the-by, is always immensely satisfactory to the officers immediately engaged therein, and measurably so to those who are not on duty (that duty, at all events, out of doors), but who occasionally and spontaneously join in a patriotic chorus, is sometimes found to be extremely disturbing to the too-sensitive ears of the rebel ladies who, perchance, may occupy the upper part of the house. Likely as not a message may be borne by a respectful servant that there is illness in the house. Some young lady, generally a picture of health, has fainted at the thought of the superior charms of her sister Columbia; or some old lady, strong in secession and strong in stomach, who has lived for three years past on mouldy corn-bread and rusty bacon, has suddenly sickened to hear that a relative of hers at Richmond is likely to be "hung on a sour apple tree," instead of a sweet apple tree, as her more delicate taste would dictate. But the music in the army—and there was always enough of it—was *for* the army, and the same grand airs, piano-played or sung, that disgusted rebel ladies in their chambers, are the same airs which led our brave boys on, and so disquieted the rebel sons and brothers in the field.

But while the officers who deal in the "concourse of sweet sounds" within are putting out airs, those who believe in the concourse of sweet sugar and sour apple-jack are putting on airs without—that is, they are glowingly describing or discussing the superior merits of the place of horse-flesh owned by each. But of this anon.

The whole scene, within and without, illustrates a peculiar phase of the soldier's life. To a civilian it is singular to see how quickly the soldier throws off the care, the anxiety, even the excitement of a skirmish or a battle. He may have just seen a brother officer under a surgeon's knife, or have just returned from paying the last honors to a dear friend whose body was laid under the tall pines—one who was slain by his side that day in battle—yet he enters fully into the hilarity of the merry meeting, and with no disrespect to the memory of his fallen friend and comrade. Oh no! as long as he lives that he will preserve and cherish.

No. But the scene is past. They throw off and throw down their anxieties and agonies with their accoutrements and arms. They would never be soldiers if they did not.

And then there is always the next day, perhaps the next hour. The soldier knows that at any moment he may be killed or wounded; that his chances of escape are no better than his comrade's; he comprehends that it is his duty to kill or to take the chances of losing his own life; and so he philosophically accepts the risks of war—and he is a most unhappy and utterly untrustworthy soldier if he does not.

But this is quite "a-field;" so back to our own happy Field-day—a day not likely to be forgotten by any who assisted on that occasion. We left a jovial group of officers on the lawn discussing apple-jack and horses, subjects dear to the soldier's soul!

It is one of the peculiar and mild phases of a certain sort of insanity in any officer who owns a horse to think his horse the most valuable horse in existence. Richard, away from his throne and in the army, would have given his kingdom for a horse, and, no doubt, at the particular moment when he made the offer, would have considered it a very good bargain. But an army officer, especially a young army officer, believes, or professes to believe, that his particular "Lexington," "Alice," "Betty," or whatever may be the name of the animal, is the finest and especially the fastest horse in the army.

All of them are blooded stock, out of this or that famous mare, sired here and foaled there—with a pedigree that would put to the blush the noblest Percellian of them all!

There are good horses in the army, fast horses, very fast—but my horse! "There's no use of talking," as people always say when there has been a great deal too much talking, and threatens to be a great deal more; but thus each young officer tries to think of his own horse, and having brought himself to that belief, he loses no leisure occasion to endeavor to impress his belief upon others.

And was it not a Field-day—field for officers and soldiers in the morning, and field for frolic, fun, and horses in the afternoon? Thus it was that the not unusual horse discussion came up in that merry group that merry day. For several minutes there had been the old dispute between two aids-de-camp as to the relative speed of their two horses. Let us call the aids Brown and Smith; the steeds brown and bay. It is to be feared—though no one feared it then—that Brown, not to say Smith, and, in truth, the whole company, had indulged too freely in the simple beverages of the season and locality; for after the usual amount of preliminary parleying Brown makes a direct assault upon Smith, in the following manner:—

"I say, Major, you've been talking about that superior mare of yours for a long time. Now let's have that race, and settle the matter."

"But, Brown, my dear fellow, don't you see that the mare is weak? She has not yet recovered from that run the rebels gave me. Why, I haven't had a saddle on her twice, before to-day, since we left Savannah."

"Well, when will you run her?" asks Brown, with some impatience.

Smith, not a little nettled at the insinuation evidently enough in Brown's language and manner, promptly replies:

"Oh, whenever you please!"

"Very well. Your horse is on the ground, and so is mine. We will ride them ourselves now, and in the wide road which passes the house."

"All right! I accept the proposition."

The by-standers, who have been listening to this excited and exciting colloquy, at once entered into the spirit of the fun with the most jubilant demonstrations. An adjournment was at once made to the front of the house; the horses were brought around, examined, and criticised; umpires were chosen, stakes designated, and bets were made. In five short minutes all the material, preparations, and accessories of a Derby Day, on a very small scale, had been made and were present.

General S—— offered to wager a one-hundred-dollar rebel shin-plaster, new issue, against a three-cent postage-stamp on the mare. General B——, with great alacrity, accepted the wager, and the funds were placed in the hands of a third party. Other bets of equal value were also made, including all sorts of things, from a brevet to a boot-jack. The distance marked out for the race was about three hundred yards in one of the main streets of Raleigh. It passed by the head-quarters of several general officers. On one side of the track was an Orphan Asylum, and on the other a Seminary for Young Ladies, some two hundred of whom were disinterested, if not amused, spectators of the scene. The street, now the track, was very good for Raleigh—a compound of hard clay, with here and there a few stones, but with an innumerable, if not unlimited, number of rut holes and mud puddles. The winning-post was a wide ditch forming a part of a line of fortifications built for the defense of the city in the earlier part of the war.

Such was the track. The gentlemen jocks were placed in position, the words were given—one, two, three!—and away they went. The excitement was intense! For some reason that to this day Smith does not understand, Brown's horse had the advantage of two lengths at the start, which Smith's mare partially overcame in the first fifty yards. At this point there was a slight turn in the road and in affairs, for here Brown's horse crossed the pathway of Smith's mare, so that her fore-feet came in contact with his hind-legs; he sped away uninjured; she came down on her knees and right shoulder, and so great was the force of the fall that she rolled over end for end. It requires some lines—lines that have not fallen in pleasant places—to describe all this, which took place in the twinkling of an eye. The mare was down and done for.

But Smith? It requires no great effort to imagine what became of Smith. For full five minutes following the descent of his good steed his own memory was somewhat indistinct, and his perceptions disturbed. But disinterested spectators aver that he went through the air with a speed that was impossible to his mare, or to any other man's. At one moment his soldier-like head was dimly seen—then his military boots. Head, legs, and arms in rapid, rotatory motion, marvelously resembled the hub and spokes of a swift-turning cart-wheel. He described circles as he had never described the circles of the wonderful mare. The more military averred that he made a swift, shell-like, parabolic, diabolic course through the air, threatening instant and disastrous explosion, then struck, ricochetted a little, and finally lay in a confused and trembling heap several yards in advance of the mare.

The mare, to her credit be it said, gained her feet first and unassisted; and poor Smith was picked up by his frightened friends, while an excited crowd of captains, majors, colonels, and generals gathered around.

His race was run—that race. All who participated in the race had lost something—then or at some other time. The generals had lost their hair, and were bald-headed; Brown lost a glorious opportunity; the crowd who bet upon the mare lost their patience and their shinned postal-currency; Smith lost the race, some blood, and more credit. The mare was examined, and was found to be badly cut where her hind-feet had come in contact with the bodies of both fore-shoulders, but she was otherwise unhurt.

Smith states that he is fully satisfied that Raleigh roads are somewhat harder than his head. His face, which was shockingly bruised, was bleeding; and, altogether, Smith was in a pitiable plight.

Meanwhile what became of Brown the victorious? Not seeing the mishap of his antagonist, and yet hearing the sound of fast-following hoofs, he turned in his saddle. That moment—one partly of inquiry, chiefly of triumph, for he was wildly waving his hat the while—cost him his own seat and the seat of his white corduroys. For at that instant the horse shied at the waving hat, and, with no given words of one, two, three, away went Brown—he can say, the startled steed the other—and Brown rose from the ground with a frightful rent or cut across that portion of his ... looms delicately called by Irving, in ... the Great Unknown, "the broadest part."

Then there was another yell—not from Brown, but from the assembled crowd. The wounded were brought in; plasters were applied in both cases; the usual stimulants were exhibited; neither Smith nor Brown sustained any serious injury, and from their Raleigh ride they both soon rallied.

But that night there was not a private soldier in all that great army who did not know that two staff-officers, Major This and Major That, of General S——'s head-quarters, had been unhorsed that morning; and, of all the merry men who laughed at their expense, none enjoyed the Field-day race and its disasters more heartily than did the principal participants therein.

Poor Smith kept his room for a day or two, with a plastered yet placid countenance, the centre of a charitable crowd of brother-officers who came from far and near in camp to pay their visits of condolence.

Such sympathy! No photographer would believe that men could pull their faces to such lengths; no undertaker would believe that heavy-bearded soldiery men could come into a darkened room so silently, so solemnly. They stood in groups, and whisperingly asked if "Poor Smith was likely to live out the night;" and then these sympathetic men broke out into one irresistible, uncontrollable yell of laughter. It was too much—worse than the rise and fall of the Raleigh race—and, in self-defense, Smith speedily resumed his daily outdoor duties.

"But," says the good old Deacon, whose neighbor's nephew and whose brother's son went to the front, went through the Wilderness, "there's nothing dignified or soldier-like in scenes like this!"—Your pardon! It may not be dignified, but it is "soldier-like" exceedingly; the light to the shade; the frolic to the fight; the Field-day after a night of battle. Those who ran those races—men and horses—are those who fought yesterday, and may to-morrow, amid the field, midst splinters, shot, and shell, and carried messages to bring up new masses of men to fill the ranks of falling, flying, struggling fighters for the flag, and who—But when they "next go forth to ride," whether on field or fighting-day, may the good Deacon, or his substitute, "be there to see."

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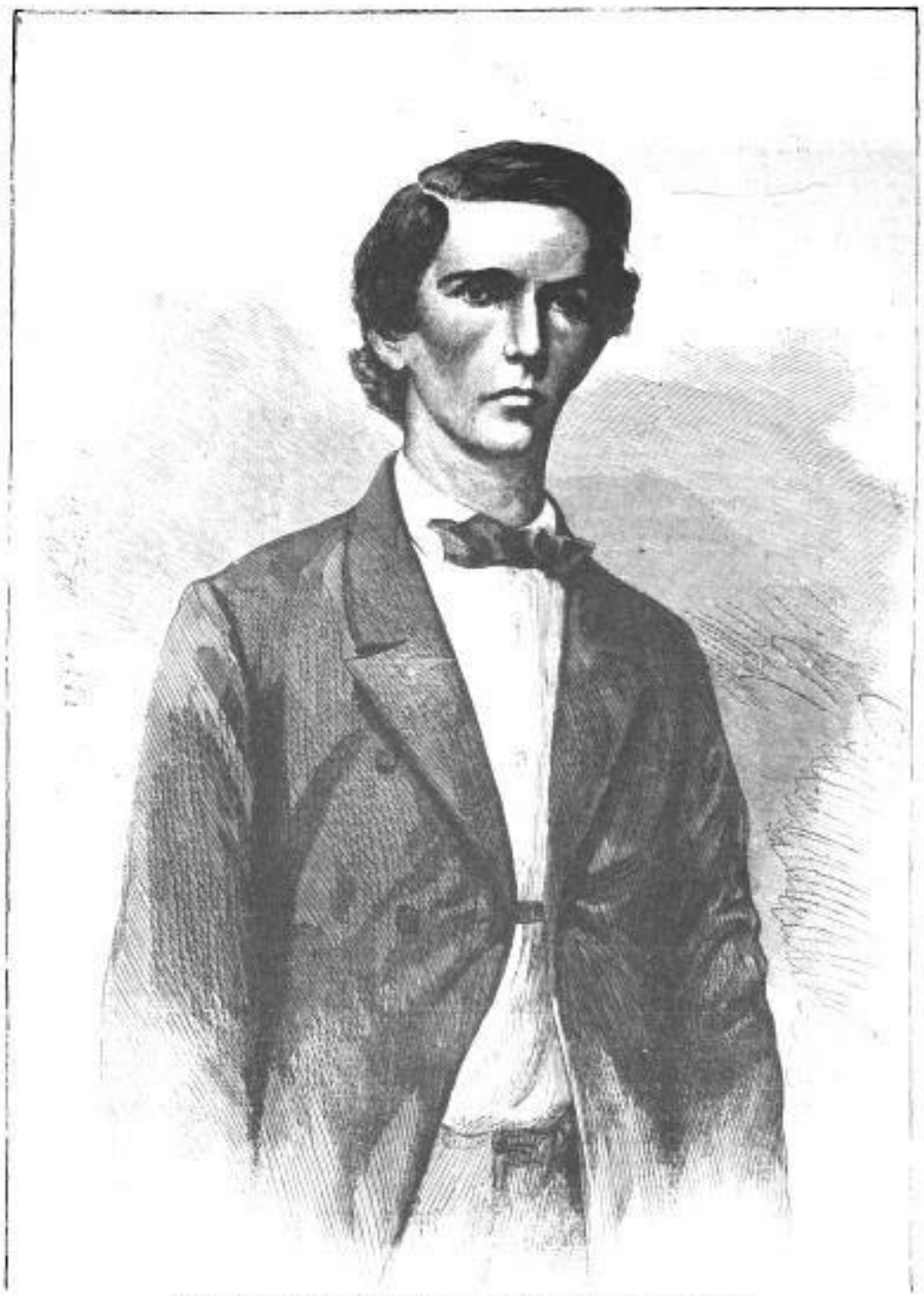
JOHN H. SURRATT.

AFTER twenty months of successful evasion, JOHN H. SURRATT, the chief accomplice of BOOTH in the assassination of President LINCOLN, has been captured. The history of his movements since his escape to Canada, and also of his capture, were given in our last Number.

SURRATT is a man exceedingly noticeable for his criminality. So obscure as to easily hide himself, by the aid of a few friends, from the eyes of the world; so ignorant that we almost wonder at the shrewdness of some of his devices, it is his capture alone, and the means thus furnished of reaching the secret history of LINCOLN'S murder, that make him once more a prominent object of interest.

SURRATT, though so great a coward that he deserted his mother in the hour of her most pressing need, yet showed himself capable of the most desperate actions when these were necessary to his own safety. He had boasted frequently of his crime, and appeared to think that the world not only forgave, but admired his atrocity. He was therefore greatly surprised when he was arrested at Frosli, in Italy. He was cast into prison, from which he managed to effect his escape by plunging down a ravine, making a leap of 23 feet. Had he leaped a little further he would have fallen into an abyss, and by a sudden death have escaped a more ignominious fate. Wounded by his fall, he succeeded in reaching a hospital, where he lay for a few days; but again took up his flight and sailed for Egypt, where he was again captured by Mr. HALE.

Probably the trial of SURRATT will go far toward revealing the whole secret of the conspiracy in which he was so prominent. In his conversations he has hinted at the connection of JEFF DAVIS with the assassination, and of other persons in New York and London who gave him pecuniary assistance. Our portrait, we believe, is from the photograph which was used by the Government in identifying SURRATT.



JOHN H. SURRATT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

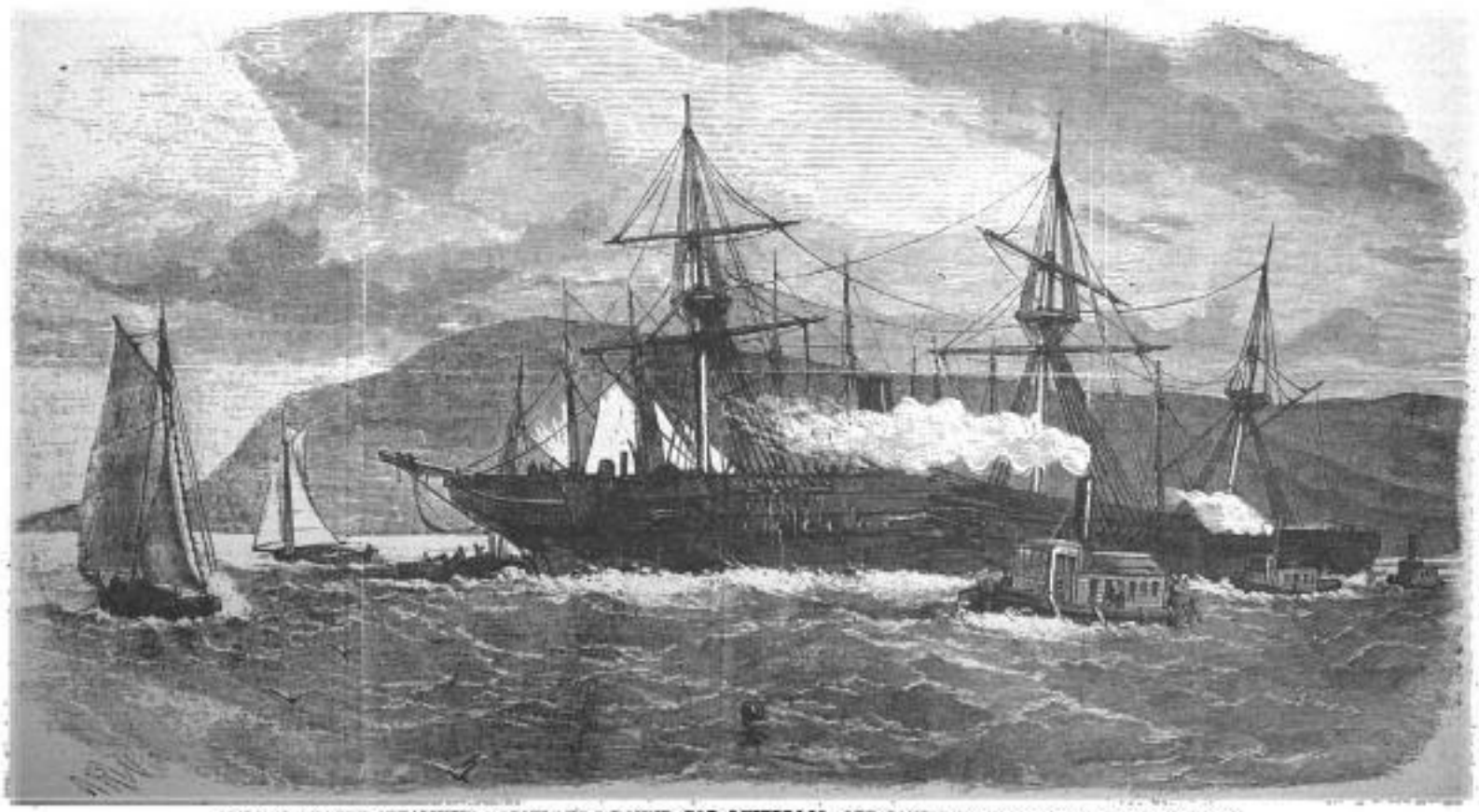
WRECK OF THE "SCOTLAND."

THE wreck of the *Scotland* lies on the middle bar, about a mile distant from Sandy Hook. She was a splendid ship of 3500 tons register, and belonged to the National Steamship Company of Liverpool. On the evening of December 1 she ran into the steamer *Kate Dyer*, about ten miles from Fire Island. The *Dyer*, instead of porting her helm, as she should have done, and as the pilot of the *Scotland* did, attempted to run across the bows of the latter vessel. In fifteen or twenty minutes the *Dyer* went down. The *Scotland*, though badly injured, made every effort to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel, but thirteen men were, after all, drowned, and only seven saved. The surviving steamer was compelled by her own injuries to look out for her own safety. She put back for Sandy Hook, and barely succeeded in reaching the middle bar, where she still remains, a peril to other navigators. The Government has been petitioned to secure her removal.

The accident was evidently not the fault of the officers of the *Scotland*, and the efforts made by Captain HALL, of the latter vessel, to rescue the men of the *Dyer*, when his own vessel was in danger, as also his able conduct of the *Scotland*, saving her from immediate and imminent shipwreck, are worthy of the highest commendation.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE Winter Fashions are now fully developed. For walking and visiting dresses the robe en fourreau, worn, however, entirely without crinoline, or with a very moderate quantity of that material, still maintains its place. For evening dress the robe à queue is rapidly coming into favor. Morning and walking dresses are also made in this style; still the inconvenience of the train for outdoor wear is certain to limit its adoption to the very select. Velvet dresses, black or colored, and trimmed with fur, are worn made en fourreau over pipes of plain silk or cashmere, with a deep ruche at the bottom. Black cashmere or silk robes, the latter either of moire or foulard, are worn trimmed up the seams and round the skirt, which is still shaped at the edge into some more or less fantastic form, with jet beads and ornaments; the under pipe in this case being either of silk or cashmere, and still with a broad ruche at the base. Robes à queue for evening wear are of colored foulards, striped and dotted with small patches of flowers or leaves, a pattern of dried autumn leaves being much in favor, or of white or some delicate-tinted moiré antique sprinkled over with broken flowers and falling leaves. These dresses are usually trimmed with rouleaux of ribbon of the particular color which predominates in the pattern of the robe.—Paletots are almost exclusively of black velvet, or black or rich brown cashmere, the former being trimmed with sable or marten, or with an elegant embroidery of jet ornaments; the latter chiefly with jet or black glass beads, with a fringe of the same, and occasionally with jet and gimp intermixed. Paletots of black silk are usually lined with fur and trimmed to correspond, with perhaps an intermixture of jet, or occasionally with jet ornaments



WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "SCOTLAND," BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, OFF SANDY HOOK.—[SKETCHED BY C. PARSONS.]

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.]

THE DOG AND THE PARROT.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.]

exclusively. They are worn any length, closed in or loose at the waist, perfectly straight or in points at the bottom, and with loose or tight sleeves indiscriminately. Bonnets are chiefly of velvet—black, scarlet, blue, green, or rich brown—and an attempt is now being made to introduce the chapeau of the first Empire, with its narrow rim and low crown. The chapeaux Dagmar and Czarine are trimmed with chinchilla or swansdown; other chapeaux are trimmed with pheasants' and various kinds of small feathers. The trimming of the ordinary chapeau, however, is generally of jet—jet ornaments at the top, jet ornaments round the rim, jet drops suspended round the front, and occasionally a jet chain under the chin or round the chignon. At times a feather, or bow, or single flower is worn on the left

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

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sion. The strings are generally of velvet to match the bonnet.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig 1. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of black silk, made with light sleeves and cut in a tooth-shaped form at the bottom, where it is ornamented with open bands and buttons, through which passes a deep rouleau of blue velvet. The peplum or jacket is also of blue velvet, with long, hanging sleeves, and is lined with white silk. The jupe is of cashmere of the same color as the jacket. The chapeau, which is of the Mantille-Maintenon form, is also of blue velvet trimmed with jet, and with a white rose in front.

Fig 2. *Visiting Dress.*—Robe of light fawn-colored cashmere or taffeta, ornamented with passementerie. Chapeau Lamballe of black velvet, with the centre of scarlet taffeta ornamented with jet embroidery. Scarlet strings.

Fig 3. *Morning Dress* in gray cashmere, with bias and rosettes in rose-colored taffeta, and with long scarf, similarly trimmed, falling from the neck, which, crossed behind, terminates in a deep fringe at the bottom. Head-dress, white guipure trimmed with rose-colored velvet.

Fig 4. *Child's Dress.*—Frock in blue Irish poplin, the skirt made short and trimmed with white guipure, buttons, and rosettes. Corsage low, trimmed with tabs and ornamented with guipure. Chemisette in muslin, with an insertion of Valenciennes lace. Hat in white velvet, trimmed with bias, and with long white feather on the right side.

Fig 5. *Walking Dress.*—Robe in moire antique, trimmed with black guipure. Paletot of black satin, embroidered with jet ornaments and heavy tassels at the points of the collar. Chapeau of green velvet, trimmed with black lace and large white daisies.

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There are many other reasons which we could give, but these will suffice with the crowning one: that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction. SANTA CLAUS bearing such a gift would be worth, indeed, a hearty welcome.—*New York Independent.*

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

IN order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, the Officers and Managers of the Union Home and School have consented to assume the responsibility of the custody of the funds received by us. All money, as soon as received, is deposited in the Eighth National Bank, and all payments for articles purchased, or other expenses, are made out of the funds so deposited, by check of N. H. DAVIS, Agent of the Institution, indorsed by us.

A Committee consisting of three gentlemen of the Ladies Advisory Committee purchase all the articles to be presented, and a Committee composed of Maj. Gen. VAN VLIET, Quartermaster-General of the Department of New York, Maj.-Gen. BARLOW, Secretary of State, ANDREW WARNER, Esq., Secretary of the Bank for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks, WILLIAM ORTON, President of the American Telegraph Company, and JOHN H. WHITE, Esq., Counselor-at-Law, will have the direction of the manner of distribution.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
No. 616 Broadway.

The foregoing card is published with our sanction.
MRS. CHARLES P. DALY, Acting Pres't.
MRS. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
MRS. J. S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.

In view of presenting something worthy of the successful leader of our armies, LEUTZE's fine portrait, life size, of General GRANT in his tent, for which the General personally sat, value $1200, will be one of the prizes. It is now on view in the office for the sale of tickets, No. 616 Broadway.

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The entire course of treatment pursued by the ablest physicians in the world, embracing bleeding, purgation, blistering, mercurial impression, the exhibition of almost every article in the *Materia Medica*, change of climate, &c., &c., failed to bring relief to the wretched sufferer. Many years of study and close observation of the various symptoms attending a diseased liver led Dr. McLane to present an entirely new remedy. Long years have passed since its introduction, during which time thousands of delighted persons have proved its efficacy, in thoroughly and permanently eradicating every vestige of the disease, and certainly restoring the bloom and freshness of health to the sallow cheek.

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5 for $1 00, with a Silver Nut Pick, worth.......$5 00
11 for $2 00, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth.. 7 00
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FOR JANUARY, 1867.

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The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (20 to 30 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our lowest wholesale prices. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but one price.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a dollar per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than two cents per pound.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these eight profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-house stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From the Methodist, N. Y. City.

We call special attention to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. They offer extraordinary inducements to the consumers of the beverage which "cheers but not inebriates." We have tested the quality of their Teas, and, so far as our experience goes, we are prepared to say that they are all that is claimed for them.

From the Evangelist, N. Y. City.

The attention of persons is directed to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street. This Company have made arrangements to supply families with the choicest new crop of Black, Green, and Japan Teas at wholesale prices. The Company guarantee all the goods they sell to give entire satisfaction.

From the Christian Intelligencer, N. Y. City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—This Company are doing an immense wholesale and retail business, and are thus enabled to offer their Teas and Coffees at very low prices, and of a quality which can not fail to give entire satisfaction.

From the American Agriculturist.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.—To querist.—Before admitting the advertisement, we learned that a large number of our clerks and others had for several months been buying their Tea and Coffee from this Company, without its being known who they were, and that they had been highly pleased with their purchases, both as to quality and price, and were all recommending their friends to the same course. As we have received no complaints, we conclude "there is no humbug about the establishment."

From the N. Y. Day Book.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—A suggestion in relation to getting Tea at cheap rates. We know the articles it sells are of superior quality. The clubs are now all the rage, as they get Tea into the consumer's hands for about one-third off the usual price.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.
Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—large double store.

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street. This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea stores in Vesey Street.

Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 112 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Furs, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send us 25c. for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.

New York, October, 1866.

ONLY ONE WEEK MORE
Before the Grand
PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

Will take place. The affair is already a guaranteed success. Only a few Tickets are still on hand, and those who desire to purchase are reminded that the time is short.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;
THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR
COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR
AND
PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
IN AID OF THE
HOME AND SCHOOL
FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF
The Destitute Children
OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 180; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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The Books will remain open until January 1st.

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
TO BE HELD AT
COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,
Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued
200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

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1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,000
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, at $75	1,500
150 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, at $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, at $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, at $3	3,000

The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to . . . 24,225

Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at . . . $100,000

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter* at our risk, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 00
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

FOUR PATENTS and IMPROVEMENTS, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with numerous attachment, is wonderful in operation, sews with double or single thread of all kinds with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each revolution of the wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

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CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $15, $25, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, $25, $40, $48, and $70. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

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CHARACTERISTIC piano piece by Jaskeski........ 50c.
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NINE PINS QUADRILLE, with figures.............. 75c.
I HAVE HEARD SWEET MUSIC.....violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.
NELLIE'S GONE FOREVER.......violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.
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